Do not miss Bebe Daniels' own story of her trial. It's a scream!
"Served Perfectly!"
How it is done
with America's Favorite Beverage

With a deft, sure hand he adds the ice-cold, sparkling water. It looks for an instant as though the glass would overflow, but it doesn't. The amount is five ounces—exactly the right proportion.

You may take up a bit of the proportion of water with ice, as a small cube or crushed. Stir with a spoon.

Done quickly? You bet. The rising bubbles just have time to come to a bead that all but o'er-tops the brim as the glass is passed over the marble fountain for the first delicious and refreshing sip.

That's the soda fountain recipe for the perfect drink, perfectly served. Coca-Cola is easily served perfectly because Coca-Cola syrup is prepared with the finished art that comes from the practice of a lifetime. Good things of nine sunny climes, nine different countries, are properly combined in every ounce.

Guard against the natural mistakes of too much syrup and too large a glass. Any variation from the ratio of one ounce of syrup to five ounces of water, and something of the rare quality of Coca-Cola is lost; you don't get Coca-Cola at the top of its flavor and at its highest appeal.

Coca-Cola is sold everywhere with universal popularity, because perfect service and not variations is a soda fountain rule.

One press on the syrup syphon, with the soda man's sense of touch for exact measurements, gives one ounce of Coca-Cola syrup—you know just where it should come to in the glass to be precisely the right amount.

Pull the silver faucet for five ounces of pure, ice-cold carbonated water—with the one ounce of syrup, this quantity fills the glass.

You meet few men with skill like that of the soda fountain expert. He takes a six-ounce glass and draws just one ounce of Coca-Cola syrup—the precise base for the best drink—service that eliminates waste.

Take a six-ounce glass, not a larger or a smaller one.

Drink Coca-Cola
DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING
THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.
OMAR CIGARETTES
"Smoke Omar for Aroma"

The same thing you look for in a cup of fine coffee — AROMA — is what made OMAR such a big success. OMAR is as enjoyable as a cup of fine coffee. $12,000,000 of OMAR AROMA enjoyed last year (and still growing)

Aroma makes a cigarette — they've told you that for years
When there's nobody home but the cat

There's a Paramount Picture at the theatre, and puss is welcome to the most comfortable chair.

A cat may be content with dream pictures in the firelight, but humans know where there's something better.

What a wonderful spell Paramount Pictures exercise over people's imaginations, to empty so many thousands of homes in every State every day for two hours!

And to empty them for a beneficial purpose! Tonic for spirit and body!

For you get the best in Paramount Pictures — the best in story, because the greatest dramatists of Europe and America are writing for Paramount.

The best in direction, because the finest directing talent is attracted by Paramount's unequalled equipment to enable it to carry out its audacious plans.

The best in acting talent, because Paramount gives histrionic genius a chance to reach millions instead of thousands.

The modern motion picture industry is the shrewdest blending of romance with business that the world has ever seen. At least five million people in U. S. A. every day rely on Paramount Pictures to satisfy their urgent need of entertainment.

Figure this, over a whole year, in terms of either finance or entertainment, and you begin to see what a striking achievement it is to lead this industry.

Two-thirds of all the theatres show Paramount Pictures as the main part of their programs, and that's why those theatres are the best, each in its locality.

For a great theatre is nothing but a triumph of architecture until the latest Paramount Picture arrives, and then, there's nobody home but the cat! Because that theatre is the home of the best show in town.

**Paramount Pictures**

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Contents

July, 1921

Cover Design
From a Pastel Portrait by Rolf Armstrong.

Gloria Swanson

Rotogravure:
- Mary Thurman
- Claire Windsor
- Bebe Daniels
- Lionel Barrymore

11

The Land of Might-Have-Been
Editorial

A Specimen of Reincarnation, Featuring Miss Glyn.

Elinor—The Tiger

Drawing by Ralph Barton

Is Marriage a Bunco Game?

Rupert Hughes

A Hoot for Haughty Landlords

Elsie Ferguson and Her Portable Chateau.

Messrs. Chaney

An Interview with a Great Character Actor.

Page Mr. Volstead!

A Little Dry Humor from Cellars of Filmland.

(Contents continued on next page)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage

This Issue

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

Make this your reference list.

Page 57
Bob Hampton of Placer
Neilan
Deception...Paramount-Artcraft

Page 58
Dream Street...United Artists
Sacred and Profane Love...Paramount-Artcraft

Sentimental Tommy...Goldwyn

Page 59
Peck's Bad Boy...First National
Made in Heaven...Goldwyn
Hush...Equity

Page 60
The Sky Pilot...First National
Chickens...Thos. H. Ince-Paramount

The Queen of Sheba...Fox

Page 68
The Passion Flower..First National
The Charming Deceiver...Vitagraph
What Happened to Rosa...Goldwyn
The Perfect Crime...Associated Prod.

Page 102
What's Your Reputation Worth?.Vitagraph

The Plaything of Broadway..Realart
Contents—Continued

Photoplay Magazine's Gold Medal
Announcement and Second Voting Coupon. 29

The Photograph (Fiction)  W. Townend 30
A Contest Story with Strong Dramatic Interest.
Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

Cornered! (Photograph) 33
Madge Kennedy, Now Visiting Behind the Footlights.

Mary Got Her Hair Wet Adela Rogers St. Johns 34
How Mary Thurman Discovered Her New Coiffure
Decorations by Ralph Barton

The House That Jokes Built  Will Rogers 36
Will and the Architect Didn't Get Along.

The Lost Romance—(Fiction)  Gene Sheridan 38
Told from the Photoplay.

Fashions Carolyn Van Wyck 42
Up-to-the-Minute Information.

Canterbury, Prussia (Photographs) 44
The Past and Future as Filmed in Germany.

Mother o' Mine Joan Jordan 45
Charlie Chaplin's Reunion with His Mother.

"On Your Left, the Home of May Allison!" (Photographs) 46
A Star's Home, Inside and Out.

The Proper Abandon (Fiction) Barker Shelton 48
Romance on the City Streets. Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

West is East Delight Evans 51
Meeting Douglas McLean and Colleen Moore.

56½ Miles an Hour Bebe Daniels 52
When an Actress Was Jailed for Speeding

Close-Ups Editorial Comment 55

The Shadow Stage Burns Mantle 57
Reviews of the New Pictures.

"Jam Tomorrow—No Jam Today!" John G. Holme 61
Summary of a Fight Against Spurious Film Promoters.

Filming Lady Godiva's Ride Drawing.
Norman Anthony 62

Questions and Answers The Answer Man 71

A “Peach” Column J. R. O'Neill 71
Discovered on the Map of the U. S.

Oh, Yes, I Do Remember! Verse
Jordan Robinson 72

Plays and Players Cal. York 74
News and Comment from the Studios.

Why Do They Do It? Comment by the Movie-Goers. 85

Miss Van Wyck Says: Answers to Fashion Correspondents. 86

Showing Them to the Indians Movies on Wheels. 86

Addresses of the leading motion picture studios will be found on Page 8.

Paying Off Your Debt of Gratitude

FIVE minutes' time and your obligation to the producer of the best photoplay of 1920 is cleared.

Perhaps you have wished for some adequate method of expressing your thanks to the maker of that photoplay which most pleased you.

Here is that way. On page 29 is an announcement of the details of

Photoplay Magazine's Medal of Honor

to be awarded to the producer whose vision, faith and organization made the Best Photoplay possible.

You are to be judge.

Read Page 29—Then
Send in Your Vote!
"To me there is nothing so alluring in music as the soft strains of the mandolin or banjo. To all my friends I can confidently recommend Lyon & Healy Stringed Instruments—they are perfect."
—GLORIA SWANSON

You Can Quickly Learn!

Be popular! If you play the mandolin or banjo you will be welcomed everywhere—at gatherings and social events of all kinds. Besides, there is a decided personal enjoyment in playing the popular music of the day. Either the banjo or mandolin harmonizes well with other instruments—both are easily played and easily carried.

Lyon & Healy Own Make Mandolin
The finest mandolin made; has violin back. Easily packed and carried. Beautifully finished, full-toned and sturdy. Priced from $65 to $100. Mandolas, $125, Mandocellos, $150.

Lyon & Healy Professional Banjos and Mandolin Banjos
Everywhere known as the best. The patented truss construction gives that "snappy tone." The choice of professionals, and the proper instruments for beginners. Prices $35 to $100.

6-Day Free Trial—Easy Terms
Try your Lyon & Healy mandolin or banjo for six days. Your money refunded if you are not completely satisfied. Easy purchase terms can be arranged. For full details, mail coupon below.

LYON & HEALY Stringed Instruments

Our NEW Own Make Mandolin Banjo
Designed for Jazz
Instantly a favorite with Orchestra Players because of its Great Volume, Superior Tone, Perfect Scale and Easy Action.

Bengardo De Pace, the World's Famous Mandolin Virtuoso, says:
"The scientific methods of the Master Violin Builder, as evidenced by the graduated Top and Back, Compensating Bridge and Tailpiece, render your Own Make Mandolin acoustically perfect. Its wonderful tone and flawless play make it The Supreme Mandolin."

LYON & HEALY, 63-71 Jackson Blvd., Chicago
Please send me catalogs and prices on Banjos □ Mandolins □

Name
Street
City

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
NORMA TALMADGE

who is now working on her next picture,

"Regeneration Isle"

WHEN you see a First National trademark on the screen, you know that it stands not only for fascinating entertainment, but the highest quality in production.

This is because First National pictures are made by independent artists in their own studios—stars and producers who have nothing to gain in view than to present pictures of the highest artistry and entertainment value. Unhampered by outside influences, they are free to carry out their highest ideals.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation wide organization of independent theatre owners who are banded together to foster the production of more artistic pictures and who are striving for the constant betterment of screen entertainment.

First National accepts for exhibition purposes the work of independent artists strictly on its merit as the best in screen entertainment.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc.
**LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!**

_"I've sold a flask, and made more than 1000.00" — MARY WATSON, Des Moines, Ia._

_"It's worth its weight in gold — CO., New Orleans, N.J._

_"Every obstacle that menaces success can be mastered through this simple but thorough system." — MRS. OLIVE MICHAUX, Wash._

_"I received your Irving System some time ago. It is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen. I have made two plays, one of which sold for $500, the other for $450. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irvine System." — HELEN KINDON, Atlantic City, N.J._

_"Every one of these has the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!" — HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR, Littleboy, EorToE, Motion Picture Magazine._

_"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 writers?" — MRS. OLIVE MICHAUX, Wash._

_"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 barbershop, following the play, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and waiting for the idea to take shape, by scores, now pouring out typewriters, or standing behind counters, or spinning spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes — you may laugh — but these are the, millions of people who will be writers._

_"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 writers?" — MRS. OLIVE MICHAUX, Wash._

_"Your plan is absolutely correct. I have for a long time dreamed of having my own magazine, and here it is! The Irvine System has given me a wonderful new lease on 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._

_"The Irvine System is absolutely correct. I have for a long time dreamed of having my own magazine, and here it is! The Irvine System has given me a wonderful new lease on 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._

_"I have first learned the simple rules of writing, and then 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._

_"I received your Irving System some time ago. It is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen. I have made two plays, one of which sold for $500, the other for $450. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irvine System." — HELEN KINDON, Atlantic City, N.J._

_"When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE._

_"Every obstacle that menaces success can be mastered through this simple but thorough system." — MRS. OLIVE MICHAUX, Wash._

_"One of these has the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!" — HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR, Littleboy, EorToE, Motion Picture Magazine._

_"This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE._

_"No charge. No obligation. I'll read the free copy. I'm writing 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._

_"This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE._

_"No charge. No obligation. I'll read the free copy. I'm writing 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._

_"This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE._

_"No charge. No obligation. I'll read the free copy. I'm writing 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._

_"This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE._

_"No charge. No obligation. I'll read the free copy. I'm writing 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._

_"This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE._

_"No charge. No obligation. I'll read the free copy. I'm writing 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._

_"This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE._

_"No charge. No obligation. I'll read the free copy. I'm writing 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._

_This Book FREE_
When failure hurts the most

Are you having the good times other girls have? Or when you come home from the party where you longed to be successful, gay, triumphant—do you suffer from a feeling of disappointment—defeat?

Many a girl is made awkward and self-conscious merely through the knowledge that she has an unattractive complexion—that her skin is spoiled by blackheads or ugly little blemishes—is dull and colorless, or coarse in texture.

Yet with the right care you can change any of these conditions. As a matter of fact, your skin changes in spite of you—each day old skin dies and new takes its place. By using the right treatment you can give this new skin the clear smoothness and lovely fresh color you have always longed for.

What is the matter with your skin?

Perhaps your skin is spoiled by that most distressing trouble—the continual breaking out of ugly little blemishes.

To free your skin from blemishes, begin, tonight, to use this treatment:

Just before you go to bed, wash in the usual way with Woodbury’s Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury’s until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Supplement this treatment with the regular use of Woodbury’s Facial Soap in your daily toilet. This will help to keep the new skin that is constantly forming free from blemishes.

How you can tell that your skin is responding

The very first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it is an indication that the treatment is doing you good, for it means that your skin is responding in the right way to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing. After one or two treatments this drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will gain a new clearness and loveliness.

Special treatments for each one of the commoner skin troubles—for an oily skin, conspicuous nose pores, blackheads, etc., are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. Within a week or ten days you will notice a marked improvement in your complexion.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury’s lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment and for general cleansing use.

“Your treatment for one week”

Send 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing the treatment booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch,” a trial size cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap; and samples of the new Woodbury Facial Cream, Woodbury’s Cold Cream, and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 507 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 507 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.
HERE in the glitt'ring panoply of war—at least, that's what we take the costume for—comes Mary Thurman, fair as any flow'r, princess of many a gilded glorious hour. ('Tis plain to see that Mary's nose is moulded for a profile pose.)
Another blonde we introduce to fame, with eyes as blue as yon cerulean sky.
Claire Windsor is the maiden's name; you'll hear more of her, bye-and-bye.
(And we're informed just on the quiet, the hair is true; she doesn't dye it.)
CANST hear the strumming of the sweet guitar? Canst gaze into her limpid eyes? Canst measure all the swains' sad sighs? Ah, Bebe, what a minx you are! (But though her ways are proper, from making eyes, no one can stop her.)
BARRYMORE! A name to conjure with as well. This one of the family's Lionel. Sturdy and stern as he appears, he's skilled for laughter as for tears. (The picture's good; but for the verse, it scarcely could be any worse.)
A Y.E., Prince, Youth must be served as well. So look upon the portrait, this young face. May Collins, cast this way the spell of thy fresh beauty and thy grace. (They make us think of rare red roses, these shy and wide-eyed girlish poses.)
BLANCHE SWEET! A name one can't forget, a name entwined with yester-
days. But Blanche is still the same, you bet, with graceful charm and winning
ways. (She's changed a bit, you'll see; but sweet she'll always be.)
OH, FLORENCE VIDOR, tell me, pray, why do you look so stern today? Why don't you fetch your charming laugh when you sit for your photograph? (Oh, Florence Vidor, do be good, and smile the way you know you should!)
This dainty little dress had been worn and washed 52 times before this picture was taken!

If you saw this dress you probably would say that it couldn't be washed—its French organdy is so sheer and its wool embroidery is in such delicate shades of rose, lavender, green, blue and yellow.

But the mother who bought it for her little girl has washed it fifty-two times with Ivory Flakes, and everybody thinks it is brand new. Its lovely green is as bright as ever—not a bit of color has run from the dainty wool flowers or from the black yarn button-holing that trims sleeves and neck—not a thread is broken.

Such records are the usual—not the unusual—thing with Ivory Flakes. It is so remarkably and uniformly safe because it is simply the flaked form of genuine Ivory Soap, the same soap that has been proving for forty-two years that it does not harm any fabric that water alone does not harm.

A package of Ivory Flakes and your bathroom washbowl are all you need to keep your pretty clothes and your children's garments fresh and lovely. Try it and see how it prolongs their beauty.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES
Makes pretty clothes last longer

Send for FREE SAMPLE
and simple directions for the care of delicate fabrics and colors. Address Section 45-GF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
EVERY boy and girl believes implicitly in a splendid destiny. He is sure of vast accomplishment, of power, of fame. She is sure of changeless admiration, of luxury, of perfect love.

As the spring of youth ripens into adult summer these dreams are blurred, one by one; each day, somehow, the end of the rainbow seems farther away.

But it is the nature of hope to endure through changing its form. Success lies always in the magic palm of tomorrow; tonight may be silent, but the trumpet of triumph will ring in the morning; sudden fortune will vanquish the infirmity of advancing years. And at the last we look to our children to perform the tasks and reap the rewards in the performing and reaping of which we, somehow, have failed.

The historians of art, strangely enough, have seldom seen it as the vicarious triumphs of personal failure. The chroniclers tell us that the caveman celebrated his hunttings and his conquests in those vaunting pictures drawn in chalk upon the walls of his rocky den. But is it not as likely that those great kills are the kills he wished to make—and, somehow, didn't; that the victories are victories of which he dreamed—but which were only partially turned into conquering fact?

The sculptors of Greece left in their marble women a perfect beauty which was probably a collection of attributes, and not the glory of any single female. The painters of the Renaissance embalmed the splendors of their kindling age, but not its ignorance, its uncleanness. The Romance was born to perpetuate the loves and prowesses of Knights as they should have been—and weren't.

To increasing millions the Photoplay is the Youthful Vision, glorified. The witch-doctors in the state-houses talk of it as adolescent philandering—it is no such thing! It is the clearing of bright love for the woman who has somehow lost her way in a forest of work and graying hair and worrying children.

It is that fine triumph for the father, who, somehow, missed his millions in trying to pay off the thousand-dollar mortgage. It is the thrill of action for the old man whose muscles atrophied at a desk. It is peace for the lonely wanderer who has lost his own in too stern search for it.

The Photoplay is pre-eminently the Land of Might-Have-Been.
ELINOR — the Tiger

"I BELIEVE, " affirms Mrs. Glyn, architect of "Three Weeks," "that in some previous incarnation each of our souls dwelt in the body of an animal."

Mr. Barton, a sketching along pepper-shaded Hollywood Boulevard, accordingly ranged into prehistoric time and caught this flaming Titian spirit when she was a little Royal Bengal. Mr. Barton, by the way, is now art-director for Rex Ingram, who recently and with great success tamed not only four wild horses, but an apocalypse. In the smaller picture Mr. Ingram—standing—and Mr. Barton are designing a new production. The hand on Mr. Barton's left arm belongs to Alice Terry.
Is Marriage a Bunco Game?

Do you agree with

Mr. Hughes that

Courtship is a boomerang?
Wedding is an illusion?
Life long devotion a joke?
and that
If a man has a wife he doesn’t like, he should get rid of her as soon as possible?

As explained by

Rupert Hughes,

to

Adela Rogers St. Johns

Illustrated by stills from Mr. Hughes’ original photoplay, “Dangerous Curves Ahead,” to be released by Goldwyn in the fall.

He is the only person I have ever interviewed where my part in the ordeal consisted of “How-do-you-do” and “Thank you—good-by.” He needs no promptings, no coaxings, no guiding hand. He is a thinker—a man accustomed to thoroughly digesting a subject. He speaks from his thoughts, never from his emotions, and a remarkable, intense study of history and life gives him a background filled with incident, color, and experience.

A small man, rather inclined to plumpness, but of distinguished appearance, nevertheless. A round, genial, sympathetic face, with black, snapping eyes indicative of his stupendous mental activity, a strong, dogged jaw, almost obstinate, and a kindly, humorous, human mouth.

“There isn’t anything in the world,” began Rupert Hughes, in a clear voice that clips each word very decisively, “about which so much is thought, said, and written as marriage. Everybody is married, has been married, or is in danger of getting married. Besides, it is far from being a sex problem alone. It is social, economic, political. It is so important that Bernard Shaw have to go, or else the nation will have to go.” (Of course he was talking about England.)

“Now in the first place, let us discuss facts, not opinions, nor emotions, nor philosophies. I know of nothing which the average man or woman meets so seldom as a fact.

“For instance, one of the logical facts of marriage is that if a man has a wife he doesn’t like, he should get rid of her as soon as he possibly can.

“If a man gets a cinder in his eye, he takes it out, or gets somebody to take it out for him, because it annoys and pains his eye, therefore I must let it remain there.” Or, if he asks a friend to take it out, the friend doesn’t throw up his hands in horror and say ‘This cinder and this eye which God hath joined let no man part asunder,’ or words to that effect.

“Yet that’s the kind of bunco that marriage is full of.
Photoplay Magazine

"It's a bunco game from its very beginning—the courtship.

"Sanely considered, do you know of any other one thing that contains so much pure bunk as courtship? I don't."

"Two human beings, who are about to enter into a contract to spend all the rest of their earthly lives together, to eat, sleep, work, play, suffer, enjoy, as one—go through days, weeks, months, years of systematic and elaborate deception, with the prime object of fooling each other. Like a couple of crooked horse traders, they deliberately set about to display only their best gait and coats, chuckling gleefully over every defect they 'put over' on each other.

"Courtship might be described as a sowing of boomerangs—with marriage as the harvest.

"The girl wears her best dresses and her best smiles. She displays her best in charm and disposition. Her main object is to keep her husband-to-be from knowing that she has a temper like Cleopatra and a 34-inch waist. Small brother is the only one who ever inadvertently breaks up the family conspiracy of bunco. And of course all this goes the other way, too.

"The old vaudeville joke about the bride who celebrated her bridal night by removing her hair and some of her teeth, is founded upon deep psychology.

"It was once my ambition to write a play, in which several engaged, or about-to-be engaged, couples on a house party, were suddenly involved in a combination of circumstances which automatically displayed their worst sides in everything physical and mental—and then what happened.

"But my wife wouldn't let me.

"Yet after you're married, it's an even money bet that the most adoring couple in the world will have moments, hours, of matrimonial existence when they are conscious only of their partner's faults, and all virtue flies out the window. Then they exclaim, 'This is the original shell game.'

"Now some horses, for example, break easily in double harness. Some never work well any other way. Some, on the other hand, have to be tied, whipped and beaten into it, after which they may make the best team horses in the world. Others never will travel double, no matter what you do.

"And no good horseman is obsessed with the idea that merely putting them in double harness is going to make them work well together.

"Nevertheless, it is the generally-accepted theory that the magic spell of marriage, in the case of human beings, immediately overcomes all such difficulties. A bit of focus-pocus with a ring, a few words that if you study them carefully will appeal all you with their absurdities, a lot of illusions about veils, orange blossoms—and human nature is altered, all is rosy, life-long devotion and happiness have been arranged.

"Now what is the use of all that?

"It isn't true. It never has been true.

"Then these two, deluded mortals, whom Society and that strange emotion called love have combined to blindfold to every essential fact and every atom of necessary education, are put on a train marked Paradise. And even their mothers and fathers, who have been wrecked on that same line, smile self-satisfiedly and say 'Isn't it beautiful?' If by any chance that train is side-tracked, runs up a spur into a gravel bank, or goes off the track completely, they mustn't get out and walk, they mustn't about all things call for help, or ask to be hauled out. No, there they are and there they must stay.

"That is the sort of obvious idiocy that it seems to me we should not forget.

"You can't tell much about marriage—I grant you that. 'Some like it hot and some like it cold' as we said in the nursery rhyme. There are women who would surely bring a man to death if a man doesn't save his money, and there are women who despise him if he doesn't. There are women who loathe a man if he ever looks in a mirror, and there are others who will drag him all over town and dress him up in pink shirts and lavender neckties. There are women who die at the mere thought that their husbands are aware of a female sex still existing outside themselves—and there are others who can stand infidelity better than the myriad forms of petty sins, such as mischief-making, lying, idleness, discourtesy. In other words, some women would rather be married to Bill Sykes than Uriah Heap.

"So, as I say, you can't tell anything about marriage. But at least you can take every precaution, and every advantage possible. Let courtship become a period not of rosy deceit but of honest trial acquaintance. For obvious moral reasons, I do not advocate trial marriage. But I don't see why the period of courtship should not serve many of its practical aims, and become an open, decent endeavor to become acquainted.

"Of course there are thousands of husbands and wives who never get acquainted. Perhaps it's just as well.

"Another tradition of the bunco game of marriage is that certain professions—especially certain arts—cause matrimonial grief—that temperament is confined to a select number of occupations; that it is safer to marry a blacksmith than a sculptor.
"As a matter of fact, street car conductors have just as many chances for infidelity as actors, and the most temperament man I ever knew was a mechanic.

I once wrote a book about the love affairs of great musicians. Musicians are supposedly the last word in temperament, and they held many chances for infidelity as actors, and the most temperament man I ever knew was a mechanic.

Supposed to be given to strange and unusual love vagaries, and was completely devoted and who at one time ran an opera company, had absolutely no use for women; when one prima donna annoyed him he held her out of the second story window and threatened to drop her if she didn't behave; that Beethoven had thirty-six passionate love affairs and never married at all, while Mozart was married, adored his wife with a deep tenderness, was very happy with her, but was sweetly and more or less casually unfaithful to her all his life, in spite of which she spent the years after his death writing a beautiful and inspired history of his life, in collaboration with her second husband!

"Could there be four more widely different histories?

"Nor are men and women so different. That is one of the oldest bunco game rules in the world. Of course, there are women who prefer any kind of matrimonial hell to single blessedness and there are men who are as much domestic animals as cows. There are also women who regard the marriage tie with the same degree of reverence as the celebrated Don Juan.

"Natives say that the only true love affairs are among the birds. I never saw any great evidences of marital fidelity around my chicken yard.

"The greatest joke about the whole thing is the theory of permanency being a moral necessity in marriage, regardless of what price is paid by man, woman, or by common decency. The only philosophy I have about marriage is divorce.

"Divorce should be as simple, inexpensive and private as marriage.

"You don't ask people why they want to get married.

"You shouldn't ask them why they want to get divorced.

"In any game that's straight you can always get up and cash in whenever you want to. It ought to be that way with marriage.

"If you leave the door open, even a cell doesn't seem like a prison. If the door of divorce is left open on marriage, a lot of people would quit trying so hard to get out. And a lot of them wouldn't have to be sneaking out at the windows.

"The idea that moral and civic decency can be elevated or upheld by a law that encourages and necessitates hidden evils of every kind and class is as foolish as supposing a board is sound because its surface upturned to the sun, is blotted it over and if it has been on wet ground you will find it covered with filth and vermin of every kind.

"At one time there was a period of 150 years in Rome when all a man had to do to divorce his wife was to give back the money her father had bestowed on them, and then send her a notice that she was divorced. It worked admirably. There were practically no divorces in that period.

"If such a law were passed today—operative both ways—a lot of selfish, lazy wives would buckle on their armour and a lot of unkind, unfaithful husbands would begin to take notice. When you're in danger of losing something, you always try to keep it, even if it's only a husband.

"There should of course be a time between the filing of notice for divorce and its accomplishment. I am not advocating that if a husband doesn't like the way his chops are cooked he should divorce his wife in the forenoon, or that if a wife is displeased with the way her husband says 'Good-morning' to Mrs. Jones across the street she should be freed before nightfall.

"But I do say that when dislike has been between two people, when either of them desires to be free, and that desire stands the test of a certain period of time, divorce should be simple and unquestioned.

"In South Carolina, where they have the slickest divorce laws (or lack of them) in the world outside of England, you cannot get a divorce on any ground whatever. Does anyone pretend that South Carolina is any more moral than any other state? Ask North Carolina.

"Marriage, says religion, is a sacrament. I am aware of that. But it was not till the Christian church was 1400 years old that it was made a sacrament. But granting it is one, then divorce becomes a duty when the spiritual quality which made it sacramental have vanished. Otherwise the sacrament is profaned—as is any other sacrament when it is received with defiled hands and without the inward grace to support the outward symbol.

"It would be un-American, it would be tyranny of the worst kind, to force two people to marry who did not want to—or to force two people to marry when only one wanted to. Then it is worse to force them to live together.

"I have been married a good many years myself—I am exceedingly happy and contented in my married life. Outside of quarreling violently, which I consider merely the gymnastics of matrimony, we have evolved a (Continued on page 92)
A Hoot
For
Haughty
Landlords!

NOT that Elsie Ferguson would ever let such a patois pass her lips. Still, her smile seems to say it as she stands in the door of her portable dressing room.

Why should she care, if the very rich gentleman who owns the apartment house in which she lives in Manhattan decides to buy four or five new washing machines for his wife? She fears not eviction, raised rents or poor plumbing. For she can always pack her things and take permanent possession of the little-house on wheels, in Paramount's Long Island City studio.

LET the California film stars have their toy bungalows—Miss Ferguson is satisfied. Her house can be pushed from one part of the huge stage to another with little effort. When her presence is required in a new set she simply asks Peter Props to push her dressing-room after her.

This system, of course, does away with the necessity of having to construct a miniature dressing-room every time the setting is changed during the production of a picture. Observe, above, Miss Ferguson in the bizarre East Indian costume she wears in her new characterization of a Russian actress, about to enter the trick dressing-room.

And here—an interior view. Just as snug and satisfying as a real boudoir, isn't it?
A certain comedy queen, turning to greater things, reveals the kinship between smiles and tears.

By JOAN JORDAN

SHE is the product of ultra-sophistication. She is the embodiment of the 20th Century—the incarnation of Paris after the war. Her simplicity is the simplicity of the "petit Trianon." Her worldly wisdom has been absorbed through the tips of her fingers, in the air she breathed, the very thoughts the world is thinking. She is as soft as a summer cloud and as hard as a diamond. "She is Laughter, she is Torment, she is Town."

Little Marie Prevost—with the eyes of a wood nymph and the ankles of a Follies queen. She might be fourteen—eighteen—twenty. Her extreme youth holds all the intriguing promises of immaturity. Her appeal is suggestion. Yet neither the freshness of her cheek nor the firmness of her flesh hide the open secret that her youth is the youth of city pavements and white lights. Her soft, gray crepe de chine sport frock spelled girlish modesty, conceived in the rue de la Paix. The little flesh-colored veil drawn over the tip of her saucy nose stood as a badge of debutante allure. Curled beneath a counterpane of fine white linen, she could spend an evening reading "Little Women" or "Limehouse Nights" with equal understanding and enjoyment.

Marie Prevost is a living testimony of all that youth means today—of all that it may achieve, accomplish, stand for in an industry and art that is itself still, in its youth.

A slim slip of a thing, possessing just the average of education—she is a wage earner, a big tax payer, a power and factor in an enormous business. In the two weeks since she terminated her contract with Sennett—by mutual consent, but at her plea—she has had two splendid offers for long-term contracts. (Continued on page 101)
Wally's sartorial perfection does not match his expression. When gentlemen drinking wine look like that, their evening clothes never look like that!

Isn't he the old scoundrel? He has told her that this is a bottle of Pommery Sec (hush — be more respectful!) when, really, it is mere cider.

Tush! How obvious! One would fancy this to be a pathetic scene between husband and wife, or at least, brother and sister. Nothing of the kind. The lady is simply the agent of the Society for the Prevention of Death by Wood Alcohol.

PAGE MR. VOLSTEAD!

We admit we're stumped. What is Elliott Dexter trying to put across? Why the admonitory finger of the hypotenuse in this mysterious scene? But then they drank the Cursed Stuff in any old manner nowadays.

That's the way it is, these days. One hurries into a law office or the stockbrokers' and expects to hear bad news. Then there is a sly wink and — presto! — appears a tall black bottle — according to the movies.
Announcing

THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE MEDAL OF HONOR

Why it is needed — What it will mean — How YOU will award it.

WAR has its crosses, the exhibition its ribbons, the athlete his palm, and literature its Nobel prize. So far, there has been no distinctive commemoration of singular excellence in the field of the photoplay. After long consideration PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has determined to permanently establish an award of merit, a figurative winning-post, comparable to the dignified and greatly coveted prizes of war and art.

The Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor will be awarded for the best photoplay of the year. It will be awarded to the producer—not to the director, not to the distributor—but to the producer whose vision, faith and organization made the Best Photoplay a possibility.

It will be of solid gold, and will be executed by Tiffany and Company, of New York. With the passing years—for it is to be an annual affair—it will become an institution, a lasting tribute of significance and artistic value.

Perhaps the most important feature of this announcement is the identification of the jury which will make the selection. Like Abraham Lincoln’s ideal government, the photoplay is by, of, and for the people; and any decision as to its greatest achievement can come only from the people. The million readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE are to choose the winner—they and no critics, editors, or other professional observers. These million readers are the flower of fandom—the screen’s most intelligent public—you yourselves. In case of a tie, decision shall be made by three disinterested people.

Fill out this coupon and mail it, naming the picture which, after comparison and reflection, you consider the finest photoplay released during the year 1920. These coupons will appear in four successive issues, of which this is the second. All votes must be received in PHOTOPLAY'S New York office not later than October 1st. Below is a list of fifty carefully selected photoplays of last year. You do not necessarily have to choose one of these, but if your choice is outside this list, be sure it is a 1920 picture.

Choose your picture because of merits of theme, direction, action, continuity, setting and photography, for these are the qualities which, in combined excellence, make great photoplays.

Suggested List of Best Pictures of 1920

| Behind the Door | Jes’ Call Me Jim |
| Branding Iron   | Jubilo          |
| Copperhead      | Love Flower    |
| Cumberland Romance | Luck of the Irish |
| Dancin’ Fool    | Madame X       |
| Devil’s Pass Key| Man Who Lost Himself |
| Dinty           | Mollycoddle    |
| Dollars and the Woman | On With the Dance |
| Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde | Overland Red |
| Earthbound      | Over the Hill  |
| Eyes of Youth   | Passion        |
| Garage          | Pollyanna      |
| Gay Old Dog     | Prince Chap    |
| Great Redeemer  | Remodelling a Husband |
| Heart of the Hills | Right of Way |
| Huckleberry Finn| River’s End    |
| Humoresque      | Romance        |
| Idol Dancer     | Scoffer        |
| In Search of a Sinner | Scratch My Back |
| Something to Think About | Trumpet Island |
| Suds            | Thirteenth Commandment |
| Thirteenth Commandment | Thirty-nine East |
| Thrill of the East | Toll Gate |
| Treasure Island | Virgin of Stamboul |
| Way Down East   | Why Change Your Wife? |
| Wonder Man      | World and His Wife |

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

Editor Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., N. Y. City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1920.

__________________________
Name
__________________________
Address

Use this coupon or other blank paper filled out in similar form.
Sol Gritting, the proprietor of the hotel at White Gap, sat by the big open fire-place, piled high with glowing red-hot pine logs. The proprietor of the hotel at White Gap, leant forward in his chair and knocked the ashes from his corn cob pipe out on to the stone hearth in front of him.

"Gosh-ormighty!" he said. "Listen to that, Lucy! Seems like winter has set in right early this year, hey?"

Lucy, his daughter, had kept house for him ever since the death of Abe Drackett, her husband, ten years before, sat on the other side of the big open fire-place, piled high with glowing red-hot pine logs. She did not answer when he spoke to her, but went on with her knitting, almost as though nothing he could say were important enough to cause her to raise her eyes. She was not a plump girl, her cheeks were flushed the color of the pink roses that grew on the porch, and when she had eaten her supper, she would tell them some of his stories. Her memory was as good as ever.

Lucy was on her feet. "Dad," she said, "here's folks comin'. I got to git busy." Sol groaned. The pain in his back made him slow in his movements.

"Gosh! Say, I'd better see who it is." Sol turned and made her way to the door. "In yer stockin' feet! You won't do nothin' of the kind. First thing you'll know you'll be down with pneumony." She stopped. "Better go into the kitchen an' see what them kids uh mine are up to. Tell Billy to git the lantern ready. Them folks 'ull want to put the auto up in the barn. An' hurry up!"

"Whew! Sol stood up. "Now, where in thunder did I put them blame' shoes of mine?"

The two guests, a Mr. and Mrs. Wainton, from San Francisco, so they had written in the register, came downstairs at last and entered the dining room, hand in hand. Sol chuckled. At a glance he had seen that this quiet, pleasant-looking young man was as handsome as the tall, slender girl, who wore a big gray coat over a cream silk waist and a gray tweed skirt, were on their honeymoon. He greeted them warmly.

"Mrs. Wainton, Mr. Wainton, I hope you're satisfied with your room. I'd be obliged if you'd let me know if you ain't."

"Yes, sir, we'll take the rocker, ma'am, in front of the fire... a ter'ble rough night, ain't it?"

The girl, a pretty girl with dark brown hair and eyes as blue as the Californian skies had been in the far-off past and cheeks flushed the color of the pink roses that grew on the porch in summer, smiled at him. "Thank you, Mr. Gritting, very much."

Sol, encouraged by their friendliness, felt that later, when they had eaten their supper, he would tell them some of his stories. He squirmed his shoulders and beamed.

"I don't remember such a night as this, early in October, since... let me see now. He frowned in the effort to remember the date that had slipped his memory. "Oh! I got it now... not fer fifteen years. No, sir, not fer fifteen years. We had winter mighty early that year, same as it looks we'll have it thisen."

The girl wriggled her arms free from her big coat. "It's nice and warm, isn't it?" She held out her hands to the blaze.

"Are you cold, Peggy?" asked the husband.

"No, but I was just about frozen coming up the hill..."

"Were you lost, Mr. Wainton?" asked Sol.

"Lost! No. We got stalled on the road, that's all. We were hoping to make Santa Teresa by dark, but there was too much mud... Then the young man laughed and apologized. "Not that I'm sorry, Mr. Gritting. I'm very glad that we've had the opportunity of seeing your hotel... very glad, indeed. Isn't that so, Peggy?"

"Why, yes," said the girl slowly. "Why, of course."

"Once upon a time," said Sol, plunging into the past, "we used to have guests a-plenty... the year round. But now, shucks! Californy ain't what it used to be... we ain't troubled much between the end of September an' May. You'd be surprised. I guess it's them motor-cars... folks won't come anywhere 'less the roads is like boulevards... that's a fact, now, ain't it? My day, Mr. Wainton, we used to do all our trav'lin' by buckboard or horseback, but times is changed... yes, Mr. Wainton, times is changed."
“His eyes is like snakes and he's looking at the girl like he hates her.”
All of a sudden the girl shivered as though cold and turned in her chair and glanced quickly over her shoulder with such a curious expression in her eyes that Sol was startled.

"Hello, Peggy!" said her husband. "You said you were warm!"

"I am warm," she said.

For a moment she sat, gazing into the fire, with her hands folded in her lap, and then before Sol could remember what he was saying, she turned and looked over her shoulder once more, just as though she had heard someone approaching her chair.

"Is anything the matter, Mrs. Wainton?" Sol asked.

"No, Tony, not yet." She rose to her feet. "I think I'll sit by the fire." Then as she moved across to the big rocking chair she stopped suddenly and seemed to be listening.

And again Sol was startled.

"Was there anything you wanted, Mrs. Wainton?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Gritting. . . nothing, thank you."

"Guess, then, I'll clear the table, if you've no objection, so that Lucy can get straight before bedtime.

"Certainly," said the girl. She smiled at her husband who was standing by her side, staring down at her very seriously.

"Mr. Gritting," she went on, "this is a very old house, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wainton," said Sol, "it is. An' if it wasn't too late fer you, I could tell you some things about it that would surprise you."

He waited, wondering if these very pleasant guests of his would be sufficiently interested to ask him the question he hoped to hear. They were interested, obviously.

"It's not too late for my husband and myself, Mr. Gritting," said the girl quickly. "Is it too late for you?"

Too late! When he had listeners at last? Sol smiled. Only those who did not know Sol Gritting would have said that. He felt that he had never before met a couple whom he liked so much at such short acquaintance.

As soon as he had finished his work he said that he was ready to talk; that was, if they still thought that they would like to listen.

"Mr. Gritting, if my future happiness depended on my eating more pie right now, why, I'd have to be miserable for the rest of my life. I passed my limit about two pieces back." He looked at his wife. "Now, Peggy, if you've finished, what about your going to bed? You're dead tired . . ."

"No, Tony, not yet." She rose to her feet. "I think I'll sit by the fire." Then as she moved across to the big rocking chair she stopped suddenly and seemed to be listening.

And again Sol was startled.

"Was there anything you wanted, Mrs. Wainton?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Gritting. . . nothing, thank you."

"Guess, then, I'll clear the table, if you've no objection, so that Lucy can get straight before bedtime."

"Certainly," said the girl. She smiled at her husband who was standing by her side, staring down at her very seriously.

"Mr. Gritting," she went on, "this is a very old house, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wainton," said Sol, "it is. An' if it wasn't too late fer you, I could tell you some things about it that would surprise you."

He waited, wondering if these very pleasant guests of his would be sufficiently interested to ask him the question he hoped to hear. They were interested, obviously.

"It's not too late for my husband and myself, Mr. Gritting," said the girl quickly. "Is it too late for you?"

Too late! When he had listeners at last? Sol smiled. Only those who did not know Sol Gritting would have said that. He felt that he had never before met a couple whom he liked so much at such short acquaintance.

As soon as he had finished his work he said that he was ready to talk; that was, if they still thought that they would like to listen.

"Mr. Gritting, if my future happiness depended on my eating more pie right now, why, I'd have to be miserable for the rest of my life. I passed my limit about two pieces back." He looked at his wife. "Now, Peggy, if you've finished, what about your going to bed? You're dead tired . . ."

"No, Tony, not yet." She rose to her feet. "I think I'll sit by the fire." Then as she moved across to the big rocking chair she stopped suddenly and seemed to be listening.

And again Sol was startled.

"Was there anything you wanted, Mrs. Wainton?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Gritting. . . nothing, thank you."

"Guess, then, I'll clear the table, if you've no objection, so that Lucy can get straight before bedtime."

"Certainly," said the girl. She smiled at her husband who was standing by her side, staring down at her very seriously.

"Mr. Gritting," she went on, "this is a very old house, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wainton," said Sol, "it is. An' if it wasn't too late fer you, I could tell you some things about it that would surprise you."

He waited, wondering if these very pleasant guests of his would be sufficiently interested to ask him the question he hoped to hear. They were interested, obviously.

"It's not too late for my husband and myself, Mr. Gritting," said the girl quickly. "Is it too late for you?"

Too late! When he had listeners at last? Sol smiled. Only those who did not know Sol Gritting would have said that. He felt that he had never before met a couple whom he liked so much at such short acquaintance.

As soon as he had finished his work he said that he was ready to talk; that was, if they still thought that they would like to listen.

"Sit down, Mr. Gritting," said the girl. "Tony, offer Mr. Gritting a cigar. That's better, isn't it? And now, tell me . . ." She leaned toward him, her elbow on the arm of her chair, her chin resting in the palm of her hand, her cheeks flushed, her eyes very bright and watchful. A pretty girl, Sol decided . . . wonderfully pretty . . . as pretty a girl as he had ever seen. Mr. Gritting, she said, "I don't think . . . did anything ever happen here . . . at White Gap?"

Sol inspected his cigar and smiled the smile of a man who knows that he has a story to relate that is as good a story as one could want.

"Well, we ain't exactly off the map at White Gap," he said. "Didn't something happen once upon a time in this very room?" said the girl. "Something terrible, didn't it?"

Sol opened his eyes very wide and gazed at her in amazement.

"How did yuh know that, Mrs. Wainton?"

"I didn't know . . . I felt it!"

"Oh! So that was it, was it? Sol puffed at his cigar and rubbed his thin knees and nodded his head. She had felt that something tragic had happened in the room! That was queer, wasn't it? Darn queer! Women was queer, anyways, doggone it! All women, even a girl as pretty and as nice looking and intelligent as this girl! It (Continued on page 96)
CORNERED

—and cornered so effectually by the new play of that name that she is temporarily cut off from all roads to the studio. Once more Madge Kennedy is a genuine "New York Success," little or much as that may mean. But it's no hazard to guess that she's only visiting behind the curtain; no place is home where they haven't cameras and cooper-hewitts.
An Impression of Mary Thurman, by Ralph Barton
We were sitting about a corner table at Sunset Inn.

It was Photoplayers’ night, and it was getting late. Suddenly there was a commotion near the door.

People were craning their necks to see.

We decided the place was pinched and began to think up phone names.

But we discovered that Mary Thurman had just come in.

They were looking at her hair.

One afternoon we were in the dressing room at the Alexandria. A crowd had gathered in one corner. Everybody was talking at once to some girl.

We wondered if she had been drinking wood alcohol.

She hadn’t.

It was Mary Thurman. All the nice tea-drinking ladies were looking at—and talking about—her hair.

On a Saturday afternoon a few days later we walked into the Ambassador for tea—Mary Thurman and I.

Everybody turned around to stare.

I wondered frantically if I had forgotten my petticoat.

I looked about and saw only one other woman in the tea room.

It was Mary Thurman. All the nice tea-drinking ladies were looking at—and talking about—her hair.

While the waiter disappeared on the quest of the orange pekoe, I examined this interesting hair. Some people are famous for one thing and some are famous for another. Mary Thurman is famous for a number of things including the way the hairdresser fixed it.

‘It’s only my hair,’ said Mary Thurman patiently.

While the waiter disappeared on the quest of the orange pekoe, I examined this interesting hair. Some people are famous for one thing and some are famous for another. Mary Thurman is famous for a number of things including the way she used to look in a bathing suit. But it is chiefly her hair that makes you feel like you were riding in a circus parade, the way people act.

It is very wonderful—that hair. No wonder even Cecil deMille turned around to stare at it. (He did once. Mary told me so.)

It is Paris. It is Egypt. It is Hollywood. It is the Italian Lakes.

Whether or not it is beautiful, I do not know.

To me it suggests Cleopatra barbered on Hollywood Boulevard.

It is the last word in chic, in fashion. It is so startling it annoys, so gorgeous it allures.

I don’t like it a bit and I adore it.

It is an Irishism.

Maxfield Parrish designed the set and Lawrence Hope wrote the scenario for it.

I looked at the other women near us—a debutante with fluffy golden curls, a New Yorker with elaborate black coiffure under a drooping hat—marcels, bobs, puffs, rolls, curls, slicks, there were all types.

Then I looked back at Mary Thurman’s. (She had taken off her big white hat and flung it on a chair. It was very warm in the tea room.)

“It’s only my hair,” said Mary Thurman patiently.

I went to the beach to swim one day and I got my hair wet. It was just bobbed then and I kept it curled all over. I was terribly worried when I found I couldn’t get it curled and had to go out that way, with it hanging straight.

“When I came out, everybody piped up and said, ‘Why, Mary Thurman, why don’t you wear your hair that way? It’s so becoming and perfectly stunning.’

“I decided to try it. When I got home, I just took the scissors and cut these bangs, trimmed it straight all around and—here I am.

“Some people say it’s great and some say it’s terrible. But it’s a great comfort. And it is unusual, isn’t it?”

I agreed. Whether it is too unusual to become a fashion, I don’t know. I looked about and saw only one other woman in the crowd to whom I thought it would be becoming—a tall, dark girl in sport clothes, with very fine eyes.

She is a strangely passive little person, Mary Thurman. But as you look at her you think of the old adage “Still water runs deep.”

Fate has played some strange tricks on Miss Thurman, of Salt Lake City—little Mary, the school teacher.

Yes, she was a school teacher. I beg your pardon? Oh, but she was, a regular, honest to goodness school teacher. She is a graduate of the University of Utah.

She married a college professor, too, when she was sixteen. But—they had, as Mary shyly confided, about as much in common as a rabbit and a boa constrictor. So they parted.

(Continued on page 93)
The House That Jokes Built

As described by
WILL ROGERS

Will Rogers is one of the few comic men who have really succeeded in transferring a personal appeal from ears to eyes. Half a dozen, even more famous, tried it and failed. Their mirth disappeared with their voices. Yet Rogers not only found his humor again on the screen, but added a quality the footlights never saw—pathos.

"‘First off, this house o' mine wan' nothin' but a bungalow settin' on a hill."

"But by the time my wife got through re-writ-in' the thing, it was an eight-reel feature."

"‘The House that Jokes Built,’ I murmured."

"‘We were speakin’ about the house of mine. First off, ’twas nothin' but a bungalow settin' on a hill. Not meanin' much one way or 'tother. But by the time my wife got through re-writin’ that thing, it was an eight-reel feature production."

"‘What I told her was, the house oughta been made of rubber in the first place. The way she went ‘round there, pushin' out this wall and then pushing out another wall, ’til some nights I’d just as leave slept in a good corral, was something scandalous to behold."

"My gracious, just yesterday when I thought the whole thing was cut and titled, I come home to find she’s shoved the whole end plum‘ out of one end. Nobody but Alice in Wonderland could have thought up so many funny things to do to that house."

"‘It’s been expensive, but gee I’ve got a swell lot of laughs out of it."

"‘First of all, Mrs. Rogers ‘ud take and push a coupla walls out of the way, just like a kid playin’ with blocks. Then when she’d got it all down right, she gets one of these plush architects and he looks it over and says, ‘That’s very nice indeed, Mrs. Rogers, but the trouble is when you did that you uncinched the girt round that staircase, and now you’ve got to move the staircase or it won’t be no more good to you than the White Sox Ball Club.’ Or he’d say, ‘It was a wonderful idea to pull that wall in, Mrs. Rogers, but I reckon now you’ll have to move the first line trenches out about fifteen or twenty feet.’"

"Architects an’ diplomats must a ben cut out of the same piece. They can get you into more trouble than the army an’ the carpenters can get you out of."

"‘Elinor Glyn ought to see me in my Romeo costume — I heah she’s lookin’ for the perfect man!"

"‘Elinor Glyn ought to see me in my Romeo costume — I heah she’s lookin’ for the perfect man!"

"‘Architects an’ diplomats must a ben cut out of the same piece. They can get you into more trouble than the army an’ the carpenters can get you out of."

"Put a woman and an architect together and the Big War’ll look like an Iowa State picnic."

"‘But I didn’t mind. I says to myself, let ’em go ahead with the house. Houses is women’s business, anyway. A man don’t have much to do with a house but eat and sleep and pay for it. I ain’t really interested in anything but the..."
"I took the gold fish out of the pool in my front yard and sent 'em back to Tiffany's; gave the men $400 to remove a little expectorating statue, and built me a tan-bark ring—over to the right, there—with a seven-foot brick wall around it. Every Sunday we collect a right smart crowd o' contest hands, an' I'll bet you couldn't get 'em to work like they do down there for a hundred bucks a day!"

barns. Bungalows is all right, but barns is the important things after all.

"But one mornin' I was standin' looking over the landscape in the rear where I was figurin' on puttin' the horses and barns. An' I see this little architect standin' there, too, pullin' his six chin whiskers.

"Right there I reared up on my hind laigs.

"I says, 'Young fella, look here. I have been quite a peaceable cuss for the past few months. I have stood for considerable from you without any undue demonstrations. But, my Gawd, you ain't goin' to tell me how to build a BARN are you?' I says. 'You go an' play round with your Louise Quince and your velvet saddle blankets. I don't mind a lot of foolin' in the troop if folks can laugh at it.

"But I sure got ideas of my own on how these barns are goin' to be built. You can make yourself right famous as far as I'm concerned if you'll look and listen a lot.

"Well, then we was visited by another species that interested me a heap. It was called a landscape artist. He was goin' to fix my front yard up for me right swell, so the neighbors in Beverly Hills would be pleased with it.

"I told him I hadn't give the neighbors any great amount of thought, besides which I was goin' to fix my front yard up for me right swell, so the neighbors in Beverly Hills would be pleased with it.

"I had a regular phonograph record he turned on me 'bout 'groupings' and 'spacings' and things of that calibre, so I finally thought I'd see how he generally earned that salary he mentioned so casual. There are times when I am not so incensed against the Income Tax as others.

"So I come home from the studio one afternoon and on the front lawn I see six or eight little bushes 'bout as big as a respectable cabbage, settin' together in one corner. There was another deligation settin' in another and some scattered about careless in the middle.

"Is them your groupings?' I asked him.

"He admitted it without reachin' for his gun.

"'Mister,' says I, 'will you get them insignificant lookin' little onions out of my sight before I forget we are now at peace—and get me some trees—some trees a regular man don't need to be ashamed of.'

"It upset him some. He says, 'Mr. Rogers, you can't do that. They won't grow, maybe, and in two years these beautiful shrubs I've planted will be large and sightly.'

"The life of a motion picture star ain't two years,' I says right back. 'You get some trees I can enjoy now—never mind them scrubs you got. I want some cottonwoods and some eucalyptus and things I'm acquainted with personally.'

"I went right down to the place with him, and I bought all the biggest trees they had. You could conduct a real nice hangin' in my front yard now.

"Then, too, he'd put a little fountain in the middle, one of them statues that expectorates continuously. I ben in the Follies and I am no Anthony Comstock, but I felt right sorry for that little thing out there without even a bandana, playing September Morn in December.

"It cost me $350 to get that fountain in and $400 to get it out.

"I didn't grudge the four hundred a bit.

"I wouldn't a dared to ask any of my old friends into my house with that thing settin' in the (Continued on page 94)
ELIZABETH ERSKINE dealt bravely and sweetly with the years that followed her girlhood love disappointment and far from embittering her life it had endowed her with the added perfection of beauty that is made doubly exquisite by its tinge of sadness. And her home, La Acacia, nestled in a slope of the Californian mountains with its mellowed walls of Spanish mission, rose arboled and perfumed of the kindness of sunny days, seemed pervaded with the same rare spirit as the mistress of that enchanted spot.

The home of Elizabeth came to have something of the sympathetic mellowed gentleness and romance of the potpourri in her rose jar, a token of the love that was and its immortality.

It chanced that into this magic setting came two men and a girl. Most anything might have happened and many things did. There came the high flush of love, a rivalry made keen by its friendships and loyalty, hope, glamour, joy, tragedy and despair.

"Aunt Betty" was the name by which they came to know Elizabeth, who moved in beauty and soft gentleness among the people of her world. And as "Aunt Betty" she was especially endeared to the children whom she gladdened with her hour of story reading at the town library. Many a hand of Elizabeth’s and filled with a platonic devotion.

In the beginning it is to be suspected there was just a bit of resentment concealed under the polite consideration of the two men when they found that a girl had been brought into their easy chair pipe-smoking vacation at Aunt Betty’s. But even a concealed resentment is as good a beginning as any and as futile as any against the simple charms of such as Sylvia. More especially under the capable hands of Aunt Betty.

Allen and Mark began to take interest from the time when Sylvia first came down to dinner in a rare Spanish shawl from the treasures of Aunt Betty’s keepsake chests. Perhaps, too, there was not a little of the coquetry of old Granada in the folds of that rich old fabric. Anyway there was a toast to the beauty of Castile, which even simple Sylvia knew was a toast to her.

That was the first of it. There came moonlit nights in the garden by the mirroring pool and there were times when Aunt Betty effaced herself with a smiling grace to let Romance have its way.

But the real beginning was the night when Sylvia, retiring early, came in fairest negligee to throw her window open for the night and to look over the moonlit loveliness of the garden.

A tale that is told of what the moon saw in a love-lit garden.

By

GENE
SHERIDAN

Copyright 1921 Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, All Rights Reserved.
ROMANCE will be so long as the world shall last. The first
emotion which man experienced and wrote the first romance of
Man and Maid and it shall be the world's greatest story
for the last dawn of Reckoning to read. Romance is the
poetry of existence—it is even existence itself. Life
without Romance would be but the purposeless automaticism of body without soul.
And this supreme wealth of Romance belongs to all who
will claim it. Romance knows no caste or class, no race or
creed. It is the great universal legacy. It is a gold that grows
by spending. It is the end of the rainbow at your feet.
Romance visits alike the humble farmhouse on the hill and
the splendid villa by the sea, city slum and mansion of
marble. Without it they are one in nothing. It is given to
Woman to be the special custodian of Romance, the
chalice of Man's ambition. For Woman and for love of
Woman the World has been conquered and its wealth laid
at her feet. Woman is the mother of all men and the
world. The World lives for Romance and Romance lives
to keep the World alive.

Allen, pacing moodily in the garden, turned at the sound to see her
silhouetted in the latticed window. Almost unconsciously he stepped
forward and called her name.
"Sylvia!" It was a half-hushed
exclamation. It was as magic. She
had been filling his thoughts for hours.
Here suddenly she appeared before
him more lovely than all his poetic fancies.
The girl drew back, half frightened
and thrilled.
"Come out, Sylvia."
Peering from the protection of the
casement curtains Sylvia shook her
head.
"Oh, I can't." Her whisper was breathless with sentiment
and excitement at the glamour of it.
But she lingered and Allen stood fingering the lattice work
and murmuring nothings about the night.
Mark, smoking his evening pipe, stepped out under the rose
festooned archway and saw them there. Slowly he took a
farewell puff and knocked out his pipe, unconsciously. He
strolled with a leisurely tenseness toward the window.
"And I had always thought that Romeo was a fool." Allen commented to Sylvia, looking up at her in the window.
"I never really knew what romance was until I came here."
Sylvia sighed. "I don't know how I will ever go back into the
world again."
Allen was as bashfully awkward as a boy. He thumbed at the
lattice and looked into Sylvia's eyes.
"Wouldn't it be wonderful," he said, "if we could live in
this romance forever?"
Sylvia started as she saw Mark nearing them. Allen
turned and saw him too. Mark approached with a mock
manner of parental solicitude.
"It's high time for little boys and girls to go to bed."
Mark's voice was filled with a pretense of severity.

"It isn't giving up the trip for your work I mind," sobbed Sylvia.
"it's knowing the romance is dead—you stopped caring!"
Allen nodded a confession.
Mark let go his hold on the roses and turned a half step away. Allen followed him.
"And you, Mark?"
"Yes, old man."

So it came that the two men understood each other. They stood together in silence for several minutes. At last Mark put his hand on Allen's arm.
"We aren't going to let anything come between us—are we?"
"No." Allen spoke impulsively. Then he broke the spray
of roses in two in token of his words and handed a flower to Mark.

"A fair field and no favor!"

And so it was agreed between them.

The days passed with much fair rivalry of wooing and trembling happinesses for Sylvia. Here she had found romance and joy enough in it to make amends for the dull, lonely years that had gone before.

**THEN** came that evening which they will all long remember.

Sylvia was playing the piano softly to herself. Mark, Allen and Aunt Betty were gathered before the little fireplace blaze in the great fireplace of La Acacia. Mark and Allen tried to engage their interest in a game of chess. But Aunt Betty saw them looking, first one and then the other, across the room at Sylvia. Their minds and hearts were not in the game before them.

None of this escaped the observant eyes of Aunt Betty. She too looked over at Sylvia, the cause of the new air of something tense that had settled down into La Acacia.

John, faithful old butler and caretaker of the place for Aunt Betty, entered with an envelope. This was a welcome interruption for the situation.

"Here, boys, the pictures," Aunt Betty tore open the envelope and together they stood at a table looking at the prints, laughing at the amateurish snapshots of each other. Then they came to the picture of Sylvia. Mark and Allen reached for it simultaneously. Then they stood with the snapshot picture of Sylvia in his hand. He left. Aunt Betty read the situation as clearly as though she had not love him.

"No,—Mark,—I can't," Mark's countenance fell. Mark's voice was a-tremble and he choked with emotion. An instant later they were close in embrace. Sylvia had found the fulfillment of her quest of romance.

**Fate** had decided.

Aunt Betty quietly beckoned to the downcast Allen and presently Sylvia and Mark found themselves alone. Sylvia stood dreamy-eyed and abstracted when Mark proposed, pouring out the hungry earnestness of his soul. Her silence lade him hope. He reached to take her hand. At the instant his touch awoke her to the meaning of the words he had been saying and awoke her too to the fact that she did not love him.

"No,—Mark,—I can't." Mark's countenance fell into a blankness of pain and disappointment.

"I am sorry, Mark." She reached to touch his hand. "Oh, it's all right Sylvia." He answered as braved as he could.

They stood awkwardly silent. At last Sylvia spoke, nodding her head to indicate Aunt Betty and Allen who had gone outside.

"I am going to tell them good night." Mark bowed and stood back as she passed him and stopped left. Aunt Betty read the situation as clearly as though she had seen it all. Discreetly and ingeniously she withdrew, leaving Allen and Sylvia alone in the moonlight.

They were silent together long and at last Allen sensed the answer that had been given in the scene within. His heart bounded. He took a new courage. Moving over close to Sylvia he clutched her hand.

"Sylvia, I love you." His voice was a-tremble and he choked with emotion. An instant later they were close in embrace. Sylvia had found the fulfillment of her quest of romance.

Within Aunt Betty came upon the disconsolate Mark, who stood with the snapshot picture of Sylvia in his hand. He turned to face her, unconscious of the picture and his telltale expression.

The heart of Elizabeth Erskine went out to Mark and she made a move toward him, then drew back in self-restraint.

"Friend,—love isn't always returned." Mark nodded sadly. "I have decided. to undertake that Amazon expedition after all."

Aunt Betty stifled a gasp. She must not let Mark see that her decision hurt her.

"May I take this with me?" Mark held up the picture of Sylvia.

"No,—Mark,—don't do that,—don't take the memory of her with you into the wilderness to rob time of its power to heal the pain."

"That is a danger I am willing to face."

Mark's jaw set squarely.

(The continued on page 104)
FASHIONS THAT COME WITH THE FLOWERS,

THE little jacket of former years has come back once more—but this season it is made of white pique. Here is one of the graceful developments of this garment that is simple enough to be made at home. The unusual sleeve is made by bringing the material forward from the back and folding it about the arm. Wool decorations, in tones of red, green and dull blue, give an additional note of charm.

THE Observations of Carolyn Van Wyck

HERE is a suit that is dressy enough for formal afternoon wear and still practical enough for the street or for traveling. It is fashioned of dark blue taffeta, but would be equally good in linen or ratine. The grace of the long line—an outstanding feature of this season—is emphasized in the unusual manner in which the jacket fastens.

YOU may “go near the water” as much as you like when you wear a suit like this. It is a “two-in-one” affair called Yvette, fashioned of knitted jersey. Don’t you like the satin pockets—which, of course, are not really pockets at all? The colors? Green and black. Incidentally, Mary Garden says that swimming is the best sort of exercise for keeping the figure trim—and Mary Garden knows.

Model from Asbury Mills
WITH the wider silhouette appearing in frocks it is natural that lingerie should turn to pleats. Chemises, gowns and camisoles show this trimming in many forms. Embroidery, drawn work and fagotting are also important features in summer lingerie. White silk undergarments embroidered in black are replacing the black silk lingerie of last season. There is a wide range of coloring now, as in addition to the pastel tones the higher shades are being widely featured. Coral, gray and the Mrs. Harding blue are among the novelty colors in lingerie, although flesh and white maintain their popularity. Here's a fascinating pajama suit of shell pink crepe de chine. It's a French model, but the summer girl with clever fingers may duplicate it for a tenth of the original cost.

IT is a tradition that each summer the lingerie frocks grow lovelier, and there is ample reason for the saying. One of the outstanding features of the summer collection that Lucile Ltd. showed recently at the beautiful new establishment on Fifty-fourth Street was the lingerie frocks—designed for wear at the dance, for morning use, or to make vivid splashes of color on shady porches. This gown, designed by Lucile for Louise Du Pre, shows the lavish use of lace, in this instance lace medallions and insertion being used to decorate sheer white batiste. The distended hip line, transparent hem and sleeve cut in one with the bodice of the gown are all prominent features of the summer frock. The tunic is of embroidered net, and the satin sash in tones of orchid and shell-pink.

THE lure of lovely shoes must not tempt you to buy unsuitable ones. For example, the woman whose ankles are not so slender as she could wish would be wise to wear the pretty Colonial pumps shown here—the irregular line is the one least trying to the ankle. On the other hand, the oxford is the prettiest shoe for her whose ankles are all that they should be. Two-tone shoes are lovely if worn with a gown of solid color, but they must not accompany a gown of foulard or printed material. The "sphere" of these lovely embroidered slippers is limited to evening wear; please do not wear them on the street.
And below, a scene from "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," the first futurist photoplay. Both these congealments of celluloid motion are excerpts from recent German films, just released in the United States. The splendid reproduction of the historic English cathedral at the left is one of the architectural triumphs in "Anne Boleyn," who, if you're four hundred years old, you'll remember very well as the second wife of Henry VIII—handy with the axe, but a great favorite with the ladies. "Anne Boleyn," a Famous Players property, is released in America under the title, "Deception."

The scenery in "Dr. Caligari" reels and totters like the tumbling minds whose mad processes built its ugly but fascinating plot.
The story of Charlie Chaplin’s reunion with his mother

By JOAN JORDAN

IT was seven years ago that Charlie Chaplin, just beginning the movie career that led him to what I personally consider the screen’s greatest performance (“The Kid”), began the long struggle to bring his mother to America.

But England was at war. And war, among other horrors, produced yards of regulations and red tape. Even Americans were held up before immigration authorities, because they had to go through the same手续 every time they crossed the Atlantic.

So she stayed on in London, until one frightful night when a London air raid crumpled the world about her frightened head. A shell, bursting within a few feet of her, rendered her unconscious.

Again Chaplin actively renewed his efforts to bring her to him. Again he failed. His mother’s health, as well as some new rules concerning war stricken patients, would not permit it.

Mother o’ Mine

Hollywood, sits a little, gray-haired woman, with delicate hands folded upon the open pages of her Bible.

Often the little gray-haired woman rises from her seat in the window and takes a few faltering steps to meet the man in the doorway of her drawing-room. Almost always, now....

IT was seven years ago that Charlie Chaplin, just beginning the movie career that led him to what I personally consider the screen’s greatest performance (“The Kid”) began the long struggle to bring his mother to America.

But England was at war. And war, among other horrors, produced yards of regulations and red tape. Even Americans were held up before immigration authorities, because they had to go through the same手续 every time they crossed the Atlantic.

So she stayed on in London, until one frightful night when a London air raid crumpled the world about her frightened head. A shell, bursting within a few feet of her, rendered her unconscious.

Again Chaplin actively renewed his efforts to bring her to him. Again he failed. His mother’s health, as well as some new rules concerning war stricken patients, would not permit it.

Months then, for her, in a sanitarium where large monthly checks with the scrawling signature “Charlie Chaplin” brought her every care and comfort; months of red tape and preparation; at last the long journey across the Atlantic with her famous son’s secretary and a trained nurse sent over by the screen star to bring her to him.

But why, for this man, must the laughter always hold a tear? Why is there always a bitter drop in his cup?

For above the joy of his reunion with his mother hovers the white, faintly menacing cloud of her affliction. He has his mother again—and yet she is not wholly his.

But he is very hopeful. California is a wonderful place. It is very far from London and the things that happened to her there.

Already in her beautiful home in the foothills, with her competent staff of servants to relieve her of every step and every worry, with her luxurious limousine and its chauffeur to take her on long, exquisite drives through the mountains and beside the sea, she is losing the actuality of the war. It is a bad dream only.

Already the lapses of memory and of mind are growing less frequent. With tears in his eyes, her son told me that the second night she was here she went to the piano and sang, in her sweet, faint voice, several songs from “Patience.”

Because you see, little Mrs. Hannah Chaplin—she is just fifty-five now—whom we can think of only as the mother of Charlie, was once a personage herself.

Many years ago, London knew her as Florence Harley, a prima donna of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company, in the days of its greatest popularity. Florence Harley, a slender girl with a lovely voice and a winning smile and beside the sea, she is losing the actuality of the war. It is a bad dream only.

Already the lapses of memory and of mind are growing less frequent. With tears in his eyes, her son told me that the second night she was here she went to the piano and sang, in her sweet, faint voice, several songs from “Patience.”

Because you see, little Mrs. Hannah Chaplin—she is just fifty-five now—whom we can think of only as the mother of Charlie, was once a personage herself.

Many years ago, London knew her as Florence Harley, a prima donna of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company, in the days of its greatest popularity. Florence Harley, a slender girl with a lovely voice and a winning smile and beside the sea, she is losing the actuality of the war. It is a bad dream only.

Already the lapses of memory and of mind are growing less frequent. With tears in his eyes, her son told me that the second night she was here she went to the piano and sang, in her sweet, faint voice, several songs from “Patience.”

Because you see, little Mrs. Hannah Chaplin—she is just fifty-five now—whom we can think of only as the mother of Charlie, was once a personage herself.

Many years ago, London knew her as Florence Harley, a prima donna of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company, in the days of its greatest popularity. Florence Harley, a slender girl with a lovely voice and a winning smile and beside the sea, she is losing the actuality of the war. It is a bad dream only.

Already the lapses of memory and of mind are growing less frequent. With tears in his eyes, her son told me that the second night she was here she went to the piano and sang, in her sweet, faint voice, several songs from “Patience.”

Because you see, little Mrs. Hannah Chaplin—she is just fifty-five now—whom we can think of only as the mother of Charlie, was once a personage herself.
Allisonia gets the cool sweep of the Pacific winds through the cloudless California summer, and in the Octoberish California winter it seems to nestle under warm and protecting hills. Its designer, owner, mistress, queen and chief ornament, may be seen in the center of the view, casting the only shadow that darkens her fair green lawn.

The drawing-room may be Bostonese as a bean, but this dazzleden is as typical of California as a cactus. Wicker, enamelled gray, and bright old English chintzes keep a little of the sun locked up for cloudy days.

Superficially it appears that Miss Allison is writing a letter. In reality there's no ink in the pen, and that chunk of handsomely monogrammed stationery hasn't been hurt a bit.

Everything in the Chinese room — porcelain, jade, bronze or teak — represents the actress personal additions to a collection she has been making through half a dozen years.
"On Your Left, the Home of May Allison!"

THAT is a new cry from the conning towers of the observation 'buses as they speed through the Beverly Hills district of Los Angeles, a hill-and-vale paradise already gemmed with more palaces than may be found in any area of similar dimensions on earth. It required three centuries to give acting the dignity of a profession, but it needed less than a decade, in pictorial Southern California, to make a race of home-building as well as home-loving players who in the sumptuousness and comfort of their dwellings lead the world.

The rectangular object before the davenport at the left, outlined and tasseled in gold, pretends that it is a foot-cushion, but a good way to be sure of never getting another invitation to Casa Allison would be to put just one foot on it for two seconds.

Lift your eyes, and they'll rest on the principal scene in any Al Woods' play. As you can see, it's a solo couch; as you can't see, the tone of the wood is old ivory, and the hangings are of delicate blue taffeta, festooned with clusters of pink and gold ribbon-roses.

At the left, something of the East — no, we don't mean tom-toms and tea, cymbals and sirens — we mean Boston, Mass., with a severe gray velvet carpet; heavy unfigured satin hangings and satin-covered furniture classically setting off the brocaded walls.
A Contest Fiction Story

The PROPER ABANDON

What Happened to a Big Little Boy in a Park Jungle,
Ruled Over by a Tyrant in White Muslin

By BARKER SHELTON
Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

IT is six hundred and fifty-odd miles, as the crow flies, from the Chintacooset River to a certain tall office building on the edge of the financial district which houses more legal talent to the square foot than any other office building in the world. Therefore, any man who stands before the office building in question when he should be listening to the babble of the Chintacooset is at least six hundred and fifty-odd miles off his course.

It is perfectly logical for anyone who is off his course by such a marked variance to be nervous, bewildered, ill at ease. Peter Judkins, disembarking from a taxi before the building mentioned and lifting out a black bag with a leather case of fishing-rods strapped on top of it, was all these things. And for good measure he was chagrined and somewhat crestfallen.

At the moment Peter Judkins stepped to the curb he was aware the impression prevailed strongly in certain quarters that he was casting flies on the Chintacooset and was very happy in such occupation. It wasn't going to be exactly pleasant showing up that prevailing impression as erroneous.

He watched the taxi begin its dodging recessional. For a moment he found himself wishing he was in it. Better, perhaps, to beat a panicky retreat than to enter that building and face what he knew awaited him upstairs if he showed his face there. The taxi lurched around a corner and out of the range of his troubled vision. He picked up the black bag with rod-case strapped to it. The taxi was gone. Besides, it might be well just now to stick to any decision he was able to make, even if it were the wrong decision. He entered the building and squeezed himself and the bag into a corner of a crowded express elevator that was about to start its upward shoot for floors above the sixteenth.

At the eighteenth floor stop he squeezed his way out. He went down a short corridor to his right and a longer corridor to his left. His objective was a most excellent example of the doormaker's art, numbered 1827. But, when he reached it, a great irresolution seemed to engulf him. Instead of opening the door and walking in briskly, firmly, cheerfully, as he had fully intended to do, he stood staring at it and rubbing his cheek doubtfully with the hand that was not burdened with the black bag.

Below the number on the ground-glass panel of that door was the simple information for such as it might interest:

BRONSON & JUDKINS
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

And beneath this brief legend, slightly to the left, was a list of names in the neatest of small, black letters. Heading this imposing column was the name of Gilman S. Bronson; the second was that of Peter F. Judkins. Trailing these were ten other names, any one of which carried much weight in the world of jurisprudence.

The sound of clicking typewriters, busy with briefs and appeals and summonses and correspondence and what-not, drifted out to the most brilliant member of the firm, standing there in the hall and having a beautiful debate with himself as to whether or not he should turn the knob and walk in.

It struck him as mighty peculiar that a man should experience any such reluctance about entering his own office. If he couldn't go in there without all this mental disturbance about it, where in the name of all that was reasonable could he go? He was not casting flies on the waters of that troubled little brook that had the nerve to call itself the Chintacooset River. He was here; at the offices of the firm of which he was a necessary member. And that was all there was to it. Wherefore, he
would go in; just as he had planned during all the journey back here to go in; boldly and breezily, with a great show of determination upon his face, even if such determination was not in his heart.

He put his hand on the knob, and as promptly took it off again. For it occurred to him suddenly that he simply could not enter by that particular door; could not stalk into the main office in front of the whole surprised, head-shaking, disapproving bunch. That required a trifle more nonchalance than he felt capable of summoning up at the moment.

So he moved down the corridor to another door. It bore the numerals 1831, and nothing else. There was nothing upon it to announce to the public that it opened into his own private office. He was hoping, as he fumbled for his keys, that the other door of that room he was about to enter—the door into the main office—would be shut. It would be most satisfying to have a few moments alone in which to get a better grip on himself before he made known his presence there.

But that other door—worse luck to it!—was wide open, and consequently young Mr. Kendall, who looked after wills whether they were the kind to be drawn up, or the sort disgruntled relatives were trying to break, saw him. Also middle-aged Mr. Hartridge, whose forte was deeds and titles and mortgages and leaseholds, saw him. And both young Mr. Kendall and middle-aged Mr. Hartridge promptly got up from their respective desks and came into the private office and
wrung his hand; and hoped he had found the fishing at Chintacooset all he had expected; and inquired if he wasn’t back rather earlier than he had planned. Then several others came in and went through the same distressing performance; and finally a sudden hush fell upon the chatter, for there in the doorway stood Gil Bronson, favoring Peter Judkins with one of those cold, accusing glares, which only a combination of Gil Bronson’s now-tell-me-the-truth eyes and a pair of oversized shell spectacles in front of them could accomplish.

The appearance of the head of the firm upon the threshold seemed to sound a no-uncertain signal for a general retreat. The others withdrew. Bronson closed the door that led into the main office. He closed it in the way he always closed doors when there was anything in the wind that besought his approval and besought it vainly.

"What in the devil are you doing back here, anyway, Peter?" he inquired. It was very much as if another door had slammed.

"Oh, I just came back," said Peter. The farthest thing from his intention was to say anything so inane. Indeed, he had rehearsed this little interview with the senior member of the firm. He had meant to be very firm with Gil Bronson during it. Instead, he found his attitude one of weak and mauldering conciliation.

"What are you back here for?" Bronson snapped.

"Work," said Peter in the same flat tone, which was about as much like Peter Judkins' normal tone as the apologetic figure slumped on one corner of the desk was like the normal, decided sure-of-himself Peter Judkins.

Bronson merely scrutinized the other man's face. Those shell spectacles seemed to Peter to be growing larger.

"I feel I want to get to work again," Peter tried to defend his unwelcome appearance on the scene.

"Nothing else will satisfy me. I'm really eager for work. Hungry for it. And I'm quite fit and ready to work."

"No you aren't. Not by a darned sight," his partner took issue with him. "If anything, you look worse than you did when you were here early last week. Two months away from here; eight solid weeks of play for you! Those were the orders, weren't they?"

Peter nodded, but seemed on the point of offering excellent reasons why the orders could not be carried out. But he didn’t get the chance to speak. Bronson shook a forefinger at him in a fling at it — "Learn then," Bronson exploded. "You've tried four or five things only, and none of them happened to hit your fancy. Don't be a silly quitter, Peter. Keep at it. Presently you'll bump into something that does suit you. There are plenty of other things left that you haven't tried."

"But what in time and thunder is the sense of racking your brain so hard to try to find something you won't do when you have a liking at it?"

"Down!" bawled Bronson at an elevator that was shooting past the eighteenth floor as they turned into the shorter corridor.

The car brought up jerkily and came creeping back. Peter, striving to voice further protests was bundled in uncere moniously. With as little ceremony the black bag with its top freight of fishing-rod case was chucked in after him.

"And don't let me clap eyes on you again for at least five weeks, mind," Bronson stipulated as the car resumed its downward journey.

A few minutes later Peter Judkins found himself trudging dejectedly along the sunny side of a very hot and very noisy street. He knew where he wasn't going, and that was back to the Chintacooset country. Neither would he try golf again, nor a cruise along the coast in a motor-boat that either tried to stand on end or roll over like a playful kitten every time the sea got a little restless. As for wallowing across slimy marsh lands and blazing away at the few diminutive birds the law allowed him to shoot at that season of the year, he'd had quite enough of that, thank you. But if he did not propose to have another crack at any of these diversions and yet felt it advisable to play at something for the remainder of those stipulated eight weeks, he must needs dig up something new, and dig up something new required mental effort, and mental effort tired him altogether too much for a man no older than was he. It seemed to be growing hotter every (Continued on page 64)
"He went to meet the President— one might call it the chance of a lifetime!"

I HAD My Opinion
Of Douglas McLean.
He Broke an Appointment
With Me.
Mr. Douglas McLean’s
Press-agent and
Mr. Douglas McLean’s
Wife
Both Said that he
Would be Very Glad
To Meet Me; in
Fact, that he
Had been Looking Forward to It.
I Took their Word for It.
You Can Imagine
How I Felt— wearing A New Hat and All.
And Instead— He Sent his Wife.
I Really
Shouldn’t Complain.
She is Awfully Pretty, and
Sweet, and
She isn’t in pictures or
Anything; but
She Said,
"I Know
That Douglas
Was Sorry
To Break
His Appointment with You."
"Well," I Wondered,
"Why did he, then?"
"But," continued
Mrs. McLean, "he
Had to Go.
You
Can Imagine
How it was.
And
Really, it
Doesn’t Happen
Very Often—one
Might Almost Call it
The Chance of a
Lifetime.

That’s Why
He Went.
"Would you Mind,"
I Asked her,
"Telling Me
Just what you
Are Talking About?
What
Has Happened
To Your Husband?
Is it
Anything Serious?"
"Why," laughed
Mrs. McLean,
"I Thought
They Told You!
He
Went to Meet
The President!
When
We Came East,
Douglas Said:
‘There’s Just One Thing
I Want to Do
More than Anything.
I Want To Meet
The President.’
And so—
Of Course he
Voted for
Mr. Harding and
All—
Someone who
Knew Someone
Made an
Appointment; and
Douglas Went to
Washington and
Waited—
‘Ah!’
“And Waited. And then
The Appointment
Was Put Off
Until Tomorrow.’"
I Always Said
The President
Was a Darn Good
Film Star.
‘Douglas Will Just Have Time To Catch the Train
To Catch the Train
For California. I’m
So Sorry, too, because
Doris May
Is Coming to New York and
We Would Like
To Stay Longer.’
Those Stories that
The McLean-Max
Film Divorce
Was Caused by
Actual Incompatibility
Weren’t True at all.
The McLeans and
Miss May
Are Very Good Friends.
Well—
The President
Met him, anyway!

COLLEEN MOORE said
She would Wear
A Red Hat. I Watched
The Red Hats Go By.
I Counted
At Least Twenty-six when
I Saw Colleen—and
She Wasn’t Wearing a
Red Hat at all.
It was Green.
She is Irish.
You Can’t Help liking her.
She’s So Young that
She Wants to Play
Old Ladies, but
Mr. Neilan
Won’t Let her.
She Likes
Ripe Olives,
Director Mickey,
Adela Rogers St. Johns,
Riverside Drive, and
John Barrymore.
But
She Loves California, and
She Wants to Go Back.
They all Do—someone
Should Write a Song about It.
Colleen is Playing opposite
John Barrymore Now—and Now
Her Uncle is Going
To Print her Picture
In his Paper. He is
A Newspaper Editor, but
He Always Said to her,
“You’ll Never Get your Name
In my Paper until you Really
Make Good."
Colleen Has,
And she’ll Keep Right On—
She’s Just that Kind of a Kid.
I AM writing this in jail.

De profundis!

If I were a futurist artist, I could paint a magnificent canvas conception of these days in my cell.

I should call it "Thoughts on Being Incarcerated in a Damp, Dark Dungeon." It would consist of red triangles sitting sideways, green serpents standing on their tails, and bunches of purple petunias tied with orange ribbons. But crook pictures aren't so good just now, so maybe all is for the best.

Ten days ago—though never an ingenue even in my cradle—I was yet a young and innocent girl, untouched by the dark and seamy side of life.

Today—they have made of me a crook and a jail-bird—a member of the underworld. They have taken away my name and given me a number. They led me up the cold stone steps—the great, steel door clanged behind me. Think of it! Grandmamma's little Bebe in the Bastile.

To-night as I sit in my cell, the tears come to my eyes as I think of my dear family, of my mother, my grandmother, my aunts and uncles and cousins. Since many of them are not equipped with the shock absorber of a sense of humor, the blow to their family pride is beyond description.

This is the way Bebe looked when she finally slowed down in her Stutz and they got her.

The capture, trial and imprisonment of a beautiful star.

Gee, it's quiet in this jail. Even the drug addict in the next cell has ceased raving and gone to sleep. And the matron won't let me play my phonograph at night.

You know the crime for which I am locked within these narrow walls for which I was tried. How strange that I should have been brought to trial on the day after Easter when, all my friends having sent me Easter lilies, I was filled with sweet thoughts of purity. You know, perhaps, those details of my trial, of my sentence, my imprisonment which have been given to the world. You have read of my offense, that terrible 20th Century crime of speeding.

But now for the first time I am about to bare my soul to the world that if it must judge me it may judge me as I really am. I am going to write down here the inner thoughts that fill my heart, as I sit on that pretty white ivory chair the townspeople so kindly donated to make my cell more habitable.

I feel it but justice to myself that the world which has heard so much of this painful story should hear my own version. It seems but fitting for me, following the precedent set by other famous criminals, to tell you something of my youth, of my dear mother at whose knee I received a gentle and uplifting education. As I look back and think of my dear home, of the happy innocent days of my childhood—and then remember the voice of that judge, stern and impressive in spite of a Santa Ana accent, committing me to this jail I now inhabit, I can hardly realize it is I who am thus accused, accused, nay convicted of this thing. I think it must be a masquerade, a nightmare, from which I shall soon awaken to find myself not confined within this narrow prison walls, but safe, happy, laughing as I used to be before . . .

Ah, how little the world recks the struggle of a woman's soul. How easy to say I was caught, tried by a jury of my peers, found guilty and imprisoned. Of the things
that led up to this dark event, of the price I paid for my mistake, no one can ever know.

For though the Persian rug beneath my feet may hide the cold stones of the prison walls, though the scent of flowers may drown the prison stench, though the white iron cot be replaced by a bed of ivory and rose, nothing can melt away the bars that stand between me and freedom. I am a convict! I am not free!

And no words can give you the real picture of that wild, mad chase while this man pursued me as relentlessly as though I had been Lilian Gish herself—or the moment when at last by guile he trapped me and brought me to my fate.

Like the devastating effects of a bullet that does not register its havoc for several moments, my brain refused to take in the horror even when he finally had me in his clutches and had told me all—all.

"Hey you," he said, "what'd you think you're doing? This ain't a speedway, lady, it's a public highway. You was just hitting 56½ miles an hour, that was all."

Can you imagine what feelings I glanced at my speedometer, now peacefully resting at zero? My poor mother, springing like a tigress in defense of her young, cried out at this, only to be silenced instantly. Pulling off his cap he showed her a bump on his head the size of a young watermelon and yelped, "Listen, lady, that's what I get chasing birds like you. This girl ought to be in jail. I shouldn't wonder if sooner or later, she was. You're in Orange County, you know."

I did not know. Orange County—how little it meant to me then, in spite of his sinister tones. Orange County—it suggested charming vistas, delicious odors, melting morsels. How could I, then so young, so inexperienced in the ways of the world and the twisted paths of legal procedure, know that Orange County is famous not for its oranges nor for its rural beauties, but for one Judge Cox. Judge Cox, a man who had openly declared for jail sentences for drivers caught going over 50 miles an hour in his county, who had indeed gone on record that he would send anybody,
centuries. For after all, time is a matter of the emotions.

Anyway, I certainly drew well in Santa Ana.

When my limousine drew up to the curb of the courthouse and the chauffeur threw open the door, my path was barred by so many people I decided they must have declared a holiday and closed all the stores. They had all come to look at me, and as I made my way through them I felt like Clara Hamon entering the little courthouse at Ardmore where her life hung at stake. Gosh, a lot of those farmers didn’t know the difference.

It was a small, old-fashioned courtroom. As I made my way to the prisoner’s dock, I had a fleeting impression of the sea of faces, men and women crushed and jammed into the smallest possible space, standing on chairs, hanging on window sills, sitting two in a seat, filling the aisles. Some friendly, some hostile.

Now I know exactly how the rhinoceros feels in the Zoo.

A joke’s a joke. There have been plenty of laughs about all this experience of mine, but none who has ever been through that ordeal, sitting on a witness stand, watching each jurymen take his seat in the jury box, standing to be sentenced, entering the doors that are locked not to be opened again, can imagine what I went through. I don’t care whether it was speeding or shop-lifting when I heard them read that about “The People of the State of California against Bebe Daniels.” I felt like Vesuvius had erupted right under my seat.

I should think that people who have to get tried for things often, like pickpockets and bigamists, would be nervous wrecks.

Whatever my sins, I have paid, and paid, and paid.

I am still paying. All the world lies just beyond the bars of my window and I cannot go to it. Outside a nightingale—or maybe it’s a mocking bird—is singing. But even his song is cracked by the steel that binds me within. Between the bars, I can see a bright little star that twinkles—just a star in a patch of blue. But it seems so far away.

So far away.

Besides, I’ve eaten too many peanuts and too much candy today.

The trial alternately dragged and rushed ahead.

While they were going into the details of my shame, I took a good look at the judge—my first. A little, cocky man, with a face not unlike “Mr. Jiggs” in “Bringing Up Father.” I sort of liked him, even then. His weather-beaten, belligerent old face, with its top knot of upstanding red hair, and the snappy blue eyes behind gold rimmed spectacles which he looked over, under or through impartially, made me think he might be a nice man on a party.

(He is. He comes to see me every day, in my dungeon. I think he—but perhaps a prisoner should not tell what the judge says to her in private.)

He didn’t look at me once, though, during that day. I wonder why. Of course he had his honor to uphold. Still, if he had—but I am not wasting my time on vain regrets. My soul holds not one drop of revenge, not one ounce of bitterness. He’s a good old judge, and his roses are lovely, but he sent me to his funny old jail for these ten days—ten days out of the very heart of my life, ten days of usefulness, and sunshine that can never be replaced. I don’t blame him—much. But I’ll bet he’s going to miss me when I go away.

How I got to the witness stand to tell my story I will never know. And I worried all the time I was there for fear my lips weren’t on straight.

Motorcycle Officer Myers had testified that from his position behind a windmill—what do you think of a guy that’ll hide behind a windmill and lay traps for poor, unsuspecting girls?—he had seen me go through what he called “the trap” at 56½ miles an hour. Well, (Continued on page 109)
CLOSE-UPS
Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

"WHITE LISTS" appear now and then, none of them are perfect, but some are better than others. An influential church body in Los Angeles has recently issued one in which the names of Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin are not to be found. But somehow Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks and the inimitable creator of "The Kid" are going right along.

SPEAKING of "The Kid," of course, brings to mind that wonderful little boy, Jackie Coogan. He nearly died of pneumonia recently at the Hotel Biltmore, in New York. The papers said that he contracted a cold while "leading the orchestra" in the little overalls in which he was seen. It is also said that his parents refused a very fair vaudeville offer on the ground that they could make more money exploiting him as an independent attraction. But if he were our little boy he would be learning his little lessons in a quiet home, playing in the sunshine and the dirt, eating his bread-and-milk and going to bed at dark. It is quite all right for Jackie to make his pictures—if his life is properly and rigorously regulated outside the studio. But if Jackie's wonder-talent is to grow into a greater talent and not just a financial one, then he should be the privilege of every little boy who comes into the world—a normal, irresponsible childhood.

PICTUREDOM is all in a lather about what some call "the German invasion." To hear the scared ones talk you'd think an unlimited fount of German masterpieces was on tap, and for little or nothing in the way of money. There are those who'll tell you that during all the years of the war interior Germany just seethed with picture activity, and the accumulated product now being let loose upon the Allies—heaved especially at the devoted shoulders of your Uncle Samuel—is a sort of optic poison gas with which they hope to stealthily continue the conflict. They're the cousins and the aunts of the people who aver that "Passion" and "Deception" were really made to prove the innate wickedness of France and England.

ABOR generally is against heavy German importations on the ground that it encourages the low wages of the continent by showing a preference for low-cost big pictures. The Actors' Equity Association is against the Germans because in an already overcrowded market these pictures will mean, they say, still further layoffs for American players, and still further reduction of the native output. The American Legion has been persuaded to enter the combat on the grounds of patriotism. Various "remedies" are being advised, from a boycott to a tariff wall so high that the Prussians and the Bavarians can't climb over it.

ADOLPH ZUKOR, just before sailing for Europe, remarked to the writer: "This 'German invasion' fright is the oldest and silliest of alarms. One would think that the Germans had some magical recipe for making great pictures. As a matter of fact, among all the German pictures there are no more great ones than there are in any given number of American films. A European might just as sensibly, after seeing 'The Birth of a Nation,' 'The Miracle Man,' and 'The Four Horsemen' fall into a panic of belief that every American film was of equal calibre."

ASH a matter of fact, certain well-known American films have beaten the world in their marvellous reproduction of great days gone. The greatest historical work ever filmed, in point of combined story interest and archaeological accuracy, was Mr. Griffith's "Intolerance." Even Mr. Fox, who cares little for history, did it as well as any German in his unforgettable "Tale of Two Cities."

HERE'S a real censor. Timothy J. Hurley of Chicago, pictured above, has always been zealous in the causes of compulsory rightfulness, and never more so than when he proposed regulating the lake city's movies by a commission of three infallibles—at salaries of $5000 a year apiece. In spite of his clerical garb Mr. Hurley is not a preacher, but a lawyer.

THROTTLING competition in the arts has never been successful, because it is fundamentally wrong. America, thanks to its start in the war, now supplies eighty percent of the world's motion pictures. In Germany, according to William A. Brady's account, there is an embargo which prohibits all but about two percent of our film products. There is one sensible objection—the only barrier upon which we can make just conditions of exclusion. We should have free exchange and a fair field—or else a tariff high enough to keep out anything but the genuine masterwork.
IT is a humiliating thing to confess that we are frightened by a film menace from any nation. The motion picture is our art, and fright over rivalry seems like a confession that we have been beating on our own ground.

THE New York Morning Telegraph suggests that the public be allowed to choose the Peter Pan of the films. A suggestion actuated by the best of motives, and, theoretically, a good one. But it won't work out.

LISTEN, for instance, to a communication in response from G. C. Herron, of Pittsburgh. Mr. Herron says: "I believe there is only one actress who can do the role real justice, and that is—Mary Pickford. She and she alone should play it."

MISS PICKFORD being a good bargainer, a good business woman, would probably run the cost of this picture up to a prohibitive figure, and make it, in its final analysis, a one-star affair, instead of the fine, well-rounded, really all-star production that it should be. We agree with Mr. Herron that Miss Pickford would be an ideal Peter Pan, but we certainly do not believe "Peter Pan" should be a star play.

THE proof of the photoplay's slow but sure arrival within the plane of artistic intelligence is demonstrated by the fact that it is escaping from the bonds of stardom. Former stars like Lew Cody and Bessie Love and at least a score equally well-known are appearing in supporting roles. Mildred Harris has definitely signed to appear in a Cecil de Mille feature which stars no one. Even Dorothy Dalton, one of the brightest planets in the celluloid heaven, is said to have agreed—and very sensibly, too—to be "one of the cast." This way actors and actresses are made. This way great plays come into life.

MEANWHILE there's a lot of surmise as to who will really play Peter, and Betty Compson seems to have the best of the guessing just now. It is declared that she has already been chosen by Jesse Lasky to portray Lady Babbie in a non-star "Little Minister," with a likelihood that "Peter Pan" will follow.

WHEN R. H. Cochrane, vice-president of Universal, returned from his six months' regency at Universal City, one of the first persons he met was R. A. Rowland, president of Metro, which recently turned Ibanez' greatest novel into film. Mr. Rowland immediately insisted upon motorizing the Universal official out to Rye, a suburb of New York, in order to show him his newly-acquired country estate. It has, among other things, a fine new garage, and a rambling, ancient barn. "Haven't moved out, yet," explained Rowland, "so all I'm keeping in the garage is four horses." "Oh, yes," returned Cochrane, drily. "I suppose you're using the barn to keep the Apocalypse."

KID McCoy, according to late reports, is to film his matrimonial experiences. What an opportunity the late Mr. Bluebeard, and other notable husbands missed.

STATE censorship is finally saddled upon New York, as seems very likely now, it will be a very serious precedent in the industry. The New York legislature has passed the bill; Governor Miller, before signing, merely waits courteously upon some more or less informal protests.

AND yet we are not blaming the legislators as much as we are blaming the film people themselves. The exhibitors—every one of them vitally concerned—gave no proper co-operation. The blue-law group which forced the bill through was as finely organized as any political machine which ever dictated New York state politics—and that's saying a great deal. It knew what it wanted, and it started out to get it in logical, systematic fashion which thoroughly prepared every step of the way. To oppose—and if possible to defeat—this formidable organization, the film folk sent a mere skirmish array, punctuated by an occasional big gun. The outfit in general was laughingly sure of victory. They went to ad merry Bull Run—and deserved it. Mr. Griffith held a battalion briefly, with his usual speech, but he was not supported. Rex Beach made a few remarks. General Brady begged for "a year to clean up"—and in that strange blunder for so wary a fighter fastened an overwhelming indictment on the industry he was trying quite unsuitably to protect. Where were the exhibitors? Where were the trained, logical special pleaders who should have answered slur with incontrovertible fact? They may have been anywhere—but they weren't at Albany.

IT is said that Los Angeles haberdashers turned back a consignment of twenty thousand caps upon hearing that cameramen in the Angel environs were affecting a change of headgear. Ah well—other times, other helmets.

TWO or three "big" pictures lately have been a veritable triumph of ignorance. Ever since D. W. the great criterion, began dropping back into history for his parables, his lesser-lighted but lefty-salaried brethren have been doing the same. With this variation: he took history pretty much as it stands; they write their own.

WE recall a mile or so of celluloid, recently sent forth with press-agent thunder and exhibitorial lightning, in which the star was the director's brunette wife. Why didn't this man get at least competent help in his scenario? Where were they who furnished the hundreds of thousands of dollars that went into this scroll of infantile illustrations "from the past"—in which a galloping bevy of females are labelled "Women Amazons"? Would we have a tariff against the continents to protect abysmal stupidities like this? If so the loud laughter wouldn't be on this side of the Atlantic.

EDITOR Herbert Kaufman recently walked into a colossal Hollywood production illuminating a celebrated dame of King Solomon's time, and when he emerged a friend asked him, not too seriously, what he thought of the director's familiarity with history. "He isn't familiar with history," gravely answered Kaufman. "He's just affable with it."

HAVE you ever noticed the curious ways in which the ancients registered emotion—according to these transparencies? We've wondered how they did it, and never knew until we watched a sorely beset maiden of 800 B.C. She put her thrill across, apparently, by swallowing her spearmint—a good trick if it doesn't bother your digestion.

THERE are plenty of good nickel cigars—for a quarter. Likewise, there are plenty of good two-reel features—in seven spoofs. We don't mind so much the waste of a manufacturer's money and months, but the waste of audience-time is really shocking.

VIVE la Belgique! According to "Le Nation Belge," the motion picture machine is really the invention of a Belgian, who has been experimenting upon it since 1851. "All that Edison did," gravely declares this periodical, "was to aid in its development." How fortunate that Mr. Edison lent a helping hand. Only the Belgian realizes that the first fifty years are the hardest.
By BURNS MANTLE

CONSIDER the family at the movies. And how seldom there is anything in the feature picture for every member of it. If mother and the girls are satisfied with the romance, father and the boys consider it piffle. If son likes the shooting, sister shivers. If mother raves over the gowns, father considers the diminishing pay check and grows uneasy.

But once or twice in a blue moon we have a picture the family group can gather around and applaud with a happy enthusiasm. Usually, I've found, it is an adventure picture with enough romance to justify the story and point up the love interest that makes the whole world grin with satisfaction. Marshall Neilan is adept at pleasing the family, and his newest picture, "Bob Hampton of Placer," is one of his best. He has such a fine sense of the comradeship of men that he is the men-folk's pal before his first reel is well started. He is so true to the best instincts of womanhood that mother approves of him from the start. He knows better than sister herself the sort of an upstanding hero she can openly worship without being called silly, and as for the boys—he keeps them teetering on the edges of their seats and tingling with the enthusiasm that makes boyhood the finest adventure of life.

In "Bob Hampton," he also has the most thrilling of historical backgrounds—that of Custer's last stand. He handles it wonderfully. It was taken, we understand, on the site of the battle itself, which gives it added pictorial value. And he has woven into it not only a good love story but an adventure for the popular Wesley Barry that will add youthful hero-worshippers by the thousand to that gifted youngster's popular following. His battle pictures are as thrilling as those that made the Griffith reputation in "The Birth of the Nation," with all the added value of modern lighting and artistic grouping that the pictures of today command over those of yesterday. The cast, too, is wisely chosen, with James Kirkwood playing just the sort of individual he makes most human. Marjorie Daw is an agreeable sort of heroine, Noah Beery a gloriously vicious villain, and Pat O'Malley, Priscilla Bonner and Carrie Ward Clarke help out nicely with the minor roles.

DECEPTION—Paramount-Artcraft

A big, solid, impressive picture, this German-made section of English history. It bulks large, as the saying is, in crowds, actors, royal palaces and royal physiques. But it bulks large, also, in art, and sets standards in the matter of the historical drama on the screen which native directors will have to consider if ever they become interested in pictures of this type. You would never know it from the title, but "Deception" deals exclusively with that period of Henry VIII's career in which he tired of Catherine and fancied Anne Boleyn; covers the incident of his establishing the church of England that he might control its divorce laws, proceeds to the fall from favor of the unhappy Anne and the suggested rise of the scheming Jane Seymour, and ends with Anne's march to the scaffold. It isn't a picture that is particularly creditable to English history, as you may easily imagine. You could hardly expect that of the late enemy. But neither is it easy to discover within it the subtle propaganda with which the more excitable have declared it to be filled. It is very much worth seeing.
FAATHER GRIFFITH seems to feel that he should apologize for "Dream Street." "We do not make any great promises one way or the other," he writes in the program; "we have done the best we could." There really is no call for an apology. And if apology must be made, a better basis for it would be the length rather than the quality of the picture. It is not a super-feature picture. Which is to say it is not a $2 picture. But it is an interesting and beautifully screened "regular" picture. If it were sharpened by being cut from twelve to seven reels it would retain all its stronger points and lose nothing but its padding and repetition, and a dozen or so close-ups expressing grief, or fear, or terror, or surprise. With his Dickensian flair for over-emphasizing character D. W. slips into the habit of holding his close-ups so long the character itself fades and you hear nothing but the stentorian tones of the director himself shouting: "Hold it, Carol!" "For God's sake, weep a little, Charlie!" "Get the terror into it, Ralph!" Or, if you know nothing of the methods of picture-taking, you wonder just why you must be shown again and again how the heroine looks when she is in trouble and mightily upset about it.

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE—Paramount-Artcraft

ELSIE FERGUSON comes back to the screen rested and a little more eager than she was when she left it, but she comes back in a picture that gives her little opportunity to realize upon either her recovered energy or her talent as an actress. The story of "Sacred and Profane Love" is rather muddled in the telling as it has been cut for the screen. To any unfamiliar with the real adventures of Carlotta Peel it must be extremely difficult to understand her wanderings over half the earth and the part various undeveloped romances played in her life. The opening incident of her meeting with and romantic enslavement by Diaz, the pianist, is convincingly and delicately handled out of respect for the new order of censorship. But the story breaks there and the rest of it is wabbly and uncertain. Conrad Nagel gives another fine performance as Diaz, proving the possession of a fine sense of character he established in "What Every Woman Knows."

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY—Paramount-Artcraft

THE spirit with which a director approaches a picture is certain to shine through the screen, and John Robertson's love of "Sentimental Tommy" has done a lot for this picture. Sometimes, it seemed to me, it proved a bit of a handicap, in that in establishing the characters of Tommy and Grizel, the Painted Lady and the good Dr. McQueen, he forgets that the story, well known as to title though it is, is still a generation half the earth and the part various undeveloped romances of character he established in "What Every Woman Knows." Sometimes, it seemed to me, it proved a bit of a handicap, in that in establishing the characters of Tommy and Grizel, the Painted Lady and the good Dr. McQueen, he forgets that the story, well known as to title though it is, is still a generation old and only the Barrieites remember it well enough to get full value from it. It is a refreshingly wholesome picture, however, splendidly acted and beautifully set, with a Long Island Thrumm fairly steeped in Scotch atmosphere. Here Tommy and Elspeth drift into the village and fly to the defense of Grizel. Here the Painted Lady lives her pathetically short life at the edge of town, where the respectables have shunted her, and from here Tommy starts on his career as a literary man in London, later to return and shatter the heart of Grizel by his manifested indifference to her shy, devoted love of him. And here, finally, Tommy discovers a true affection for the unhappy girl, providing a happy ending Barrie might not altogether approve, though we doubt if he would seriously object to it. Through the story the clear art of a fine little actress in May McAvoy flashes with a positive radiance. Gareth Hughes as perfectly visualizes Tommy as any screen actor could, and acts him much better than most of them would. George Fawcett is the Dr. McQueen and Mabel Taliaferro the Painted Lady.

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI—Goldwyn

CHANGE, say the psychologists, is rest. From which basis it might easily be argued that "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" is as good as a week in the mountains for any movie fan tired of the conventional picture. Certainly it is a complete change. However relaxing it may be depends greatly upon the sus-
ceptibility of the spectator. Being a reasonably calm, ordinary sort of individual we left the theater believing strongly that the author of the picture was a little mad, the director a little madder, the actors engaged quite mad indeed. The American distributors bought the picture from its German owners. Yet we were conscious of having seen a perfect sample of that cubistic art of which we have read so much since the first nude descended the staircase looking like a patchwork quilt in eruption. "Caligari," then, is the weird story of a German scientist who carts a somnambulistic youth about the country and seen, by a disordered mind, with all the scenery jumbled in fantastic shapes and the features of the players weirdly angular and wildly staring. But it is momentarily returned to normal at its conclusion and the effect is one of having seen an Edgar Allan Poe thriller cleverly transferred to the screen. We would not, however, take the children. They will be just as well off and a lot happier if they do not meet "Dr. Caligari." The German actors are excellent, Werner Krause giving a good performance as the weird doctor and Conrad Veidt an uncanny subject.

PECK’S BAD BOY—First National

IT is a rare acting talent and a lovable personality that Jackie Coogan brings to the screen. But his directors will be hard put to it to find stories to fit him. Probably never again will he have the chance that Charlie Chaplin gave him in "The Kid." He misses it in "Peck’s Bad Boy," largely by reason of the contrast this picture offers to the master comedy in which he made his debut. But he is still a fine little actor, surprisingly unconscious of the camera and capable of holding an audience’s undivided attention so long as he is in view. As the mischievous Henry he filches the grocer’s prunes and dried apples, fools father out of circus money and finally fills the same unhappy parent’s lumbago pad with ants, causing more or less commotion when father carries the ants to church with him. We fear for Jackie, after seeing him carried around New York and kept constantly on exhibition for the benefit of the publicity men of his organization. But we hope for the best. It would be a great pity if his little head should be hopelessly turned—turned so far, that is, that he suddenly would find himself running backward in place of forward.

MADE IN HEAVEN—Goldwyn

HERE is another happy Irish hero for Tom Moore to toy with—a lad who arrives from Ireland with his dad and his sister in the first reel and achieves the fire department in the second, invents a flame extinguisher in the third, acquires a dress suit in the fourth and the pretty heroine in the fifth. A pleasant little comedy, with laughing Tom employing his usual good taste in the selection of heroines. One good look at Helene Chadwick, even through clouds of smoke, and he promptly picks her up, throws her across his shoulder and carries her down a long ladder to safety and future closeups. He is a versatile boy, too, with a convincing way with him. You could no more doubt his being a good fireman than you could question his being a good whitewing in "Hold Your Horses," and though "Made in Heaven" lacks the body of that particularly good comedy, it is worthy of inclusion in the current Moore series. We were a little mixed as to why, and the subtitles spoke of him as O’Gara. But he rather favored the O’Garas in appearance, so we’ll blame the printer for the Lowry. Victor Schertzinger directed the picture from a story written by William Hurlbut. Renee Adoree (the new Mrs. Moore) plays a smart part prettily.

HUSH—Equity

S HUSH have we seen a heroine so intent upon telling her husband an episode of her past that she knew would result in their estrangement, as the lady who is the mainspring of the action in "Hush." She simply refuses to listen to reason. Possibly because she knew if she did there would have been no picture. "Hush," therefore, never really gets under way as a reasonable story, and its obvious moral—that where
ignorance is bliss it is folly to spill the beans—is so plainly established at the outset there is no kick left in its delayed statement. Clara Kimball Young graces the various scenes with her beauty, and there are detached episodes that are well handled.

THE SKY PILOT—First National

HAVING to do with the Western gentlemen who fight at the drop of the sombrero or the dash of likker in the face, shoot straight and die game, Director King Vidor elected to fill Ralph Connor’s “Sky Pilot” as full of thrills as six reels will stand. Therefore he has the fight in the saloon, in which a “tenderfeet” minister of the gospel gives the future cowboy the hiding of his screen life; the tumbling hero whose horse is shot under him at the crest of the ridge, plunging both animal and rider down the embankment; the busted bridge over the deep gorge, and, most thrilling of all, a stampede of cattle plunging directly at John Bowers and Colleen Moore. This last bit, I consider, the best bit of the year, being free of trickery so far as the layman can tell, and mightily dangerous. They should have paid Bowers a bonus for agreeing to head off that plunging bunch of longhorns. The story drifts occasionally into conventional scenes, but these are well played and the audience likes them.

CHICKENS—Thos. H. Ince-Paramount

IT may be I lack a sufficiently plastic imagination fully to appreciate a certain type of movie. I find it practically impossible, for example, to work up any great interest in a hero who admits that he does not know the difference between a hen and a rooster, and who is so improbably irresponsible that he bets an $8,000 motor car against a second-hand Ford that the Detroit pride cannot pull his stalled machine out of a shallow creek. His adventures and romances thereafter fail to inspire even a moderate curiosity. “Chickens,” which is a new Douglas McLean picture, develops this weakness in the first reel and never recovers. McLean is a wholesome, good-looking, talented boy. He can go on for some time satisfying his flapper public with this sort of comedy, but he will gradually lose his larger and more dependable support if his directors persist in making a fool of him.

By Photoplay Editors

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA—Fox

H. G. Wells manufactured his “Outline of History” a year too soon. J. Gordon Edwards could have given him a lot of absolutely new information about the oh-so-ancient kingdom of Sheba, whose very legends have been lost these many centuries under the drifting desert sands of Southwestern Asia. Mr. Edwards has reproduced that chapter of Sheban history dealing with the visit of the well-known Queen to the better-known Solomon, and Mr. Fox is the distributing educator. Sheba was a great place, according to Mr. Edwards, though far from original in manners, morals, murals or murders. They seem to have copied everybody in their architecture, the Hollywood and Grecian schools predominating. They beat Ben-Hur and the Romans neatly to it in their chariot-racing, and with a couple of girls up to handle the four-in-hands, as neat a track event as Saratoga ever saw is thundered into the public. The story drifts occasionally into conventional scenes, but these are well handled and the audience likes them.

“The Queen of Sheba” is a Baraesque Fox production. J. Gordon Edwards founded his ancient kingdom of Sheba on some absolutely new information. Betty Blythe makes a beautifully-realized queen.

“Sacred and Profane Love” brings back a rested and eager Elsie Ferguson, but the story of Carlotta Peel is re-told in a wabbly and uncertain fashion. Conrad Nagel gives another fine performance.

“The Traveling Salesman” should win over many who have scorned Roscoe Arbuckle’s custard-pie offerings of the past. Well directed and well photographed.

By Photoplay Editors

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA—Fox

H. G. Wells manufactured his “Outline of History” a year too soon. J. Gordon Edwards could have given him a lot of absolutely new information about the oh-so-ancient kingdom of Sheba, whose very legends have been lost these many centuries under the drifting desert sands of Southwestern Asia. Mr. Edwards has reproduced that chapter of Sheban history dealing with the visit of the well-known Queen to the better-known Solomon, and Mr. Fox is the distributing educator. Sheba was a great place, according to Mr. Edwards, though far from original in manners, morals, murals or murders. They seem to have copied everybody in their architecture, the Hollywood and Grecian schools predominating. They beat Ben-Hur and the Romans neatly to it in their chariot-racing, and with a couple of girls up to handle the four-in-hands, as neat a track event as Saratoga ever saw is thundered into the public. The story drifts occasionally into conventional scenes, but these are well handled and the audience likes them.

By Photoplay Editors

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA—Fox

H. G. Wells manufactured his “Outline of History” a year too soon. J. Gordon Edwards could have given him a lot of absolutely new information about the oh-so-ancient kingdom of Sheba, whose very legends have been lost these many centuries under the drifting desert sands of Southwestern Asia. Mr. Edwards has reproduced that chapter of Sheban history dealing with the visit of the well-known Queen to the better-known Solomon, and Mr. Fox is the distributing educator. Sheba was a great place, according to Mr. Edwards, though far from original in manners, morals, murals or murders. They seem to have copied everybody in their architecture, the Hollywood and Grecian schools predominating. They beat Ben-Hur and the Romans neatly to it in their chariot-racing, and with a couple of girls up to handle the four-in-hands, as neat a track event as Saratoga ever saw is thundered into the public. The story drifts occasionally into conventional scenes, but these are well handled and the audience likes them.
Jam Tomorrow—No Jam Today

A summary of Photoplay Magazine’s campaign against the Easy-Money men in motion pictures.

By JOHN G. HOLME

In its first article exposing and denouncing the financial methods of motion picture companies which start in business without any capital or adequate experience and finance themselves wholly by sale of stock to the public, Photoplay Magazine stated that, so far as its editors knew, no company thus founded had ever paid dividends or restored to its investors any part of their investment. This statement was made a year ago. Since then Photoplay has spared no effort in making a thorough and impartial investigation of these stock companies. It has failed to find a single one that has made good financially. It has failed to find a single one that has succeeded in making artistic pictures. Not a single one of these companies has paid a bona fide dividend. Not a single one has contributed anything worth while to the motion picture industry of this country.

They have pointed to great achievements in the past. They have promised much for the future, but they have done nothing in the present. Their case is admirably stated by the White Queen in "Through the Looking Glass."

"The rule is," said the White Queen to Alice, "jam tomorrow and jam yesterday—but never jam today."

Motion picture companies made millions yesterday, and will make millions tomorrow—but never today. That is the way it is with the wild-cat motion picture companies. Jam yesterday and jam tomorrow, but nothing today.

Everything in the past and the future, but yesterday is gone and tomorrow never comes and the investor never sees a cent of his money, much less dividends.

In its investigation and survey of the motion picture industry, Photoplay Magazine has thoroughly analyzed the affairs of more than one hundred companies which have made the public pay their bills for producing mediocre or wholly worthless film dramas. The capitalization of these companies reaches a total of more than $300,000,000. We have conservatively estimated that the American public has actually paid out between $50,000,000 and $75,000,000 in hard cash for stock in these companies during the past year, every penny of which is lost. Not a cent of this money will ever be recovered. Federal authorities estimate that the American public during last year paid out about $750,000,000 for worthless stock, so about one-tenth of the sum thrown away for worthless stock in this country during the last year went into the pockets of the promoters of motion picture companies.

The results of Photoplay’s campaign have been flattering. There has been a sharp decline in the sale of stock by these irresponsible companies. The public has been warned by the articles which have appeared in Photoplay and by further publicity which these articles have received. Thousands of people have written to this magazine seeking advice on motion picture stock values. They have received impartial and sound advice free of charge. Several of the shakiest companies which tried to do the impossible have gone out of business. They have either been forced into bankruptcy or they have just died without any court formalities. The presidents of two New York companies have disappeared. For the launching of one of these companies the people of New York City and Washington, D. C, paid more than half a million dollars.

One gigantic motion picture enterprise in a far western city had to be abandoned by its promoters after an investigation by Photoplay had caused the Chamber of Commerce and the leading bank of the city in question to withdraw their support. Photoplay has reason to believe that it saved the citizens of this western city several hundred thousand dollars, although it has never published a line in its columns about this venture.

While it offers no excuse for conditions in this country, at the same time it may be of interest to the readers of Photoplay to know that the foreign motion picture field has suffered no less from financial adventurers than the American. The best example of this may be found in the career of M. Himmel, who flashed across the film horizon of this country so spectacularly last summer. He had organized a $100,000,000 international motion picture syndicate whereby he proposed to control the world motion picture market. Half of this capital was to be raised in this country, and American business men of unquestioned reputation became actively interested with him. After his visionary scheme had been analyzed and exposed by Photoplay and other publications, Himmel was eventually arrested in France where he has recently confessed that several of the documents whereby he induced people to purchase stock in his company and lend him moral and business support were forged.

The affairs of a $5,000,000 British producing company have received a good deal of space in the British press and in all film publications of late. Reports from England state that the company in question has virtually ceased producing, and it is doubtful whether the stockholders (Continued on page 103)
Filming Lady Godiva's Ride

Producer—"Aw, let's bring it up to date! Make her a Follies' girl, an' have her sail down Broadway in a sporty car!"
The delicate art of manicuring

How you can do your own nails as perfectly as a professional

MANICURING used to be so complex and difficult that only a professional could do it. It was even dangerous, because there was no way of removing the surplus cuticle about the base of the nail except by cutting.

But now women who are skilled in all the arts of grooming find it easy and delightful to keep their own nails always in exquisite condition. We no longer have to cut the cuticle. All those hard, dry edges of dead skin we now remove simply and safely without cutting. Just a dab around the nails with Cutex, a rinsing of the fingers, and the surplus cuticle simply wipes away, leaving a beautifully even, thin, transparent nail bed.

And, in the Cutex manicure, all the rest of the process is just as delightful. A snowy whiteness under the nail tips with the Nail White; the delicate jewel-like shine of the quick and lasting Cutex Polishes—and the manicure is complete and perfect in only about ten minutes.

The amazing results of a single trial

Your first Cutex manicure will be a revelation to you of the perfect grooming you can give to your own hands. However ragged the cuticle may have become through constant cutting, a single application of Cutex will make an astonishing improvement. You will be pleased, also, with the immaculate beauty of your nail tips after the Nail White, and with the delicate sheen that you get from the Cutex Polishes.

If you will spend only ten minutes on your nails regularly, once or twice a week, and every night apply Cutex Cold Cream around the nail base, you will keep them always in perfect condition.

Cutex Manicure Sets come in three sizes. The "Compact," with trial packages, 60c; the "Traveling," with full sized packages, $1.50; the "Boudoir," the finest and most complete set, $3.00. Or each of the Cutex items comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores.

Mail this coupon with two dimes today for complete trial outfit

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for a Cutex Introductory Set containing enough of everything for six complete manicures, to Northam Warren, Dept. 707, 114 West 17th Street, New York; or if you live in Canada, to Dept. 707, 500 Mountain Street, Montreal.
Peter Judkins became greatly interested. Finally it came to him with something of a jolt that she was teaching them to play; these sorry little human misfits with their faces all of them too vapid to notice. She explained something at length. Peter liked her quick little gestures.

Then all the children scattered to various apppellations, and Peter, after much exploration of them placed by the patient and efficient seeming young woman herself, who gave these backward ones yet further attention, in the way of long-suffering explanation. And presently they were off again, with all the rushing about, the whoops, the chatter, the squeals, and the small hands clapping her hands and urging them to it.

Peter Judkins became greatly interested. Finally it came to him with something of a jolt that she was teaching them to play; these sorry little human misfits with their faces all of them too vapid to notice. She explained something at length. Peter liked her quick little gestures.

Then all the children scattered to various apppellations, and Peter, after much exploration of them placed by the patient and efficient seeming young woman herself, who gave these backward ones yet further attention, in the way of long-suffering explanation. And presently they were off again, with all the rushing about, the whoops, the chatter, the squeals, and the small hands clapping her hands and urging them to it.

Peter Judkins became greatly interested. Finally it came to him with something of a jolt that she was teaching them to play; these sorry little human misfits with their faces all of them too vapid to notice. She explained something at length. Peter liked her quick little gestures.

Then all the children scattered to various apppellations, and Peter, after much exploration of them placed by the patient and efficient seeming young woman herself, who gave these backward ones yet further attention, in the way of long-suffering explanation. And presently they were off again, with all the rushing about, the whoops, the chatter, the squeals, and the small hands clapping her hands and urging them to it.
The Stutz car has a distinguished appearance — its lines are strong and bold but dignified

STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. OF AMERICA, INC., Indianapolis, U.S.A.
Sarah severely. "You see how it spoils things when the elephant forgets his trunk."

"Unpardonable oversight on my part," Peter apologized meekly. "I'll get one."

Peter took out of the path of the hose of the square. He found a basement shop given over to second-hand ranges and decrepit bedsteads and dusty upholstered chairs, but no real elephant. He wanted almost everything else that had served its purpose once and was ready to do it again if it could hold together in the meanwhile. He went out and purchased a few feet of rubber hose and some twine with which to lash it on, and borrowed an awl to punch holes in one end of the hose to run the twine through.

By putting a twist in one end of the hose he managed a very creditable proboscis. Once it was lashed securely to his features with the twine and Peter was down on all fours, swinging his head slowly to and fro in realistic fashion and lumbering and lumbering about in an excellent imitation of the pachyderm he impersonated. Sarah found it necessary to wipe her eyes quickly and covertly several times before deciding that the decidedly cosmopolitan group of passengers on his back selected by lot while the waiting-lists uselessly accepted its lesser fortunes, Peter plodded in heavy-kneed and with a decidely cosmopolitan air. Peter slashed and lumbered and trumpetted shrilly. Perspiration stream down his face and made shiny patches on the rubber-hose trunk. But everybody had had his or her ride, even timid Sela Nalegan who had an extra long one because she found it so thoroughly delightful and the whole gallery had brought herself to the point of trying it.

The gallery was even larger at the edge of the path than it had been the previous day. More vociferous, too; more free with its sallies and advice. But Peter paid no attention. Being an elephant, he found, was a serious business, which left him no time to consider what other people might think about it.

So the morning play-period sped past, and Sarah brought things in the play period to a close. It was a very agreeable breathless Peter Judkins who mopped his face and picked up his coat and hat.

"Now that was what he wanted his very wondrous playings. "Don't you think I'm acquiring all that proper abandon you mentioned yesterday?"

"Perhaps you've acquired quite enough of it," said she.

"Oh, no, indeed," he hastened to veto this implied suggestion. "Just beginning. Just getting my wind."

Peter led him with a slight tightening of her lips.

"You have been a very apt pupil," she told him. "I have never before seen so much more abandon than you have shown this morning. And abandon, catching the spirit of play, giving yourself up to it, is the whole secret."

"But you see now I've caught it I want to make sure of it. I want to keep at it a (Continued on page 87)
Noted makers of sport silks and sport skirts urge you to launder them this safe way

BELDING BROTHERS were already distinguished for their fine silks in the days of flowered taffetas and stiff brocades. Today their many beautiful silks have an equal reputation for highest quality. Read Belding Brothers' letter which tells you the way they recommend for washing sports and other silks.

DAVID CRYSTAL of New York makes many of the good looking sports skirts of crêpe de Chine, Baronette Satins and Sport Crépés which you find in exclusive shops in almost every city. Read Mr. Crystal's letter. In it he tells why he urges women to wash their sport skirts in Lux.

These two great manufacturers, like other makers of washable fabrics, were compelled to find out the best and safest way of laundering. To give you the benefit of their experience, we have issued a free booklet, "How to Launder Fine Fabrics." It is crammed with helpful suggestions. Send for your copy today.

Launder your silk things this safe, gentle way

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in a towel; when nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

For colored silks the water should be almost cool. Wash colors quickly to keep them from running. Don't wash two different colors at the same time. Use fresh suds for each color.

Wringing or twisting makes the smooth silk threads slip over one another. This gives the fabric a wavy appearance which is permanent. Water should be squeezed or shaken out.

LUX

Won't injure anything
pure water alone won't harm
hundred wives seem to have him a bit worried. Tom Mix, they say, staged the big Judean rodeo, and the thrills he gets might lead the credulous to believe that he did a little murdering on his own account. But the cruel moral lesson is that Los Angeles is a great place to run a lumberyard, a dry-goods store, a paint-house, a carpenter-shop and a decorating business, to say nothing of an agency for extras. The Bara production is still with us. Our bet is that Theda had been there Solomon would have gone home with her, to walk the pet elephants in the cool of every tropic evening.

THE PASSION FLOWER—First National

MUCH was expected of this new Norma Talmadge film. It disappointed. To begin with, the play by the late Harold Jacobson is more of a study of Spanish creeds and customs, morals and manners, than it was good sound drama. It is interesting to the student; it is not so interesting to the average reader. A play was made of it; and now—a picture. It may be presuming to surmise that Mr. Schenck bought the film rights because of the intriguing title—snappy, isn’t it?—but we have a suspicion that this is so. Herbert Brenon, a good director, presided. The result, in this case, is a tedious and uninspired vehicle for the emotional Talmadge. If she had had this material to act in three years ago, she might have made it a success. Today, once sure of herself, she has all her emotional tricks too nicely catalogued, to be convincingly dramatic. The picture is overburdened with incident. It seemed to us Mr. Brenon had exercised too much care, that the scenario writer had overwritten the story. Much has been made of this production by metropolitan critics; but if the expressions of the audiences are any criterion, it did not interest. The audience we sat among laughed too long and loudly at a performance of the audience are any criterion, things. In the type of comedy which she generally upset the established order of manners, than it was good sound drama. The Bara production is still with us. Our bet is that Theda had been there Solomon would have gone home with her, to walk the pet elephants in the cool of every tropic evening.

THE TRAVELING SALESMAN—Paramount

DID you ever hear of slapstick-drama? Neither did we until Roscoe Arbuckle introduced it, and most successfully in his recent vehicles. He has opened up a field peculiarly well suited to his talents, and should win many more who have missed his custard-pie offerings of the past. Well-directed and well-photographed, the James Forbes play has gained in comedy possibilities, in its second screening.

MOTHER ETERNAL—Abrams

VIIVAN MARTIN, as the wife of a true-hearted piano tuner who comes out loser in a shooting fray, thus placing her and her offspring at the mercy of the cruel world, brings touches of sincerity to the first part of this production but dispels them when she follows the sub-title “Twenty Years Later,” her face an astounding story of life and white grease paint. The story is unnatural and illogical. Fair too great stress is laid upon the emotional scenes, and our old friend coincidence appears in many forms. Ivan Abramson is producer, director and author. He should have provided Miss Martin with a Benda mask.

HANDS OFF—Fox

TOM MIX admirers, who delight in seeing this agile horseman risk his neck, will surely be satisfied with the excitement he furnishes them in this picture. His daring is seldom duplicated on the screen. The story is the usual, impossible “western,” but Mix believes that the thrill, not the play, is the thing, and has the courage of his convictions.

THE WHISTLE—Paramount

THERE is the usual, impossible “western,” but Mix believes that the thrill, not the play, is the thing, and has the courage of his convictions.

THE HEART OF MARYLAND—Vitagraph

T HIS famed Belasco success comes to the screen in a photoplay of rare merit, with Catherine Calvert and Crane Wilbur in the leading roles. Much credit should go to the producer, who has made a costume play in which the characters, not the costumes, command the most attention. The action is smooth and even, building up to a dramatic climax, and together, a decidedly worth-while production.

DESPERATE YOUTH—Universal

T HERE’S a title, for you! Another tale of the old South, with Gladys Walton a demure Cinderella in hoop-skirts. The story does not measure up to her usual standard, but is mildly entertaining.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 60)

OF course, you read this Maria Susanna Cummins story, and enjoyed it—when you were ten years old. Shirley Mason is the waif whom cruel grandfather sends her forth into the world unchaperoned at the early age of one day, but who survives to scatter sunshine in true Pollyanna manner. We’re sorry, Sherry, lost the kitten during the third reel. It was holding our interest.

THE DANGEROUS MOMENT—Universal

A VERITABLE League of Nations—with Carmel Myers as the Italian waitress who throws chairs and things at the Greek villain, and leaps through a sky-light into the arms of the American hero. Greenwich Village is the locale, and Marcel De Sano, the young Roumanian director, holds the megaphone. This picture lives up to its title.

THE TOM BOY—Fox

A MOONSHINE, still, hidden away not in the Kaintucky hills, but in a small-town stable! A beautiful girl who isn’t the moonshiner’s daughter, a hero who comes from the city with a shiny automobile and a waxed moustache, and a villain who works in a freight depot. Surely, the old order changeth, and hardly, it seems, for the better.

THE FREEZE-OUT—Universal

T HIS is one of the best western pictures we’ve seen recently. Interest is sustained throughout, without resorting to the usual amount of melodrama common to this type of story. Harry Carey is the mysterious stranger who comes out of the nowhere into the here, reforms the town and wins the school ma’am.

DUCKS AND DRAKES—Realart

THERE is a decidedly clever comedy, in which four men determined to furnish a headstrong young lady with excitement, and succeed in doing so. Bebe Daniels, as the aforementioned h. y. l. is quite at her best, photographically and otherwise. If you don’t take life too seriously, and appreciate being entertained and amused, you will enjoy this film. Jack Holt opposite Miss Daniels.

THE HEART OF ALASKA—Goldwyn

T HIS success of the multi-story photoplay has never been marked, though this elaboration of Thomas B. Sturges story with Channing Pollock adapted to the stage, is unusually well presented. Pauline Frederick is excellent in her four different roles, and the scenery varies from the dance halls of Alaska to the drawing rooms of Long Island. The theory advanced is that it is impossible to avoid or escape one’s fate, which was decided at the beginning of Time. John Bowers in Miss Frederick’s support.

THE LAMP LIGHTER—Fox

T THE CHARMING DECEIVER—Vitagraph

A TRITE tale as an excuse for the ingratiating presence of Alice Calhoun, who is earnest and at times convincingly dramatic as the persecuted heroine. We would like to see this new little star in a story that afforded more opportunities. However, it is something to make the best of those that you have.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ROSA—Goldwyn

A N extremely amusing comedy, bordering not infrequently upon the slapstick, involving Maltese character, role of a shop-girl who, in her search for romance finds it necessary to slide down coal chutes, swim rivers and generally upset the established order of things. In the type of comedy which she created, Miss Normand stands alone.

THE PERFECT CRIME—Associated Producers

IF there was a new plot under the sun, we’d say that Allan Dwan had filmed it, with Monte Blue in a Jekyll and Hyde role demanding unusual talent. True, the story is highly improbable and at times rather serious. But when one has seen too seriously, it’s quite entertaining. Mr. Dwan has rather improved upon the original magazine story by Carl Clausen.

THE PASSION FLOWER—First National

MUCH was expected of this new Norma Talmadge film. It disappointed. To begin with, the play by the late Harold Jacobson is more of a study of Spanish creeds and customs, morals and manners, than it was good sound drama. It is interesting to the student; it is not so interesting to the average reader. A play was made of it; and now—a picture. It may be presuming to surmise that Mr. Schenck bought the film rights because of the intriguing title—snappy, isn’t it?—but we have a suspicion that this is so. Herbert Brenon, a good director, presided. The result, in this case, is a tedious and uninspired vehicle for the emotional Talmadge. If she had had this material to act in three years ago, she might have made it a success. Today, once sure of herself, she has all her emotional tricks too nicely catalogued, to be convincingly dramatic. The picture is overburdened with incident. It seemed to us Mr. Brenon had exercised too much care, that the scenario writer had overwritten the story. Much has been made of this production by metropolitan critics; but if the expressions of the audiences are any criterion, it did not interest. The audience we sat among laughed too long and loudly at a performance of the audience are any criterion, things. In the type of comedy which she generally upset the established order of manners, than it was good sound drama. The Bara production is still with us. Our bet is that Theda had been there Solomon would have gone home with her, to walk the pet elephants in the cool of every tropic evening.
You’re going to like this tooth paste
—it’s made by the makers of Listerine

The first time you try Listerine Tooth Paste you will note a delightfully fresh, clean, polished feeling about your teeth. This means that your dentifrice has really done its work and that you have taken the proper precaution against dreaded pyorrhea.

Listerine Tooth Paste was perfected after years of study and experiment. Its finely powdered calcium phosphate proves an ideal cleanser. A small amount of mild fruit acid assures that adequate flow of saliva which is so essential.

Altogether you have here a tooth paste that is scientifically ideal for mouth and teeth. The makers of Listerine are proud to stand back of it.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS, U.S.A.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
"I heard a very unkind remark about my complexion"

Is it really true that women comment upon — actually discuss — the complexion of another? Too often it is an experience as humiliating as that of Mrs. B — which brings home to a woman the poignant realization that she has neglected her complexion — sacrificed so much of her charm and attractiveness.

There is, of course, no need for one to allow her complexion to be the subject of unfavorable criticism. The attractiveness of a radiant, wholesome complexion is easy to achieve. You can attain the beauty of a fresh, clear skin, just as thousands of charming women have, if you begin today the regular use of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream.

Ingram’s Milkweed Cream does more than the ordinary face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones up" — revitalize the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly, it heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections. Used faithfully it will help you to gain and retain a complexion that is beyond reproach.

Read this booklet of treatments

When you get your first jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream you will find in the package a booklet of Health Hints. This booklet tells you the most effective way in which to use Ingram’s Milkweed Cream — tells you how to use it in treating the common troubles of the skin. Read this booklet carefully. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram’s Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one dollar size. Begin at once to make your complexion as beautiful as it should be. It will mean so much to you.

Ingram’s Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram’s Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades — Light, Medium and Dark — 50c.

Ingram’s Velvola Souveraine FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints — White, Pink, Flesh, Bruneette — 50c.

Ingram’s Beauty Purse — an attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Send us a dime, with the coupon below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., 102 Tenth St., Detroit, Michigan.

Gentlemen: — Enclosed, please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram’s Beauty Purse containing an eider-down powder pad, sample packets of Ingram’s Velvola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram’s Rouge, and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram’s Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name: ____________________________
Street: __________________________
City: _____________________________
State: ___________________________

In every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
MRS. W. E. A., ROXBURY, MASS. You say if fashion dictates shorter skirts you don't know what you'll do. I know—you'll wear 'em! Oh, Jack Holt isn't dangerous at all—except, perhaps, from the screen. He is married and the father of several children. He was born in Virginia and educated at the Virginia Military Academy. Holt was once an extra. Hard to believe, isn't it? He's one of the most devoted movie stars I have ever seen. Marguerite won't give up the screen but she will make only one or two pictures a year.

BY THE WAY, why don't you ask me some questions?

JOSEPH D. U.—Julia Marlowe has never appeared in pictures. Her husband, E. H. Sothorn, made some photoplays for Vitagraph several years ago: "If I Were King" and "The Chattel."

BLUE EYES.—You and Mollie King, YP—Miss King, or Mrs. Kenneth Alexander—is now singing and dancing on Broadway in a musical comedy called "Blue Eyes." The music for it, by the way, was written by Carmel Myers' young husband, I. N. Kornblum.

CHARLES P. U., UTAH.—So you met Billie Burke's sister and she offered to introduce you to Billie Ziegfeld and also to get you a pass for the Folies. I'm so sorry to disillusion you, old dear, but you see the fact of the matter is, Billie Burke has no sister. Perhaps, someday, some kind soul will indeed present you to Miss Burke, but I'm afraid you'll have to worry along without that pass to the Folies.

BARBARA.—Dorothy Dalton and Lew Cody have not married again—each other, or anybody else. Miss Dalton is working now in Cecil deMille's new production. She has the leading role while Mildred Harris appears in support. Conrad Nagel is leading man. Dorothy Dalton probably hasn't forgotten you—drop her a line at the Lasky studios.

MISS F. S., AUCKLAND, N. Z.—Thanks for your note. I like to hear from you. I hope you get a large framed photograph from each of the following: Eugene O'Brien, Selznick, Fort Lee, N. J.; Dorothy Gish, Griffith, Mamaroneck, N. Y.; Billie Burke and Mae Murray, Paramount (eastern); Charles Ray, his own studio, Hollywood, Cal.

DOLLY DEVERE.—Ah—you're the one who dances on in the first act to say, "Girls! Harold Heavyheart is here!" I really can't recollect if I have ever seen you on the stage. Which proves that I am ungallant, but honest. Mary Fairybanks' name was Smith before it was Pickford. She was born in Toronto, Canada. Address the three Talmadge girls at their own studio, N. Y. C.

Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 55 W. 45th St., New York City.
Red of New York.—Never say dye cannot be your motto. Natalie Talmadge is marked in her beautiful color and has been in a great many pictures. She likes to be a pianist, your father wants you to write, and your sister wants you to overcome your temper, and your brother says you have the makings of a great singer. You will probably be a movie actress. Katherine MacDonald has been extensively advertised as 'The American Beauty.' Whether or not she is the most beautiful woman in America I really couldn't say. All I know is that Katherine is very, very easy on my eyes. Elsie Ferguson in 'Sara,' creeps into 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' and 'Footlights.' Lila Lee, Lasky, Hollywood.

Betty M. Meadville, P.A.—Do I like to smoke? Well—Is that an invitation, or are you merely compiling statistics? I do, but rarely. Someone sent me a package of Cigarettes (brand deleted). I appreciate them, but I am not going to smoke them. "Know Your Men" is a Fox film with Pearl White. Ward Crane is a leading man—unmarried. This kind of leading man is very rare.

Virginia Anne.—I am sorry, but we have no record of Betty M., Meadville, Pa. Peggy is in our audience tonight, will she please rise and give us her brief biography, and present address?

Eleanor.—Could I call yours a weighty question? Douglas Fairbanks tips the scales at 166 pounds. Miss Lucy Cotton, even when thinner, could never have been accused of such a slight impression on the scales that they register only 125. Miss Cotton makes a much better impression on me.

M. P. L., Des Moines.—Rolf Armstrong is not a movie star, my dear. He is the artist-chap who paints Photoplay's cover. Mr. Armstrong is the brother of the late Paul Armstrong, the playwright, and accordingly the brother-in-law of Catherine Calvert Armstrong. Howard Hall opposite Pauline Frederick in "The Hungry Heart." I hear that Miss Frederick isn't going to return to the stage, positively, for two years. She is receiving something like a week for her film work, besides $6,000 for gowns for every picture and two months' vacation with pay every year. That's what I call a situation.

Josephine.—How's Napoleon? (That's very crude of me, I will admit. But I have heard Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," and am suspicious of everybody.) Thomas Meighan played with Mary Pickford in "M'Liss." Tommy is married to Frances Ring. You say you want to see his wife in pictures. I'll speak to her about it.

Mae A. W., Maine.—I do not know the size of Mr. Arbuckle's shoes. I suggest that you write to Roscoe yourself—care the Lasky studio. Read Mr. Arbuckle's fashion hints in the August issue.

Hazel.—It's hard to believe. You say you are always outspoken in your sentiments. I have many correspondents but not one of them has ever outspoken you. Now, now—Of course I don't mean that. Kenneth Harlan in "The Microbe," "Lessons in Love" and "Mama's Affair." Charles Ray uses his own name.

Doubtful Dick.—It would be entirely proper for you to write to Mildred Davis care the Lasky studio. By requesting her photograph. I even venture to say that Mildred will answer you. Class in etiquette adjourned.

Oh, Yes, I do Remember!—By JORDON ROBINSON

Oh, yes, I do remember, dear,
In Yonder moonlight garden, dear,
And when pale narcissus slept.

And I remember too when you
Confessed your love for me—
In yonder moonlight garden; True
The script said it should be!

Oh, darr directors—authors too!
The plot will break my heart—
What's one poor actor going to do
If held within his part?

D. M. S., Baltimore.—Mary Pickford is working now. The trip to Mexico has been postponed indefinitely—so has the world tour. The new Pickford picture will be "Little Lord Fauntleroy" with Mary with his mother. Shirley Mason has brown hair—bobbed and light grey eyes, lashes au naturel.

Dorothy.—You want to know Dorothy DeVore's telephone number? I can't give it to you, but I can tell you that Miss DeVore may be addressed care the Christie studios in Los Angeles, where she works may be loaned to some dramatic company. She is not married.

Marie P. O.—I am Job's understudy. Marie. I may get a little sarcastic at times, but you can't blame me for that. Wallace Reid and Monte Blue were both born in 1898. Violia Dana in 1898 and Constance Edward in 1899.

Maine Fan.—There aren't so many film stars who hail from your state. However, you can be proud of one native son. Lew Cody comes from Waterville. Wanda Hawley is married. Emory Parnell is a Lasky. Bebe Daniels in "Ducks and Drakes." Have no record of Wallace Reid having lived in Detroit.

George B., Chicago.—No, I don't get so many letters from Chicago. Only about one hundred a week. I haven't been the city for two years. If you can't have seen me walking Michigan Blvd. Sorry to disappoint you. Franklyn Farnum is not related to Bill and Dustin but he is Farnum for the simple reason that Franklyn is not really Farnum at all. It's Smith. He was in musical comedy before coming to the cinema. (Aliteration at any cost.) Have no record of Ruth Roland's Pathe serial. Harold Lloyd was born in Nebraska in 1893. He isn't married to Bebe Daniels or Mildred Davis. He isn't married to anyone.

Mary Alice.—Very pink and very pretty—your paper, and your picture. I hope you are always outspoken in your sentiments. I don't like to smoke, but you can't blame me for that. Wallace Reid and Monte Blue were both born in 1890, Viola Dana in 1898 and Constance Edward in 1899. Olive Thomas died of accident. She is a sister of Shirley Mason of Fox. She is a sister of Shirley Mason of Fox. She is a sister of Shirley Mason of Fox. Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Griffith.

Zelda.—The only professional I know who bears your name is Zelda, a legitimate actress and writer. There are no film stars called that. Zasu Pitts comes the nearest. Olive Thomas died of accident.

The Gold-Dust Twins.—You only remember me, I fear, when you want information about Wally. This time: where is his studio? His studio is the Lasky, in Hollywood, on sleepy peppered Vine Street. Here is the cast of "A Tale of Two Cities": Charles Darney, Sidney Carton, Professor Farnum, Lucile Mantle, Jewel Carmen, Mr. and Mrs. Alexandre Mary, Jacques De Farge, Horsel Mayall, Mme. De Farge, Rosita Marstini, Dr. Alexandre Mary, Joseph, Swickard, Roger, Clify, Ralph Lewis, Gabriello William, Clifford, Jarvis Lorry, Marc Robbins. Of these actors, the last one is making feature for the Silver Lining; Joseph Swickard gives an excellent performance of Marcello Desnouyers in "The Four Horsemen." This time: where is his studio? His studio is the Lasky, in Hollywood, on sleepy peppered Vine Street.

Viola Admirer.—There are a good many of you, too. Miss Dana was born in 1898. She is a sister of Shirley Mason of Fox. Gaza is now with Metro. He played with Viola Dana in "A Chorus Girl's Romance," which was the film title of F. Scott Fitzgerald's short story, "Head and Shoulders."
— and then a little touch of Freeman’s, the delicately fragrant, clinging powder that brings out the freshness and beauty of her complexion. A trial usually convinces one of the delightful smoothness and refined quality of Freeman’s Face Powder.

THE FREEMAN PERFUME CO.,
2509 Norwood Ave Cincinnati

Canadian Distributor:
THE WILSON IMPORT CO.,
100 Burnside Ave Montreal

Freeman’s “Naturkist” Rouge 50 Cents
At dealers or by mail on receipt of price

Freeman’s Powder Compact 50 Cents
At dealers or by mail on receipt of price

Freeman’s FACE POWDER
50 cents at all toilet counters, or send 3 cents for miniature box

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
When they told Charles Chaplin that he was engaged to May Collins, pretty little film ingenue, he merely murmured, "I wonder what Miss Collins will say when she hears about it?" In spite of all the rumors, May and Charlie are still single. You remember Chaplin, not so long ago, was saying "Never again!" in reference to matrimony.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE was seen walking down Fifth Avenue with a diamond circlet clasping her dainty ankle. Her husband was with her.

MAY McAVOY is the young lady who, it seems, most all of motion picture New York is talking about right now. May made rather a sensational success in "Sentimental Tommy," to which she brought, in the role of Grizel, a quaint charm that has never been seen on the screen before. She is, in her celluloid Passion Flower," was holding forth recently. A young man who acts in it is named Bobby charm that has never been seen on the screen. She is, in her celluloid Passion Flower," was holding forth recently. A young man who acts in it is named Bobbycharm that has never been seen on the screen.

ALTHOUGH it may be a trifle premature—since Mildred Harris' divorce decree isn't yet final—little birds and little rumors are certainly flying busily around Hollywood these days announcing that Charlie Chaplin is to wed again as soon as it is legally possible.

The lady in the case is said to be pretty little May Collins, a seventeen-year-old leading woman who recently came from New York to play with Emerson-Loos and now with Goldwyn. She's an attractive little girl and is said to have a lot of ability.

The announcement of the engagement has been published in two or three of the Los Angeles papers, and while neither Mr. Chaplin nor Miss Collins would confirm the report, neither denied it.

I saw them riding together the other evening at the Maison Marcell in Los Angeles, with Florence Deshon and a gray-haired man. And it certainly had all the earmarks of a happy evening for Charlie and his pretty partner. They danced as devotedly and smilingly as a couple of high school kids.

Dear me! That same evening I saw Bill Hart and little Eva Novak in a corner, chaperoned by Bill's sister, Miss Mary Hart. Eva had Bill dancing about like a two-year-old and he seemed to like it.

I never can tell these Novak girls apart, but it's Jane that is supposed to be engaged to. So maybe it was Jane. Or maybe Jane is away and little sister's looking after Bill.

In the opposite corner were Tom Moore and his new bride—pretty Renee Adoree—sitting very close on the wall seat and actually holding hands under the table. I hope that won't have any effect on the other couples.

REX INGRAM, who scored so magnificently with the "Four Horsemen," is now shooting a story by Balzac.

According to the young director, he tried very hard to get them to let him film this story when he was at another studio. "Who's Balzac?" demanded the powers that be. "Has he had any screen experience? How much does he want for it?"

"Nothing," said Ingram. "Then don't take it. It can't be any good if you can get it for nothing," was the final word from G. H. Q.

Alice Terry, leading woman in the "Four Horsemen," is also playing the leading feminine role in this production. But she doesn't like it.

"I have too much to do," says Alice. (Continued on page 76)
How Many Miles Is Your Complexion Good For

How does the powder you use meet the test of motoring? Does your charm of complexion race away with the wind, leaving your skin red, shiny, rough and blotchy? This is one of the tests that prove the difference between Carmen and the ordinary face powder. Carmen stays on, preserving as well outdoors as in, the clear, radiant color and alluring softness that it imparts to the skin. Carmen, too, excels in the other vital tests of a face powder. The glorious beauty that it gives to the skin is immune to dampness. And it is just as enchanting under the brightest light as under the softest. Learn by one trial the vast difference between Carmen and the powder you are now using.

Sample Offer Send 12c to cover postage and packing for purse size box with three weeks' supply—state shade preferred.

STAFFORD-MILLER CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and new Brunette Shade, 50c Everywhere

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Most Precious Perfume in the World

Rieger's Flower Drops are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

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.

Every kid in the country would be glad to change places with Carter de Haven, Jr. He employed—for half a day anyhow—the highest-salaried chauffeur in the world. A free ride to any little boy who guesses the identity of the wavy-haired gentleman at the wheel.

By the way, a little bird whispers that announcement of an engagement of longer duration than any picture contract is soon to be forthcoming between Rex Ingram and pretty Miss Terry.

Well, nothing could surprise us less.

NORMA TALMADGE said she wanted to meet all the newspaper women in New York. So her press agent sent out invitations to a tea in Norma's apartments at the Saint Regis Hotel. The newspaper women—some three hundred of them—arrived in full force, only to learn that their hostess was in bed. But that didn't spoil the party. Norma received a la grande, attired in the very latest lingerie. Sister Natalie swung a wicked cocktail shaker. Mother Peg presided. And a good time was had by all. You simply can't help writing sweet things about a star when she is in the house. You can judge a picture's charms from the actions of the audience, was Betty Blythe, who appeared as Cleopatra, in the English period, presenting the famous siren of the Nile as written by William Shakespeare. Betty wore one of her Queen of Sheba costumes reconstructed to suit the period, and when she glided on the stage, its few diaphanous folds of lace held her about by a diamond brooch, there was so much excitement I thought they'd have to call out the reserves.

The disappointment of the evening came when, for the ball following the pageant, Betty went and arrayed herself in an evening gown, which while not exactly puritanical, still had a lot on Cleo. Incidentally, Betty called me up at 2 o'clock that morning to ask me if I thought her gown immo.

"Well," I said, "it was beautiful and you looked gorgeous, but if Cleopatra went around like that it's no wonder she got into trouble."

"Heavens," said Betty, "I didn't mean the costume! I meant my ball gown. The costume was art—I don't ever think about that."

Mary Miles Minter was Juliet. Mary is a sweet little girl and she looked like a spun sugar valentine, but she came about as near my idea of the Italian, passionate; emotional young lady who allowed Romeo to climb into her balcony the night after she met him, as a china doll. But then, I remember Julia Marlowe as Juliet.

The palm for beauty of the evening went, according to popular opinion, to Agnes Ayres, who appeared as a Russian bride. Walking down the long aisle in the middle of the ballroom, with a perfect glory of exquisite lighting behind her robes of white and silver and pearl, she was exquisite. She even had a sort of bridal expectancy on her face, if you know what I mean.

Elonor Glyn appeared in the French period as Empress Josephine, and gave the tensely interested audience a portrayal of that noble lady correct in every detail of dress, character and demeanor. She looked as regal as possible in her white satin and emeralds, but I've a large-sized notion that...
Plays and Players

(Continued)

Napoleon would never have divorced her. She looked a match for any man. Incidentally, T. Daniel Frawley, who has so often successfully portrayed the famous conqueror was Napoleon.

The minuet in the French period was altogether charming. It was exquisitely done and May Allison, as a Watteau Shepherdess, conducted through the mazes of that stately dance by Herbert Rawlinson, was a delight that caused repeated murmurs of approval from the throng. Mrs. William Desmond was also in this number, with her pretty curls down her back, and Mary MacLaren completed the blonde trio. I forget the other men.

Gloria Swanson was something or other Chinese, whether a goddess or empress I couldn’t quite make out. Anyway, she was perfectly marvellous, though I thought the magnificence of the costume and the amount of the decorations she had to wear overshadowed her own bizarre type a bit.

After the pageant—of course there were lots more people in it, but it’s just impossible to tell you about them all—everybody danced in the big ball room, and had a wonderful time.

It was quite a get-together occasion, too, between the social register, as it were, and the blue book of filmdom. Rehearsals were held in the homes of some of the leaders of the 400, and the whole thing proved a cementing tie between the two interests in the Los Angeles and Hollywood colonies.

It is to be hoped that the society leaders are duly grateful to the film folk, who after working all day in the studios, were willing to rehearse three nights out of the week and tend to their own costumes to aid such a worthy charity.

ONE of the leading actors in Von Stroheim’s latest production, died in the middle of the picture.

Possibly from old age.

CECIL B. DeMILLE and Mildred Harris met for the first time this week as director and actor.

Thusly goes the tale:

It is only an additional distinction of Marcella Pershing that she is a cousin of the General. Even if she weren’t, Hoot Gibson’s new leading woman would be worth seeing.

Glacier national park

June 15 to September 15

The wild Rockies are intimately yours in Glacier National Park. Nowhere else in America are they so accessible, so friendly. Nature has massed here a wondrous display of azure lakes, glistening glaciers and snow-tipped peaks, the grandeur that furnished Marshall Neilan with the scenic background for “Bob Hampton of Placer.”

Modern hotels and Swiss chalets offer best accommodations. Tours via motor, saddle-horse and launch arranged by day, week or month. En route to North Pacific Coast, Alaska, or California, visit Lake Chelan, Mt. Rainier and Crater Lake National Parks. “Glacier” is your only national park on the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Summer tourist fares to “Glacier” and return direct or by diverse routes on sale June 1 to September 15. Summer tourist fares to North Pacific Coast and California and return direct or by diverse routes on sale June 1 to September 30—limit, October 31. Inquire of nearest ticket or tourist agent.

Send for Glacier Park Literature

A. J. DICKINSON
Passenger Traffic Manager
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
St. Paul, Minnesota


Name
Address

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
GIRLS! GIRLS!
Purify and Perfume Your Skin With CUTICURA

The most fascinatingly fragrant and healthful of all powder perfumes. Antiseptic, prophylactic, deodorizing, fragrant and refreshing, it is an ideal face, skin, baby and dusting powder. Convenient and economical, it takes the place of other perfumes for the person. A few grains sufficient. One of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio for keeping the skin clear, sweet and healthy.


SAVE 25% to 60% on slightly used GRAFLEX-KODAKS
Cameras and Lenses of Every Description. Equal to new. Save money. Write now for Free Bargain Book and Catalog listing hundreds of money-saving bargains in slightly used and new cameras and supplies. AH TOOLS are sold on 10 days' Free Trial. Money back if not satisfied. We have been in the photographic business over 16 yrs.-Write now.

CENTRAL CAMERA CO., Dept. 387, 124 S. Wabash Av., Chicago

Why continue to STAMMER?
Send for (free) illustrated 200-page book. It tells how Stammering and Stuttering can be quickly cured by the most Advanced Scientific Method in the world.

Those who are unable to attend our Residential Schools may obtain our Standard Course for Home Study.

THE LEWIS SCHOOL, 70 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

Little Richard Headrick gave an unsuspecting tourist the surprise of his life recently. Strolling through a Los Angeles park the tourist was startled by a wild cry from a nearby lagoon. He rushed to the spot, saw a child of three floundering in the water, and jumped in. As he struggled to shore with the struggling youngster safely in tow, he was greeted with: "You big boob—you spoiled our picture! Besides, that boy can swim better than you can!" Richard is a swimming champion and one of our most promising young actors.

Mr. deMille called a meeting of the cast and the technical men, designers, writers, etc., in his office at eleven o'clock for the purpose of reading the script to them.

At eleven o'clock everyone was there, except Miss Harris.

Mr. deMille waited patiently for ten minutes, impatiently for another ten, and riotously for fifteen.

A telephone call to the lady's home elicited the information that the actress had left.

At 11:46 Miss Harris, bright and smiling, walked in.

Everything was very quiet. Mr. deMille motioned Miss Harris to a seat opposite him. Then, very politely he spake as follows:

"Miss Harris, for eight years, I have been directing motion picture stars—some great, some small. In those eight years, you are the first person who has ever dared to be late for a call of mine.

"You now owe me, and all these gentlemen and ladies whom you have kept waiting for forty-six minutes, a public and an abject apology. Your time may not be valuable. Ours is."

"I ran out of gasoline," said Miss Harris, wiping a tear from her nose.

"Start so if you wreck the car you will have time to call a taxi," said Mr. deMille. "Because in order that this may never, never happen again, it will cost you exactly ten dollars a minute, for every minute you are late to a call of mine. You would owe me just $460 for this affair this morning."

And then some people say motion pictures are unbusiness-like!
"BEN HUR" has been bought, at last, and not by Griffith.
The gentlemen who believe sufficiently in "Ben Hur's" drawing powers have contributed $1,000,000 and bought the darn thing.
The gentlemen are the Messrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., A. L. Erlanger, and Charles B. Dillingham, all theatrical magnates. Which also means that "Ben Hur" will be a photoplay soon.

DORIS MAY set May 1st as the date of her wedding to Wallace MacDonald. It was to be a regular church affair, with orange blossoms, lace veils and bridesmaids, we understand.

THE cinema stork has announced a personal appearance at Beverly Hills, sometime in July, at the home of Emid Bennett and Fred Niblo.

KING and Florence Vidor, when they finally established a California home, brought from Texas some of the servants that had long been in the family. Among them came a small pickaninny, just a trifle older than little two and-a-half year old Suzanne Vidor.

According to the good old Southern tradition, this youngster became a combination guardian and playmate for Suzanne.

One day, lovely Mrs. Vidor, leaning out the window to watch the two in the pergola, heard the following conversation:

"Suzanne—"Mandy, I fink you're a much prettier color' an I am." Mandy—"My goodness, honey, you ain't any color a-tall. You're jes fat."

THE cinema stork has announced a personal appearance at Beverly Hills, sometime in July, at the home of Emid Bennett and Fred Niblo.

After this interesting event, Miss Bennett plans to return to the screen with her own organization.

ALICE CALHOUN, in her new picture, comes into the room and is greeted effusively.

Al still! she cried, as she hugged the little extra, "wherever did you come from?"

It seems that the extra, like the star, had been born and raised in the same Middle-western town. They had been playmates and school chums but had not seen each other for four or five years until they met on the Vitagraph set.

And what's a few feet of film between friends?

THE May issue of Photoplay contained a story about the marriage of Tom Moore and Renee Adoree. Among the guests at the wedding breakfast were mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons. Inasmuch as there is no Mrs. Gibbons, the article caused Mr. Gibbons some annoyance. We are glad to correct it.

(Continued on page 100)

A 3000-year-old pleasure for you to enjoy

Around the most simple facts of living, the ancients threw all the subtle pleasures which their minds could devise. They understood, too, as every one in the East understands today, the restfulness of sweet odors, the refreshment which comes from delicate perfumes.

Do you know the refreshment of Incense?

They knew incense, as you can know it today. For tonight, in your reception room, in your halls, in your boudoir, there can arise the subtle and delicate perfumes of the Orient—the same graceful fragrance which is arising in millions of homes throughout the world.

Vantine's—the true Oriental Incense

Burn incense, but be sure that you get Vantine's. It's very easy to make a mistake about so subtle a thing as incense, but if you use the name, Vantine's, as your guide, you have the experience of 60 years' knowledge of the Orient guiding you to the true Oriental fragrance.

Which do you prefer?

Vantine's Temple Incense comes in five delicate fragrances—Sandalwood, Wistaria, Rose, Violet and Pine. Some like the rich Oriental fullness of Sandalwood, others choose the sweetness of Wistaria, Rose or Violet and still others prefer the clear and balmy fragrance of Pine.

Whichever you prefer, you can get it from your druggist or your gift shop. Practically every department store, too, carries it, so swift has been its spread throughout America.

Which do you prefer? Sandalwood, Wistaria, Rose, Pine

Sandalwood, Wistaria, Violet, Rose, Pine

Vantine's Temple Incense

Sandalwood

Violet

Wistaria

Rose

Pine

Vantine's Temple Incense is sold at drug stores, department stores and gift shops in two forms—powder and cone—in packages at 25c—50c and 75c.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Cattar Lattan, U. S. A.

The truth about movie morals and manners in Hollywood.

By

BENJ. B. HAMPTON

In the good old days before the Hohenzollern family threw a monkey wrench into the world’s machinery, every really good American cherished a desire to go to Paris and see the Latin Quarter. And many good Americans went. Some of them thought they got their money’s worth, and others decided that the Bal Bullier was composed of servant girls, cab drivers and wine agents. But all of them in their struggles with the French language on its native heath compromised their immediate desires by adding extra dimes and nickels to their tales. Add profit to your income.

Add Pop-Corn

And Add Profit. Other dealers are doing it. KINERGY’S No. 999 Combination Corn-Popper and Peanut Roaster Machine offers a double temptation. Handsome, durable, efficient. Gets quick attention. Creases immediate desire, thus adds extra dimes and nickels to your till. Add profit to your income.

KINERGY

Corn Poppers and Peanut Roasters Sizes and styles for all classes of trade—Drug, Grocery, Cigar, Fruit, Wholesale and Retail Confectionery, General, Department Store, and Picture Theaters. Machines to operate by hand, steam or electricity, using gas or gasoline for fuel.

KINERGY Mfg. Co., Dept. 671, Cincinnati, Ohio

Established 1882.
twenty miles—studio plants dot the landscape. Thousands of men, women and children are employed in the industry. They live in Hollywood, in Los Angeles and in and all the suburbs of Los Angeles.

When I say these things to the authors, newspaper editors, and general run of old friends from the East, they are surprised and for a time incredulous. After I have convinced them of the plain truth of movie life, their invariable question is, "Well, how do the picture people get such a reputation?"

One important element in creating a reputation for picture players is the moderate size of Los Angeles. New York is so vast that the individual is absorbed by the mass. Los Angeles, with its six hundred thousand population, is still a metropolis in which the individual exists as a human being and is not merely a cog in a vast social machine.

Briefly, the motion picture people of New York are lost in the vastness of the six-million mob of the big town; in Los Angeles the actresses and the actors are constantly in the public eye. Thousands of tourists throng to Los Angeles, who count their journey a failure unless they see their favorite players in everyday clothes as they go about their everyday affairs disguised as human beings.

So that always in Los Angeles the spotlight of curiosity is focused on the movie people. It is small wonder then that even a glimpse of a famous player is desirable, and that morsels of gossip are eagerly rolled from tongue to tongue.

The actor folk have ever been a clannish, independent social section. They have their own code of morals and ethics. They have been wanderers who have seldom or never settled long enough in one place to call it "home." In America, New York was for years the center of their life, and there they have quite found themselves. Neither Los Angeles nor the picture people are to patronize the kind of dressmakers who can help them plan their clothes. Los Angeles has become the home of a great player population in half a dozen years, a brief period in which to absorb a large number of such colorful folks as picture makers, and it is not surprising that neither Los Angeles nor the picture people have quite found themselves.

Los Angeles seizes upon each tidbit of movie gossip—but also, Los Angeles is proud in telling of the things that they do in the city.

How I Earned $200 in My Summer Vacation

A personal experience

BY CORA LIVINGSTONE
1108 Fell Avenue, Bloomington, Ill.

LaST spring I was asking myself the question: "Isn't there some way I can earn or save more money?" It had occurred to me each year as summer approached, but last April I discovered such an easy, practical and delightful way to increase both my earnings and my savings, without interfering at all with my regular work, that I want other women and girls to know about it, too.

From girlhood, I had always wanted to be able to plan and make pretty, becoming clothes. But I became a school teacher and never learned the things about dress that I wanted so much to know.

You can understand my interest, therefore, when I heard last spring of the wonderful success of women and girls in learning dressmaking in spare time, at home, through the Woman's Institute. When I stopped to think what it would mean to me if I could make all kinds of dainty, becoming clothes for myself at substantial savings, and could earn money sewing for other people besides, I seized the opportunity at once and became a member.

Since that time I have been building up my sewing business, and I am proud to say that I have earned $200, besides making my own clothes, in the past seven months. I have planned and made pretty, becoming clothes for myself and for others, at less than half their usual cost.

A day or two before the end of last summer I decided to stop sewing for others, because I wanted to have time to work on my own clothes. The Institute course of study has given me ample proof that any woman can learn to read and write clothes, and can earn money sewing for other people besides.

As I think of it now, I have not only learned to make all my own clothes at a saving of $100 or more each year, but I really now have two professions. I can make a good income during summer vacations and I can take up dressmaking as a business the year round and have a shop of my own if I ever want to leave my teaching. And I have learned all this in less than six months, and there are hundreds of thousands of women and girls who can follow my steps and do the same.

More than 100,000 women and girls in city, town, and country have proved that you can easily and quickly learn through the Woman's Institute, in your own home during spare time, to make stylish, becoming clothes and hats for yourself, your family, and others, at less than half their usual cost.

It makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail and it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day, or have household duties that occupy most of your time.
Prohibition closed out this group of joy palaces and nowadays the scandal-seekers search hard for news to take back home. The real character of the picture people is slowly coming into public recognition. Los Angeles society has learned that it must distinguish between individuals in the pictures group as society everywhere distinguishes between individuals in every group. The morals of the players are no better and no worse than the morals of the "high society" group of Los Angeles or New York or Chicago or Boston or other large cities.

If there is any difference the balance is in favor of the picture people, for late hours and bad habits are quickly and remorselessly registered by the camera, and the girl or young man that regards "life as one long party" soon finds his or her own earning power decreasing.

The great majority of motion picture players are hard-working, intelligent, decent people. A small minority is bad. This minority is careless of public opinion. These careless people conduct their affairs openly and brazenly and give the entire colony a reputation that is false and unfair.

Then, too, every loose individual, male or female, that has ever seen a day's work on a studio lot enters claim to the occupation of "motion picture player." "An analysis of the Los Angeles newspapers during a year will substantiate the statement that the doubtful women of the community fly to the title of "motion picture actress" whenever trouble appears in the form of a policeman or newspaper reporter. Not only do women of this class slander the movie profession by hiding behind it, but men do the same thing.

Thus is reputation created. The facts are that during three years of my observation in Los Angeles I do not recall one case in which one motion picture star has been involved in one of the criminal or suicide or scandalous investigations of that period. Yet the movie profession is tried and found guilty in newspaper scare-heads!

I have before me copies of two Los Angeles newspapers of the same date. One newspaper, on the front page, declares in wood type two and one-half inches high:

**L. A. FILM BEAUTY POISONED TRAGIC PLOT PROVED AS SCREEN FAVORITE IS DISCOVERED DRUGGED**

---

**Cattar Lattan, U. S. A.**

(Concluded)

Beautiful \__________ \ widely known as one of the rising stars in the Los Angeles motion picture colony, died suddenly today under mysterious circumstances in San Francisco. The police believe she may have been the victim of a murder plot. Etc., etc.

The other newspaper says in large headlines:

**L. A. FILM GIRL IN MYSTERY DEATH:**

**Potion Fatal to Screen Woman.**

**Police Baffled: Victim is Reported to be Writer of Scenarios.**

Three inches beneath these headlines, in this same newspaper, in this same article, is this paragraph in small type:

"A thorough canvass of the motion picture colony of this city failed to reveal that a Mrs. \__________ \ was ever associated with any of the Los Angeles film companies."

Careful analysis of the situation will prove my assertion that the "reputation" of the film people is created chiefly by newspaper headlines and not by the acts of the players themselves. The eternal exception to this rule is the "fast sets" of moviedom, the careless, noisy minority that is seldom vicious but is often unwise to the point of silliness. No one cares for the task of defending this minority—any more than one would accept the burden of defending the fast men and women who are prominent in the business life and society life of any large city. Well-known merchants and professional men may move at greater speed than the fast set of the picture colony, but the newspapers seldom or never give space to their affairs.

A testimonial to the character of the player colony is that it furnishes only a small percentage of the grist for the divorce mills. But note, please that when John Smith, dry goods merchant, is divorced by his wife, Mary Smith, who charges various interesting things and proves them to the court's satisfaction, the newspapers give the case reasonable attention. But when Sarah Jones, motion picture actress, and William Jones, her husband, decide that Sarah is entitled to a divorce, and proper legal machinery is set into motion, the newspapers shriek and scream with all the gorgeous wood-type in their composing rooms.

Sarah makes no sensational charges against William, yet being movie stars, their affairs must be exploited to the limit. A sensation must be created.

Presto! Ah! We have it! Sarah has taken a residence in another state! Of course, fifty thousand other women have done exactly the same thing, in precisely the same manner in the same state—but they were not picture stars.

The courts grind along. Sarah is finally granted her divorce. Long after the dry goods merchant has passed into obscurity, Sarah and William are kept in newspaper scare-heads.

Then Sarah does the most hideously monstrous thing on record—the marries another man.

It happens that Sarah is a lovable, wholesome woman and that Henry, her new husband, is an artist, a gentleman, and, as he has proven—a statesman. Incidentally it happens that Sarah and Henry love each other with a devotion that inspires every member of the film colony.

No matter—they are picture players. The wood-type batteries and the slander-slingers leap into action, and all over America people shudder for months because a pair of clean, fine human beings have become married, have obeyed the laws of society and have given the world a little push toward a higher plane.

I am glad to add that Sarah and Henry are living through their uncomfortable experience. They are building a home way out in quiet Hollywood. It's a new and thrilling experience for player folks to build homes—an event that can never be appreciated by any one who has not spent a lifetime in hotel bedrooms. To have four walls around one, to have a roof over one's head, and lawn and flowers and a garden. To know that this is home—our home—well, dear citizens of this great republic, you can't understand it unless you have been a bird of passage yourself.

Hundreds of actors' homes have been built in Hollywood. More are being contracted for each week. And you'd be surprised to know that the first instruction given to every architect is to plan a model nursery.
The shaded lights can not conceal her wondrous beauty. Her vivid smile, her flashing eyes, are accentuated by the soft, beautiful coloring of her cheeks. She wins the admiration of all who see her. And why shouldn't she? She knows and uses the complete “Pompeian Beauty Toilette.”

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty? Presto! The face is beautified and youth-ified in an instant! (Above 3 preparations may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.)

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

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

Marguerite Clark Art Panel — 5 Samples Sent With It

“Absence Can Not Hearts Divide.” In dainty colors. Size, 28 x 7 1/4 inches. Price, 60c. Samples of Pompeian Day Cream, Powder and Bloom, Night Cream and Fragrance (a talcum powder) sent with the Art Panel. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now.

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

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

TEAR OFF NOW
To mail or for Pompeian shopping-hint in purse.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for the 1921 Marguerite Clark Panel. Also please send the 5 samples.

Name___________________________
Address________________________
City_________________________ State__________

NATURELLE shade powder sent unless you write another below

"Don't Envy Beauty - Use Pompeian"
Olive Oil

Makes Glossy Hair

SILKY texture and satiny gloss are attractions you need not envy. You can acquire these qualities very easily. Stop the careless washing, which makes your hair rough, dull and brittle and use Palmolive Shampoo, which cleanses more thoroughly without drying out the hair.

After a Palmolive Shampoo your hair is beautifully soft. It is silky and has that well-groomed look. Brush it carefully, massage it gently once a day and shampoo every two weeks and everyone will admire your glorious, glossy hair.

Used by scalp specialists

Palmolive Shampoo is rich in olive oil, the great hair beautifier used by scalp specialists to revitalize thin, lifeless, falling, unhealthy hair.

It gives the all-desired gloss and a beautiful, silky quality. It keeps your hair soft and makes it seem abundant.

This olive oil is blended with palm oil, another oriental oil of beneficial action, and coconut oil is added for the sake of its lathering qualities.

Send for trial-size bottle

It is sent absolutely free, accompanied by a booklet which explains home treatment of the hair and scalp to help make it grow thick and beautiful.

Acquaintance bottle and book together introduce you to the secret of glorious, glossy hair, beautiful with health and the well-groomed look women envy and men admire.

The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Follow these directions

Comb your hair over your face, freeing it from tangles. Wet thoroughly, for the wetter your hair the more profuse the lather.

Dip your fingers into the shampoo (previously poured into a cup or glass) and massage it into the scalp. You will find a profuse, fragrant lather follows your fingers, which soon envelops your head like a cap.

This lather penetrates roots and hair cells, dislodging dandruff and dissolving dirt and oil accumulations.

Wash the length in this thick lather and then begin rinsing. This is easy, as water dissolves Palmolive Shampoo instantly without any danger of leaving soap traces. Use two or three waters, or, far better, use a bath spray. Let final rinsing be cold.

Two lathers are required—the trial bottle contains ample quantity. Then dry by fanning and shaking.

Brush thoroughly (with a clean brush) and then examine the quality of your hair.

Its softness, its silky abundance, its shiny, attractive gloss, will delight you.

Used by scalp specialists

Palmolive Shampoo is rich in olive oil, the great hair beautifier used by scalp specialists to revitalize thin, lifeless, falling, unhealthy hair.

It gives the all-desired gloss and a beautiful, satiny quality. It keeps your hair soft and makes it seem abundant.

This olive oil is blended with palm oil, another oriental oil of beneficial action, and coconut oil is added for the sake of its lathering qualities.

Send for trial-size bottle

It is sent absolutely free, accompanied by a booklet which explains home treatment of the hair and scalp to help make it grow thick and beautiful.

Acquaintance bottle and book together introduce you to the secret of glorious, glossy hair, beautiful with health and the well-groomed look women envy and men admire.

The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.
Reasonable, What?

William Farnum's father, in "The Orphan," is hanged by a man with a ferocious black beard. Little William is only four years old at the time. "The Orphan" grows to matured manhood and seeks for the blood of his father's executioner. He finds him looking ten years younger than when he did the lynching and looking a decade more youthful than William himself.

An Extraordinary Case

THE General in "The Furnace" has a bad temper and a liver on the same order. He appears entering his library supported by a servant and, holding his left side, sinks into a chair. Later, in a fit of indignation, he attempts to rise but sinks back holding his right side. And he intermittently holds his right and then his left side during the entire picture.

Perhaps He Ate 'Em

Charles Ray in "The Ol' Swimmin' Hole," is shown standing in front of his girl's house with his shirt bulging with stolen apples. A close-up is shown and his shirt is empty. What became of the apples? R. Gordon, Columbus, Ohio.

Your Guess is as Good as Any

THE hero and heroine of "Kazan" are in a lonely cabin far in the frozen north, miles from any village. The villain breaks a pane of glass in a window to let in a lion to devour the hero. The next day the window appears unbroken, with no sign of having been disturbed. Kindly tell me if they have wandering Esquimau glaziers up there?

C. H. E., Covington, Ky.

Not at All Nautical

The scenes in Eddie Polo's serial, "King of the Circus" which were supposed to take place somewhere on the ocean, also show a salmon cannerie in the background, while the cameraman's shadow grinds merrily on. Nathan D. Reiss, Cleveland, Ohio.

This Is Too Much

I CONSIDER that I have a contribution worthy of your department. Incongruities on the screen are many and varied; but I find more to complain of right in the audience. While watching a popular star emote the other evening, I listened perforce to a young couple reading the subtitles in French, each two words behind the other—for the first half of the picture. The other half they occupied by looking over a photograph album which they produced from somewhere.

Charles Hardy, Winnipeg, Canada.

When Ignorance Is Convenient

Bill Hart in "The Testing Block" reads the notice offering $1,000 for his capture and rides up to the sheriff and collects the thousand. But later, after his wife has run away leaving the usual note, Bill laments over the fact that he cannot read.

A. C. C., New York City.

The Perils of Pearl—Continued

Pearl White, in "The Mountain Woman," is waylaid by bandits. She is taken to a deserted coal mine and with her hands bound securely behind her is left in the charge of three of the bandits. The scene changes and when we again return to the coal mine we see Pearl, her hands quite free, contemplating a dash for liberty.


The Month's Most Popular Error

In "The Girl and the Law," one of Universal's "Red Rider" series, Leonard Clapham, in the role of a valiant member of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, starts off in pursuit of a murderer. As he disappears in the shadows of a giant forest, he is observed to be wearing khaki breeches with a black stripe down each leg. Sunrise, and he gallops from the tall timbers. But, lo and behold, he is wearing black pants with white stripes!

Half a dozen mounted policemen hereabouts have been questioned about this and they unanimously declare it simply isn't done. The motto of the famous force is: "Get your man—then change your pants!" Dick Harrison, Saskatoon, Canada.

IT DIDN'T GET WET, DID IT?

Blanche Sweet is an extravagant private secretary! In "The Girl in the Web," when she and Dick are going home after a hard rain, they take a short cut across a grassy lawn, and Blanche allows her gown to trail carelessly along the ground.—E. C. S., Indianapolis, Ind.

Nothing to Do Until This Morning

In "Love" with Louise Glaum, eighteen hours constituted a working day for the star. Still, she got home from work in plenty of time to finish the evening meal, and have company later.

A. E. L., Mamaroneck, N. Y.
MISS VAN WYCK SAYS:

In this department, Miss Van Wyck will answer all personal problems referred to her. If stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, your questions will be answered by mail. This department is supplementary to the fashion pages conducted by Miss Van Wyck, to be found this issue on pages 42 and 43.

M. C., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Sleeve styles for summer are varied. If your gown is to be of crepe or other thin material, a graceful fashion would be the bell sleeve, that fits snugly at the upper arm and flows loosely from elbow to wrist.

V. B., NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Two-strapped slippers are more fashionable this summer than pumps. They are equally good with French or walking heels.

N. A. L., OHIO.—A sallow complexion is usually caused by a badly-regulated diet. You had better give up pastry, ice cream sodas and fried foods of all kinds. Eat plenty of salad, course vegetables and whole wheat bread. Open pores may be corrected by cleansing the face thoroughly with a good cold cream and then rubbing a piece of ice lightly over the face and neck. This must be continued daily to stimulate the skin and keep the flesh firm.

M. D. R., LOGANSPORT, IND.—Pipe your organdie frock with taffeta, either in a harmonizing or contrasting shade.

E. F., ANSONIA, CONN.—Will you tell me a bit more about yourself, your height, weight, and the way you dress your hair? Then I may be able to help you in deciding the type of hat that is most becoming.

C. E. W., CALIFORNIA.—Flesh and gray are the fashionable shades this summer in stockings for evening wear.

S. W., HAMPTON, VA.—Wooden beads are much used this season and make handsome girdles. A contrasting color of beads would be pretty with your blue frock.

A. D. Y., IOWA.—Taffeta in all shades is fashionable. If you wish a more striking material use printed crepe de chine.

E. J. E., BROOKLYN.—Unbleached cotton makes an effective and effective hangings for summer. A pretty room may be obtained by making the hangings and cushions of this material, edged with bias bands of cretonne in any color you choose.

K. L., MAINE.—There is a preference for sashes in brilliant hues to accompany light-colored summer frocks.

S. R., TENN.—Shoes and stockings in contrasting colors are not worn by the best dressed women. As a rule the hair is more effective if dressed high for the evening. A great deal of attention is being given to headaddresses, flowers, ribbon bands and brocaded ribbon all appearing as needed accessories with evening gowns.

Showing Them to the Indians

The Bureau of Commercial Economics in Washington owns and operates the motion picture theater motor truck shown in the accompanying photograph. It is to be used to show motion pictures of travel and industry to American Indians on the various Indian reservations, and will shortly leave for a tour of the middle west. The truck is equipped with a projection machine and other apparatus for the display of motion pictures. A screen, which can be set up anywhere in the outdoors is carried. The women, shown on the platform are Princess Tsinnina, noted Indian singer, and Miss Marie Boggs, dean of the Bureau of Commercial Economics of the Department of Public Instruction.
The Proper Abandon

(Continued from page 66)

little longer anyway to be sure of it. Won't you want some other animals in your menagerie? Let me play those roles. Wasn't I a good elephant? As Becky would put it: 'I'll ask you, warn't I?'

The girl's lips set themselves yet more forbiddingly. Then they relaxed and the corners of her mouth twitched the way Peter liked to see them.

"We shall need a lion and a monkey and a goat and a horse," she said.

"I'm sure I could do them acceptably,"

"Very well. Come children!"

Every morning thereafter found Peter Judkins in the park in the center of the square. Successively he was lion, monkey, goat, and horse, and then a camel and after that a dancing bear, and then all these things over again. And each successive part was harder to play, but never a hint of this from Peter. He went at it as if he considered each ridiculous stunt more enjoyable than the last. He wore continually one of those smiles that refuses to efface itself under any conditions.

One day when it rained and there was no play period in the park for the denizens of the house across the square Peter paced back and forth in front of the Elizabeth Patterson House a round half-dozen times, trying to get up his nerve to ring the bell and inquire if they didn't have the play-period for the backward children down in the basement or somewhere else under cover on rainy days, and if he couldn't join in under cover as well as out under the trees. But he couldn't quite get his courage up to the point of doing that; so he went away very depressed and disappointed with a feeling that this was a wholly futile day so far as he was concerned; and bought a paper to scan the weather forecast, and felt so far as he was concerned; and bought a paper to scan the weather forecast, and felt.

Sarah Wendell meantime found herself awfully about and corners of the evening paper in the night, but she couldn't quite get his courage up to the point of doing that; so he went away very depressed and disappointed with a feeling that this was a wholly futile day so far as he was concerned; and bought a paper to scan the weather forecast, and felt so far as he was concerned; and bought a paper to scan the weather forecast, and felt.

Sarah Wendell meantime found herself awfully about and corners of the evening paper in the night, but she couldn't quite get his courage up to the point of doing that; so he went away very depressed and disappointed with a feeling that this was a wholly futile day so far as he was concerned; and bought a paper to scan the weather forecast, and felt so far as he was concerned; and bought a paper to scan the weather forecast, and felt.

The Proper Abandon

(Continued from page 66)

WHILE the fine quality of San-Tox products is frequently attributed to the resources and methods of our laboratories, we believe its true source lies in the prevailing purpose of this institution: that all preparations which bear the San-Tox name shall be genuinely good. Our every effort is directed toward this goal. There are many San-Tox preparations, one for each need of toilet, health, and hygiene. You will find them in San-Tox drug stores only. The nurse's face on the packet and in the drug store window tells you which is San-Tox.

San-Tox

SAN-TOX FOR PURITY

THE DE PREE COMPANY
New York, Holland, Mich. San Francisco

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Proper Abandon
(Continued)

and wrote his delightful little squibs and illustrated them with the camera when they seemed to warrant such illustrating, and came to have an inordinate knowledge of people and places and events, and also developed that sixth sense of being on the spot when anything worthwhile in his line was about to happen.

Naturally Pudge knew a great deal about people who might at some time, present or future, be worth four or five sticks to him. So, when he poked through a little park in the middle of a square which was going to be frankly impersonating a fiery charger. He pawed the earth and tossed his mane—a length of haircloth fringe from the basement place which had become Peter's proper evening room—and champed the length of twine in his mouth that was at once bit, bridle and reins.

Upon his back a small but gayly-get-up young Veronese gentleman waved grandly a wooden sword. In the offing by one of the trees a distressed little lady of undoubted Yiddish extraction wobbled the blade and saved and mentioned dire things that might happen to the knight on the charger if the saving business was not put across at once. Human interest seemed to be uncertain years who had gone as quickly out of the life of the other as he had come into it—presumably. As the little party separated and came shuffling that evening Sarah Wendell turned into the street where she lived. Sarah always referred to it as "One of the late Seventies." She carried copies of three evening papers.

One was the paper with the most amusing cartoons; another had the best editorials; the third sheet was the one which filled up column-end with delightful little human-interest stories.

Sarah climbed the steps of a solid-looking old residence and drew out her latch-key. At the first sound of the key she had the whole house to herself. The rest of the family were scattered over various points of the map where summer always took them. Sarah's appearance. She opened the papers. She began first with the one that referred to it as "One of the late Seventies." She carried copies of three evening papers.

A portly female of uncertain years who had inferred to it as "One of the late Seventies." She carried copies of three evening papers.

"I'm learning to play with those kids," she said. "That makes it even more interesting," said the sympathetic soul beside him. "You see," Peter was explaining before. "Say, that's pretty nice of you to amuse them," said Pudge. "I'm learning to play with those kids," she said. "That makes it even more interesting," said the sympathetic soul beside him. "You see," Peter was explaining before.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed. "That makes it even more interesting," said the sympathetic soul beside him. "You see," Peter was explaining before. "Say, that's pretty nice of you to amuse them," said Pudge. "I'm learning to play with those kids," she said. "That makes it even more interesting," said the sympathetic soul beside him. "You see," Peter was explaining before.

Sarah was looking at a picture. It was the picture of a man down on all fours in the background and covered with outstretched arms and a mouth wide open as she bawled her appeals for help.

Pudge Sedgwick had done his work well before the last detail was the scene of the morning's game in the park wherein Sir Pasquale Vittori rode gallantly forth to succor the Princess Yetta Melinsky.
Sarah began to read it. She had not read four lines when she said: "Oh!" in tones of great distress. That same story every now and then. Three times Sarah read through Pudge Sedgwick's little masterpiece, and each time she read it she felt worse. Dinner was forgotten. Sarah got up. She went out of the house. She stepped over the low brownstone run that divided the steps of the Wendell house from the steps of the house next door. She rang the bell. Being impatient, she rang it again before there was the smallest chance of anyone answering that first ring.

"Is Mr. Bronson home, Matty?" she inquired of the maid who opened the door.

"Sure he is! Hello, Sarah! Come in and give an account of yourself," said a voice from the other end of the hall.

Gilman Bronson came towards her, his eyes beaming upon her from behind those outside spectacles.

"How goes the great work, my dear?" He looked her over slowly. "Sarah, you're looking a little too close. That isn't worth it. Better get away for a little. The hot weather is getting you.

"I'm not looking up to snuff, it isn't work nor the weather, said she. "It's because I'm frightened."

"Frightened?" he repeated as if it was a new thought to him that the girl before him could be frightened.

"I've done a foolish, silly, mean, unjust thing," said she.

"How can I help you? I can help you, can't I?"

He led the way into the big library at the right of the hall and switched on the lights.

"Yes, you can help me. You can help me a whole lot by answering some questions," he nodded.

"And not asking any yourself." He grinned, sobered, and nodded more emphatically.

"Quite as you say about that. Fire away!"

"Will you tell me a few things about your partner?" said Sarah.

"Which one?"

"Mr. Judkins."

"Oh, Peter, eh? Well, Peter is thirty-six, mighty good looking, tall, lean—"

"I don't mean about his appearance," Bronson grinned again, and then grew perhaps too serious. "What I'm after is something about his early life. Did his parents die when he was very young?"

"When he was six, I believe."

"And some neighbors took him in, and weren't very good to him, and he worked very hard, and finally ran away?"

"Correct. And having run away, he came down here and slept in strange places, and existed on strange viands and worked at strange makeshift jobs to keep his young soul in his body. And grew ambitious and worked his way through Columbia and the law school. Glutton for books, I believe; fearful young grind."

Oh, said Sarah in the same tone she had said it when she was reading Pudge Sedgwick's story under the cut of the snapshot.

"What else can I verify that he has told you?" asked Bronson with a twinkle in his eye.

"I haven't said he has told me anything," said Sarah.

"Well, hasn't he?"

"I believe you weren't to ask any questions. I'm under the impression you agreed to that quite readily."
An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to use Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use as directed in the directions sent with each bottle. More applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

The Proper Abandon

(Continued)

Carmel Myers, pretty Universal Film star, uses Garda Face Powder

A new, delightful fragrance, a rare clanging quality, win you instantly and long-lastingly to

Wanted

Dealers in the States and Canada. Write to Oppenheimer & Co., Dept. T-6-X, Winona, Minn. Est. 1868

DE LUXE BUILDING CO.

524 Union League Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to use Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use as directed in the directions sent with each bottle. More applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The B. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
The Proper Abandon

(Concluded)

Peter thought deeply for a time. He wrinkled his brows and heaped up a little pile of gravel with the toe of one shoe.

"Anyway," he said at length, "whether you meant to do so or not, you did teach me abandon. I'm going to prove to you just how thoroughly you imbued me with it. I think the only thing to do is to start in teaching me rightly how to play. And I think the lessons should continue a long, long time. So long as we both shall live."

He took a deep breath, as if he were about to dive into water that would be fearfully cold.

"Suppose you were more than half right in your surmises. Suppose you are justified in doing every last thing you have done. Suppose I did approach you that first morning I came here with some whimsical idea of learning to play; with the kids; at the beginning, but suppose that I hung around and came again and again—well, for reasons that gave you the justification I have mentioned. How would you feel about that?"

She kept her eyes on those houses across the square. The red in her cheeks deepened. There was an interval of silence that began to be oppressive and ominous.

"I think the lessons should continue a long, long time. So long as we both shall live."

"Wait," he said. "Wait before you answer. You've been mighty fine and square about all this. I've got to be just as square with you."

Peter Judkins suddenly straightened himself with a great effort.

"Well," said Sarah slowly at length, "I suppose I do owe you—"

Dusty leaves rustled softly above their heads. The glory of a perfect late summer morning descended upon even the dingy little part in the down-at-the-heel little square.

A soft red crept up the girl's neck and into her cheeks. She looked beyond the trees at the houses across the square. The dusty leaves rustled softly above their heads. The glory of a perfect late summer morning descended upon even the dingy little part in the down-at-the-heel little square.

"Well," said Sarah slowly at length, "I suppose I do owe you—"

He took a deep breath, as if he were about to dive into water that would be fearfully cold.

"Suppose you were more than half right in your surmises. Suppose you are justified in doing everything you have done. Suppose I did approach you that first morning I came here with some whimsical idea of learning to play; with the kids; at the beginning, but suppose that I hung around and came again and again—well, for reasons that gave you the justification I have mentioned. How would you feel about that?"

A科学性的对抗者，他的每一个行动都被记录。他们采纳了同样的方法和手段。

No censor could find fault with "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." It was a book of fifteen hanged himself, after witnessing "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." He was a boy who came, with his sister, from Hartford, Conn., to Arthur's Court. "He was a boy who came, with his sister, from Hartford, Conn., to Arthur's Court."

A PARTICULARLY tragic thing happened in New York recently. A boy of fifteen hanged himself, after witnessing "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." He was a boy who came, with his sister, from Hartford, Conn., to Arthur's Court.
Jake your complexion seriously

Are your pores enlarged or clogged with waste matter? Is your skin rough, unusually oily, blotched, or red? Don't neglect the treatment of these defects when Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap usually overcome such troubles quickly and easily. Resinol Ointment soothes and heals the skin while Resinol Soap cleanses and refreshes it. Try them and see. At all druggists.

RESINOL

Short-Story Writing
A Course of Forty Lessons, taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of The Writer's Monthly. One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time. Hundreds are selling right along to the leading magazines and the best producing companies. Also courses in Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, Versification, Journalism, etc. 150-Page illustrated catalogue free. Please Address Z&e Home Correspondence School Dept. 95, Springfield, Mass.

Freckles
are "as a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use STILLMAN'S Cream Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Proven by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet, 'Wouldst Thou Be Fair'. Contains many beauty hints. Sold by all druggists. STILLMAN CREAM CO. Dept. 32, Aurora, Ill.

Learn to Dance
You can learn Fox-Trot, One-Step, Two-Step, Waltz and latest "up-to-the-minute" society dances in your own home by the wonderful Peak System of Mail Instruction. New Diagram Method. Easily learned; no music needed; thousands taught successfully; success absolutely guaranteed. WRITE TODAY FOR FREE INFORMATION AND LOW OFFER. WILLIAM CHANDLER PEAK, Room 39, 4737 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

BIP MONEY IN POP-CORN CALESERS
Perrin Sold $350 One Day

Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes. The famous writer and his wife are now visiting the Goldwyn studios in California. The relationship that is almost perfect. I am not surprised at myself—though sometimes I am at her. But we early eliminated the bunco. A writer is not an easy man to live with—for that matter, neither is a plumber, a doctor nor a Sunday school superintendent.

"Marriage—I have wandered a bit—but marriage in itself isn't bad. Of course a lot of the people who are in it aren't any credit to it. But that is true of almost everything. It is actually full of compensations, wonderful joys and solemnities. It is the bunk that people hand out—the silly sentimental deceit, the absolute wall of rose-colored tradition, all false, that makes it a bunco game.

"Say—'marriage is here. It's a hard proposition, but if you don't like it at first you can shuffle over and get a new deal.' Then at least you're honest."

A call boy appeared. Mr. Hughes, whose next picture, "The Old Nest," featuring Mary Alden, is in preparation, was wanted on the set. He said "Good-by" and left me to try to remember all he had said.
Mary Got Her Hair Wet!
(Continued from page 35)

She made a vacation trip to California, and Fate picked her up and set her down on the Mack Sennett lot—which wasn’t exactly the place you would have picked for a school teacher.

Right now I think Mary is waiting for Fate to pick her up again and do something. She has just completed her contract with Allan Dwan. She has gained dramatic experience and poise playing leads with him. She thinks she is really now to do big things.

I rather agree with her.

I never thoroughly understood Mary Thurman until I discovered her ancestry. She is half English, a quarter Danish and a quarter Irish.

She thinks like an Irishwoman, feels like a Dane and acts like an Englishman.

For, in spite of the hair and the figure that testifies of her Sennett days, she’s a prim, dignified little thing, is Mary Thurman.

At home, she wears odd little frocks of her own designing, with long bodices, short full skirts and rounded, low necks. They suit her. She is never entirely comfortable in anything else. Up to this year, she made all her own clothes, because she liked them best. I saw her at the theater the other evening in one of her own style gowns of sea-green chiffon, copied exactly after a blue and white linen I’d seen her wear at home.

She is an oddly colorful person, much more vivid and exotic in person than she is in mind. Her eyes, which are deep blue like a Dane’s, float on the stream of life, all gay flags and floating on the stream of life, all gay flags and

She is somehow like a gay little boat, floating on the stream of life, all gay flags and...
FASHIONED from the cleverest Wool Jersey fabrics that take to the water in the most sporting way. Famous among smart women everywhere for their perfect fit and exquisite plastic beauty of line.

Shown at all modern shops in a wide range of fascinating styles for Women, Misses and Juniors.

Not every knitted Bathing suit is an Annette Kellermann. To get the genuine, make sure that your Suit bears the label showing the name "Annette Kellermann" in red.

Write to us for name dealer nearest to you

ASBURY MILLS
Makers of Annette Kellermann Bathing Suit and Swimming Tights
Registered

FASHIONED from the cleverest Wool Jersey fabrics that take to the water in the most sporting way. Famous among smart women everywhere for their perfect fit and exquisite plastic beauty of line.

Shown at all modern shops in a wide range of fascinating styles for Women, Misses and Juniors.

Not every knitted Bathing suit is an Annette Kellermann. To get the genuine, make sure that your Suit bears the label showing the name "Annette Kellermann" in red.

Fashion's Decree

this season is light, filmy fabrics. Dela tone enables discriminating women to wear them with perfect freedom.

DEL-A-TONE

is a well-known scientific preparation for removing hair safely and surely from neck, face or under-arms.

Prepared scientifically, it leaves the skin clear, firm and perfectly smooth. Easy to apply. Dripped into with Dela tone, or an original 1 oz. jar will be mailed to any address on receipt of 

SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. N.X. 335 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

DOLLARS IN HA R E S

We pay 50c on a pair and 10c on a pair and express charges. Big Profit. We furnish described high quality stock and buy all you raise. Use back yard, barn, boxes and runways. Contact and Winfield Catalog Free.
Standard Food & Fur Ass'n
4018 Broadway
New York

The House That Jokes Built

(Continued from page 37)

"I says to the architect: 'You ain't goin' to tell me how to build a barn, are you? You go round front and play with your Louis Quince and your velvet saddle blankets.'"

middle of the front lawn. They'd a had all sorts of ideas about what pictures had done to me if I had.

"Oh, yes, an' he had a little marble pool of gold fish, too. Imagine me sayin' to some of the cow hands I know, when they come up for a little amusement, 'Let's go out and look at the gold fish!'"

"No, sir, I sent them gold fish right back to Tiffany's.

"I got a swell ring in my front yard now, too. It's as big as the one in Madison Square Garden—a regular tan bark ring.

"When I first mentioned I had it in mind, these architects and landscapers acted like Burleson and Pinkerton after the election. 'You can't do that,' they said, 'nobody hasn't ever done that before.'

"I says, that was what they said about prohibition, but good liquor costs about twenty-five dollars a quart around Hollywood-wood now, and while that ain't prohibition, it sounds like a Republican tariff, don't it?

"Course none of that means anything to me. I ain't ever been able to drink whisky. The taste don't suit me. For myself, I prefer a little red ink. Tastes kinda good, it sounds like a Republican tariff, don't it?

"Other mornin' a nice old lady and gent ride right up into my yard. There's a wall, but of course there's a gate too, and they come rompin' right in, in a big limousine looked like a hearse.

" 'He looks at me sorta stern and says, 'Ain't this Bill Hart's place?' I allowed it was.

"'Told ye it was, told ye it was,' he says, givin' the old lady a dig in the ribs with his elbow.

"'Oh heck, I didn't see no use spoilin' their fun. They'd never heard of me, probably, and they seemed to have a lot of regard for Bill Hart. An' that's a harmless amusement.

"Inside the house, too, we got a lot of phonographs and ampicos, and some trick movie machines. But gosh, I'm no good with them things. My kids has all got me roped and tied when it comes to puttin' on phonograph records and them papers that's all shot full of holes that go in pianos. An' as for those trick 'have your own pictures at home' machines—shoot, it don't seem to have any notion what it's for itself.

"Have to stop it at the end of every reel and put on a new one. I always get 'em on upside down. Once we ran a whole reel that-a-way without knowin' it.

"Some pictures are that way.

"Come on out some Sunday and I'll show you around.

"Any Sunday, except next Sunday. I gotta go down to Pomona and make a speech about the Sunday Blue Laws because they're goin' to have an election down there next Monday.

"They're tryin' to shut up all the theaters and the cigar stands—and, let me see, I can't remember whether they're goin' to let the churches stay open or not. They included 'em the time they shut up everything for the flu.

"It's goin' to be right hard on some of these preacher if they quit Sunday movies. They'll have to write a Sunday night sermon once in a while.

"But it looks to me like I haven't got much right to horn in on this anyway," Well, come out some Sunday and see the 'House that Jokes Built.'
Mother O’Mine

(Continued from page 45)

smile, who sang “Pinafore” and “Iolanthe” and “Mikado” to enraptured audiences and finally married a young actor named Charles Chaplin.

He died and left her with two little boys, Charles, Jr., and Sydney. Small wonder that the bond between the young mother and her boys was close.

And small wonder that her new pride in her two sons is helping to lift the veil of her illness.

Do you remember that little trick Charlie has of covering his mouth with his hand when he laughs? And the well-known, deliciously funny shrug?

Sydney Chaplin tells me that he inherited both of them from the little gray-haired woman who sits in the window.

“Mother has—always had—the keenest, most delightful sense of humor,” said Charlie, with a tender smile. “I remember it in all my thoughts of the early days. If I have any sense of fun, I owe it all to her.”

Perhaps everybody is not as grateful for laughs as I am. But I feel that we owe Mrs. Hannah Chaplin many thanks—those of us who have laughed joyously at the reproductions of her in her son.

Oddly enough, his mother does not find the great screen idol particularly funny. Perhaps that is because, during the years of the war when she lived so close to the seeming wreck of civilization and Christianity, Mrs. Chaplin became devoutly, earnestly religious. She reads little now except the Bible. She cares for little that does not, as she puts it, “tend to teach the world to believe in and live the religion of Christ.”

“You seem a very remarkable young man,” she said to her son. “Wherever I go, no matter what the society or the place, I hear you spoken of in terms of love and admiration. I am very glad, my son. But I do not exactly see why.”

She has seen only one of Charlie’s pictures, an old one called “Shanghaied.”

* * * *

But now that he has so established himself, become so famous, his mother can see but one future for him.

“My son,” she said to him on an evening soon after her arrival, when they all sat together in the drawing-room of Sydney’s house, and she was at her best, “You must give up the screen and enter the pulpit. Think of the souls you could save!”

It staggered Charlie a bit.

And these two—the famous comedian who in real life is so simple, so sincere, so serious a person, and the little spiritual-faced woman who bore him—they had one of those discussions that mothers and sons must always have if the world is to go on at all.

Charlie tried to show her that in the pulpit he could reach but a few people compared to the vast number he reaches on the screen. He tried to explain to her his philosophy—that in making people laugh cleanly he was helping them to grow kinder, more tolerant, more law-abiding, that he was bringing sweetness into the world.

Wasn’t that better?
Wash Away Hair with El-Rado
There are numerous ways to remove undesirable hair. You want the sure and safe way. You want the pleasant way to remove hair from the underarms, neck, arms and limbs. That way is the El-Rado way. El-Rado is a ready-to-use liquid which removes hair quickly and easily and leaves the skin smooth and white. Summer is here—the use of El-Rado will permit you to enjoy the comfort of filmy waists, sleeveless gowns and cob-webby hose. El-Rado is guaranteed satisfactory or your money will be promptly refunded. On sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters.

Two Sizes: 60c and $1.00.

Send your order for $1.00 size to us with stamps or money order if your dealer is out of El-Rado. It will be mailed along with directions and interesting letters of users.

PILGRIM MFG. CO., Dept. 1257
112 East 19th Street, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Canadian Distributors: DIxon-Wilson, Ltd.
Dept. 1257
66 Spadina Ave., Toronto

The Photograph
(Continued from page 32)

was Sol's experience that no man could hope to understand a woman until he was very old. He himself was still learning even now.... learning how little he knew.

"I tell you, Mrs. Wainton, an' you, Mr. Wainton, too, there's some things that a man sees in his life that he don't never git over a-tall .... no, nor don't understand, neither.

He paused then and the husband who so far had had very little to say spoke to his wife.

"Peggy, you're tired. Why not wait and have a talk with Mr. Gritting tomorrow morning?"

"Oh! Tony, you wouldn't be so mean, surely!"

"All right," said the husband, "if you must, you must. Mr. Gritting won't keep you too long, I daresay!"

Sol, afraid that he might be robbed of his audience, went on with his story.

"Mrs. Wainton, can you see that little hole in the woodwork to the right of the chimney... from what you're settin'? Can you guess what it is?"

She shook her head. "'N-no!'" she said

"It's not the mark of a bullet, is it?"

"The mark of a bullet," said Sol. "Yes, sir, the mark of a bullet .... that was two fired ... two of them. I guess I'd tell yuh everything now that I've got you..."

"It was just about twenty-two years ago: twenty-two years ago next March: an' it might uv been yesterday. White Gap ain't much of a place to visit in March, though you wouldn't git better March weather anywhere, but in this pertickler March we had guests. Two. Man an' his wife. Both young. an' jist as much in love with each other as ... well, as any young couple on a honeymoon could be. Yes, I dunno when I met a young feller I liked as much, an' Ellen, my wife, Mrs. Wainton, she die jest about eleven years ago last summer ... a purty good jedge uh character Ellen was an' she told me she didn't want to know a nicer young lady than the wife. She an' him was jist like a couple uh kids together. You could see them wanderin' round over the rocks an' hills, hand in hand and talkin' jest like the days wasn't long enough for them to say all what they wanted to say. Evenin's, they'd sit here in front of the fire, an' melibe ask Ellen an' the man an' then an' hour or so with 'em before bedtime.

"Yes, that little girl was great. Good-lookin', sure, like a picture. Not tall, smaller'n most girls, I guess, an' dark-haird, an' if you seen her once you wouldn't never forget her ... no, sir, you wouldn't forget her, never. I wasn't surprised that the young feller worshipped her. I wasn't sure prised a-tall!"

"Ellen, she sez to me one day, when we'd been havin' a few words, that they was a lesson to folks what had got every cold an' startin', an' it seems like she's tryin' to see what kind of a feller I am. I was ... now, let me see, forty-eight years, Mrs. Wainton. An' I guess you wouldn't uv met a stronger man in the county fer my height. I 'pologize" sez he, 'if I actured. But I'm in a hurry an' I got to talk plain an' act plain.' An' then he asked me if I got any guests in the house. 'Why, yes, sez I, you'll gen'ly hear and I got a young feller come in this very morning.' He grins, then. 'Man an' a girl? he asks. 'Young feller an his wife; honeymoon couple,' sez I. He grins again—ugly as sin be is, jest an' not much younger than me. Git that, Mrs. Wainton! A man not far short uh fifty! 'Honeymoon couple!' he sez. 'Right! You needn't tell me the name,'
"So you've found us at last!" says the young fellow at the foot of the stairs. "Yes," says the other. "I'd like to have the pleasure of a few minutes' conversation." He says, "alone!" "Sure," says the other. "All this time he's looking at the girl, not the dining room." "Yes," says the other. "I have. I'd like to have all this time he's looking at the girl, not her story."

"An' then she remembers," says the young fellow, "an' all of a sudden she's off in a faint once more. I ain't a man a right to his own wife? His eyes is like snake's eyes an' he's amusin' me. An' then he sez: 'You've had a hard time of it with that yeller cur - but the other door is locked, too, so I go back to the lobby ag'in. No, they won't open. Them two is in this room here by themselves."

"Yes, my husband . . . 'Poor little girl!' says the man with the cold eyes . . . the fat man . . . stands lookin' at her, grinnin' like he's amused. An', sez he, 'it's all right. No need to be scared, dearest! No need a-tall!' I'm glad I found you, you poor little thing!' sez he. "You've had a hard time of it with that yeller cur . . . hard time . . . but it's over now . . . you're comin' home an' you're goin' to be happy . . . so happy . . . so doggone happy we'll hardly believe it!' An', sez he, 'did he mean it? Did he mean it?'

"Is he dead?' sez the other in a whisper. 'Is he dead?' The love of God, tell me is he dead?"

"'No,' sez he, 'oh, no! he's not dead, my purty one!' He laughs an' tetches her with the toe of his boot. 'Git yer coat an' hat an' make haste . . . the sooner the better . . . the sooner the better. An' sez to me he sez: 'He shot me first!' He looks at me like he's darin' me to argue. He shot me first,' sez he, "alright! An', sez Ellen lookin' sick an' worried: 'Tom Lurt, he's the hired man I has in them days, an' Lord knows who else crowdin' into the lobby. 'Yes,' sez he, 'he fired first. I guess he'd uv added to his other sins by murder!' That man, talkin' of murder or sins, hey? That devil! He taps the girl on the shoulder. 'Come on,' sez he, 'come on home,' sez he. "Don't disturb her," sez he, 'mebbe she's suffered enough!' Yes, Mrs. Wainton, that's what he tells me outside the room yonder, with the girl still crouchin' in a heap on the floor, moanin' with her hands to her throat an' slides in a little heap to the floor."

"Yes, sez he then, 'keep out!' 'They've locked the door!' sez the girl. Very white an' more angry, an' the girl is beatin' on the arm an' lifts her to her feet, but she can't stand . . . she's off in a faint once more . . . an' so he has to carry her out to the buckboard.

"'An' then the husband . . . that fat, cold-blooded swine . . . takes hold of her by the arm an' lifts her to her feet, but she can't stand . . . she's off in a faint once more . . . an' so he has to carry her out to the buckboard."

"What can we do that would help any? Go git me a coat or something to wrap her in," sez he. "An' make haste!" An' then he sez: 'Is he your husband?' sez Ellen. "'Yes,' sez he. 'Yes, yes,' sez Ellen. 'Yes, he's my husband . . . Poor little girl! say, it's tough on her, the whole business! Tough as . . . as well, it was terrible tough! An' then the husband . . . that fat, cold-blooded swine . . . takes hold of her by the arm an' lifts her to her feet, but she can't stand . . . she's off in a faint once more . . . an' so he has to carry her out to the buckboard."

"That was the last I seen of her. Or of him, either. She went away, poor little thing, leavin' the man she loved with a bullet wound in his chest, an' never a word to explain what it meant. But we knowed . . . we knewed . . . we knewed at last! Married to that devil, hey! An' why . . . God knows. Twenty-five years too old for her, an' she was crazy. No, it was bad, that man was, you'd only to see him once an' you knew what he was without askin'! An' why had she married a man like that? Hey! An' why did her folks had made her, or what . . . it's been a mystery to me to this day!"

"So I paused. "'And the other man?' asked the girl almost under her breath."

"He died. Yes, Mrs. Wainton, he died, next mornin'. We had a doctor quick as we could get one from Santa Teresa, but he couldn't save him. A bad time, that Mrs. Wainton . . . a bad time. Folks goin' round . . ."
Photoplay

Magazine — Advertising Section

The Photograph
{Continued)

hair net

tip-toe an' talkin' in whispers an' the lad
dyin'
... he went he said that he wanted to
"Before
see me. The doctor was there an' old Ed
Arlock, the dep'ty sheriff, an' little Milder,
the lawyer ... he was from Santa Teresa
as well. Them three an' me, upstairs in the
room, with the sun shinin' through the window . . . yeh, an' with that poor girl's
things layin' round whar she's left 'em the
night before ... all but what she'd had on
when she went away. An' what did he
want? I'll tell yuh. He'd had little Milder
write out a kind uh legal docyment to say
that he'd tried to kill the other feller! See!
An' that the other feller had had to shoot
him in self-defense! That was all! So that
thar wouldn't be no more fuss than was
needed. But he didn't give no names. He
kept his mouth shut an' died without sayin'
a word who the man was or the girl or
nothin'. An' as fer that about tryin' to kill
. . . an' shootin' in self-defense . . . waal,
you gotter show me!
"Jest at the end I asks if it hurts. He
looks at me, like he didn't know. 'No,' he
sez after a while, 'no, not half as much as it
would have hurt if I'd lived an' she with
him!' An' I guess that was almost the last
words he said. Say, I felt bad. Mrs. Wainton an' Mr. Wainton, I guess I never felt
quite so bad in my life as I did then . . .

*

(S7lfitting "Cwwn for thcQiieen ofHearts
Packed in Dainty Blue
Containing One Net
ContainingTwo Nets
Containing Four Nets

Envelopes
-for 15*
-for 25*
-fir 50*

At all Good Stores

no, not till Ellen herself died, I didn't!
Mebbe thar's folks 'ud say him an' the girl
deserved their punishment. But I ain't so
sure! No, I ain't so Sure, not when I think
uh that husband uh hers! Why in the name
o'f all that's terr'ble had the girl married a
man like that? What was the reason?
She'd run away from him, sure . . . with
another man! Wrong of her, hey! Uh

PLAIN,
UNATTRACTIVE
INSTANTLY BEAUTIFIED

course it was wrong! A bad woman, warn't
she! Well, I don't know. I guess I seen too
much uh human natur' in the raw to jedge
other folks off-hand without hearin' the evidence both sides. Seems to me thar's a deal
uh truth in that what was said about castin'
the first stone! It's easy to talk, but it's
darn' hard to talk sense. An' how do we
know what we'd do ourselves sim'larly fixed,

EYES
WITH

Just a tonch of "MAYBELLINE" will make light,
short, thin, uneven eyelashes and brows appear naturally dark, long and luxurious, thereby giving charm,
beauty and soulful expression to any eyes. Unlike
other preparations. The instant beautifying effect
will delight you. Perfectly
harmless. Used by beautiful
women everywhere.
Comes in dainty purple and
gold box, containingmirrorand
brush. Two shades, Brown for
Blonds, Black for Brunettes.

Sol ended abruptly and sat, with his arms
folded, staring into the fire. For a while nobody said a word. And then the girl gave a
little sigh.
hey?"
"I think," she said, "I think, Mr. Gritting, that's the saddest story I ever heard!
That poor little thing waiting outside the

TSc at your dealer's or

direct from ua. Accept only
genuine
Tear out"MAYBELLINE".
this ad NOW
as a reminder.
MA.YBELL LABORATORIES
4305-21 Grand Blvd., Chicago

Portable
Typewriter
Now you can buy
the famous, 9pound National Typewriter on time — direct from
the factory. Same as used by thousands of doctors, lawyers, bankers, salesmen, students, writers
and business men in 31 countries. Every feature
of best, standard size machines. 28 keys, 84 characters. Brand new — not a rebuilt typewriter.
Neat, compact carrying case free with every
machine. Send today for our 10 Days' Free Trial
Offer and 10 Months' Easy Payment Plan.
National Typewriter Co., Dept. 8G, Fond dn Lac, Wit.

"Yes,
ma'm," said Sol: "waitin' outside
..."
door
the door an' hearin' the shootin' an' not
knowin' which uh the two she'd see ..."
"And this was the room . . . was it!"
Once again the girl looked quickly over her
shoulder as though afraid even now of someone she could not see. Then she slipped her
hand into her husband's and smiled at him.
"It must be too awful . . . too awful to
think of . . . for a girl to be married to a
man that she doesn't love! I'd rather die at
once and have done with it. I'm all right,
The husband nodded his head gravely.
anyhow."
"Yes,
Peggy . . . why, of course!"
"I remember mother telling me when I
was quite little that if I didn't love the man
I married I'd better not get married at all.
She knew, didn't she?"
Sol."Is yer father alive, Mrs. Wainton?" said
She shook her head. "He died when I
was too small to remember him. Mother
always said I'd had the best and dearest
father in the world. I'm lucky, Mr. Gritting!
I've got the best and dearest husband as
"Now, Peggy," said the young man, with

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

is guaranteed.

a little grin. "Now, Peggy, you'll have Mr.
Gritting thinking we're not the old married
couple he knows we are! Is that all, Mr.
"Yes," said Sol, "that's all. Queer story,
warn't
it! Thar's a lot uh queer things hapGritting?"
pened around this old hotel, but I guess
that's the queerest. Uh course in them days
folks warn't as pertickler as they is now
about
TharThe
warn't
trouble killin'
aboutan'thethings!
inquest.
papermuch
the
young feller had written before he died explained all that was wanted. He was buried
in Santa Teresa. Uh course, Mrs. Wainton
an' Mr. Wainton, the names that they went
by here wasn't their real names! I know
that right enough, an' that's about all that
I do know fer certain. Sometimes I'd think
that
I'd dreamt
everything
. but . fer
the bullet
mark in
the wall!. . That
. .
yes, an' the picture. Say, Mrs. Wainton,
mebbe you'd be interested in seein' a photo
I got uh the girl. An' as far as that goes,
I got a heap uh photographs in the cupboard
that I'd like you to see . . . some uh the
place an' some uh folks I've had stayin'
here. You ain't too tired, are you, Mrs.
"I am rather tired now," said the girl
with a little shiver. "I don't know what's
Wainton?"
wrong
with me to-night, Tony, but I feel
creepy. I've felt like th t ever since I came
into the room. I told you, didn't I? Hello!
there's Mrs. Drackett . . . did you want
me,"Mrs.
Mrs. Wainton,"
Drackett?" she said, "I thought,
mebbe,
you'd like
takebe some
water upstairs
. . . me
wouldto you
going hot
up
"I'm coming right now, Mrs.
Tony, I'm almost asleep. No,
where you are. Mr. Gritting, I'll
night. Thank you for telling me

Drackett.
you wait
say goodall about

that
poorat little
girl ... I in
think
I'll wait
andsoon?"
look
the photographs
the morning,
but my husband would like to see them,
I'm sure. You would, Tony, wouldn't
"You bet your life, Mr. Gritting . . .
And so Sol seated himself in front of the
fire
the book of photographs in his lap
of course!"
why,with
and talked of men and women who had
stayed at his hotel years before and had
away, leaving as the sole reminder of
gone
their existence their pictures and perhaps
their names. He had plenty to say. His
memory had never been better. Long-forgotten
you!"anecdotes came back to him. It was,
he felt, difficult to know where to stop.
"Yes, Mr. Wainton, it's remarkable how
seein' these pictures brings things back to
me . . . guess I could go on talkin' from
looked
up suddenly
..." to find the young
mornin'
nowHe till
man yawning.
"Mebbe," he said politely, "you're too
tired, Mr. Wainton, to see any more!"
"No ... go right ahead. I'm most inBut there was in his voice, Sol knew,
something that implied that he was forcing
terested."
himself
to do his duty, out of politeness, and
after that Sol's enthusiasm went. The
he finished, the better for both of
quicker
morning. He
them.
should have waited until the

He turned over a page in the book and
picked up a small photograph mounted on
thin cardboard.
"This is her I was talkin' about,' he
said. The girl's face gazed at him wistfully
out of the picture, just as he had seen her
years before when she had imagined no one
she?" he
ain't
was watching
said.
"My wifeher.
found"Purty,
the photo
in the room
after that poor young feller cashed in. Ed


The Photograph

(Continued)

Arlock, the deputy sheriff, he allowed us'd put it aside an' not let the folks have it. see'n perhaps they didn't know nothin' about the girl. Ann' then two years after, the girl herself wrote an' said her husband was dead an' she was left with an' she went to her little girl was livin' in San Francisco . . . would I write to her? She never give me her name. I never asked. I wrote care of the Post Office, San Francisco . . an' sent her the things she'd left, but not the picture. Ellen asked her if we might keep it, as a kind uh memento, an' she wrote back an' said that we could. Purty, ain't she, Mr. Wainton?'

"May I look at it a minute?" said the young man. He took the picture into his hands.

"That's just how she was, Mr. Wainton, when she was here. Appearance was ag'in her, mebbe, but I don't care. Thar warn't a better nor a truer girl in the world than her . . . Is anything the matter, Mr. Wainton? You're lookin' queer . . ."

"No," said the young man in what Sol considered a strained, unnatural voice: "no, Mr. Gritting . . . it's the heat of the room, I guess. And so this is the girl, is it? I see . . . pretty, isn't she? you're right . . ."

"Yes!" She must have had her picture taken so soon after she married that pizen skunk of a husband uh hers. Seems kind of old-fashioned, don't she? But I guess if we was to see Mrs. Wainton dressed up in them same clothes an' wearin' her hair done that ways, we'd be surprised how diff'rent she'd look! An' come to think of it, Mrs. Wainton ain't unlike the picture herself, anyways, is she? Say, I never seen it before, but ain't that a wonderful likeness? Only that Mrs. Wainton ain't so dark an' she's taller! Why, Mr. Wainton, what's wrong with you?"

"I wouldn't uv had that happen fer any-thing," he said. "What did you do it fer, Mr. Wainton?"

"It was an accident, of course!"

An accident! Only the deep-rooted feel-
ing that there could be no possible reason for the young man wanting to destroy a photograph of a girl who was a grown woman before he was born kept Sol from saying that he did not believe what was told him.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Gritting. I . . . I felt queer . . . dizzy . . ."

"I'm sorry, too," said Sol gloomily.

"Twenty-two years I had that picture, an' now it's gone. The only one in the world, too, I guess. Mrs. Wainton will be dis-appointed she didn't see it!"

"How do you know?" asked the young man.

"I shouldn't be too sure about that, Mr. Gritting. Sol was more puzzled than ever.

"You mean, mebbe, that's other folks got copies uh the girl's picture, hey! It ain't likely, not after all this time, is it?"

H OW would you like to make $42 an hour? That is what Martin S. DeMuth did. He was third prize winner in the Victory Hall Poster Contest held at New York City. An unknown artist, this Federal student won fame overnight. Mr. DeMuth started his poster for this contest on a Wednesday afternoon. He finished it Thursday afternoon and delivered it just before closing time.

Competes With Famous Artists

Imagine his surprise when the newspapers announced him as winner of the $500 prize. The other prizes were won by artists of international repute — men with years of experience in the work. Over night this Federal student took his place in the ranks of prominent artists.

How would you like to have your name placed side by side with the names of the greatest artists in the United States as did this Federal student? All these men were students once just like Mr. DeMuth. You too have the same chances for success.

Learn in Your Spare Time

Every mail brings us letters from some of our students telling of their advancements and increased salaries won through spare time study. "Don't wait any longer. Take the step now that will turn your liking for drawing into money. Turn your wasted hours and dull moments into profit and pleasure. You can easily learn in your spare time without interfering with your regular work. Sixty of America's leading artists and illustrators will tell you how. They will guide you step by step to success and help you solve every problem. These men teach you the same principles and practices that have made them such big successes.

Get This Free Book

Send for a copy of the book "A Road to Bigger Things." It tells about the opportunities waiting in the world of illustrating and cartooning. It tells how many nationally known artists got their start that made their names famous. Send for your copy of this free book today. State your name, address and age. Send 6c in stamps to cover mailing cost.

BATHASWEET

TRADE MARK REG.

Bath with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriosity to your bath — cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

PERFUMES YOUR BATH — SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY

Three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1. At all drug and department stores or by mail. Send 2c stamps for sample.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Bobbed Hair Strikes a New Note in Your Appearance

RUTH ROLAND, motion picture star, says, “The NATIONAL BOB is not only smart, but it makes your hair prettier and beautiful. It falls in dainty little curls around your head making you delightfully lovely and saving your own hair too. The two little combs on the inside of the Bob and a few invisible hairpins attach it securely—on and off in a jiffy. Send us a strand of your hair and $10. The National Hair Goods Co. Dept. P 368 Sixth Avenue New York will be sent you at once, postpaid. You'll find it the best thing you ever did to improve your appearance. Invisible hairpins attach it securely—on and off in a jiffy. Send us a strand of your hair and $10. The National Hair Goods Co. Dept. P 368 Sixth Avenue New York. Bob will be sent you at once, postpaid. You'll find it the best thing you ever did to improve your appearance. Invisible hairpins attach it securely—on and off in a jiffy. Send us a strand of your hair and $10. The National Hair Goods Co. Dept. P 368 Sixth Avenue New York.

The Girls can promote a million dollar look, for Graces Healthy Condition of Hair Cannot Be Purchased. Ask us about anything in hair goods—we handle everything.

Ask us about anything in hair goods—we handle everything.

RUTH ROLAND, motion picture star, says:

“Why, no, perhaps not! Perhaps not, Mr. Gritting! And perhaps the poor thing’s dead by now, too.”

“Not as I know of,” said Sol, wondering why the young man was looking at him so strangely. “Last month, hey! Oh! And didn’t you say there was a little girl, Mr. Gritting? . . . a daughter?”

Sol, who knew that no one had ever had a better right to feel hurt and angry and dis- noded, nodded his head sulkily. “Yeh, an’ I guess it was havin’ her, Mr. Wainton,” what made life less like hell than it might have been! She’s a woman now . . . a real woman, my mother was mar- ried! I’d like to see her, Mr. Wainton . . . I sure would. But I never will. It won’t do, wouldn’t help. Mr. Gritting, it wouldn’t do!”

He rose to his feet, then, and stood gazing down at Sol with a grim smile on his lips and a look in his eyes that seemed in some mysterious way to be asking a question.

 Plays and Players (Continued from page 79)

T HIS not only stars who when elevated to heights become temperamental. The boys are telling this one around the Athletic Club on Bernie Fineman, manager for Katherine MacDonald.

A friend called him at the studio on the telephone promptly on a business matter.

The cool voice of the telephone girl came back from the other end of the wire, “Sorry, but Mr. Fineman is at his exercises in the handball court.”

Half an hour later, the friend called again and again the distant voice remarked, “You can’t speak to Mr. Fineman now, he’s in the showers taking a cold bath.”

Still later; “Mr. Fineman can’t come to the phone just now. He’s being rubbed.”

Whereupon the friend decided to quit, not knowing where he might find Bernie next time.

But it sounds like a nice life, doesn’t it?

POMONA, a small town near Los Angeles, voted April 4th on Sunday “Blue Laws,” including the closing of all theaters and amusements on Sunday.

The proposed closing ordnance carried by 43 votes.

That is considered the opening wedge in the campaign for Blue Sunday laws, since it is said that the forces in favor of a closed Sunday watched the results carefully to judge by the outcome as to whether to start similar fights in other towns.

The fact that Pomona, a town near Hollywood, the home of the motion picture industry, made it a vitally telling point. If they could close Pomona, they could close any place.

They closed Pomona.

There will now be nothing to do in Pomona on Sunday but walk out to the cemetery, sneak off and sleep, or sleep. Your neighbors will complain if you play the phonograph.

But here, so they say, is a story behind a story, and it illustrates once again what it seems prohibition should have finally accomplished. The people who believe that if they close everything up on Sunday idle hands will find something new but good to do, are united.

They have “got together.” So has the phonograph.

But apparently the people who believe in happiness on Sunday just as well as on any other day; who believe that innocent amusement is legitimate, have succeeded in making them believe in the phonograph. In fact, among them are, naturally, the motion picture producers.

The day before the Pomona Blue Laws election was Sunday. On Sunday the Pomona forces who wanted to defeat the Blue Laws had planned a big open air rally to be held in the town square.

The star of this meeting was to be Will Rogers, who, with all his inimitable wit and humor, was to speak against the Sunday day closing of theaters. Rogers was chosen both because as a speaker he is without an equal, and because his home life and personal character are so high that he would have the respect of the most critical.

Rogers had consented to go and to speak.

But Wednesday afternoon whoever happened to be in charge of the Goldwyn lot, said to be one Abraham Lehr, decided that Will Rogers had to work on Sunday. The picture behind this decision is explained thus:

Now, the fight in Pomona was being conducted chiefly by First National forces since two of the three theaters there belonged to the firm of McCor- mack and Wilson, of First National, telephoned frantically to Mr. Lehr. They explained the importance of this election nationally. They explained that Rogers was the only man who would do. They pleaded.

Mr. Lehr said that sixty extra people had been called, etc.—it didn’t seem possible to call off work for Sunday.

First National got together. They phoned Mr. Lehr again and stated that they would send him immediately a certified check for the amount of the day’s overhead—extra people, Rogers’ salary for a day, the studio expense and all, figuring it would amount to about $15,000.

Lehr was stumped. He couldn’t take the check without branding himself. He didn’t seem able to take the responsibility for selling off the lot and putting that expense on his company.

He told them to call again in fifteen minutes.

They did. Mr. Lehr had gone out and wouldn’t be back. He wasn’t at home. He had disappeared.

And the Blue Laws carried in Pomona by 43 votes. If Will Rogers couldn’t swing 43 votes in any town, I’m a Muggawp. Not so good—not so good!

THINGS are quite “het up” round the Christie lot.

We don’t know exactly what happened, but certainly somebody had a fight.

Anyway, Bobby Vernon has filed suit for a whole lot of money in the courts of Los Angeles, because he declares that Charlie Christie, brother of Al, and Harry Edwards, studio manager for the comedy lot, beat him up and threw him out on his ear— as it were.

He further says that he’s a little bit of a fellow and that both Christie and Edwards are big men, and that they just naturally picked on him. All this in his suit of dam- ages for assault and battery.

So far nothing much has been said by the defendants.

And anyway, it seems to have been a private fight and probably isn’t any of our business.

After all, it’s Mr. Christie’s studio. (Continued on page 102)

Water-Wave Wavers

Produce a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in straightness a hair’s breadth or more, even in damp weather or when perming. If the hair is flabby only use the wavers once after every shampoo.

Send for Water-Wave Wavers (patent applied for) today—stop burning hair with hot fumes or gassing with curlers which breaks the hair. Absolutely sanitary—universally successful—endorsed by soci- ety’s leaders. If your dealer doesn’t handle them send $2.00 to Jenkins Music Company.

WATER-WAVE WAVER CO. 117-A West Seventh St. Cincinnati, Ohio

The Photograph (Concluded)

What made life less like hell than it might have been! She’s a woman now . . . a real woman, my mother was married! I’d like to see her, Mr. Wainton . . . I sure would. But I never will. It won’t do, wouldn’t help. Mr. Gritting, it wouldn’t do!”

He rose to his feet, then, and stood gazing down at Sol with a grim smile on his lips and a look in his eyes that seemed in some mysterious way to be asking a question.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
But she does not act upon impulse—this daughter of a new era and a new art.

Now, of course, it is perfectly true that there are no two things in the world so closely allied as laughter and tears.

If you laugh long enough you will eventually cry.

If you poke a baby in the ribs he will laugh. If you poke harder, he will weep.

Marie Prevost has spent the three years of her picture existence in comedy. From the screen she has twinkled merrily through the mazes of slap-stick, delighting with her charming self and decorating very extensively the entertainment provided by her producer. Shown as a gay and giddy little figure on the silversheet. She has worn laughter. If you poke harder, he will weep.

I cry easily,” she said half-shamedly. “If anything happens to babies, or little animals, or old people, it makes the tears come to my eyes, even if it isn’t very serious. And—it’s strange—but little things, hurts, humiliations, baby tears, always seem to affect me most.”

And, you know, that is the instinct for pathos as differentiated from tragedy, as I take it.)

She is French-Canadian, with a dash—a very big dash—of Irish.

I am sure that much of her talent—or genius if she proves it such—comes from her sorrowing, laughing, hot-headed ancestors.

Her hair is blue black, and has a big soft wave. Her eyes are a sparkling gray-blue, sometimes all blue, sometimes all gray, sometimes even a bit green, and their expression is very fine. Her skin is white, instead of creamy, and her mouth is little and red and quite pathetic itself.

She uses her hands when she talks with the abandon of a Frenchman. She has freedom from self-consciousness that is a heritage from the French side, I’m sure.

She lives with her mother and sister, who is younger than she is and also in pictures.

I am glad—plaid to be out of comedy,” she said as she told me that she had followed in the footsteps of such famous predecessors as Betty Compson, Mary Thurman and Gloria Swanson and left the slap-stick for more serious form of entertainment and drama, “but just the same I wouldn’t take a million dollars for the training I had. It gives you sureness and technique that nothing else on earth can give you.

“But I don’t like comedy. I never read it and seldom go to see a comedy. I’d like to do light drama—or comedy-drama with a bit of heart interest.”

She and Miss Taylor has refused to immortalize her own divine portrayal of Peg, I should like to see Marie Prevost as a screen “Peg o’ my Heart.” And I have an idea that’s just the sort of thing that within the next five years will land her along side her former companions in comedy who have reached stardom with their more serious efforts.

Let No Corn spoil one happy hour

ANY corn ache nowadays is unfair to yourself.

You can stop it by a touch. You can end the whole corn in short order.

The way is Blue-jay—either liquid or plaster. One moment applies it, the next moment forgets it.

The pain stops. Then the corn soon loosens and comes out.

Blue-jay has done that to not less than 20 million corns.

FRECKLES

There is no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is sold under guarantee of money back if it does not do it.

If you use wrong methods, cease them. If you pare corns, quit. There is now an ideal corn eater. It is saving millions of painful hours.

Ask your druggist for Blue-jay. Apply it tonight. It will end your dread of corns.

Plaster or Liquid

Blue-jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

Also Blue-jay Foot Soap Blue-jay Foot Powder Blue-jay Foot Relief

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto

Makers of B & B Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Wonderful Opportunities for Men and Women

Become His Private Secretary

Be a big man’s right hand. Rich rewards in it. Important work. Big pay.quee, “I live to speed up, save for me to write. Superbly trained, too, for investments, and frequently for travel. Big demand for the competent private secretary. Opening everywhere for the man or woman of exceptional ability in shorthand and typewriting.

Train by Mail in the “New Way” in Shorthand or Typewriting or Both

Quickly acquire the business men choose their private secretaries by-it. They say it is the way to get the right man for the right job.淋巴， Proprietary Course in business shorthand and typewriting. Big pay. Important work. Beautiful offices and modern equipment.

FREE Book

“Success in Music and How To Win It” Seven and nine other world-famous musicians tell you how you can quickly learn to play saxophone, cornet, trombone, clarinet, any band or orchestra instrument and double your income and pleasure.

FREE Trial Any Corn Instrument

Use this greatest hands and voice corps. Exciting of all the plan. Send coupon for free book and details of free trial plan. C. G. CONN, Ltd.

FREE Book

"How To Be a Big Man's Right Hand"

An amazing book! Tells how business men choose their private secretaries and how they advance them to higher executive positions. Formed a perfect or a complete knowledge of how to do your work. Write today.

The Tulloss School, 735 College Hill, Springfield, O.
LADIES' SOLITAIRE — EXAMINATION FREE

Take Advantage of this amazing offer today. YOU ARE INVITED to take advantage of this offer. The ring setting at only $2.80 a month or $33.60 a year. THIS RING IS THE ROCK BOTTOM PRICE. THE FIRST THREE MONTHS are FREE to assure you that you are selecting the right band. THEN, if you decide to keep it, you will be charged $2.80 a month or $33.60 a year. Examine rings FIRST, then if you decide to keep it, you will be charged $2.80 a month or $33.60 a year. This ring is the rock bottom price. THE FIRST THREE MONTHS are FREE to assure you that you are selecting the right band.

BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOL

Send for illustrated booklet and dealer's name to:

LIBERTY SPORTING GOODS CO.,
Bo. 782, Dept. 537, CHICAGO

Have Baby Comfy

In a Gordon Motor Crib.

Send for illustrated booklet and dealer's name to:

GORDON MOTOR CRIB CO.,
210 North State St., Dept. 26, CHICAGO

The Shadow Stage

What's Your Reputation — Vitagraph

HERE is an entertaining Corinne Griffith production of the same name. The scenes are laid in New York, with gay glimpses of Broadway night life, and in the wintry silences of the New England hills. Jackie Coogan, better known as "The Kid," paid income tax on $52,000, according to government reports. That boy's going to be a help to his folks when he grows up.

Send for illustrated booklet and dealer's name to:

BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOL

Prices

50c $1.00

Well made and efficient, this pistol has been carefully designed to aid the blank pistol user. It is a blank pistol that fires a 22-caliber blank cartridge. It is a blank pistol that is perfectly safe to handle and use. It is a blank pistol that is perfectly safe to handle and use. It is a blank pistol that is perfectly safe to handle and use.

Send for illustrated booklet and dealer's name to:

ジェットスポーツグッズコパ, 210, Bo. 782, Dept. 677, CHICAGO

Remember—

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

 Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 100)

A LOS ANGELES paper in an announcement of a benefit recently carried the following: "Vida Danning this season is tuning up his ukulele for parodies on the habits of many famous film stars." We didn't know the habits of film stars could be played on a ukelele, but we are willing to be shown.

SUNSET INN still rambles merrily along. Anyone that wants to see the festive movie at play, can make a trip down there on the now famous Photoplayer's Night—Wednesday—and be sure of getting intimate glimpses of the screen glamour. Last Wednesday night—which by the way, all modesty, we wish to say was Photoplay Magazine Night, with a Photoplay backdrop, Photoplayers came and went. The dancing contest—was a large evening. At one table I saw Roscoe Arbuckle—at least he was at the table when he wasn't playing the drums for the orchestra—with Katherine Fitzgerald, Lottie Pickford, in a brown crepe de chine frock put together with wide hemstitching, Ruby Reem, who wore a bewitching little blue silk hat that turned back from her blond hair, Texas Guinan, in blue, black and orchid sequins (what there was of it, though when she sat down that thing could I tell you much in the way of description for a fashion column). Gertie Neilan, Jack Pickford, Alan Forrest and some others I didn't know. And I saw Dorothy Thurman, in a Quaker-cut, short-skirted frock of opal-green-blue, that set off her hair to perfection. Phyllis Haver was in indescribably sequined dress that had black and gray, while Peggy Eiler wore mauve chiffon, with a dainty, brilliant hat of green ostrich feathers. Bryant Washburn and his wife, and Howard Hickman and Bessie Barriscalle, Bessie in black net simply made with a brilliant girdle of old rose and silver were together, and Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman had a party of guests. Priscilla had on a marvellous hat—one of the daring kind she effects so much lately—a black velvet, fitted close to her head, with an enormous orange bird of paradise on the front of it. Her gown was black, too. Lois Wilson was there with Kenneth Hawkis, looking demure and lovely in a sport outfit—a skirt of white and a rose-silk sweater, with a silk sport hat. And Louise Glenn with some unknown gentleman, had a side table—Louise always is smart and her little frock of white silk, with brilliantly red plaid, and her bright red sailor, were very effective. Lily Damita this season is tuning up her ukulele for parodies on the habits of many famous film stars. And Miss Johnstone, in a black taffeta frock with one of those rounded, outstanding necks cut low, and a perky little blue and white coat, had a little ukulele on. Tony Moreno was with a stag party against the wall, but he managed quite a lot of dancing, and Tony is the loveliest dancer. I was surprised to see the stately Mary Alden, in black velvet with a black lace evening hat, enjoying a bit of night life with some society folk from the Los Angeles country club.

Wallace Beery was there, too, with a very pretty girl, and Mr. and Mrs. Watterson R. Rothacker had a party of guests of the shooting cast. When you write to advertisers please mention that you saw the advertisement in PHOTOPLAY magazine.

Photoplay Magazine Night, with a Photoplay backdrop, Photoplayers came and went. The dancing contest—was a large evening. At one table I saw Roscoe Arbuckle—at least he was at the table when he wasn't playing the drums for the orchestra—with Katherine Fitzgerald, Lottie Pickford, in a brown crepe de chine frock put together with wide hemstitching, Ruby Reem, who wore a bewitching little blue silk hat that turned back from her blond hair, Texas Guinan, in blue, black and orchid sequins (what there was of it, though when she sat down that thing could I tell you much in the way of description for a fashion column). Gertie Neilan, Jack Pickford, Alan Forrest and some others I didn't know. And I saw Dorothy Thurman, in a Quaker-cut, short-skirted frock of opal-green-blue, that set off her hair to perfection. Phyllis Haver was in indescribably sequined dress that had black and gray, while Peggy Eiler wore mauve chiffon, with a dainty, brilliant hat of green ostrich feathers. Bryant Washburn and his wife, and Howard Hickman and Bessie Barriscalle, Bessie in black net simply made with a brilliant girdle of old rose and silver were together, and Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman had a party of guests. Priscilla had on a marvellous hat—one of the daring kind she effects so much lately—a black velvet, fitted close to her head, with an enormous orange bird of paradise on the front of it. Her gown was black, too. Lois Wilson was there with Kenneth Hawkis, looking demure and lovely in a sport outfit—a skirt of white and a rose-silk sweater, with a silk sport hat. And Louise Glenn with some unknown gentleman, had a side table—Louise always is smart and her little frock of white silk, with brilliantly red plaid, and her bright red sailor, were very effective. Lily Damita this season is tuning up her ukulele for parodies on the habits of many famous film stars. And Miss Johnstone, in a black taffeta frock with one of those rounded, outstanding necks cut low, and a perky little blue and white coat, had a little ukulele on. Tony Moreno was with a stag party against the wall, but he managed quite a lot of dancing, and Tony is the loveliest dancer. I was surprised to see the stately Mary Alden, in black velvet with a black lace evening hat, enjoying a bit of night life with some society folk from the Los Angeles country club.

Wallace Beery was there, too, with a very pretty girl, and Mr. and Mrs. Watterson R. Rothacker had a party of guests of the shooting cast. When you write to advertisers please mention that you saw the advertisement in PHOTOPLAY magazine.
will ever recover any of their funds. Photoplay has always maintained that the legitimate American film industry was sound financially and morally and no stronger proof could be had of this contention than the manner in which the industry has weathered the financial gales of the past few months. Comparatively few legitimate film companies have failed or suspended business. Nearly all of them have had to retrench but the soundness of the industry may best be gauged by the fact that only a few bankruptcies have occurred. It is likewise worthy of note that while production has been curtailed in quantity, the quality has not been affected. In fact, American motion picture companies produced a greater number of artistic pictures during the last six months of 1920 and the first six months of 1921 than during any other twelve months in the history of the industry.

Photoplay's campaign has been without malice against any single individual or company. This magazine has merely stated the facts, and the facts were bad enough. It has selected carefully a few of the most interesting cases of stock promotion to show the different methods pursued by different promoters. But there is no great variety of working methods. After you have analyzed a dozen stock sales circulars and talked to the promoters of the companies, you know the stories of practically all of these ventures. To relate the story of every one of these wild financial and business ventures would mean telling the same story over and over again with a few minor details which may vary in the cases of the individual companies. Photoplay does not propose to bore its readers with such repetitions. What we have done is to offer sufficient proof that a company started by the public could not make money for his stockholders, if he had to pay $500,000 in commissions for the sale of stock is simply doomed to failure.

"We Pay Him $100 a Week!"

"He is, too, according to the standards you and I used to go by. But it's the day of young men in big jobs. I honestly believe this department is in better hands today than at any time since we've been in business.

"I decided six months ago that we needed a new manager. At that time, Gordon, there was one of the youngest men in the office and was pegging away at a small job. But when I started checking up here I found he was handling that job perfection.

"I brought him into the office one day and started to draw him out. What do you suppose I discovered? For more than two years he had been studying with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton. Prepared his lessons in the evening and during noon hour.

"I kept him talking for nearly three hours and I found that in actual knowledge and training Gordon was years ahead of any man in the office.

"So I gave him the job. We pay him $100 a week and I have an idea it's the best investment the house ever made!"

H ow do you stand when your employer checks up his men for promotion? Is there any reason why he should select you? Ask yourself these questions fairly. You must face them if you expect advancement and more money. For now, more than ever before, the big jobs are going to men with special training.

You can get the training you need right here, without obligating yourself in any way, mark and mail this coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

SCRANTON, PA.

Ask yourself these questions fairly. You must face them if you expect advancement and more money. For now, more than ever before, the big jobs are going to men with special training.

You can get the training you need right here, without obligating yourself in any way, mark and mail this coupon.

When you write to advertisers, please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Travel By Steamer

For business or pleasure travel on the luxurious, clean, cool, comfortable D. & C. steamers.

DAILY BETWEEN

Detroit and Cleveland

Detroit 5:00 p.m.  Cleveland 7:30 a.m.
Cleveland 7:00 p.m.  Detroit 8:30 a.m.

Rail tickets accepted, either way, between Detroit and Cleveland. Accommodations transported (gas must be removed). Wireless aboard.

For reservations address R. G. Stoddard, General Passenger Agent, Detroit, Mich.

Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Co.


A. A. Schantz, Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

The famous Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photo-play simply write the words for a second verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before you send in your entry. Just read the short synopsis of this wonderful photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

"EMPTY ARMS" CONTEST EDITOR

WRITE TODAY FOR YOUR COPY. Exquisitely printed and illustrated in colors—only $5.00. If not satisfied, return within 5 days and money will be refunded.

Dept. P, Columbia Trust Bldg., 5th Ave. & 34th St., New York, N. Y.

$500 Prize Contest

The famous Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay "Empty Arms" is now in the national screen. It has inspired the song "Empty Arms," which contains only one verse and a chorus. A good second verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one, as adapted to the song, the $500 prize will be paid. This contest is open to everybody. Your entry must be made on bond paper, and must be accompanied by your name and address. Make the entry on a sheet of bond paper, and the second verse is to be written in a secret way, to be read by the judges. You must not write your name on the paper, and it will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Send postal card or letter today to "EMPTY ARMS" CONTEST EDITOR

LESTER PARK-EDWARD WHITESIDE

PHOTOPLAY PRODUCTIONS

214 W. 34th St., Suite 18, New York, N. Y.

Learn How to Write Short Stories

There is a big demand for short stories, photoplays and future stories. You can learn how to do it by using the Jack London method, and other great writers have written us home study course. The course is fascinating and takes only a few of your spare hours, and details of our Limited Introductory offer. A 30 days.

Write for Free Book.

HOOSIER INSTITUTE, 533 S. Boylston St., Chicago, Illinois

The Lost Romance

(Continued from page 41)

THE honeymoon of Allen Erskine and his bride was as rich with romantic happiness as Sylvia’s heart could desire and so passed in equal joys the first year of their married life. As a rising young physician, Allen made rapid progress and growing reputation. There were times when the call of duty and the call of love conflicted, but they faced their little daily problems bravely, and with common sense that is not common at all. And then came Allen Erskine, Jr., a loving child of loving parents.

Five years slipped by, bringing their inevitable changes and the accumulation of the little things of life that, like the dust of years, dim the windows that look into the Garden of Romance.

The final issue seemed to come when an opportunity arose for Allen to advance his medical fame by participation in a famous case just at a time made inopportune and unfortunate in its interference with a planned excursion to San Francisco. Sylvia, worn and weary of the mending and household accounting and tiresome details of the business of living, had counted largely on this trip. To Allen her profession was everything. There was conflict and bitter words and tears.

At this juncture, right into the middle of this scene in fact, came Aunt Betty from peaceful La Acacia.

Little Allen, now called “Junior,” was trying his best to play on the floor and be happy, despite his child’s sense of something wrong.

Sylvia tried to dry her eyes and smile as of old when Aunt Betty came in. And Allen tried to be busy, whistling in pretended unconsciousness that was more than a betrayal.

Aunt Betty pulled them together. She was cheerful, firm and determined. They were to go just as they planned.

“Come now—tell me all about it.”

And like children they tried to tell the story—each with a side.

“It isn’t giving up the trip for your work that I mind,” sobbed Sylvia. “It’s knowing the Romance is dead—you’ve stopped caring!”

Aunt Betty laughed at them and stopped the argumentative recital.

“So Romance and Love are both dead! And life is hopeless!” Her air was one of mock despair.

“Why, my dears,” Aunt Betty went on, “you have the little things of life cover up your romance until you think it is lost—but really the only thing you have lost is your sense of humor.”

Sylvia started to interrupt, tears coming to her eyes again in a flood.

“No—don’t say a word.” Aunt Betty’s manner was commanding. “I want you two to visit me—just you two alone, and you will find your lost Romance where you lost it first—in my garden.”

“You think we can?” Sylvia’s manner was hopeful and hopeless both at once.

“Of course!” Aunt Betty’s confidence was encouraging.

Allen and Sylvia tried their best when they arrived at Aunt Betty’s for their visit alone, and with Allen, Jr., left behind in the care of Matilda, the maid.

But the first evening at La Acacia found Allen stretched out on a sofa by the fire in a most unromantic attitude, smoking a pipe, and reading a newspaper when Sylvia came down, daintily gowned in an evening dress. Allen did not notice her.

Sylvia wandered out into the patio and seated herself on a bench, a garden rose in her hand. She started to put the rose in her hair, then dropped her hand again in a hopeless attitude. What was the use? She sat there dejected.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

What $1.25 Will Bring You

More than a thousand pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

The truth and nothing but the truth, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photoplay so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and the most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

Send a money order or check for $1.25 addressed to

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Dept. 7-G, 350 N. Clark St., CHICAGO

and receive the August issue and five issues thereafter.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Department 7-G

350 North Clark Street, CHICAGO

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith $1.25 (Canada $1.50) for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for six months, effective with the August, 1921, issue.

Send to:

Street Address.

City.

State.
Before she could speak Allen started at something he saw in the paper. He looked up at Betty and discovered Aunt Betty. She then demanded her attention for the paper too. Together they leaned over an article that told of the return of Mark, gone for more than five years in the wilds of the Upper Amazon forests of South America. They read it eagerly together in real joy. The article ended, there came a pause. They both knew life must be one glorious adventure of Romance.

"Come, cheer up." Aunt Betty was chiding. "Every life could be if they only wouldn’t forget. Now you didn’t read the paper when she was in the garden six years ago."

Allen looked up at Aunt Betty and groaned. "Now go out to her—like a good boy." Aunt Betty was compelling.

Allen rose, doggedly straightening his collar and smoothing his hair as he went out. Left alone, Aunt Betty picked up the paper again and hungrily reread the account of Mark’s return, her heart reaching out to him.

As Allen stepped into the garden Sylvia was swept by a little nervous anticipation. She went to the piano at once, hoping to herself, as did she now, that nothing had happened. Slowly she played the prelude. Then Allen, when there was silence, covered a yawn with his hand and sat down beside her.

Sylvia struggled to hide her disappointment. She raised the rose in her hand to her mouth and then laid it down again, as you could have desired. "I wouldn’t keep inhaling that thing — it’ll tell of the return of Mark, gone for more than five years in the wilds of the Amazon."

Sylvia’s eyes faltered, but she offered a brave smile with her "Yes." Mark saw the truth.

Aunt Betty, ever a diplomat, called to them to come and sit down. Allen took a cigarette from Mark’s proffered case and presently the party was listening while Mark talked of his many adventures in the wilds of the Amazon.

"I hope," he said slowly, "that the happiness that has been as great as you could have desired.” Sylvia’s eyes faltered, but she offered a brave smile with her "Yes." Mark saw the truth.

Aunt Betty stood up and faced him, "Am I welcome — dear Lady of the Tourist, 3 for 50c Gold Seal, 25c Grey and White—Double Price West Hair Nets

THE BEAUTY AND BECOMINGNESS OF YOUR HAIR depend largely on just three things—the result of the shampoo, the effect of the wave and the protection of the net."

West Softex

The Shampoo Exquisite

A thorough cleanser and beautifier imparting lustre and softness, leaving the hair easy to manage.

Softex is prepared with just enough Henna to produce those shimmering tints so much admired. Softex is also prepared natural and is especially adapted for grey and white hair and for children’s.

West Electric Hair Curlers

are unsurpassed in producing any curly and wavy effect and insure a lasting appearance and resemblance rivaling Nature’s own.

Wave your hair in fifteen minutes by this simple little device, without heat.

West Electric Hair Curler Co.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Canadian Distributors: H. B. Holloway & Co., Toronto, Canada

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

The Lost Romance (Continued)

"Come, cheer up."

Aunt Betty was chiding. "Every life could be if they only wouldn’t forget. Now you didn’t read the paper when she was in the garden six years ago."

Allen looked at her curiously and then with an air that had resignation and effort in it but no poetry, he put his arm about her. He drew Sylvia closer. She looked into his eyes in surprise. Then she cuddled up close. "Damn it!" Allen snatched away his hand and clutched at a finger. "Don’t you know enough to take the pins out of your dress?"

Then both knew life were more miserable than ever. It seemed hopeless. They sat together dull and still. Allen shifted about uncomfortably and looked toward the house. "It’s as chilly and damp as a graveyard here—let’s go in the house."

Sylvia’s voice was an utterance of despair. She rose with a toss of her head and started in. Allen followed.

Together they entered the living room where Mark and Aunt Betty rose by the lounge to greet them. Allen called out joyously. Sylvia stood bewildered. Allen and Mark shook hands effusively.

"Sylvia’s eyes faltered, but she offered a brave smile with her "Yes." Mark saw the truth."

Aunt Betty, ever a diplomat, called to them to come and sit down. Allen took a cigarette from Mark’s proffered case and presently the party was listening while Mark talked of his many adventures in the wilds of the Amazon.

"I hope," he said slowly, "that the happiness that has been as great as you could have desired.” Sylvia’s eyes faltered, but she offered a brave smile with her "Yes." Mark saw the truth.

Aunt Betty stood up and faced him, "Am I welcome — dear Lady of the Tourist, 3 for 50c Gold Seal, 25c Grey and White—Double Price West Hair Nets

THE BEAUTY AND BECOMINGNESS OF YOUR HAIR depend largely on just three things—the result of the shampoo, the effect of the wave and the protection of the net."

West Softex

The Shampoo Exquisite

A thorough cleanser and beautifier imparting lustre and softness, leaving the hair easy to manage.

Softex is prepared with just enough Henna to produce those shimmering tints so much admired. Softex is also prepared natural and is especially adapted for grey and white hair and for children’s.

West Electric Hair Curlers

are unsurpassed in producing any curly and wavy effect and insure a lasting appearance and resemblance rivaling Nature’s own.

Wave your hair in fifteen minutes by this simple little device, without heat.

West Electric Hair Curler Co.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Canadian Distributors: H. B. Holloway & Co., Toronto, Canada

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Lost Romance (Continued)

Mark's face grew deeply sober at the thought of the child. Allen turned away, but Mark's gaze followed him.

"What of the child?" Aunt Betty was pushing her point. Allen swung about and reached for the phone. He was out of breath, and he was pale.

"No!" Sylvia spoke up eagerly. "He is mine!"

Allen's face flamed with pain and anger as he turned to his wife. He glared at her. Sylvia raised pleading eyes.

"I am his mother—he needs me," Allen relaxed. "Yes," he said, "you are right, but—"

"Aunt Betty," Sylvia spoke softly and despairingly, "I am going to my room." Sylvia went slowly up the steps. Allen wandered out through a doorway, heedless of where he was bound.

Aunt Betty faced Mark. She was fired with an inspiration as she stood, the picture of a woman in the prime of life.

"Mark, are you sure that Sylvia loves you? That what she thinks is her love will stand through any crisis?"

"No," Mark nodded. "With crisis," he said slowly, "could be greater than this one?"

"I wonder, too," she said. And so she left him.

Three miserable people spent that afternoon, each alone, steeling resolves against a new attack by Aunt Betty. It was a day of woe at La Acacía.

Late in the day, Sylvia had finished packing her bags. She stood in her room and coat in hand, sighing at the realization that she was so soon to leave the place that had wrought such great changes in her life.

Mark was pacing the floor in the big living room. Presently all the actors in this tense tragedy of life had gathered there. It was the time of leave-taking, the miserable conclusion of a week of happiness and friendships. No one knew what to say. Farewell formulas seemed empty and inadequate. Aunt Betty was strangely agitated.

She wanted the proof. She wanted the real thing.

"Sylvia, are you sure?"

Sylvia flushed with a flash of pained feeling.

"Yes—I—."

"But now I have found reality and I am

Allen's is only a part of the illusion which you said had brought you only emptiness?"

Sylvia whispered it in a voice husky with passion.

Sylvia looked at him tremulously and Allen read the glimmer of hope in her eyes. She wanted the proof.

"He gripped her arm. At the contact the pent up emotions of the years burst into flame. They were swept into embrace with a sudden devastating surge of feeling. Then Mark held her away from him a little and looked into her half-closed eyes.

"Sylvia, are you sure?"

Sylvia nodded and buried her face in his shoulder.

"Then we must tell Allen," she whispered.

This brought Sylvia up with a realization of a new ordeal to pass.

"Tomorrow?" she whispered.

"No!" Mark was dominant and decisive.

The first step was made for them when Allen entered the room and seeing Sylvia clutching at Mark's arm, half sensed the truth.

Sylvia looked at Allen wild-eyed, gripping herself to face the crisis without outward flinching.

Mark indicated to Allen that he had something to say.

Allen came up to them.

"What is it? His voice was dry and cold, yet taut.

Mark paused long.

"Allen—I'd rather it had been anyone else but you—but Sylvia and I—"

Allen clutched the table to hold himself steady.

Aunt Betty came down the steps and stood a moment at the landing overlooking the tragic scene from above. At last she spoke.

"So it has come."

Her words broke the tense immobility of the situation.

Allen straightened up quietly.

"If this means Sylvia's happiness, I'll give her her freedom."

The three stood still after those words. There was a wave of relief and regret across Mark's features.

Aunt Betty approached. She looked from one to another, then addressed herself to all of them.

"You don't realize what you are doing. You are all three caught in a whirl of false values and you are allowing this trick of emotions to cover the real things of life." Mark made a move toward Sylvia, as though by action to protect their love. Aunt Betty arrested him with her eyes.

"Allen," Aunt Betty went on, "you have been unhappy because you thought that Sylvia didn't care. But she does love you—only she's blinded—and now you are allowing your imagination to keep you from protecting her."

Aunt Betty was strangely agitated.

"You—you see she doesn't love me."

"Aunt Betty swung about to Sylvia.

"You are only believing in a mirage—destroying the real things in this headlong rush toward what will prove only an illusion. When you come to where you thought it was the realization will be doubly bitter."

Sylvia resentfully shook her head. She looked at Allen and primitively hated him in that second because he was not fighting for her. He yielded, she thought, too easily.

"Once, Aunt Betty," she said, "I did believe in an illusion. I found it empty. But now I have found reality and I am not afraid."

Sylvia clutched at him less violently.

"Then this little child of yours and

Mike Gibbons

Will Teach You

LEARN TO BOX

Just send me your name, age, and address and I will send you my Free booklet, SCIENTIFIC BOXING, explaining exactly what my home course in Boxing contains.

Gibbons Athletic Association
Metropolitan Theatre Bldg.
St. Paul, Minn.
her wraps. She was determined to go with Allen and Sylvia on their quest of the missing boy. Mark walked about uneasily. He spoke to Aunt Betty.

"Stall I go too?" he looked uneasily at Sylvia and Allen.

"Certainly," Aunt Betty replied with a voice full of meaning. "If you are the man she really loves, she needs you now."

At Allen's home there followed the usual line of inquiries from the police officer sent out on the case. There was much cross-examination of Matilda, the maid, and careful examination into circumstances—all of which developed and indicated nothing. A motor car had stopped in front of the bungalow a moment. A few minutes later Matilda could not find Junior. That was all.

"It's a plain case of kidnapping," was the policeman's diagnosis.

"Kidnapping?" Sylvia was wild-eyed in terror. "Who would kidnap Junior?"

"I am going to the station with the policeman," said Allen. "You stay and watch the telephone."

He started out.

"You will call me if you need me."

"I'll be on the phone, dear, all night."

"Only find Junior." Sylvia had no thought but for her child.

Mark drew near to her, but she pushed him away. She yearned in vain to comfort her boy.

"Not that now," she said.

Together Mark and Aunt Betty returned to La Acacia.

After a time Allen returned.

"Have you any news?" Sylvia was eager and hopeful both at once.

Allen shook his head. Sylvia came up and took his arm, filled with a sudden sympathy for his haggard weary face. She led him toward the dining room. Together they sat at the table. Neither tasted food.

"Aunt Betty?"

"Yes, Mark."

"You said that if she loved me she would need me now."

"Yes." "But she does love me," Mark protested. "She wants to spare Allen now. When the boy is found she will come back to me."

He looked at Aunt Betty defiantly.

"You think that?" Aunt Betty's question was not a question. It was a comment on his common intent to set Mark to thinking.

At Allen's home Sylvia kneeled weeping over the little empty bed in Junior's room. Her hands clutched at a doll with which he always went to sleep. Allen came in and found her so. They were drawn together over the child's bed, whispering each other's names brokenly. They clung to each other. In their common grief all else was forgotten. In bustling pauses the debate between Mark and Aunt Betty continued over the way La Acacias. Presently Aunt Betty reached a decision.

"Come," she said to Mark. Taking his hand she led him outside to where they could sit together in a window into the room occupied by John, the butler.

Mark gasped. There was Junior in the bed with the butler, playfully kicking off the covers as fast as the patient butler could put them back. The younger was too excited at being at Aunt Betty's to go away at La Acacias. Presently Aunt Betty reached a decision.

"Come," she said to Mark. Taking his hand she led him outside to where they could sit together in a window into the room occupied by John, the butler.

Mark gasped. There was Junior in the bed with the butler, playfully kicking off the covers as fast as the patient butler could put them back. The younger was too excited at being at Aunt Betty's to go..."
to sleep and John was making half-hearted attempts at discipline.
Mark turned from the window in amazement, facing Aunt Betty.
"What does this mean?"
"I sent John to steal the child as the only way to bring you three to your senses," Aunt Betty explained.
"I am going to phone Sylvia at once—she shall not suffer a minute more," Mark exclaimed. Aunt Betty put her hand on his arm.
"Better one night of misery than a lifetime of it.
If Sylvia and Allen do not keep vigil for this child tonight, they will never realize that they love each other as they could love no one else." Aunt Betty was appealing.
It was a critical moment. Mark betty knew that this might mean the loss of Mark's friendship forever. Neither would yield.
"Mark—you shall take the boy back to Sylvia in the morning. If you do not see then that she and Allen belong to each other then I've been mistaken.
Mark bowed his head in assent.
"She did not turn to you in her sorrow—you shall see if she does in her joy." When Mark said this, it seemed to his home it found Sylvia on a couch and Allen in a chair beside her. They faced each other.
"I could not have gone through this night without you." Sylvia spoke to Allen with the calmness of despair. There was a mutual realization of their dependence upon each other in the crisis.
"Exhausted in his vigil they fell asleep,
Allen in his chair drawn close to Sylvia.
And while they were sleeping there Mark, leading Junior by the hand, approached. They stepped softly to the door. Mark pointed to the sleepers.
"Go wake them up," he whispered to the captain.
The little lad tiptoed in. He brushed his mother's face with his stubby fingers. Mark stood in the door.
Sylvia's eyes opened and she sprang up with a cry. She was afraid it was a dream.
She snatched the boy to her. Allen started awake and put his arms around his son. Then he reached out and gathered mother and boy to him. They ignored Mark.
As Sylvia and Allen embraced in an ecstasy of joy, Mark turned his face away. "But how did he get here?" Allen exclaimed at last.
Mark for answer stepped into the room and handed to Allen a note from Aunt Betty
"Forgive me," she had written.
"But you have lived a lifetime with one of the real things of life and you will understand now the real romance."
Allen and Sylvia looked at each other as they finished reading the note. There was a moment's indecision. Then Allen gathered the yielding Sylvia in his arms.
That was Mark's answer from them both. Silently he left the room to return to La Acacia.
Mark was in the living room with his bags about him when Aunt Betty entered. He was in traveling clothes.
"Sylvia forgives you," Mark said.
"And you—you are going away, Mark?"
"Yes. He took a leather photograph case from his pocket. It held Sylvia's picture—the one he had taken into the Amazon wilds with him six years before.
"Even if she married me I would always be the wife of little Allen's father," Mark said sadly.
"And does that hurt much?" Aunt Betty spoke gently.
"Why, no!" Mark answered, surprised at himself.
"Somewhere in this world you will find your true romance.
"And when I do, will you let me tell you about it?"
For answer Aunt Betty plucked a flower and slipped it into her bosom.
Mark took her hand and kissed it. Then looking back but once, he was off.
Elizabeth Erskine, looking after him, smiled and nodded to herself. In her wisdom she knew that some day he would come back to her.
The story goes that Famous Players, upon acquiring “Anne Boleyn,” the forerunner of what was to be King Henry VIII’s wife, was not satisfied with the title to something that would look snappier in Broadway electrics. There has been much criticism of late about the flagrant changing of titles. So the officials of Famous decided to see if the name of “Anne Boleyn” would sell the picture. Six stenographers were asked who Anne was. One knew that she was one of the wives of Henry VIII, but where she came in the category couldn’t say; two knew she was a historical figure of some kind, somewhere, and three asked if she had ever worked for the company.

The new title of “Anne Boleyn” is “Deception.”

Though no official announcement has been made as yet, rumors concerning the engagement of Katherine MacDonald to a well-known society and clubman of Los Angeles are more persistent than ever.

These rumors are no doubt encouraged by the openly-voiced theories of the famous beauty herself. Miss MacDonald’s aspirations toward a social career are well-known. Her favorite role appears to be society queen rather than screen star.

She has stated, “I see, on various occasions, that she expects to work only five years in pictures—time enough to amass a considerable fortune—then retire to lead the social life she so much prefers.

If her lack of desire and interest have kept her from screen improvement, Katherine MacDonald’s beauty comes nearer to reaching the deathless fame of such names as Lillian Russell, Lily Langtry and Maxine Elliot, than any other film luminary.

The reunion of Theodore Kosloff, famous dancer and screen artist, and his wife and little daughter, after seven years of separation and long months of battle with the immigration authorities in New York, has been touching in the extreme.

It has brought a beautiful response from film circles in Hollywood, where the three are now together again and are beginning to build a home.

Kosloff came to this country seven years ago, just before the war broke out. Unable to return, or to find trace of his family, he suffered greatly until at last he discovered their whereabouts and began the long, difficult struggle to get them out of Russia during its turmoil, and bound for America. This accomplished, another sorrow beset them, when Mrs. Kosloff and the little daughter were held at Ellis Island, because of some spinal illness on the child’s part. At last Kosloff was able to convince the government that the child would be cared for—probably cured—and the little family were able to “begin life anew” in a charming bungalow in the foothills.

Mrs. Kosloff is a charming woman of great culture and bids fair to make a place for herself among the film people who have welcomed her so warmly heartedly.

There are no new developments in the Talmadge-Keaton betrothals. In fact, they’re saying that Natalie has decided quite firmly that she doesn’t want to be engaged to Buster at all. But Buster is coming to New York soon, and they do say he is a jolly chap to have around the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse L. Lasky announce the birth of a baby boy on March 26th, in Los Angeles. The Lasky’s have one son, a handsome youngster about ten years old, and the new addition is causing great joy in the household.

According to Mr. Lasky they had a terrible time naming the young man. Having bestowed Jesse L. Lasky junior on the first son, nothing suggested itself.

“I almost decided to offer a prize to the scenario department—or the whole studio—for a name, as I do sometimes for the title of a picture.”

Finally, deciding that the baby had a literary look and would possibly grow up as the only effectual answer, they gave him a name he wouldn’t have to change:

William Raymond Lasky.

Quite an excellent nome de plum, we’d say.

56 1/2 Miles Per Hour

(Continued from page 54)

my gracious, 56 1/2 isn’t so fast. Lots of people drive faster. Look at Ralph de Palma.

There were arguments by counsel. I can tell that district attorney his wife didn’t need to sit so close to him. As far as I was concerned he was as safe as a baked potato.

Instead of behind a counter, 10 days in jail would just be a foretaste for me of things to come. I’d be laid to me out that jury, you could measure his mind the narrow way of the tape measure.

The jury filed out. The door closed. Even the days I have spent inside my cell were not so soul trying as the moments while we were out. My scalp felt all prickly and cold drops stood on my forehead. They were out only three minutes.

Well, I don’t see why it should take ‘em any longer to make up their minds. I knew I was doomed as soon as I saw the solemn, shamed expression on their faces.

“We find the defendant guilty as charged.”

Oh well, I suppose if you live in a small town you get like that.” I bet 56 1/2 miles per hour.
Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Forums for September Issue Close July First

AGENTS AND SALESMEN


AGENTS, $60 TO $200 A WEEK, FREE SAM-


We STAMP YOUR WITHOUT A DOLLAR. SOAPS, Extracts, Perfumes, Toilet Goods. Retailers universi-

tary, Canadites Co., 256 Gillet St., St. Louis.

WANTED TO BUY

YOU CAN BASS CASE IONLY BY MAILING to your nearest Jewelry, Gold Coverts and Brellas, Watches, Diamonds, Silver, Platinum, high prices paid. We pay $1.00 to $25.00 per set for Old False Institute, Dept. L-U2, Rochester, N. Y. Street. New York City.


FURNISH

PUCS TO ORDER AT MODERATE PRICES. RE-

quirements for business, entertainment. Frank B. Leach, 822 Sixth Avenue, near 47th Street, New York City.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—HUNDREDS MEN-WOMEN, OVER 17, U. S. Government Office and outside positions. $1100 per year. Write Mr. Lewis, 1370 Boren Ave., downtown Los Angeles, Calif.

SPLENDID CLERICAL WORK, OPPORTUNITY. Some or whole time. No experience, good money. Classified section. 82' of the advertisers using this section during July, August, and Sept., have paid tens of thousands of customers. United States Sanitarium Works. Free information. 30th Ave., Dept. P, Chicago, Ill.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREPAID TO your home. Only 5 cents a dozen, small order; 10 cents a dozen, large order. Frank Scott Co., Dept. 610, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOW TO BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

EARNING $35 TO $75 A WEEK

And getting illustrated books, big illustrated trade cards. Get (free) on choosing a vocation, the exceptional opportunities in this simplified high school of photography. Then study the work of the successful photographer and how to avail yourself of these advantages. MONEY MAKERS—PART-TIME OCCUPATION. Three months course, Practical instruction. Modern equipment. Day school Mrs. Flora Brown, 3006 E. 11th St., Kansas City, Mo. Catalog No. 31, free. N. Y. INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY 141 W. 36th St., NEW YORK OR 505 State Street, BROOKLYN

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards and postcards. Send for illustrated book and sample advertisement in the classified section. 82% of the advertisers using this section during July, August, and Sept., have paid tens of thousands of customers. E. T. & Z. Railroad Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MISCELLANEOUS

TELL THE WORLD you sell PHOTOPLAY WHEN you have interest in them. You can reach them for lean or fat. The funniest, best paying advertising in the classified section, 82% of the advertisers using this section during July, August, and Sept., have paid tens of thousands of customers. Talbert & Talbert, 429 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

THE BEAUTY of photography offers you free sample copy of Visual Education and book to learn the fine art of photography. Send for free samples by mail. MR. AND MRS. LACEY, the jailor and matron, have done everything they could to make me happy. In my cell, I have every comfort—good food, comfortable furniture. One person of our class was trained by my landlord, and evidence of what it will do for you. Please state age. Letters to: Landlord, Landon Picture Charts, make any plan you desire in your own home in one-fourth of usual time.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL 216 River Building, Yonge and Bay Streets, TORONTO, CANADA

56 2/3 Miles Per Hour

(Continued)

an hour sounds awfully fast if you've been driving a plow much.

Guilty! On second thought, but it has changed the face of the universe for me.

As the days went by, while my lawyer did some things I didn't understand, I felt I couldn't stand it no longer. Like a sword suspended above my head, it menaced my every action. I found my whole life was being ordered by the words, "after I go to jail."

And something in me didn't want to slip out on a silly technical point. I wanted at least to be game. So when my picture was pasted I packed my nightie and came down to get the darn thing off the slate.

"I know not whether Laws be right, Or whether Laws be wrong; All that we know who lie in gaol Is that the life is hard, some.

And that each day is like a year, A year whose days are long."

My cell is a little, narrow room, with walls of corrugated iron painted a loath-

some yellow. There are two, small barred windows. Bars that keep out the precious sunshine. As I stand at these grated case-

ments, I can see below the children on the jail lawns, happy, carefree little folks who stop their way to school to look up at my windows and wish me joy.

And my poor heart swells in answer to it —for in sorrow one's heart is very soft, and one's eyes are very clear, even when tears dim them.

Of course, everybody has been wonder-

fully good to me. From the dark night when, hidden by the kindly shadows, I crept up to the door—I came at night be-

cause you see they count it a whole day if you don't come in at night. Mr. and Mrs. Lacey, the jailor and matron, have done everything they could to make me happy. In my cell, I have every com-

fort—good food, comfortable furniture. One person of our class was trained by my landlord, and evidence of what it will do for you. Please state age. Letters to: Landlord, Landon Picture Charts, make any plan you desire in your own home in one-fourth of usual time.

The jazz band from Sunset Inn came down and gave me a concert.

And the whole Realart studio, every department, came down after dark and brought me a big black and white key made of candy.

I am grateful too, in my humble way, that I did not make me wear stripes or shave my head. I had some very pretty little jail frocks of pale blue taffeta. The hair dresser comes every morning to do my hair. Mother lives at the hotel across the street and comes over every day. Grandmamma comes down from the city every day, too, and brings my maid to help me. My meals come from the Inn across the way.

The sheriff, who brought me in here and locked me up, has been my leading man. The little jail pictures were wonderful hard in here, receiving visitors, and making pictures and—I have helped look after the other prisoners' linen.

The next cell to me is a girl accused of bootlegging. I don't believe it. Every-
Jail is a mighty Ritzie jail. If every jail authority. Of course the Orange County body that uses hair tonic nowadays they try to lock up as a bootlegger. A man downstairs, I don't know what he did, who has a beautiful sweetheart. When they gave me all those ancient, retired farmers. Cleopatra herself would fall flat with me locked up in this old calaboose, but I didn't intend to break their old speed laws.

Friends, my candle is burning low. And I'm lower. My poor mother and grandmother have shed enough tears to float the Pacific Fleet. I shall go in earnestly for prison reform work and No._

When the world was young, I was in charge of my division. In a year my salary had been doubled. And it's been advancing ever since. Today I was appointed manager of our Western office at $5,000 a year. Turning out that coupon three years ago was the best lesson I ever had.

For thirty years, the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men to win promotion, to earn more money, to get ahead in business, and to live.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best. All we ask is the chance to prove it. Just mark this time I read the advertisement twice—yes, every word. And this time I tore out the coupon.

That was the turn in the road for me. The Schools at Scranton suggested just the course of training I needed and they worked with me every hour I had to spare.

Taking a month. I was in charge of my division. In a year my salary had been doubled. And it's been advancing ever since. Today I was appointed manager of our Western office at $5,000 a year. Turning out that coupon three years ago was the best lesson I ever had.

For thirty years, the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men to win promotion, to earn more money, to get ahead in business, and to live.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best. All we ask is the chance to prove it. Just mark and mail this coupon. Do it right now!
Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 72.)

PHILIP C. SCHAFFER, BALKFFO.—I ne-
er said I didn't like Grace Darmond. I
have never met her so far as well as pret-
s, she looks on the screen, I hope she is
would become one of Grace's fans. She
was born November 20, 1898. She played
with Hobart Bosworth in "Behind the
Door."

LOLA. I love that name. It is so pic-
turese. I hope you have slightly almon-
d-shaped eyes, blue, with a black
fringe of lashes; a somewhat pelutant but
very red mouth; and a becoming pallor.
Oh! I do so hope you have not become pallor.
Every novel I ever read with a girl named Lola met these requirements.
Katherine MacDonald in "My Lady's Last Country," "Stranger than Fiction" and
"Trust Your Wife," all for First National.
Here is the cast for her early Paramount
picture, "The Thunderbolt": Ruth Pom-
ckroy—Miss MacDonald; Allen Pom-
kroy—Spottiswoode Aitken; Bruce Corbin—Thom-
mas Meighan; Spencer Vail—Forrest Stanley;
Tom Tomoro—Jim Gordon; Mammy Cleo—
Mrs. L. C. Harris.

E. W., WINONA.—You have excellent
taste, I'll admit: John Barrymore, Conrad
Nicolai, and Percy Marnont. Mr. Barry-
more is appearing at the Empire Theater
in New York in "Clair de Lune," a play by
his wife, whose pen name is Michael
Strangeway. Ethel Rice is his co-star.
Mr. Barrymore is five feet ten inches tall. It was John, not Lionel, who
praised Lilian Gish's performance in "Way
Down East," and although Lionel may have
liked it too; I don't know. Nagel in "The
Fighting Chance," Marmont in "The
Brandied Woman."

NAOMI, EAGLE PASS.—The only address
I have for Raymond McKee right now is
the Friars' Club, New York City. As far as
I know he is neither married.
Complicated, but correct.

DIMPLES, ROCHESTER.—Glad to see you
again. Particularly appreciate your using
one sheet of your Christmas paper on me.
Floyd Risley's "The Road to London."" I'm
"Her Husband's Friend." Mr. Mills is one of
our best husbands. Take that any way you
want to; he's a good actor and happily
married.

EDN.—Perhaps the reason why the stars' portraits are always good is that
they usually pose for them in New York or
Los Angeles, and I believe many of the
finest photographers in the country have
studios in these two cities. Naturally they
are a jump ahead of Jersey City, with all
due regard for Jersey City. Joseph Dowling
as the Patriarch in "The Miracle Man,
Ralph Lewis as Castlbeck in "1813," the
American Venus in "The Road to London,"
also Muriel Le Blanc. Wedgwood Nowell
played the lead.

L. M. L., SUMTER.—I like to go to pic-
tures, too. Fortunately, Clarine Seymour
last appeared in Griffith's "The Idol
Dancer." She died in May, 1920. Alice
Brady in "Out of the Chorus." Write to
her at Reallit.

S. B. K., DALLAS.—"Texas Girl" was a
rather indefinite non de plume; there are
many "Texas Girls," you know. Jack
Pickford is in Hollywood. He and Alfred
Green are co-directors of Mary in "Through
the Door" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.—Advertising Section

Brings Out the Hidden Beauty
Beneath that gilded, flour-
ed face, beneath the
indefinite surface skin, re-
vealing to you the true
natural beauty underneath. Used by hollywood
women to preserve their
true natural beauty. Have you tried it?

MERCERIZED WAX (Patentee)...

SEND TO-DAY
For the Most Fascinat-
ing Game of the Age
Appeals to young or old
—the new game
every one will love and
enjoy—so simple or so fascinat-
ing—Gives you two
one hour or two
Wondersome and attractive.
Be first in your crowd to
erase your "I am too old for Mercerized Wax." Get yours free.
BART MFG. CO., 50 W. Washington St., Chicago.

AMBITIOUS WRITERS, send
the address for a FREE
AMBITION DIGEST.

Photopay Magazine — Advertising Section
Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

WHAT WAS THE BEST PICTURE YOU
SAW LAST YEAR?
To the producer of the best
photoplay exhibited during 1920
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
will award its medal of honor.
After long consideration PHOTOPLAY
has decided to permanently establish
an award of merit to the producer
whose vision, faith and organiza-
tion made the Best Picture possible.
Each year the movie-goers themselves
do the choosing and the
producer of the Best Picture is
awarded the Best Picture medal
which is presented to him by the
producer of the next Best Picture.

M. W.—Carol Halloway was never the
wife of William Duncan. Duncan is mar-
rried to Edith Johnson. The rumors that
Mae Marsh might come back to Griffith
were not correct. So few rumors are, don't
you know. Miss Marsh, or Mrs. Louis Lee
Armstrong, is not living with Robert
Armstrong. She made for that company "The Little
Fraday," and "Nobody's Kid." Mae
has one little girl.

ARDIS A. ACKERMAN.—Thanks very
much for the beautiful blotter. May it
serve me well—blotting out, I hope, many of
my mistakes, but not your memories of
me. There—that's off my mind. Always
glad to hear from you.

J. H., WASHBURN.—Too bad I can't
tell you that Bryant Washburn came from
your Wisconsin town. But he didn't. Bryant
has his own company now. His present
motion picture is called "The Road to London."
Mabel Forrest is Mrs. Washburn. Besse Love
may be reached care Wills and Inglis,
Wright Callender Bldg., Los Angeles.
Besse is free-lancing now, having appeared
opposite Sussev Hayakawa and Hobart
Bosworth quite recently. Kenneth Har-
lan, Talmadge studio, Lila Lee and Gloria
Swanson, Lasky. Priscilla Dean, Universal
City, Cal. I understand that upon complet-
ing her current Universal picture, called
"The Road to London," Miss Dean has retired for
a while. She is Mrs. Wheeler Oakman.
Oakman and Doris May appear in sup-
ported parts. Miss Cecile Peck's "Bad
Boy." Such a little fellow, Jackie, to have
all those big performers supporting him.
Alice Lake, western Metro. But I forget;
there is no eastern Metro any more; all
the productions of that company will in
the future be made on the coast.

DOROTHY T., SCRANTON.—Vivian Martin
was with Paramount once upon a time;
so was Louis Huff, but he is there now.
Miss Huff is married and has not
made a film appearance for some time. Miss
Martin's latest vehicle is "Mother Eternal."

JULIENNE.—Edwards Burns played Doc-
 tor Ransome in "To Please One Woman"
and Mona Lisa was the woman. It was a
Lois Weber picture. I can't tell you who
Mrs. Burns is, because I have no record of
any such person.

MISS VIRGINIA.—I didn't have to look
at the postmark to realize that you are
from Missouri. I can only say that I
know of three true tales, and
etc. Dorothy Dalton has dark brown hair
and grey eyes. Lillian Gish was born in
1896 and is not married.
Questions and Answers (Continued)

Broadside Battery.—The only reason you wrote to me was that a heavy fog prevented you from having breakfast on the quarterdeck. I am honored anyway. Your letter was one of the best I have had this or any other month. What is the lady's name and what kind of a wife will you send out in all the quarters you send? Let me know and I will see if I can help you to get that picture. Come again—soon.

A. Swanson, Los Angeles.—You neglected to send your complete address. If you will write to me again, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, I would like very much to write you a personal letter.

Lyle C., Calumet.—I agree with you that some rules are very silly. For instance, that which tells us in case of fire to keep cool. But I ask you for your complete names and addresses as evidences of your good faith. Frank Mayo belongs to a well-known theatrical family and was on the stage before he was a film actor. He was born in 1886, and may be addressed at Universal City, Cal. Mayo was formerly married to Joyce Moore; divorced.

T. L., New York City.—Rubye de Re-mer does not tell her age; she is not married. Madame Nazinova was born in 1879 and is Mrs. Charles Bryant in private life. She is working now on a screen version of "Camille." Rudolph Valentino plays opposite her in this. Wonder how many feet of film it will take for the famous death scene?

Daisy.—Here’s a secret: I hear that little Gloria Hope is going to marry Lloyd Hughes, the Ince leading man. Gloria is twenty years old and five feet two inches tall.

C. K., St. Louis.—I’ll tell you a stunt. Don’t buy the hat you like; select the most expensive one you can find, take your husband to see it, and when he glimpses the tag, tell him you’ll compromise with the first one. (I have never talked to anyone— but isn’t that a little premature?

H. P. Easton, Pa.—George O’Hara played the cameraman in Sennett’s "The Tiny Town Idol"; and you may address him at the Sennett studios. I doubt if Mr. Sennett’s coming so as much& as many as other stars. Still, I have been tempted to write Ben Turpin myself.

Thomas.—I am awfully, awfully sorry I can’t tell you positively what Eva Novak’s matrimonial plans are. The only thing for you to do is to hope. You might write to her at Universal City, California. She doesn’t weigh more than five feet five inches tall, if it will help you to know anything. Yes—she is Jane’s sister. Jane is divorced from Frank Newburg.

A. W. H., Hague, Holland.—I liked your letter very much. Thanks for what you say about Photoplay. Marion Davies may be reached at the International studios, New York: Lilian Gish at the Cameris, St. Louis, and Fields, Minn. Metro. No stated number of positives are printed from a film negative. Write again.

ETHEL Z., Cicero, Ill.—Sometimes when I look at either of these art exhibits I think they should hang the artists as well as the pictures. But then I am old-fashioned, and I always suspect that the artist is ahead of the public. Philo McCullough is unmarried according to our records. He was born in 1890.

M. M. S. Akron.—Jackie Coogan and Wesley Barry are both in New York at present. Jackie is having the time of his life and helping everybody else to do the same. Wesley has been helping the various relief societies that are working in Man-hattan and has sold dolls for charity and behaved beautifully generally. I believe Jackie has had his day, but he is the best of it, how-ever; he helped Yanks win the other day and next to Babe Ruth was the most celebrated person there. Norma Talmadge was born in 1895, is five feet two inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, and has dark brown hair and eyes.

JUST GIFF.—Aren’t you covet! The girl who played opposite Buck Jones in "The Square Shooter" was Patsy de Forest.

CLEOPATRA.—Your pastel, Antony and Cleopatra, arrived safely, if such a brilliana affair may be said to have arrived safely. The colors blind me, Cleo; and I can’t have it framed for my office as you suggest because I wouldn’t do any work. However, I am so glad you told me what it was all about—I might have mistaken them for Abelard and Heloise. Raymond Hatton in "The Concert." He is married. Frank Campeau’s latest pictures is "The Killer" in which he plays the title role. Frank has done some killing in his time on the screen. I don’t know when he was the villain in Doug’s pictures? Will Rogers in "A Bashful Romeo." Geraldine Farrar is not doing any film work right now. She and her photographer are planning a trip abroad, I believe, and upon their return they will make more pictures.

GREEN EYES.—Clara Kimball Young is not married now. Monte Blue is to a non-professional. He was born in Indianapolis, has brown hair and eyes, is six feet two inches tall, and weighs about 180 pounds. Blue plays in Allan Dwan’s "A Perfect Crime" but is, I think, under contract to Paramount permanently. Yes—he’s a nice chap.

MARGARET, Elmira.—I would be only too glad to tell you how to start a Sunshine Club if I knew what it was. And if I knew I would start one myself.

BIRDIE.—Dustin Farum’s wife was formerly Merton. That is a beautiful name, isn’t it? Hallam Cooley is married. Bert Lytell was born in 1885, and is married to Evelyn Vaughn. Lytell in "A Message from Mars."

Z. S., Kentucky.—I have heard, too, that Katherine MacDonald is soon to marry a Los Angeles business man. But since Katherine herself has not announced it, I will not publish it as a fact. Nigel Bar-rie is married and lives in Hollywood.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
MARY CAREY.—No relation to Harry Carey, but willing to be. Well, Mr. Carey has a wife—Olivia Fuller Golden who was once a New Zealand girl. Mr. Carey has made mud pictures and anything for quite a while now, but his sister, Ruth Golden, played with Harry recently. Phyllis Haver is still a Mack Sennett comedienne, but Louise Fazenda and Marie Prevost have both deserted the old lot for fresh fields. Louise is going to keep on being funny, but Marie is going in for drama. Thomas Meighan, Lasky, Hollywood.

THE KID.—Robert Harron died in New York City of the rectum of an accidental bullet-wound. He was twenty-six years of age and unmarried. His younger brother, John, appears with Mary Pickford in her new picture.

TERRY T. H.—All is not gold that glitters; some of it is dyed. But I don't want to make you cynical. Albert Roscoe will next be seen in the May Allison Metro picture, "The Woman of the Year." Something is up about him; he is a mighty fine chap off screen, and he now is working with Alice Lake at the Metro studios, Hollywood. He is married.

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—Why should you be any more discouraged about your film favoritism than you are about your butcher favoritism? Perhaps you have been too much in love with the boucher or candlestick maker? I acknowledge that the latter are not generally known as 'artists,' which name usually covers a multitude of shortcomings; but they are human and so are film stars. Don't let it worry you. I don't. It's none of my business. Pearl White will not live in Europe; she will return next season. Marguerite de la Motte announces it Nazimova now. She doesn't forget and say Nazimova instead. Gladys Walton was born in Boston, April 14, 1904. She is one inch over five feet.

GIVEN.—Maude Adams is not going to act in films, but she is going to produce them. She is interested in color photography and will hire a new studio called "Aladdin" in a New York studio. Miss Adams has not appeared on the stage for nearly three years, but it is said she will return next season. Marguerite de la Motte is of French descent, but she was born in this country. Hoot Gibson is Helen Gibson's husband. He is with Universal.

M. P., OHIO.—Madge Kennedy has been appearing on the legitimate stage in a play called "The Shadow," which is called Madge Mady, borrowing a page from her picture book, plays a dual role. The play isn't so good, in my opinion, but Madge is. She will probably come back to pictures before very long. She is Mrs. Harold Bolster in private life. Mabel Normand is not married. She is back with the Mack Sennett company, and is now starring in a new pantomime called "Molly-O." Of course I like Mabel. Doesn't everybody?

THE GOLD MEDAL Picture of 1920

See Page 29 for Particulars

Thousands of Our Star Patrons are the up-to-date and wise American girl, her wonderful films friends, the leading magazine editors, the great department store buyers, the small amount of the motion picture business. They are that, and they've seen every American Pictures Motion Picture shown in America. They are the ones who choose the films that win the prize. Why are they right? They are right because they have seen it. "One Year's Wager and Those Three Wise Men." Those stars who are appearing in these pictures are the stars who will be in the next pictures. Why? Because they are the stars who are famous in America today. Get your own copies of these pictures and see for yourself. The next time you see one of these pictures in a theater it will be the one that has won the prize. Why? Because the audience has chosen it. Give your audience what they want. Give them the pictures that win the prize.
Questions and Answers
(Concluded)

MARY C.—George Beban is an American I know he plays Italian characters but it doesn't mean that he was born in sunny Italy. Just another tribute to George's genuine ability. His latest vehicle in "One Man in a Million," in which his little son, Bob White Beban, also appears.

F. R. A., VENICE, CAL.—That is Marguerite de la Motte's real name. Does it sound too good to be true? She was born in Duluth, Minn.

THE BAT.—If I were a woman, I should have blushed a deep pink when I read all that you said about me. Am I really as good as all that? No; you are just naturally good natured, that's all. Jane Wolfit is not an exhibe but a free-lance, appearing most frequently for Paramount. She was born in St. Petersburg, Pa., is five feet five inches tall, weighs 128 pounds, and is unmarried—that is, I presume she is as I have no record of her husband. Marcia Manon is Russian—her real name is Camille Anewich. In private life she is Mrs. Frothingham. Her latest appearance is in Goldwyn's "Look Before You Leap." Madge Kennedy will return to films sooner or later. With you, I hope it may be sooner. Don't forget to write again.

AZILE.—Whatever that means. Yes, I remember little Kenneth Casey who used to play in the John Bunny-Flora Finch comedies, but I have no recent information about him. He must be a big boy now. Bill Hart plans a long vacation but I doubt if he will retire definitely from pictures. You know Sarah Bernhardt said she was going to retire too. And she is now playing in vaudeville in England and on the continent. More power to her, too.

V. R., NEW YORK CITY.—Oh, I don't think New Yorkers are nearly so blase as they try to make out. Did you ever watch one of them stopping to observe a fire or a fire? You'll see exactly the same expressions as you would see in Main Street—anywhere. Kathleen Clifford won recognition for her male impersonations. She was well known in vaudeville before she went on the screen. She weighs only 93 pounds and is five feet one inch tall. She's not married. Edith Johnson is five feet four and weighs 155 lbs.

SARAH, CHARLOTTE.—I approve of you. You are not a bit catty. Any girl who honestly admires Agnes Ayres cannot be catty. Agnes is very beautiful at home as well as in the studio. Address her Lasky studios, Hollywood. She is a member of the all-star cast for "The Affairs of Anatol."

KATHRYN.—Who is Jack Holt's wife? Mrs. Jack Holt. I really haven't her maiden name, but I know she is not a film actress.

D. G. S., SAN DIEGO.—Edith Roberts was born as recently as 1901. I think you must be confusing her with some other actress, though I can't figure out. Edith is not the ingenue type, not a character actress. Here's the cast of "The Frontier of the Stars": Buck Leslie—Thomas Meighan; Hilda Shea—Faire Binnie; Rickie—William J. Leach; Etcher—Gregory Ratoff; Panchito—Edward Ellis; Game—Gus Weinberg; Mary Hoyt—Florence Johns. Of this cast, two are legitimate players; Etcher, who appears in a Broadway play, "The Broken Wing," and Edward Ellis, a member of the cast of "The Bat."

Merry Widow.—It is indeed an empty purse which is full of other men's money. I'll have to mention that to my husband. Wallace Reid is extremely per- sonable, if I may trust the judgment of the majority of my feminine correspondents. He is so handsome I cannot believe that so is Douglas McLean. The McLeans live in Los Angeles. Doris May is a very good friend of Mr. and Mrs. McLean. No truth at all in those rumors that they didn't work together because of professional jealousy and all that. Miss May in "The Bronze Bell."

G. T. STAMFORD.—You like Burns Mantle's reviews but you don't always agree with him. Wouldn't this be a dreary existence if there were no discussion? Carole Dempster, Charles Mack, Ralph Graves and Edward Peil were the leading players in Griffith's "Dream Street."

The Gish girls do not appear in it. Dorothy is not making any new pictures at present. Her husband, James Rennie, is playing opposite Hope Hampton in "Star Dust."

The Cat. If I were a woman I should have blushed a deep pink when I read all that you said about me. Am I really as good as all that? No; you are just naturally good natured, that's all. Jane Wolfit is not an exhibe but a free-lance, appearing most frequently for Paramount. She was born in St. Petersburg, Pa., is five feet five inches tall, weighs 128 pounds, and is unmarried—that is, I presume she is as I have no record of her husband. Marcia Manon is Russian—her real name is Camille Anewich. In private life she is Mrs. Frothingham. Her latest appearance is in Goldwyn's "Look Before You Leap." Madge Kennedy will return to films sooner or later. With you, I hope it may be sooner. Don't forget to write again.

Azile.—Whatever that means. Yes, I remember little Kenneth Casey who used to play in the John Bunny-Flora Finch comedies, but I have no recent information about him. He must be a big boy now. Bill Hart plans a long vacation but I doubt if he will retire definitely from pictures. You know Sarah Bernhardt said she was going to retire too. And she is now playing in vaudeville in England and on the continent. More power to her, too.

V. R., NEW YORK CITY.—Oh, I don't think New Yorkers are nearly so blase as they try to make out. Did you ever watch one of them stopping to observe a fire or a fire? You'll see exactly the same expressions as you would see in Main Street—anywhere. Kathleen Clifford won recognition for her male impersonations. She was well known in vaudeville before she went on the screen. She weighs only 93 pounds and is five feet one inch tall. She's not married. Edith Johnson is five feet four and weighs 155 lbs.

Sarah, Charlotte.—I approve of you. You are not a bit catty. Any girl who honestly admires Agnes Ayres cannot be catty. Agnes is very beautiful at home as well as in the studio. Address her Lasky studios, Hollywood. She is a member of the all-star cast for "The Affairs of Anatol."

Kathryn.—Who is Jack Holt's wife? Mrs. Jack Holt. I really haven't her maiden name, but I know she is not a film actress.

D. G. S., San Diego.—Edith Roberts was born as recently as 1901. I think you must be confusing her with some other actress, though I can't figure out. Edith is not the ingenue type, not a character actress. Here's the cast of "The Frontier of the Stars": Buck Leslie—Thomas Meighan; Hilda Shea—Faire Binnie; Rickie—William J. Leach; Etcher—Gregory Ratoff; Panchito—Edward Ellis; Game—Gus Weinberg; Mary Hoyt—Florence Johns. Of this cast, two are legitimate players; Etcher, who appears in a Broadway play, "The Broken Wing," and Edward Ellis, a member of the cast of "The Bat."
A typical
Mellin’s Food
Baby

Mellin’s Food, properly prepared, furnishes every element a baby needs to grow and develop as Nature intends.

Send today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin’s Food.

Mellin’s Food Company,
Boston, Mass.
A REVOLUTION in publishing! A sensational offer! Think of it! Thirty wonderful flexible Redcroft bound books for only $2.98. The greatest books ever written! This means exactly what it says! $2.98 for ALL THIRTY—not for ONE—NOT A FIRST PAYMENT—but $2.98 for the entire set of 30 volumes and there are no further payments! Each book complete—NOT EXTRACTS. Each volume printed in clear, readable type, on excellent book paper, and bound in wonderful flexible Redcroft, which looks like and wears better than leather. OVER FOUR MILLION VOLUMES HAVE BEEN SOLD WITHOUT ADVERTISING. Here is the most remarkable opportunity you have ever had to become familiar with the works of the world’s greatest authors. You cannot help but become more interesting, better satisfied with yourself, after reading these, some of the greatest works of all time.

SEND NO MONEY

30 Days’ Trial

Just mail coupon. See the books. If not better than you thought, return them at our expense and you will not be out one penny. These are the wonderful books of the Little Leather Library Corporation which are so convenient in size. You can carry one in your pocket wherever you go. The list of authors includes Kipling, De Maupassant, George Washington, W. L. Wries, Coleridge, Tennyson, Longfellow, Stevenson, Oscar Wilde, Edgar Allan Poe, Shakespeare, Olive Schreiner, Edward Everett Hale, Henry Drummond, Omar Khayyam, Lincoln, Irving, Conan Doyle, Emerson, Thoreau, Burns, Browning and others.

Read these wonderful books for a month. Then if not pleased, send them back and lose no money. Think of buying 30 wonderful flexible Redcroft bound books for only $2.98. Send these books to friends instead of greeting cards. Read and reread them yourself. Every cultured person must know these authors’ works. They are almost equivalent to a college education.

Tear Out the Coupon NOW

Send no money now. Mail coupon and we will send the entire 30 volumes at once. Simply pay postman $2.98 plus postage, and examine the books for 30 days. We positively guarantee REFUND if you are not more than pleased. At this price of $2.98 they will be cleaned out quickly. Mail coupon at once.

Little Leather Library
Corporation
Dept. 1077
354-4th Avenue
New York

Outside U. S. Price $3.50 cash with order
IN GRANDMOTHER’S DAY

FOR that older generation, along with the Cashmere shawl—Cashmere Bouquet Soap was a mark of distinction.

While the Cashmere shawl has passed, the use of Colgate’s Cashmere Bouquet Soap increases each year in homes of refinement the world over. It is favored for its lasting qualities and for its exquisite, lingering fragrance—suggestive of the perfumed Vale of Cashmere for which it is named.

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1806 NEW YORK
Pour achever une Harmonie véritable de la Toilette

Ostende! Dieppe! At these famous French watering places one may mingle these summer days with the élite—les élégantes—of Paris itself. Here, Madame, Mademoiselle, one cannot but observe that perfection exquise de la toilette which so distinguishes French ladies of fashion—"les femmes à la mode."

But, you, Madame, need not envy these demoiselles françaises. One secret of their subtle charm may today be yours. It is so very simple. In the very words of France it is just this: "Dans tous les objets de la toilette on emploie une seule odeur." Each article of the toilette should bear the same fragrance.

So, with wisdom, will Madame choose Djer-Kiss—French Djer-Kiss—which so caressingly imparts un charme français. And remembering this very law of French fashion, (on ne mélange pas les odeurs—one must not mix perfumes), Madame will use wisely all the spécialités de Djer-Kiss. Her talc, her face powder, her rouge, her creams, her sachet, her toilet water and even her soap will breathe gently and exquisitely the alluring French fragrance of Djer-Kiss extract itself.

To obey, amies Américaines, is to capture a priceless secret of charm —of fascination française.

Special Sample Offer:
In return for 20c the A. H. Smith Co., 26 West 34th St., New York, will be pleased to send you the Djer-Kiss Week-end Specialty Box which contains attractive samples of Djer-Kiss Face Powder, Extract, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Sachet.

Djer-Kiss
Made in France

EXTRACT
FACE POWDER
TALC · SOAP
ROUGE · SACHET

TOILET WATER
VEGETALE
COLD CREAM
VANISHING CREAM

These spécialités—Rouge, Soap, Compacts and Creams—temporarily blended here with pure Djer-Kiss concentrate imported from France.
Among tires SILVERTOWN is the name that instantly conveys the thought of the highest known quality.

Motor car manufacturers and dealers are quick to emphasize to their prospects that their cars are equipped with Silvertowns—knowing that neither explanation nor argument is necessary.

The genuine value of Silvertowns has given them first place in the esteem of motorists. Their jet black anti-skid safety treads and creamy white sides give them the air of distinction that is expected in a product which is the highest art of tire craftsmanship.

The full name—"Goodrich Silvertown Cord"—appears on each tire. Look for it, and get the genuine.

THE B.F.GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

Your dealer will supply you with Goodrich Silvertown Cords, Goodrich Fabrics and Goodrich Red and Gray Tubes at the 20% price reduction.
And so the day ends perfectly —

A GOOD vacation means above all change of scene. The city-dweller longs for the country or shore. The country-dwellers seek the excitement of metropolitan life. Whichever class you are in you will find that Paramount has anticipated your motion picture wants.

In the country you will find that the fame of Paramount has penetrated to your resort, whether it be in a theatre that seats three hundred or three thousand. You can see the same fine Paramount Pictures there that you were accustomed to in town. The visitors to the cities will discover any number of Paramount Pictures to choose from.

Take train anywhere: take steamer or aeroplane, and you will inevitably arrive at one of the theatres on the Paramount circuit of enchantment.

Whether it is a million dollar palace of the screen in the big city, or a tiny hall in a backwoods hamlet, you will find that it is always the best and most prosperous theatre in the community that is exhibiting Paramount Pictures.

They both show the same pictures! Paramount Pictures. The resort that has Paramount Pictures is in the swim—a Broadway show in the heart of the country!

Paramount has achieved this national recognition by steadily delivering great entertainment,

—entertainment conceived and interpreted by the foremost actors, dramatists, directors, writers, impresarios and technicians,

—photoplays made with the idea that each one had to beat the last,

—motion pictures so good that in the United States alone more than 11,200 theatres, not counting summer theatres, depend on them as the chief source of supply.

Whether you see Paramount Pictures in a metropolitan theatre or in a summer theatre that vanishes with the first frosts, you are equally sure of fine entertainment.

When you see that phrase, “It’s a Paramount Picture,” park your car, motor-boat or canoe and go in,

—because it’s a Paramount Picture it’s the best show in vacation-land!
Contents

August, 1921

Cover Design
From a Pastel Portrait by Rolf Armstrong.

Rotogravure:
Kathryn Perry
Billie Dove
Olive Tell

Gladya Leslie
Barbara Deane
John Barrymore

Julianne Johnston

Magic Days
Bebe Daniels

The Lasky Lot
Ralph Barton

One of Anatol's Affairs
Delight Evans

Here's How It's Done
(Photograph)

Hello, Mabel!
Adela Rogers St. Johns

Ethel Clayton
She Is At Home Again, in Hollywood.

Some People
A Constellation of Impressions.

And Three Lovely Children—
T. L. Sappington

An Open Letter to Mme. Nazimova
Upon Her Farewell to Metro.

Editorial
Ralph Barton

Photoplays Reviewed
in the Shadow Stage
This Issue

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

Page 55
The Woman God Changed...Cosmopolitan-Para.

Page 56
Through the Back Door...United Artists
Two Weeks Without Pay...Realart
The Lost Romance...Paramount
Boys Will Be Boys...Goldwyn

Page 57
Sham...Paramount
The Wild Goose. Cosmopolitan-Para.
The Home Stretch. Ince-Paramount
Snowblind...Goldwyn

Page 58
White and Unmarried...Paramount
A Wise Fool... Paramount
Reputation... Universal
Love's Penalty... First National
J'Accuse...Marc Klaw

Page 62
The Scarab Ring...Vitagraph
Get Your Man...Fox
The Ten Dollar Raise... Associated Prod.
Cheated Love...Universal
Appearances...British-Paramount
The Guide...Fox
The Last Card...Metro
Closed Doors...Vitagraph
Colorado Pluck...Fox
The Wallop...Universal
Lavender and Old Lace... Hodkinson
Beyond Price...Fox
Keeping Up With Lizzie...Hodkinson

Page 83
Big Town Ideas...Fox
The Man Tamer... Universal
The High Road. Non-Theatrical Dist.
The Silver Car...Vitagraph
A Riding Romeo...Fox
## Contents—Continued

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fashions</td>
<td>Carolyn Van Wyck</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ODDS AND ENDS FOR THE SUMMER SEASON.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West is East</td>
<td>Delight Evans</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meeting Betty Blythe and Wally Reid</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snip Go the Censor’s Scissors</td>
<td>(Photographs)</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty Years of Bathing Suits</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sign on the Door (Fiction)</td>
<td>Gene Sheridan</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From the Film Adaptation of the Famous Play.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Daughter of the Vikings</td>
<td>Joan Jordan</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ann Forrest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Traditions? Never Heard of Em</td>
<td>Jordan Robinson</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rex Ingram, Director Extraordinaire.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whose Double Are You? Announcing a New Contest.</td>
<td></td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E-x-t-r-a-s!</td>
<td>Norman Anthony</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drawing.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Was the Best Photoplay of 1920?</td>
<td></td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coupon Number Three in PHOTOPLAY’S Gold Medal Contest.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bad Actor From Bildad (Fiction)</td>
<td>J. Frank Davis</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fiction Contest Story. Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Close-Ups</td>
<td>Editorial Comment</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Experience</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Tabloid Version of the Film Play.</td>
<td></td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maison Murray</td>
<td>(Photographs)</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Robert Leonard’s Home in New York.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Is a Director? An Array of Definitions.</td>
<td>By Et Al.</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Shadow Stage</td>
<td>Burns Mantle</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reviews of the New Pictures.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Applause Wanted!</td>
<td>Norman Anthony</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| A great enterprise which will permanently reward the film industry for its finest achievement of the year. An annual affair—an event of national importance—it is distinctly your Contest, for you are choosing, with your votes, the best photoplay. And then—
| Not in the Guide Book                                                  | (Photographs)               | 60   |
| The Woman Who Came Back                                               | Adela Rogers St. Johns      | 62   |
| Victory Bateman.                                                       |                             |      |
| Twin Salaries for Twin Roles?                                         | Norman Anthony              | 63   |
| Drawing.                                                               |                             |      |
| Hidden Children of the Screen                                         | Lyne S. Metcalfe            | 64   |
| Movies You Never See.                                                 | Cal. York                   | 65   |
| Plays and Players News from the Studios.                              |                             |      |
| Being a Screen Idol’s Wife                                             | Ada Patterson               | 68   |
| As Confessed by Mrs. Conway Tearle.                                   |                             |      |
| Cherchez la Film                                                       | Randolph Bartlett           | 70   |
| Verse.                                                                 |                             |      |
| Home-Folks                                                             | Margaret Sangster           | 72   |
| Verse.                                                                 |                             |      |
| Why Do They Do It?                                                    | The Answer Man              | 77   |
| Criticisms by the Movie-Goers.                                        |                             |      |
| Questions and Answers                                                 |                             | 80   |
| Announcing Marriage Letter Contest Winners.                           |                             |      |
| Miss Van Wyck Says:                                                   |                             | 108  |
| Answers to Questions on Fashions.                                     |                             |      |

(Addresses of the Leading Motion Picture Producers appear on page 8)

## Photoplay’s Three Contests

WITH its three contests—world-beaters, every one of them: unique, costly, amazing—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has perhaps never been equalled in the magazine field for the general interest it has created.

There’s—

The $14,000 Fiction Contest, involving prizes of $5,000, $2,500, $1,000 and $500, which has raised the standard of American fiction, has brought a hearty response from famous writers, and has definitely established other writers not so well known. PHOTOPLAY’S Fiction Stories are being read.

There’s—

The Medal of Honor Contest—a great enterprise which will permanently reward the film industry for its finest achievement of the year. An annual affair—an event of national importance—it is distinctly your Contest, for you are choosing, with your votes, the best photoplay.

And then—

The Doubles Contest. The most intimate competition of the three: finding the doubles of famous film stars. If you resemble a screen celebrity, if you have a friend who does, send in the resemblance picture to PHOTOPLAY. $50, $25, and three prizes of $10, are the generous awards.

Watch the next issue for further developments!

Three special reasons why you had better order your September copy now!
New Discovery Takes Off Flesh Almost "While You Wait!"

A pound a day the very first week without medicine, special foods, starving, baths or exercise. Results in 48 hours!

At last a simple secret has been discovered by the world's greatest food specialist which enables you to eat a pound a day off your weight without the slightest discomfort. In fact you will enjoy your meals as never before.

Thousands of men and women who have tried strenuous diets, special reducing baths, salts, medicine and violent exercising without results have found this new scientific way a revelation. A pound or more a day from the very start can be counted on in most cases and with each pound you lose you will note a remarkable increase in energy and general health.

Women so stout they could never wear light colors or attractive styles without change that has enabled them to wear the most vividly colored and fluffily-styled clothes. Men who used to puff when they walked the least bit quickly—men who were most vividly colored and fluffily-styled—unable to enjoy outdoor exercise or pleasure find their return to youthful energy almost miraculous.

Nothing Like It Before

You've never tried anything like this wonderful new method of Eugene Christian's before. It's entirely different. Instead of starving you, it shows you how to eat off weight—a pound of it a day! No trouble, no fuss, no self-denial. All so simple that you'll be delighted—and amazed.

Here's what Christian's course in Weight Control will do for you.

First it will bring down your weight to normal, to what it should naturally be. Then it will make your flesh firm and solid. It will bring a new glow to your cheeks, a new sparkle to your eyes, a new spring to your step. It will give your charm, grace, attractiveness. And all naturally, mind you! Nothing harmful.

We want you to prove it yourself. We want you to see results, to see your own unnecessary flesh vanish. We want you to see why all dieting, medicines, bathing and exercising are a mistake—why this new discovery gets right down to the real reason for your stoutness, and removes it by natural methods.

No Money in Advance

Just put your name and address on the coupon. Don't send any money. The coupon alone will bring Eugene Christian's complete course to your door, where $2 to the postman will make it your property.

As soon as the course arrives, weigh yourself. Then glance through the lessons carefully, and read all about the startling revelations regarding weight, food and health. Now put the course to the test. Try the first lesson. Weigh yourself in a day or two again and notice the wonderful result. Still you've taken no medicine, put yourself to no hardships, done nothing but pure common-sense, practical help that will do just what we say—take off flesh "while you wait." Eat all the delicious foods you like, observing of course the one vital rule. Do what ever you please, give up all diets and reducing baths—just follow the directions outlined in Christian's wonderful course and watch your superfluous weight vanish.

Mail the coupon NOW. You be the sole judge. If you do not see a remarkable improvement in 5 days, return the course to us and your money will be immediately refunded. But mail the coupon this very minute, before you forget. Surely you cannot let such an opportunity to reduce to normal weight pass by unheeded.

Remember, no money—just the coupon. As we shall receive an avalanche of orders for this remarkable course, it will be wise to send your order at once. Some will have to be disappointed. Don't wait to lose weight, but mail the coupon NOW and profit immediately by Dr. Christian's wonderful discovery.

The course will be sent in a plain container.

Corrective Eating Society
Dept. W-2088, 43 West 16th St.
New York City

Corrective Eating Society
Dept. W-2088, 43 West 16th St.
New York City

You may send me prepaid in plain container Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only $2 in full payment on arrival. I am not satisfied with it I have the privilege of returning the course to you after a 5-day trial. It is, of course, understood that you are to refund my money if I return the course.

Name
Street
City
State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don’t Know It!

This is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison, of New York, one of the highest executives in his art, in a statement that has been received with skepticism by many. He maintains that so many millions of people are now writing short stories and photoplays and enjoying the process that it 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 players, not of Hamlet or Romeo, but of their own stories, and scores, now pouring into the screen! Isn’t this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday, in factories, bending over mortal atoms of his fellow-man, "impossibility" is a reality today. Countless thousands of people yearning to write, 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, working in offices, keeping books, selling things, or even driving trucks, running elevators, walking on tables, working at barber chairs, filling the school in the rural districts, and working, you name it, all over the country, now pounding type-writers, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, or sitting in 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. Davison believes the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writers? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that your problem hasn’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, and some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then gave up in desperation. A very wrong judgment. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to Win!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of spelling, arithmetic, and grammar. Anyone can 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 you may know. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child puts together a puzzle with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy when you learn to write the "simple" "know how.

A little study, a little patience, a little courage, and you will find that things that look hard often turn out to be just as easy as it seems difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a special education in order to write. Nothing is further from the truth.

Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. They rarely learn to write at school. 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, even 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 of the hundreds you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell folks all about it. How you would describe it all perfectly. And if somebody should say, "Well, you said so, but 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?"

LISTEN! A wonderful FREE book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System, "A New and 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 Kings use the Irving System. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own astonishment that their simplest ideas may turn out to be brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one man’s own invention may prove an asset to his firm, and how a ready idea may turn out to be a sound gold mine. It will tell you that the Irving System is the way to the gold mine. It will explain the easy steps, the way every writer has been leading you. It will tell you that it is possible to write in a concise manner. It will show you how to use it the minute you read it. The Irving System is the way to write. Nothing is easier as it seemed difficult.

This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No collection. No exchanger. No purchase. Just read it. Write for it. WRITE FOR IT. WRITE IT. WRITE IT. Write for your own whole and individual benefit, and for the benefit of your exchange, your firm, your company, your business. That means that it has come into your life—your playwriting or storywriting is a part of your everyday life. The tips of the pen, the bliss of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this knowledge, absorbing, income-making new profession! And all in your spare time, with interfering with your regular occupation. This is the way to make "easy money" with your brain! Who says you can’t turn your talents into cash? You needn’t make your dreams come true? NOBODY says it! KNOW how to set your facts forth in print. How to sell it if you ABE a writer! How to develop your ideas. How to produce your ideas. How to sell them. "Story famine" weave clever word-pictures and unique, writing realistic plots. George Washington was your worst judge. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to Win!

So why waste any more time wondering, dreaming, wishing? Snip 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 turn their dreams into cash. How it will make that happen?

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. 146, Auburn, New York.

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"I received your Irving System letter this afternoon. I wish I had known of its existence a year ago—then I might have been a successful writer today. You are doing a magnificent work for those who are in the same position I was in. It is a book many people should read. I will be glad to have a copy of your free book. Thank you for your kindness."—Mr. W. H. D., Age 35, New York City.

"I received your Irving System letter. I wish I had known of its existence a year ago—then I might have been a successful writer today. You are doing a magnificent work for those who are in the same position I was in. It is a book many people should read. I will be glad to have a copy of your free book. Thank you for your kindness."—Mr. W. H. D., Age 35, New York City.

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
WHAT is "The Bride's Play"? — Like the shower of rice, the toss of the bride's bouquet, it is a rite for the bridal day only. It is fateful, fraught with many dangers — no lover can be sure of his bride until after "The Bride's Play."

It is the "sweetest story ever told," as romantic, as tender, as idyllic, as superbly beautiful as Mendelssohn's Spring Song.

In Marion Davies' new super-feature a discarded suitor takes advantage of "The Bride's Play" in his effort to win her by fair means or foul. A startling, a breath-taking act of the bride saves her life's happiness.

"The Bride's Play"

Every girl — every woman — will want to see "The Bride's Play." Ask your favorite theatre to play this wonder picture.
There is constant danger in an oily skin

If your skin has the habit of continually getting oily and shiny—you cannot begin too soon to correct this condition.

A certain amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth, velvety, supple. But too much oil not only spoils the attractiveness of any girl's complexion—it actually tends to promote an unhealthy condition of the skin itself.

A skin that is too oily is constantly liable to infection from dust and dirt, and thus encourages the formation of blackheads, and other skin troubles that come from outside infection.

You can correct an oily skin by using each night the following simple treatment:

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

Special treatments for each type of skin are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter, and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks.

"Your treatment for one week"

Copyright, 1921, by The Andrew Jergens Co.
Indeed she is a charming Kathryn—very!
And when we've said her other name is Perry
There seems no need of further conversation
In an affair of optical elation
(A Ziegfeld beauty first of all,
And after that, the camera's call.)
When one has a name like Billie Dove
The easiest of rhyming words is “love.”
An apple borne by such a lissome Eve
Most any modern Adam would deceive.
(A ragged shirt, not much of any pants
—this costume seems the height of elegance!)
Narrator of Emotion, it is well
Your people gave to you the name of Tell.
Yet no Olive branch of peace are you—
Too tense and turbulent the scenes you do.
(Fair stateliness of other days,
A Rembrandt might have brushed your praise!)
A newsgirl will be pinched for blocking traffic
If she ventures out in garb so graphic.
When admiring customers say "Oh!"
She'd better hear them in the studio.
(Pardon us, our memory so bad is!
Meet Miss Leslie—first name, Gladys.)
Are you supposed to be a Rajah's bride?
A slave with thongs of jewels tied?
A Duchess fleeing from the Bolsheviki—
Or just a vampire, sinuous and creepy?
(Julanne Johnston, if you must know,
And the artist fixed her up so!)
A Chicago girl wore this coral wool sweater and washed it fifty-five times during the past three years. After the first twelve washings she altered the neck and armholes with some of the unwashed yarn. Much to her surprise the new yarn could not be told from the old! And through the other forty odd washings, the sweater has kept its color, its woolly softness, and its original shape. It looks good for another three years' wear.

Its owner credits this remarkable record to the fact that she used nothing but Ivory Soap Flakes for every one of the fifty-five washings. Ivory Flakes gave her the unequaled purity of Ivory Soap plus the convenience and safety of rub-less laundering. She says each washing took only five minutes.

You may never need to wash a sweater as often as this one was washed, but you undoubtedly own garments which you do not want to subject to the dangers of rubbing and of doubtful ingredients in soap. For such delicate pieces, Ivory Flakes will give you the utmost convenience and safety. Use it for woolens, silks, satins, laces, chiffons. It will harm nothing that water alone will not harm.

**IVORY SOAP FLAKES**

Makes pretty clothes last longer

Send for FREE SAMPLE with directions for the care of delicate garments. Address Section 45-GF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
THESE are the days when the meadow calls to the asphalt man, and the asphalt calls to the meadow man; when the mountains beckon with pine fingers to the plains, and the desert thrills at a salt whisper from the sea.

Magic days. Vacation days.

Vacation, nowadays, is synonymous with travel. It means a rush there, a mad and incredibly brief sojourn amid discomforting delights, a rush back.

The dictionary tells the truth about vacation; it calls it interruption, cessation—rest.

In the “week off,” or the “two weeks on pay,” or the bigger holiday of a month or three, it is quite natural to wish to “go somewhere.” That wish raised humanity from the anthropoids. It found the pax Romana, the New World, steam, electricity.

But how many of us can go just where we’d like to go? How many of us fret away half our precious holiday worrying because circumstances prevented us doing exactly what we wished and planned?

“Circumstances?” sneered Napoleon; “I make circumstances!”

The motion picture has Napoleonically made the circumstances of the modern holiday.

Fresh air and exercise, the indispensables, are within reach of every American, even if they’re to be found only in the upper pasture or the city park.

For the rest, if you can’t get to Atlantic City or Monterey, Nipigon or Champlain, the Selkirks or the Ozarks—for the rest, consult the screen.

Before you is the greatest window ever designed by any architect save God. It is an open window, and through it blow at once the spices of Cathay and the iced airs of the Arctic; through it radiate ocean blues, tropic emeralds, minaret whites, volcanic reds, and the polychrome of all the earth’s bazaars. You can’t leave home? Then you may, on a celluloid ticket, ride forth into the panorama of the world!
The Brothers deMille—William C., left, and Cecil B., right—the presiding genii of the Lasky Lot, who have done more for Motion Pictures and Riding Breeches than any other family in the business.

Mr. William Raymond Lasky (four months old) looking over the place with a view of taking charge.

Panoramic view of the Lasky plant in Hollywood showing the acres of modern studio buildings. Mr. Roscoe Arbuckle in the foreground.

Mr. and Mrs. Anatol—Little Wally Reid and Sic Transit Gloria Swanson—standing outside Gloria's bungalow-dressing-room wondering if Herr Schnitzler is going to have screen credit, and if so, why?

Why artists leave studios. Penrhyn Stanlaws, having cast off his smock and sneezed out the last particle of pastel dust, takes up the arduous task of directing Betty Compson. Some people have all the luck.

Conrad Nagel and Theodore Kosloff playing a scene in an oil-well-town—i.e., a gold-rush-town brought up to date.
It is only fair to tell you, at the outset, that this is not going to be an interview with Agnes Ayres. It is not going to be an interview at all. If you read on and on in the hope that it is going to be one, and then learn it isn’t, don’t blame me. How can it be an interview when the interviewee, in a filmy negligee of rose color, is curled up in a bed piled with soft pillows and downy covers? With her gold hair hanging, and her eyes still deep with sleep? She rubbed her eyes and ate an orange. Interviewees very, very seldom eat oranges. There is nothing more difficult, as I suppose you know. It is practically impossible for a very pretty woman to eat an orange—a whole orange, from a basket—without transferring the greater part of her complexion to the orange, or vice versa. Agnes’ complexion stayed on. It’s that kind of a complexion. It was very early in the morning for a visiting film star who had been dined and first-nighted the evening before—very early, indeed, for an interview. So this isn’t one. She went to the window and opened it, letting in the good old ozone and a generous streak of sunshine. The sunshine touched her hair and her cheeks and her eyes. She looked like a sleepy baby. By this time I knew she was one hundred per cent human being. Also a beauty. Because: My eyes are in fairly good condition. She did not apologize for being in bed or having her hair down.

She did not call me “dear.” After you have interviewed people for four years, little things like that mean a lot to you.

She did not, either, ask me to contradict a certain interview which gave the world to understand that she said nothing but yes or no as if she were a mechanical doll. She did not have to. She has a Greek-coin profile. A girl with a perfect profile can rule the world. She very often lets you see her full-face. Not many girls with perfect profiles do this.

Oh, yes, she can talk. I like that slow drawl of hers. Some women drawl because they have so little to say they have got to fill the conversational pauses somehow. Agnes’ drawl is as much a part of her as her half-smile. You can’t imagine her without either.

In that little half-smile of hers, Agnes Ayres provides one of the rare visions that has intrigued poets and painters and minstrels and men since time began. One of those inspirational women. One of those who provides the theme, the motif, the imagination for masterpieces. She is inscrutable without knowing it.

If you told her all this, she’d laugh at you. Because she is quiet, she is not necessarily indifferent. Not at all. She is simply not a girl (Continued on page 72)
MARION FAIRFAX, long a scenario writer of international reputation, is at last carrying her thoughts all the way from script to finished photoplay—she’s her own director, now. This is the first interior scene from her first production which she is making at the Hollywood Studios. The average patron of pictures, while knowing that photoplays are the result of a combination of sunshine, celluloid and electricity, has little idea of the enormous mechanical detail of motion picture photography, nor of the amount of science and technical skill entering into the taking of the simplest scenes of nowadays.

(1) Banks of Cooper-Hewitt lamps, a fairly familiar studio sight. This pale, greenish light, caused by a current of electricity flowing through mercury vapor, is eminently adapted for clarity and detail, though not for sharpness of photography. Kind as it is to photographic reproductions, the Cooper-Hewitt ray is ghastly in its reflections upon the players’ faces.

(2) Spotlights, intended to throw down strong illumination for closeups and particular scenes.

(3) An “open arc.” This powerful, yellowish-white light gives great brilliance to the entire setting, and is highly necessary for sharp detail of all the surroundings. This is the open lamp which causes the complaint known as “Kliege eyes” among the players: an intense, irritating affliction caused by microscopic carbon-dust biting beneath the lids, and so called from a particular brand of open electric lamp.

(4) A “baby spot.” This cute little implement of the electrician’s revelations is particularly a feature illuminator. It is as portable as a chair.

(5) A reserve battery of extra Klieges, spots, floods and arcs. In addition to the number of pieces of electrical artillery actually on the illuminative firing line, a strong reserve corps awaits emergencies.

(6) The technical director, and in front of him, the “still” camera and two operatives. “Stills” of every important scene are made with ordinary photographic processes that one finds in the best portrait studios, as a motion film is for motion only, and does not reproduce well when its small single prints are taken and enlarged.

(7) The camera, with photographer Rene Guissart about to photograph an intimate little scene between Marjorie Daw and Noah Beery—sitting on the couch, while back of them, hand extended, is the author-director, Miss Fairfax herself. Pat O’Malley, by the way, leans forward, interestingly, upon that nearby chair. The motion picture camera is a complicated a piece of mechanism, costing as much as a fine automobile.

(8) A chandelier. Nowadays all lights in a picture setting are “practical”—that is to say they work, with switches, exactly like the electroliers of a dwelling; but in a picture they register merely their own natural illumination.

Finally, notice the setting itself. This picture is an unusually fine example of the modern technique of interior construction. In the old days they built merely one room at a time. Here, you see a whole lower floor. The big room opens into two others, and beyond it you may behold the vestibule of the mimic dwelling, and stairs leading to a presumable second floor.
The same old Mabel—just as she looked when you first saw her on the screen! When you go over to the same old Sennett lot and see Mabel working in "Molly O," it seems as though the hands of the clock had been turned back!
Hello Mabel!

Glad to see you—missed you a lot—you’re looking fine—SHAKE!

By
ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

AGNES AYMES and I were cosily watching the gorgeous mannequins parade peacock-wise down the long French room at a fashion show in a smart Los Angeles shop the other evening.

Suddenly a girl in a sable cape with a black taffeta poke bonnet with red roses came down the aisle in front of us.

“Oh, see that pretty girl in the black bonnet,” said Agnes Ayres. “Isn’t she sweet? She looks exactly like Mabel Normand used to look when I first saw her on the screen.”

I nodded agreement.

Just then the girl came opposite us, and as she raised a white-gloved hand in gay greeting, we said in flabbergasted chorus, “Why—ee, Mabel!”

Because you see, it was Mabel Normand. But we hadn’t known her because she didn’t look like the Mabel Normand of ten years ago and not at all like the Mabel we have seen for the past two or three years.

She slipped into a seat beside pretty Mrs. Mahlon Hamilton, and while I watched the lure and fascination of gowns, my eyes kept straying in her direction.

How sweet she looked! How smooth and round and girlish her face was under that adorable poke bonnet! How bright and smiling and interested her big, brown eyes as she whispered to Mrs. Hamilton! The same old Mabel.

I have a very vivid picture of the first time I ever saw Mabel Normand. It came back to me then. It was a long time ago—all of ten years, I’m sure. It was at night, in Al Levy’s restaurant—at that time the most famous cafe in Los Angeles.

The man with whom I was dining, after suddenly putting down his fork, said in a hushed tone, “There’s the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life.”

I turned. She was.

A round, youthful, exquisite thing, with enormous, deep velvet brown eyes between ridiculous, exaggerated golden lashes, a skin like peach-bloom and a saucy, curling, red mouth. All in white, with her glinting red-brown curls tucked under a big white leghorn hat.

Mabel Normand—at sixteen.

So that when I saw her about a year and a half ago just before she went to New York, it did not seem possible that she could be the same girl whose arresting prettiness had made us gasp in Al Levy’s that night.

She was sitting in her car on the Goldwyn lot.

She looked ill. She looked unhappy. But more than that, she looked harassed, eaten up inside by something that was bitter to her spiritual digestion.

Smiling—yes, but we all know that Mabel will go to meet St. Peter with a smile on her face, no matter what road she goes.

Her face was sunken so that her eyes looked uncannily large and dark. Her cheeks were the gray-white of a sea fog. Within her rich clothes she seemed wasted away, their gorgeousness hung loose about her thin frame.

She haunted me. It hurt to see her—as it hurts to see a gorgeous, fragrant, budding Jacqueminot rose suddenly cut from a bush and flung carelessly on the ground, helpless, fading, bruised by sun and wind.

There were constant stories as to her failing health, her fading beauty. There were rumors that she was photographing very badly, and that Goldwyn—paying her an enormous salary—was most unhappy.

(Continued on page 94)
ETHEL CLAYTON stands for something very definite in the photodrama. She has given her best efforts, since the days of the two-reelers, to establishing a sweet and sincere character upon the silversheet. She has not always had vehicles worthy of her talents—but her radiant charm and her fine sense of dramatic values have made every picture in which she appeared worth-while. After a vacation trip abroad and a period spent in the eastern studios, she is at home again in Hollywood, California.
**A Constellation of Impressions by Julian Johnson**

**Joseph Urban**
Goethe, had he been an architect; Heinrich Heine, as Ziegfeld’s chief electrician; hearing Wagner through the eyes; Caruso’s voice in a paintbrush.

**Charles Chaplin**
The most serious man in town passing a comic mirror; a glossary of laughter; Aristophanes weeping and Sophocles laughing; Cyrano de Bergerac calling on Mr. Vanderbilt in a brown derby.

**Frances Marion**
Mme. Balzac; if George Sand had been beautiful; an Encyclopaedia Britannica bound in ebony and gold, purple and ivory; the sleek beauty of a sixteen-inch rifle.

**Seena Owen**
Salammbô: the bride of a Rameses; a statuette from Carthage in a Copenhagen drawing-room; dreams after reading Bjornson; Nora Helmer.

**Marshall Neilan**
Eating peanuts at "Camille"; practical jokes in a barrage; Leon Errol as Sentimental Tommy; "Romeo and Juliet," rewritten by George M. Cohan for a Grand Canon setting; Wes' Barry grown up.

**George Fawcett**
A great adventure re-told at sixty; Indian summer; June twilight in the Saskatchewan; long-cherished rose-leaves, smoked in a brown old meerschaum; an acting Voltaire.

**Mary Pickford**
Orchids from an old-fashioned garden; a Chopin nocturne played on a May morning; Cinderella in Chicago; an orphan child who laughs to choke her tears when other little girls have Christmas presents.

**Olga Petrova**
Night of a Romanoff day in winter on the Nevsky Prospect; Tolstoy’s women; a formal Italian garden; Portia, before the Supreme Court; Mary, Queen of Scots.

**James Kirkwood**
The fellow who toils to make the love-nest in Evanston while she sees Paris; September night under Western stars; Charles Darnay in a Bastile of the Rocky Mountains; Miles Standish at Delmonico’s.

**John Barrymore**
Byron at the Waldorf; lightning on a moonlight night; The Arabian Nights’ Entertainments, written by Edgar Allan Poe; Boccacio in Bagdad; Mr. Moliere of Park Avenue.

**Mary Alden**
A magnolia-blossom in an ivory vase; during an entr’acte at the old French opera in New Orleans; the embattled women of the Confederacy; Vengeance, a statue in pale lava by Rodin.

**Lillian Gish**
A Tchaikowsky melody, played on a harp; lilies bending before a hurricane; pearls in a scarlet box; Madame Butterfly, born in Boston.
A Contest Fiction story and a recipe for laughter during hardships—

—AND THREE LOVELY CHILDREN

Involving a battered push-cart, an abandoned baby, a big-hearted cheese merchant, and an occasion when children are a family’s greatest assets.

By T. L. SAPPINGTON

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

A W. dry up!" snarled Mr. Muggins, addressing the infant on his knee as it began to cry, and joggling it faster than ever. "Dry up, can't you? If ever a man had a life I got one. Dry up!"

Mrs. Muggins, busy at the stove getting breakfast, two older children playing near her, turned to glare at him. "Dry up yourself!" she retorted. "You ain't fit to be a father! Three legs will do you—"

"Hush!" said Mr. Muggins. He raised up his hand ominously. "Hush, before I let go of myself. I know all about my three lovely children. Three lovely children and not even a pushcart. A man that's fixed like me oughtn't to have no lovely children. Three lovely children! Ho! I guess so! And the minute I scrape up enough for a new cart along'll come some moral, muck, children, you see. Oh, what a life!"

Opening her mouth to make an adequate response, Mrs. Muggins suddenly thought the better of it, remembering that Mr. Muggins since the day before yesterday had been a subject more deserving of sympathy than censure. What man was there who would not have railed at life when the very founda-
tion of his business career had been destroyed? The founda-
tion in this case being a highly ornamented pushcart with red
wheels, a sky blue body, and the name of J. Muggins lettered upon it in bright yellow characters. All the handiwork of J. Muggins himself.

Muggins was a huckster; a vendor of vegetables; an author-
ity upon the salable qualities of the lowly carrot, the succulent
turnip, and the ever necessary potato, with a dash of cabbages now and then. Every morning, rain or shine, except Sunday, he was abroad with the milkman on his way to the docks to secure his stock in trade. And all through the long day that followed he haunted the alleys bawling his wares at the top of his lungs. Believe it or not, every cent J. Muggins made he earned.

Looking forward as he toiled he had visioned the time when the sky blue pushcart would give place to an equally ornate festal board.
The square — a small one — one of the city's breathing places, was only a few blocks from the Muggins tenement, but the square meant; it meant his three lovely children would sit on a bench in the square meant; it meant his three lovely children would sit there with him. Therefore he hesitated, and, hesitating, was lost.

Mr. Muggins hesitated. He knew what sitting on a bench in the square meant; it meant his three lovely children would sit there with him. Therefore he hesitated, and, hesitating, was lost.

Swiftly snatching up a shawl Mrs. Muggins spat into the fire viciously. "That'll do! That's enough! And now where's them clothes you want me to leave for you at the Schultz's?"

"I'll leave 'em myself," said Mrs. Muggins. "You go set in the square on a bench in the sun. It'll do you good."

Mrs. Muggins sighed. Then draining her cup she pushed back her chair. "Well, anyhow," she said, "I got my washes. That'll keep us going for a while. And maybe you can hire a car.

" Tried it!" announced Mr. Muggins, shortly. " No go—not this time o' year! We're done for! That's what!"

"No such a thing!" protested Mrs. Muggins, savagely. "I ain't if you are! Not while I got my washes. And I'd be ashamed, Joe Muggins, givin' up so easy, with a good home and three lovely children. I tell you—"

Lighting his pipe with a live coal, Mr. Muggins spat into the fire viciously. "That'll do! That's enough! And now where's them clothes you want me to leave for you at the Schultz's?"

"I'll leave 'em myself," said Mrs. Muggins. "You go set in the square on a bench in the sun. It'll do you good."

Mr. Muggins hesitated. He knew what sitting on a bench in the square meant; it meant his three lovely children would sit there with him. Therefore he hesitated, and, hesitating, was lost.

Swiftly snatching up a shawl Mrs. Muggins wrapped it about her youngest and thrust the mite into Mr. Muggins' arms before he could remonstrate. Then clapping dilapidated coverings on the heads of J. Muggins, junior, and Annie, "after her mother," she pushed the quarterette to the door and down the staircase.

"Good bye!" she said. "And set over by the fountain so the children can see the sparrers bathin'. And look out for the baby's bottle I put in your pocket."

J. Muggins, resigned to his fate, and disdaining any response, plodded down the street with the baby on one arm, and J. Muggins, junior, clutching his free hand and towering his sister after him.

The square — a small one — one of the city's breathing places, was only a few blocks from the Muggins tenement, but the benches by the fountain on a fine day like this were apt to be filled.

So Mr. Muggins in his determination to secure one moved at a pace somewhat faster than legs like those of J. Muggins, junior, and Annie, "after her mother," were built for. As a consequence, two of Mr. Muggins' three lovely children, after desperate efforts to keep up with the procession, lost by trotting and then by galloping, threw up the sponge in despair and
“Hush, before I let go of myself,” said Mr. Muggins. “Three lovely children and not even a push-cart! A man that’s fixed like me oughtn’t to have no lovely children!”
allowed themselves to be hauled along like the sacks of potatoes Mr. Muggins frequently handled. Mr. Muggins, becoming aware of this after a few moments travelling, stopped impatiently. 

"Are you comin', or ain't you?" he inquired of his bewildered progeny. "Maybe you think I'm going to carry you, too. Well, I ain't!"

After which he resumed his way with a rush and was immediately rewarded by a repetition of the potato sack performance. "I ain't a-going to carry you, and I ain't a-going to walk. I'm going to run," remarked Mr. Muggins, stopping again. " Ain't we ever going to get there? Here you two, — run in front of me, an' keep your feet again' so I can't upset you."

Two benches faced the fountain in Webster Square, as the breathing spot was known, one on each side at the intersection of the pathways, and on but one was there room for Mr. Muggins and his family. A stout man with a red face sat at one end of that. He had his hat off and was mopping his brow with a bandanna handkerchief. When he observed the new arrivals he stopped his mopping and smiled at them.

"Hot, ain't it?" he remarked. "Almost as hot as summer. Gee, I hate hot weather. Cold is what I like. Freezin' cold."

Mr. Muggins, with the baby on his lap and the other two children in solemn attitudes on the far side of the bench, smoked solidly. He had nothing to say. What was the weather to him? "Them kids now," went on the stranger, after a moment, "why don't you let 'em play around a bit? It's good for kids to play around."

Turning, Mr. Muggins eyed the other sourly. "You let 'em alone," he growled. "They ain't a-hurtin' you, are they?"

"Sure they ain't hurtin' me," replied the fat man, rather abashed. "I only thought it was kind of dull for 'em settin' there. Me, I like kids around. And my wife, too. We been married twelve years and not a chick or a child."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Muggins. He loosened the baby's shawl a trifle and wiggled his knee as it began to fret. "Well, what you kickin' about then? S'pose you had three like I got?"

"No, she ain't sick," retorted Mr. Muggins, producing the milk bottle from his pocket, "but she will be if she don't get plenty of this. And how is she going to get it when I'm ruined? Clean ruined! Done for!"

"Oh, that's it!" said the fat man. He nodded gravely. Then leaned forward the better to watch as Mr. Muggins gave the infant refreshment. "Gee, but don't she like it? Why don't you take the shawl off her legs so she can kick better? Cute little tike. See? She's kind of laughin' at me! Don't take much to make a baby happy, does it?"

"Don't take much to make nobody happy!" snarled Mr. Muggins. "But if you can't get it, what then? Just look at me! A good business a couple of days ago, and now—nothin'. Done for! Oh, what a life!"

Had Mr. Muggins been a philosopher he would have known that the best way to bear your troubles is not to dwell upon them. But being merely a vendor of vegetables he stubbornly refused to erase them from his memory for a moment. As a consequence he was rapidly approaching a condition bordering on frenzy.

The prosperous appearance of the fat stranger irritated him. A fine business and nobody but himself and wife to provide for. No lovely children to feed or rear over. Why couldn't he have had the baby instead of it coming to the Mugginses? His wife was crazy for a baby. He was even thinking of taking a charity kid. A charity kid that was already being well taken care of where it was. Why didn't she take a kid that needed to be taken care of? What was the matter with J. Muggins' kid? The fat man liked her. Sure, he did. Look at him poking her, now she was through with her bottle. Slowly a daring idea crystallized in Mr. Muggins' brain. Three lovely children might be all right from Mrs. Muggins' viewpoint, but if you asked him, J. Muggins, he'd tell you that two lovely children were to be much preferred under present distressing conditions.

In short, Mr. Muggins suddenly decided to pull off a near imitation of the old, old stunt of leaving his infant child on somebody's doorstep; but where the original left her alive, he foresaw her offspring for good, Mr. Muggins intended that his separation from the baby should only be temporary. Even had he wanted it otherwise he knew Mrs. Muggins wouldn't have agreed. Maybe she wouldn't agree anyhow, that is, at first, but after he explained, she would. Wasn't it all for the baby's good? Didn't it even mean the life of her, maybe? Sure it did! Mrs. Muggins would certainly see that.

Sooner or later, just as Mrs. Muggins had suggested, he'd be on his legs again. Until that time he'd leave the kid in the fat man's charge and take a walk with J. Muggins, junior, and Annie, "after her mother." Then some day when he was back on easy street, he'd hunt up the fat man and tell him a little story about an accident that had kept him from coming back to the park, and how he'd been hunting for the baby ever since.

The sheer cleverness of the scheme thrilled Mr. Muggins. He was amazed to think he could concoct such a plan. He hadn't dreamed it was in him.
An Open Letter to Mme. Alla Nazimova

THE most important news of the month, to the writer, is the fact that, by mutual consent, you have severed your connection with the Metro Pictures Corporation, after three years' work with them. You have announced no plans for the future.

I am thinking of you, Madame, in "A Doll's House" and in "Hedda Gabler," and I remember how, when I was a college girl and had a week's vacation in New York to see the shows, I went seven times to see you do "Nora."

I remember how I followed you from Salt Lake City to a neighboring town, to see you do "Bella Donna" a second time.

I am thinking of the first time I saw you on the screen in "Revelation" and of how I walked out of the theater with my throat tight and my head high, because in a sense you "belonged to me" and had done so nobly. My mind was all alight and singing with the demonstration that we could have as great acting on the screen as we have had on the stage. I rejoiced that Mary Pickford need not be the only artist to hold high the torch of great dramatic art on the silver sheet.

And, as I walk along the quiet streets this later evening, I whisper over and over, "Why?" Madame, why?

What has happened to the great actress, the splendid genius, the incomparable artiste?

Where is Nazimova, the tragedienne, the comedienne?

How can the woman who made New York like Ibsen, who actually startled the American theater into newness of life, make pictures like "Madame Peacock," "Billions" and "The Brat." And now "Camille," played with a Fiji Island make-up?

No worse, of course, than many other pictures—but as Nazimova pictures—Good heavens!

How can you, Alla the Great, still capable of such flashes of dynamic emotional triumph as the death scene in "Camille," attach your name to a conglomerate, meaningless, inhuman, grotesque characterization like "Madame Peacock"?

We say very little when day by day producers present to us pretty doll-baby stars, who charm our eyes like the pictures in a baby's "Mother Goose" book. What can we expect from these girls? They do all they promise or offer to do.

But Nazimova—

You are a different story. For we are also very business-like. We do not like to think that we are being cheated. We do not like to have "anything put over on us." If a manufacturer falls down on the quality of his goods, we cease to buy them.

A very fine actor, who must be nameless, but whose work on stage and screen has always represented sincere and honest effort and a high degree of merit, said to me the other day: "I resent it. I resent it hotly. I feel that the work which Nazimova has done of late—so inferior in every way to the work we all know she can do—is an insult to her art, and to a public which has exalted and enriched her."

I feel just like that.

Nazimova, you are a great actress. I cannot bring myself to write "have been a great actress." Things that you have done in the past stand side by side with the great things of American acting. You have been favored in every way, to the exclusion of everyone else. You have had all the money for yourself and for productions you could ask. You have insisted on selecting, casting, practically directing, cutting and titling your own pictures.

In the opinion of many who have worked with you, you have tried to do too much. Either you have feared to trust anyone else, or you have decided that you are more efficient in every line than anyone else. Or both.

Perhaps you have come, unfortunately, to that place where you believe the whispering chorus that says "The Queen can do no wrong." Perhaps you forget all the props that held you up in "Nora." Perhaps you think the (Continued on page 94)
HOW could anyone resist this French hat of organdie—with its blue crown and its delicious brim of white petals edged in blue? There is, too, a fascinating black ribbon which curls coquettishly over Mademoiselle’s little ear and in soft summer breezes follows her faithfully to tea. For your organdie frock you should have such a chapeau as this. (Model from Maison de Blanc Grande.)

ALTHOUGH my pages are called a “Fashion Department,” I am not at all sure that they are anything of the kind! For I have not attempted and will not attempt to dictate the mode. There are many fashion magazines whose sole aim it is to accomplish this. I wish simply to take every woman reader of PHOTOPLAY for a stroll up Fifth Avenue, New York’s great street of smart shops, and talk to her, as we stroll, about the many wonderful things we should see. When I go to Paris I shall go chiefly for her benefit, bringing back to her the observations of my visits to the Parisian ateliers of fashion. In short, she will see, in this Magazine, every whim of the moment’s mode as though she had journeyed to Manhattan or Paris in person! And any question she wishes to ask will gladly be answered.

I AM sure you will agree with me that a most important part of every woman’s summer wardrobe is a silk sweater. For sports or informal afternoon wear, this one, above, is highly desirable. It is striped in many shades—you may take your choice of grey and pink, blue and orange, or any contrasting colors. Wearing it, you enhance the beauty of the summer day. (Model from Maison de Blanc Grande.)

CONTINUING the Observations of Carolyn Van Wyck, who conducts PHOTOPLAY’S Fashion Department. “Carolyn Van Wyck” is the nom de plume of a New York society woman who is an established authority on matters of dress. She was chosen to edit this department not only for her good taste, but because her peculiar gifts enable her to discuss fashions with every woman—whether she is one of those fortunate beings who can indulge her every sartorial whim, or one of the many more who can count her frocks on the fingers of one hand. As a service to the readers of this Magazine, Miss Van Wyck will answer any questions you may care to ask her, by mail or in PHOTOPLAY. If you wish an answer by post, enclose stamped addressed envelope. This month Miss Van Wyck’s answers will be found on Page 108.

NOTHING more delightful has ever come to us from Paris than LeGolliwogg: this impertinent, fuzzy-haired black boy who guards so well your favorite scent! His head may be removed whenever his grin becomes too persistent—or whenever you wish a drop of the perfume. From Vigny comes Le Golliwogg.
ALL THE MYRIAD MOODS OF SUMMER

JUST little things, sketched at the left, but so important! To my mind, no summer costume is complete without the correct belt or collar or kerchief. A collar and cuff set is indeed indispensable to the girl on vacation. I consider these the most interesting of any I have seen, in white net, with black ribbons to make saucy little bows at neck and wrists. You see, sketched here, two very new belts, which you may wear with your sports costume or your tailored suit. They are in brown and black with chains of galalith. Here, too, is just the handkerchief for your glove—with round corners and initial. The stripe may be in any color—to match your blouse and hat. (From Maison de Blanc Grande.)

The Observations of Carolyn Van Wyck

WHETHER you have only one suit or several, you can scarcely get along without at least one of the crisp little guimpes. One of the smartest I have noticed is this, above from Maison de Blanc Grande, which is hand-embroidered in blue dots upon white organdie. You may, if you are clever, make one like it yourself. Doubtless you will be as pleased with it as this pert young lady!

A CHARMING sports costume is that sketched above. I would choose it whether I were a lady with unlimited wardrobe, or one who may have only one frock for summer outings. It is practical because of its simplicity. This model, from the Maison de Blanc Grande, is developed in brown with darker stripes. See the jaunty fringe on skirt and pockets—how unmistakably French! With it, wear a dainty blouse of silk.

YOUR Parisian lady of fashion takes as great delight in her boudoir accessories as in her costumes. The perfume containers on her dressing-table are often as rare as the scents themselves. For powder, perfume, and bath salts there are graceful bottles of glass and enamel, or powder boxes disguised as curtsying china dolls. A few graceful examples from Leigh's of New York have been sketched for you above. The bowing ballet dancer at the extreme right is really a necessary part of a perfume burner. Sprinkle your favorite perfume in the jar in which she rests, attach the electric bulb which is hidden by her skirts, and your boudoir is scented with jasmin, lilac, violet—. Please do not overlook that most original little bottle there, at the left of the china lady. Simply a bit of gay paper deftly twisted about the container—but very, very French! Finally—at the left—I am showing you the newest silk handbag, imported by Maison de Blanc Grande, which has been developed as a daisy, with unusually graceful petals and leaves of galalith.
Wanted: a Chance to Ride!

Jack Holt is the expert equestrian of the film colony—but he never made a “western” in his life!

By JOAN JORDAN

In nine out of every ten movie scenarios submitted to the readers of the great producing companies, the hero is called upon to ride hoss-back. Sometimes the hero is a dashing cowboy or a daredevil sheriff and as such is supposed to lope down the village street astride a calico pony or a bounding bronch', a Mexican saddle atop.

Sometimes the script calls for him to ride in a saddle about the size of a pigskin bill-fold. This is called the English gentleman style.

Otherwise the hero may trot briskly (really, it is the horse who trots, you know) astride a McClellan army saddle.

Most screen heroes do not care for these parts. After a week of rehearsals and the real shooting of the scenes, they are prone to eat their breakfasts off the mantel-piece, which is a somewhat undignified manner of breakfasting, especially for a leading man.

But Jack Holt yearns for these parts. He never gets ’em, and thus the irony of Fate is once more drawn to our attention. Jack Holt is a horseman, a regular horseman, because he likes it.

The fact that Holt looks real heroic in riding toggery has nothing to do with it. He positively likes to ride hoss-back, and he likes it so thoroughly and extensively that he rides hoss-back between home and studio every day of his life.

He’s the only man in Hollywood I know who consistently rides hoss-back. Of course, there are a lot of people who take a ride once in a while. But Holt actually rides back and forth from his home to the Lasky studio every day. And when you see him, you feel such an exhilaration that you wonder why more people in this country don’t take advantage of their opportunities.

One star whom I questioned on that point (it happened to be Wally Reid) explained it this way: “You see in the old days when we made nothing but westerns, we rode all day six days a week to earn a living. Then on Sunday, because most of us we’re glad if we never have to look at one again.”

The Holts live in a beautiful, simple country place, far enough back in the foothills to seem entirely removed from city life in any form. It is very English, with its gables, rambling wings and sweeping terraces, somehow a fitting setting for Jack Holt and his horses.

Altogether, Jack Holt seems to lead the life of an English country gentleman rather than an actor. His estate absorbs all his spare time. His family absorbs all his spare thoughts. He is, I think, getting a great deal more out of life than most people do today. He has not been dragged down into the maelstrom of speed that has absorbed most men in this era. He is a good bit of a philosopher and the burden of his philosophy is that once having learned that there is nothing but content to be gained from life, one need not strive for such outside things as wealth, fame and power beyond a certain limit.

“I like being outdoors,” he said as we strolled down the lawns to view a bed of hyacinths of which he was justly proud. “People don’t stay outdoors enough. It’s a mistake to let either work or play become your master.”

“There are certain things that are a legitimate right—home, children, pleasures, congenial work. Evolution and revolution are leading us to see that everybody must have these things—neither more nor less. But we must get back to the outdoors, back to such things as gardening, tennis, swimming, sunshine, to the simple, normal pleasures.”

“I enjoy a good many things. I don’t propose to give them up or to wait until I am too old to enjoy them. The world will go on and you will go on just the same if you don’t get too excited about things.”

He likes his work in pictures. He particularly enjoys—so he told me—working with William de Mille in “Midsummer Madness.” He liked the depths and riches of that director’s leisurely mental processes. He liked the time to enjoy his characterization.
West Is East

Well, Folks, I Am Among the Immortals.

Had Luncheon
With
The Queen of Sheba.
All Alone—Just
The Queen
And I—Solomon
Wasn’t Around. And
She Was
Just as Gorgeous
As Ever—Except
That she Wore
A Few More Beads.

Gee, but
I Just Love
Betty Blythe!
You Never Saw a Girl
Any Prettier
Than Betty Sheba; and she
Has the Disposition that
Usually Goes
With
A Snubbed Nose
And Freckles. She’s
As Unconcerned as
The Venus de Milo and
Never Seems to Notice it
When Everybody
Turns Around and
Stares after her—
On Broadway, New York, or
Broadway, California.

There
Was a Duchess—a Real One—
Stopping At the Same Hotel
With Betty
In Manhattan; but
Nobody Knew
She was There. Betty
May have Been Born
In Los Angeles, but
She has it All Over
A Lot of People who
Were Raised Right in
History’s Most
Romantic Cradles.
(There—isn’t that
A Smooth, Round Phrase?)
She May Do
“Mary Queen of Scots” for
The Films; and if she Does,
She’ll Go Abroad
To Make it—exchange
Hollywood for
Holwood, in Other Words.
And Just to Show you
That I Think she’s
A Good Actress, I’ll Bet
She’ll be Just as Convincing
In Mary Stuart’s
Stiff Brócades as
She was
In Sheba’s Beads.
And that’s Going Some.

A Few Impressions
By Delight Evans

I Love—
The Barber
Pulled him Back
By the Hair—
“I Love
Life. I Love
Fun. And
Romance.
That’s why
I Loved to do Anatol.
He was a Real
Human Being,"
The Reason Wally
Was Being Shaved
Was Because he
Had Five Engagements
For Four-thirty, and he
Was Trying to Keep
Two of them,
“Say—you ought to see
The Kid.
Here”—he
Knocked the Barber Down and
Grabbed a Picture in a
Silver Frame—
“This is Bill. He
Looks like an Angel but
He isn’t. He’s
A Roughneck. He—”
The Barber
Successfully Smothered
The Rest in a
Hot Wet Towel.
Wally wears a Ring, with
A Crest—“Toujours l’Audace.”
Remember his Picture,
“Always Audacious”? It’s a Good Motto.
He was Nearly Mobbed
The Other Day at
Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue.
The Cop
Stopped Traffic when he
Found out it was Wally Reid—he
Probably Knew his Daughters
Would Never Forgive him
If he Missed a Chance
To Shake Hands with Wally.
Every Girl in New York
Is Trying to
Get a Job
As Extra in
“Peter Ibbetson.”
Can’t Say I Blame ‘Em.
There’s Nothing
Upstage about
Wallace Reid.
In fact, he
Says the Reason
He Can’t Get Along
With Some Upstage People is
Because they’re
Riding on the Elevated
And he’s in the Subway.
And then he Left
To Keep that Appointment—
One of them.
He was Only
Half an Hour Late.
SNIP GO THE CENSOR'S SCISSORS

Forty Years of Bathing Fashions—Has Civilization Progressed?

OBSERVE, oh gentry, the comfortable, commodious and carefree swim-suit worn by the young lady above. It is, as I suppose you know, an Annette Kellerman, which means that it's a suit to swim in. If they don't permit her on many public beaches, the censors surely aren't going to allow her to swim in celluloid.

ABOVE: Helen Ray. She is modest and shy, in her modern beach costume of satin and sequins, but that will not prevent the snip of the censors' scissors from separating her from the picture she was to have played in. Personally, we can find no fault with Helen or her marine manners; but then, we are not a censor.

HERE we have a model which has been called "The Censors' Delight." Who would guess that its wearer is the same young lady—Maurice Gostin, by name—driving the frog? This is the bathing costume in vogue in Godey's Lady's Book and the deserted beaches forty years ago. It may be the vogue next season, if the elderly ladies of both sexes have everything their own way.
"Our box at the opera will be unoccupied tonight—and Caruso is singing Pagliacci." It was the voice of the tempter.

THE SIGN ON THE DOOR

From the scenario made from the play of the same name

by CHANNING POLLOCK

The swift burst of the windborne storm of rain and lightning sent Lafe Regan out over his ranch to round up his stock into the safety of the corral near the little home tucked up in the remoteness of the Wyoming hills. By his side on this strenuous mission rode his staunch friend and companion, Colonel Bill Gaunt. The evening twilight had fallen and the lights shone from the windows of the cabin with the cheery glow that means home over all the world.

With the cattle safe in the sheds the rugged riders galloped toward the house.

"It’s good to be married and have a home on a night like this," Regan shouted across in the storm to Gaunt.

The laugh in his voice died as he saw the cabin door swinging in the wind. Hurriedly dismounting Regan strode into the cabin and over to the cradle where his baby girl Helen lay under her quilts. Gaunt was close behind him.

Regan bent over the baby.

"Where’s your mother?"

Gaunt’s quick eye took in the scene of confusion and the signs of a hasty departure. He swept the walls and came upon a scrap of a note.

"Regan!" he exclaimed. "Look at the wall!"

"Gone with Steve," the note said.

Regan read the note with horror and anger mingling in his countenance. Gaunt looked on with awed sympathy.

Regan jerked himself out of his stunned stupor and slapped savagely at his revolver holster. He swung out of the house, pushing Gaunt aside as he interposed an effort at calming words. In the yard Regan leaped on his horse and rode off at a gallop through the roaring storm down the lone and single trail that led toward the settlement and civilization. Gaunt hurried after him.

In the distance down the trail speeding as fast as they might Regan’s wife and the interloping Steve rode.

Flood water from the storm swept over the bridge ahead across a stream that cut the trail, turning it into a dangerous ford. On their horse, exhausted with his double burden, Steve and Mrs. Regan pulled up at the raging stream. Behind them in the deluging rain Regan came thundering down, with Bill Gaunt riding close behind.

Regan pulled up beside them as Steve tried to urge his horse into the stream. The rancher snatched off his hat and slapped across at the head of Steve’s horse to blind it, meanwhile with his other hand clutching at his revolver.

Steve with a frenzy of spurs forced his horse forward, fumbling at the wet holster at his belt.

As the horse bearing the runaway pair pushed into the torrent Regan whipped out his revolver.

Gaunt, coming up just as Regan was ready to fire, knocked the gun from his hand.
was later to figure so importantly in his greatest joys, his greatness and prosperity on that Wyoming ranch, destiny was as uncommon there as they are unfortunately frequent in the dark-eyed and thoughtful. She had that precision and poise from the winsome personality of his secretary, Miss Ann Hunniwell. Ann was a calm, collected, sincere type, brunette, dark-eyed and thoughtful. She had that precision and accuracy that typifies the secretaries of big business men, and she had over and above this the charm of a femininity that was not aggressive.

Old Banker Devereaux was busy with his mail when his swaggering son Frank walked in and sauntered up to his father's desk. The young man looked at Ann with an evident interest and attention. Frank Devereaux always noticed women. His father turned to Ann.

"That's all now, Miss Ann."

Ann picked up her papers and withdrew to her adjoining office.

Devereaux scowled up at his son.

"What is it now, Frank?"

"Nothing but a little money, dad," the young man returned lightly. "About three hundred."

The older man touched a button. Ann appeared.

"Please make out a check for Frank Devereaux for three hundred dollars."

Ann withdrew on her errand.

Frank swaggered out of the office, through the door into the niche where Ann sat at her desk.

"Here's your check," Ann held it up to him. As he took the check she busied herself with her papers.

"Miss Ann!"

She looked up, surprised to find him still standing there.

"Miss Ann, will you let me take you out to dinner?"

Emarrassed and surprised, Ann looked up at young Devereaux and colored. While she was trying to find a graciously polite way to say no, Frank leaned closer to her with his most coaxing smile.

"Our box at the opera will be unoccupied tonight—and Caruso is singing Pagliacci."

Ann's eyes lighted up at this, but she sobered in a second.

"No, I think I had better not."

But Frank urged and pleaded. He won.

The evening at dinner and the opera passed swiftly for Ann, radiant with pleasure at this little touch of gaiety in her rather modestly frugal life.

Frank rushed her into his motor car.

"It has been wonderful of you to give me this pleasant evening," said Ann in expression of a genuine gratitude.

Frank felt rather pleased with himself.

"And now some supper for Cinderella!"

"Oh, but really,—no—I have to be up early in the morning, and—"

But again Frank Devereaux had his way.

The car stopped in front of a cafe. There was the jangling of sensuous jazz orchestras and the sound of dancing feet. Above at the head of the stairway was a hall on either side of which ranged the flagrantly famed private dining rooms of the Cafe Mazzarin.

Into this lobby and up those stairs Devereaux led Ann.

At the head of the steps the proprietor met them and bowed with deference to young Devereaux, throwing open a private room. He ushered them in.

Ann looked about her, slightly disquieted by her discovery of the planned privacy of the place and its appointments. The small table in the center of the room was attractively set for two.

The waiter took Frank's hat and stick and hung them on a hall tree. Ann followed the action with her eye and caught a wry face before she tasted the drink. Frank smiled.

"It has been wonderful of you to give me this pleasant evening," said Ann in expression of a genuine gratitude.

Frank felt rather pleased with himself.

"And now some supper for Cinderella!"

"Oh, but really,—no—I have to be up early in the morning, and—"

But again Frank Devereaux had his way.

The car stopped in front of a cafe. There was the jangling of sensuous jazz orchestras and the sound of dancing feet. Above at the head of the stairway was a hall on either side of which ranged the flagrantly famed private dining rooms of the Cafe Mazzarin.

Into this lobby and up those stairs Devereaux led Ann.

At the head of the steps the proprietor met them and bowed with deference to young Devereaux, throwing open a private room. He ushered them in.

Ann looked about her, slightly disquieted by her discovery of the planned privacy of the place and its appointments. The small table in the center of the room was attractively set for two.

The waiter took Frank's hat and stick and hung them on a hall tree. Ann followed the action with her eye and caught a penetrating glance from the waiter.

Ann stood ill at ease.

Frank smiled at her uneasiness.

The supper was well under way when the waiter entered with a tray, pouring a glass for each of them.

"Now try it again."

Frank did. She came up with a smile.

"Yes, it is nice."

The waiter went out. As he left Frank leaned over and put his hand on Ann's arm.

IN the hills of Wyoming the virtue and sanctity of woman is an accepted traditional fact and the living contradictions of it are as uncommon there as they are unfortunately frequent in the mephitic glamour of the lights of Broadway: the great skyscraper-spired city on the seaboard across the nation to the eastward.

While Lafe Regan was winning himself back to happiness, vanity and prosperity on that Wyoming ranch, destiny was playing tricks with the girl way across there in New York who was later to figure so importantly in his greatest joys, his greatest sorrows and in the bliss of his ultimate peace.

The office of old John Devereaux, banker, took a note of the persuing of young Devereaux and colored. While she was trying to find a graciously polite way to say no, Frank leaned closer to her with his most coaxing smile.

"Our box at the opera will be unoccupied tonight—and Caruso is singing Pagliacci."

Ann's eyes lighted up at this, but she sobered in a second.

"No, I think I had better not."

But Frank urged and pleaded. He won.

Frank felt rather pleased with himself.

"And now some supper for Cinderella!"

"Oh, but really,—no—I have to be up early in the morning, and—"

But again Frank Devereaux had his way.

The car stopped in front of a cafe. There was the jangling of sensuous jazz orchestras and the sound of dancing feet. Above at the head of the stairway was a hall on either side of which ranged the flagrantly famed private dining rooms of the Cafe Mazzarin.

Into this lobby and up those stairs Devereaux led Ann.

At the head of the steps the proprietor met them and bowed with deference to young Devereaux, throwing open a private room. He ushered them in.

Ann looked about her, slightly disquieted by her discovery of the planned privacy of the place and its appointments. The small table in the center of the room was attractively set for two.

The waiter took Frank's hat and stick and hung them on a hall tree. Ann followed the action with her eye and caught a penetrating glance from the waiter.

Ann stood ill at ease.

Frank smiled at her uneasiness.

The supper was well under way when the waiter entered with a tray, pouring a glass for each of them.

"Now try it again."

Frank did. She came up with a smile.

"Yes, it is nice."

The waiter went out. As he left Frank leaned over and put his hand on Ann's arm.

"You see you are my daughter — the one I never had — and I'd give my life to save you a tear."
Ann drew back with a look of fear in her face.
At this moment the waiter entered again, bearing a tray with another course. Frank scowled at the interruption. Ann sensed something in his attitude now that made her tremble within. As the waiter was putting the new course on the table she rose.
"I think I'd rather go home, now."
"Nonsense," Frank interposed. "And supper not finished! Please sit down, Miss Ann!"
Frank gently pushed her into her chair and ordered the waiter to hurry up the supper. But Ann was ill at ease and thoroughly alarmed.
When the waiter came again he placed the order in an uncomfortable silence. Even he could read the contempt with which Ann was looking at Devereaux.
The service completed, the waiter drew up to Frank's chair with his most deferential manner.
"May I speak to you a moment, sir?"
Together the waiter and Frank stepped aside.
"There's a gentleman downstairs asking for Mr. Devereaux," the waiter whispered hesitantly. "I think it's your father, sir."
Frank frowned with a look of annoyance and went out.
The waiter stiffened, alertly eyeing the door. He looked over at Ann.
"I beg pardon, Miss—but do you know where you are?"
"The Cafe Mazzarin."
"No, you don't know! I didn't think you did," the waiter answered with a dry laugh. "That's why I spoke."
Ann's breath came fast. Her heart sank. What the waiter had said was enough to confirm all her fears.
"What shall I do?" She looked at him beseechingly.
"Get out now."
Ann gave the waiter one surprised glance, then ran to the hall tree and seized her coat.

The waiter hurried to assist her and thrust two one dollar bills into her hand. She protested. The waiter was impatient.
"You've got to get out of here, quick."
Ann excitedly fumbled at her hand and pulled off a tiny gold ring set with a diminutive emerald, thrusting it into the waiter's hand.
Below, Frank Devereaux came upon the proprietor and asked if anyone had been inquiring for him. The proprietor shook his head.
Ann was just at the door expressing her thanks to the waiter when she heard Frank returning. She drew back into the room in a flash and tossing off her coat sat at the table again.

Frank entered scowling.
Across the street from the Cafe Mazzarin in a dark doorway stood a police captain. A plainclothes man emerged from the cafe, strode casually out and down the corner. There he met his chief in consultation.
Devereaux pushed a glass of wine toward the girl. She shook her head.
"I must go now—really."
"You mustn't do that," Devereaux protested. He took on his most engaging air.
"Please, I want to go."
Devereaux snarled at her.
The girl sprang toward the door. Devereaux intercepted her and turning the key in the lock slipped it into his pocket.
Ann stood up infuriated.
"Open that door!"
Ann rushed to the door and shook it violently.
"They're used to ladies who get theirs and then run away," Frank sneered.
For reply Devereaux seized her arms and pulled her to him.
"Now give me a kiss, little madcap!"
Strong in her fright Ann struggled against her captor.
"Kiss me!"

"I have the negative. The photographers call that a print. Your husband might call it proof." There was a mocking, triumphant sarcasm in his tone.
Devereaux crushed Ann to him and kissed her full in her protesting mouth.

The girl closed her eyes in revulsion, then summoned her strength for the struggle. Devereaux threw her against the table and she sprang back from it as he seized her again. She clawed and struck at him ineffectually, with all the hideous terror of one running from an inescapable horror in a nightmare. She screamed at the top of her lungs and beat at his chest with her clenched fists.

Across the street the police captain emerged from his doorway and looked up and down the street. He signalled to his men. The raid on the Cafe Mazzarin began.

Police plunged into the lobby and ran up the stairs. Officers battered at the closed doors of the private dining rooms. Protesting painted women flung insults at the officers.

The battle of Ann and Frank Devereaux was going on. The girl was fighting back Devereaux with all her strength. The raiders reached the door of their dining room.

"Open up there! Open up!"

Devereaux looked alertly about him a moment, then sprang to the door and unlocked it.

Ann, exhausted, disheveled, drew her cloak about her as the police entered. A newspaper photographer was behind them. "Why do you interrupt our supper?" Frank was self-assured now. He pointed at the table.

The policeman in charge smiled with a sneer. "The situation was too obvious. "Come on." He urged them toward the throng of arrested couples in the hall.

The photographer stepped back and raising his camera pulled a flashlight, picturing Ann and Frank in the custody of the policeman.

Frank started and turned on the photographer. He pulled a handful of bills from his pocket.

"Give me a hundred dollars for that negative."

"Sold," replied the photographer, pulling the plate holder from the camera and handing it to Devereaux.

The police bundled off the crowd from the Cafe Mazzarin to the Night Court. Ann and Devereaux appeared before the judge.

"I'm innocent. I did not know where I was going. I did not want to go there," Ann pleaded.

The worldly-wise and weary judge shook his head skeptically.

"I do not believe any young woman can be taken some place that she does not want to go—you are fined ten dollars each for disorderly conduct."

Devereaux grinned and reaching into his pocket tossed two ten dollar bills on the desk of the clerk of the court.

Together Ann and Devereaux went down the aisle. He was grinning and carefree. She went with head down, crimson with shame. (Continued on page 101)
YOU know, it’s rather a difficult thing—this word-painting of people.

Sometimes those who are the most vivid, the most emphatic in their impressions, are hardest to delineate.

I don’t know anybody in the world of whom I have a more clean-cut mental impression than Ann Forrest.

And in assorting in my mind all the phrases, all the descriptive words that I know, I find one that somehow wholly brings her before me—"the good comrade."

As I say it, it brings instantly before me her hearty greeting when she sees you—maybe a noisy hail across the boulevard, maybe a swift grin and a wave of the hand on the set, maybe an impetuous hug, but in any case conveying to you a heart-warming knowledge that her day is brighter for having seen you.

It brings me a vision of her small, vigorous frame, with its suggestion of energy and purpose—her live, strong, unusual little face, generally smiling, or if not smiling gripped by some emotion—never just "blah," never placid.

I have a picture of her as I saw her one day not long ago on the Lasky lot—her short gray dress tucked up about her knees, an enormous gingham apron tied about her, her yellow, heavy hair flying in all directions, her happy face streaked with dirt.

She was "house-cleaning" her dressing room. And having the time of her life doing it.

She actually fell down four steps, threw one arm high in an enthusiastic welcome and yelled, "Hello, everybody. I’m looking for some soup."

And it didn’t make a darn bit of difference to Ann Forrest that Adolph Zukor happened to be leaning up against the railing not ten feet away—even if Mr. Zukor is president of the Famous Players-Lasky Company.

By that I mean that Ann has always been too busy living to bother with pretense or affectation.

There she is—she hopes you’ll like her. But if you don’t, it’s just a part of the game, and she isn’t going to be any different.

By that I do not mean that Ann Forrest is a hoyden. Far from it. Ann has all the adaptability of her type and nationality. I have dined in parties with her in the best homes, the best cafes—to use the trite expression of popular phraseology, and she is enough the lady to lie strictly inconspicuous. But I do mean that she’s as natural as a puppy.

She is a bundle of emotions and feelings. You can tell Ann the most trivial happening and she is as interested as though you were a veritable Shakespeare. Her eyes fill with tears when you tell her about the death of the new canary bird, and she goes into peals of laughter over the simplest remark of any of your children.

She likes most everybody. And most everybody likes her. I love to hear her talk. She still has (Continued on page 93)
Traditional? Never Heard of 'Em!

Rex Ingram calmly kicks over all directorial precedents.

By JORDAN ROBINSON

Rex Ingram Smashes a Few Traditions

Rex Ingram waited for the interviewer. This was an awful shock.
Rex Ingram thanked the interviewer for being so kind as to come and see him. This is very unprofessional.
Rex Ingram asks advice from "extras"; how they think the scenes ought to be played. This is fantastic.
Rex Ingram "shoots" scenes when it is well on toward dusk; never in the sunlight. This shatters all traditions.
Rex Ingram declares all the credit belongs to the author. This is directorial insanity.

course," said Mr. Ingram. "That's why Griffith is the greatest director. We have all learned the rudiments from him."
I wondered if I heard him aright. Here this young fellow was giving us an interview and talking about other directors.
"And I'll tell you another great director," he went on. "It's a man named Robertson. I don't know him. But I saw 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' which he did, and I never

We do not like to interview directors.

We have interviewed directors before. We have breakfasted with directors; we have lunched with directors; and we have dined with directors. Likewise, we have motored with directors, and played golf, Kelly pool and sea-quoits with directors. We have been flattered by directors and we have been roundly snubbed by directors.

So we departed feeling very sorry for ourself. You see, we knew in advance just what Ingram would talk about. Being an old hand at the drudgery of interviewing, we knew that Ingram would talk about—Ingram.

He was waiting for us, which was the first shock. We are in the habit of doing all the waiting. He proved to be a tall, good-looking young man with a fierce grip... at once. This youngster could be no great shakes of a director. He had none of the regular props.

So we felt rather patronizing.

(We had not seen "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Now that we have seen it we would give four weeks' salary to do the interview with Rex Ingram all over again—that is, to salve a salty conscience.)

But we had not talked the usual commonplaces five minutes before we were aware of Rex Ingram. Here was no common sandlots director. Here was no studio aristocrat who was going to tell us all about himself. As a matter of fact, he wouldn't talk about himself at all. It was most confusing.

"Directing a big picture is a matter of attention to detail, of course," said Mr. Ingram. "That's why Griffith is the greatest director. We have all learned the rudiments from him."

I wondered if I heard him aright. Here this young fellow was giving us an interview and talking about other directors.

"And I'll tell you another great director," he went on. "It's a man named Robertson. I don't know him. But I saw 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' which he did, and I never

He's an Irishman—born in Dublin and brought up in Tipperary!
Announcing
a New Contest:

WHOSE DOUBLE ARE YOU?

FOR every famous film star there is—somewhere in the world—a double.

Make-believe Mary Pickfords, or Norma Talmadges, or Theda Baras. Twins of celluloid beauty and fame. Girls whose resemblances to celluloid celebrities are so startling, that they might get past the studio gates, don makeup, fool directors and cameramen, and even draw the stars' salaries!

Are YOU one of them? Or have you a friend who closely resembles one of the well known players.

PHOTOPLAY wants to find these doubles. Every reader of the magazine wants to see the girls who look like their favorite stars.

That is why we are offering $100 for the best resemblance, $50 for the second best, and $25 for the third and fourth best.

Send in your resemblance picture. The four best photographs will be published. Don't overlook this opportunity to see yourself in PHOTOPLAY, where every artist of the screen has been pictured sometime or other. Don't miss this chance to win $100—or $50—or $25.

Address Doubles Contest Editor, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. Send in your pictures before October 1, 1921, with your name and address plainly written on the back. If you wish the photograph returned, postage must be enclosed.
Harry always tries to do something funny when the director is looking, in the hopes that he'll recognize him as a coming comedian.

Clarice telling the girls what she would do to the star's part if they would only give her a chance at it.

Harold was hotel clerk for twenty feet of film and is very upstage about it.

Bill is going back to the garage. It's safer than extra in a "brick" comedy.

Tessie has been suping for two years and the director hasn't even noticed her yet.

Bessie is imitating one of the "400" in the big ballroom scene. She gets her dope from the society pictures in the Sunday papers.

Smithson is sore. The lead in this picture is a paperhanger. He was one for two years and the director won't let him play the part.

"E-X-T-R-A!"—By Norman Anthony
What Was the Best Photoplay of 1920?

The timeliness of Photoplay Magazine’s Medal of Honor—what it means to American Art—one hundred thousand have already voted—send in your vote today!

The first hundred thousand won the glory. But the hundreds of thousands following won the war. So ran the story of Allied valor on the fields of France.

One hundred thousand readers of Photoplay Magazine, in a flood of mail which has fairly inundated a whole corps of clerks, have given their choice for the forthcoming first annual award of The Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor—a magnificent and permanent tribute for the best photoplay of the year.

Although this great company of whirlwind correspondents wins the palm of promptness and the laurel of decision, the tournament of excellence has only begun.

We are waiting for your opinion. What do you say? If you are a patriot, what does your patriotism mean to you? Palpitation of the heart when the flag passes? Loud applause for the Monroe Doctrine? Cheering when the American Legion has a parade? Contemptuous sneers for anything that comes from the East bank of the old Atlantic pond?

Those things are only demonstrations, and demonstrations aren’t patriotism. Patriotism is helping your own country to the uttermost in whatever practical way the time demands.

When we were threshing about in our stupendous war you could help your country by money, by your personal service, by joining its fighting forces up on the firing lines.

One of America’s very greatest peace-time needs is honest artistic patriotism.

She wants her own citizens to help her be as great in the realm of imagination as she has proven herself to be in the realms of force and actuality. She wants her own citizens to believe in her capabilities—to acclaim her accomplishments—to demonstrate that she possesses genius inferior to no genius.

You have heard a great deal about the invasion of the American film field by the pauper labor of Europe. You have heard of the injustice done in spending our money for films wrought by brothers and sisters of the men who shot down our American boys on the battlefields of France.

You have heard about the throttling of the American studio. You have perhaps seen some actual boycotting of foreign films. You can’t choke art or strangle science. Ban a book, and you raise its price and increase its circulation. Boycott a film merely because it’s foreign, and you denominate yourself a coward.

The way to beat the photoplays of every invader on earth is to make every American movie patron realize the truth—that our own country does lead the world on the screen.

Photoplay Magazine’s Annual Medal of Honor has been establishe to testify to and proclaim this fact—to institute a serious search for the producer worthy of most honors—to acclaim the best screen work of Americans.

What, in your opinion, was the best photoplay of the year 1920?

The only condition is that the picture was released between January 1st and December 31st, 1920, and that it was of American manufacture.

The Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor has been permanently established as an award of merit to a producer whose foresight made him venture his money, his reputation and his position in the industry in the selection of story plus director plus cast. No critics, no professional observers can adequately make this selection. Only the motion-picture patrons of America, most representatively assembled, probably, in the two and a half million readers of Photoplay Magazine, are competent or qualified. In case of a tie, decision shall be made by three disinterested people.

These coupons will appear in four successive issues, of which this is the third. All votes must be received in Photoplay’s New York office not later than October 1st. You do not necessarily have to choose one of the list of fifty, appearing on this page, but if your choice is outside this list, be sure it is a 1920 picture.

Suggested List of Best Pictures of 1920


Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

Editor Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., N.Y. City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1920.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME OF PICTURE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Use this coupon or other blank paper filled out in similar form.

45
A BAD ACTOR FROM BILDAD

Proving that there’s a lot of good in the worst of bad men — and sheriffs.

By

J. FRANK DAVIS

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

No. 16

In Photoplay Magazine’s series of 24 original short stories from which are to be picked the winners of $14,000 in cash prizes.

Are you reading them all? It will be interesting to learn if your opinion will be that of the judges.
"Gee, I'm right glad you come, mister!"
He moved slowly and cautiously to take it, his pistol clutched. A hundred yards from the main trail a boy sat on the ground—a boy of nine or ten. Hood's hand fell away from his revolver.

"Gee, I'm right glad you come, mister!" Plainly the child would like to have it appear that he was able to undergo untoward events casually; there was apparent a stout attempt to act as though it was nothing out of the ordinary in his young life to be calling for help an hour after sun-up a dozen miles from anywhere.

"I was afraid I couldn't holler loud enough. I kinda had dropped off to sleep, and all of a sudden I heard you go past, down there. Stopped for water, didn't you?"

Hood nodded.

"Reckoned you would," the boy said. "'If you hadn't, I'd shore been up against it good." He moved a little, winced, and forced a pale smile.

"Got a twisted ankle," he said. "'Can't seem to get up on it a-tall. Hawse done threw me."

Immediately he felt a necessity for defense which Hood, himself a Texan, understood and appreciated.

"I mostly can stay on a hawse, but this one is plumb scared of snakes. I reckon, and nobody hadn't told me. He's a new hawse my father bought out Aylulu way. We're moseying along here quiet, heading for that water where you just been, and there's a big rattler starts singing right ahead of him. I stayed on six or seven pitches; honest, I did! When me and him parted, my foot sprained. Sprained my ankle, it acts like."

He sighed with a little sob in his throat, striving to be as philosophical as the author of snakes, I reckon, and appreciated.

"Your father is Sam Wingate. I'm Bill Wingate."

"I come by McKinley without stopping. Feel any better?"

"Shore. It feels fine, now. How are we going to get home?"

"Hood had already decided how he would meet this. He said, soothingly:

"'It's a darn shame, son, that I can't turn round and get you home, but I just natchully can't. I've got business down south o' here that has to be done; it won't wait, nohow.'"

"From the clothes Hood had on, you would have stiffened at sight of them. "Sam Wingate, famous across many counties, was sheriff at McKinley."

"Your father, as soon as that hawse that pitched you got home, must have started out to find you," he opined. "'At least as soon as it was light—"

"'Shucks!'' cried the boy. "'How do you figure anybody's going to read any sign off the rocks up here in Flint Canon? And they don't know which direction I went in; it's years since my father has made me tell him when I was going to ride and where I was heading for. Besides, that hawse never showed up there a-tall. He turned up when he went hellity-larrup out of this draw, not down. That hawse is home by now—but home where he used to live."

"'But your father will be searching.'"

"'You bet you my life he will. And a right smart of other folks, too, if he asked 'em to,'" he added with obvious pride. "'There ain't much the folks at McKinley won't do for my father."

"I've heard of him," Hood remarked, as he examined the swollen ankle with as much tenderness as the necessities of the case would allow. "'Ow! Go ahead, mister. Don't mind if it hurts a little; I don't. Of course you have. Pretty much everybody in this part of the country, knows my father. You don't live in McKinley, do you? But you must have come through there. Didn't you hear anything about anybody being out looking for me?'"

"'I didn't come through McKinley," Hood replied shortly. "'Ow! I wondered some bad, ain't she? I s'pose I didn't do it any special good, trying to walk on it. I must 'a tried to walk a dozen times.'"

"'How come you wasn't in McKinley,' Hood asked him. 'You was going south just now, wasn't you? There ain't any town north but McKinley. You couldn't have come over Devil's Slide. It ain't rideable in the night.'"

"'I come by McKinley without stopping. Feel any better?'"

"'Bite into those," he said, "'and then I'll have a look-see at you.'"

"He seemed unhappily, and distraught, Aye, embarrassed in the crystal aquarium In which they lived. So Bebe ordered new aquarium With the glass frosted, and therefore Not transparent. See? "The poor fish," murmured Bebe— (She was referring to the goldfish and Not to some director or author or something)— "The poor fish, They ought to have Some privacy!"

"BEBE

**DANIELS**

is always thinking About other folks' comfort. She is a considerate baby, We'll say.

For instance, Thought of No-Sho and Yung Fin. These are her two pet Chinese goldfish. They are intelligent little creatures And terribly sensitive and shy. So what do you suppose Bebe Daniels has gone and done? Just this: Shentoniced that No-sho and Yung Fin

Seemed unhappy, and distraught, Aye, embarrassed in the crystal aquarium In which they lived. So Bebe ordered new aquarium With the glass frosted, and therefore Not transparent. See?

"The poor fish," murmured Bebe—

\[\text{(Continued on page 88)}\]
CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

IN some circles of the motion picture business they're trying to bar foreign films. Those German pictures, they protest, are crude, vulgar, and full of historical inaccuracies. They've got nothing on "The Queen of Sheba," Mr. Fox's recent contribution to education. She had next to nothing on herself, and we prefer crude historical pictures to crude anatomical ones. We could almost hear the director say in every second scene, "Miss Blythe, are you afraid of catching cold? Please register more flesh."

SAMUEL GOLDWYN, in England recently, fervently endeavored to convert George Bernard Shaw to the cinema. Mr. Shaw suddenly interrupted: "It seems hardly necessary for us to continue, Mr. Goldwyn. You see, you are interested only in art, while I am interested only in money."

A BOY in Dubuque recently committed enough boyish offences to put him into the hands of the law. But neither the boy nor his mother, the police nor the newspapers, blamed the movies for his misbehaviour. What on earth is wrong?

INCIDENTALLY, it is always interesting to remember that there were no jails, no reformatories, no bad little boys, no naughty little girls, no wicked men and women—nothing ever wrong, in any way, with this just too perfectly sweet old world before the celluloid serpent came writhing in!

THE trouble with youngsters nowadays is that most of them know twice as much as they ought to know, and not half as much as they should.

THERE'S no magic about the methods of Ernest Lubitsch, the Polish director of "Passion," "Deception," and "Gypsy Blood." Lubitsch is said to employ competent departmental chiefs in lighting, photography and art direction, and to place entire responsibility upon each in his particular specialty. Then, the director has each player familiarize himself with the entire story, and, calling the company together, listens non-committally to all suggestions. Then he conducts many and long rehearsals. Finally, he shoots his picture.

THE Cleveland School of Education, William M. Gregory, curator, has added to its curriculum a six-week's course in "visual education," carrying a regular university credit. Here school supervisors, teachers and assistant instructors are to be taught the mechanics and educational use of the motion picture, and of lantern slides where a projection machine for films is not available. The world moves. Sometimes it seems that our American world moves fastest in its middle. Certainly the Cleveland educators are able to show the schoolmen both east and west a sterling example of down-to-the-minute thinking and quick action.

MARY THURMAN tells the story of a little Hollywood girl, lost in a Los Angeles department store. "Why didn't you hold on to mamma's hand?" queried the matron, soothingly. "S-s-she had her arms full of bundles!" was the faltering answer. "Then why didn't you take hold of her skirt?" And the baby wailed: "I c-couldn't reach it!"

THE manager of the Theatre Montaigne, in Paris, recently intrigued the critics by installing a restaurant and sleeping apartments for their accommodation after the arduous labor of reviewing new plays. A rival has begun giving elaborate early morning cabarets for the pen fraternity. In New York they might lure the hatchet men by showing them, after some of our very unreal plays, a few of our very real photoplays.

JUDGING by recent German logic, President Ebert is being advised by the Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.

ONE of the new picture actresses is Julia Hoyt. But Julia is Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, in reality; leader of New York society's younger set, and, socially, the "smartest" of American recruits to the screen. Her entry, just as an actress, into the Norma Talmadge studio, made a Metropolitan sensation. She seems to be sincere. She says she has tired of a butterfly's life, and wants to do something really worth while in the world. All this is quite laudable, and we hope that Mrs. Hoyt will have the success she so earnestly desires, and for which she says that she is willing to pay the price of drudgery and unremitting physical and mental toil. But Mrs. Hoyt should realize fully that that is the only way she will ever achieve any success worth while. In the thousand and one Hickvilles where pictures are sold on their merits she will be Julia Hoyt, and nothing more. And if Julia Hoyt proves herself a genuine actress, she can take her place alongside some others who never even saw a member of the 400. What has happened, by the way, to the much-heralded film ambitions of Lady Diana Manners and Mrs. Morgan Belmont?

LATE last winter a Massachusetts war-profiteer of the ultra-snobbish sort visited Coronado, in Southern California; and, swinging into an informal polo game of a morning, reined his horse up beside that of an expert but silent young player whose high-bred game he had been jealously admiring for a full half-hour. "Delightful to be down here among gentlemen!" he exclaimed, mopping a very plebeian brow with a very aristocratic kerchief. "Around Los Angeles one can't motor or play tennis or even dine without mingling with those annoying film personas! I'm Charles Edward Barne-Jones, of Dorset-on-Sea." "Charmed!" replied the gentleman addressed. "I'm Charles Spencer Chaplin, of Hollywood-on-Location!" And he dug in his spurs.

OTHER continents, other customs. In Japan the censors take out the kissing and leave in the cussing. While here . . .

THE snappiest sub-caption we've heard lately is the one dictated but not read by Dr. Jack Dempsey, who has been training at the Film Market studio in Atlantic City. When asked if he had any particular
choice concerning the referee for the forthcoming engagement between himself and Prof. Carpenter, Dr. Dempsey replied: "It don't make no diff to me... if he knows how to count."

SINCE Gettysburg is in Pennsylvania the famous speech should have concluded: "that government of the censors, by the censors, for the censors shall not perish from the earth."

IN Brooklyn, recently, a test on the Ten Commandments was given to one thousand school children. Of the thousand, three hundred and fifty-seven had never heard of the Ten Commandments! Sons and daughters, no doubt, of the model parents who may some day say that Sallie and Johnnie went bad because they loved motion pictures.

STARTED little souls! Blindly searching, on the street or in the theater or under a dock for the knowledge and information that should emanate from homes which, instead, are barren and tawdry and slatternly and quarrelsome.

IF another war comes we hope the government will realize that the movies can spare fifty heroes better than one Ben Turpin.

WE'D like to see a statue of Governor McKelvie, of Nebraska, erected on the State House grounds at Albany, N. Y. The Eastern experts in everybody else's business crowded a censorship bill through the New York legislature, and Governor Miller signed it. The same sort of tactics put the same sort of bill through the Nebraska legislature—and Governor McKelvie vetoed it! In explanation of his veto in the face of tremendous pressure by the Puritan machine the Governor issued a long statement, in the course of which he said: "I am thoroughly convinced that public opinion, when it is pressure by the Puritan machine the Governor issued a long statement, in the course of which he said: "I am thoroughly convinced that public opinion, when it is..." We then place the responsibility with the people themselves, where it belongs, realizing that if we as a nation are to be a strong, virile, self-governing people we must assume the full responsibilities of citizenship without expecting the state to relieve us from that responsibility."

THE New York Evening Post sees in the campaign against the immoralities of history.

IMPROVIDENT little souls! Blindly searching, on the street or in the theater or under a dock for the knowledge and information that should emanate from homes which, instead, are barren and tawdry and slatternly and quarrelsome.

IF another war comes we hope the government will realize that the movies can spare fifty heroes better than one Ben Turpin.

WE'D like to see a statue of Governor McKelvie, of Nebraska, erected on the State House grounds at Albany, N. Y. The Eastern experts in everybody else's business crowded a censorship bill through the New York legislature, and Governor Miller signed it. The same sort of tactics put the same sort of bill through the Nebraska legislature—and Governor McKelvie vetoed it! In explanation of his veto in the face of tremendous pressure by the Puritan machine the Governor issued a long statement, in the course of which he said: "I am thoroughly convinced that public opinion, when it is..." We then place the responsibility with the people themselves, where it belongs, realizing that if we as a nation are to be a strong, virile, self-governing people we must assume the full responsibilities of citizenship without expecting the state to relieve us from that responsibility."

THE New York Evening Post sees in the campaign against the immoralities of history.

IMPROVIDENT as actors are, it isn't the lack of something laid by for a dry day which concerns most of them now—it's the lack of something laid by for a dry day.

HARD times are with us, they say. Yet the manager of New York's largest bill-posting company has informed would-be purchasers of space that he cannot find room on his miles of boards for another sheet of motion picture paper before November first.

THERE'D be some sense to censorship in Bolshevik Moscow just now. Of course they'd eliminate all rich fathers, club-fellows, the young hero's country home, his father's big business office, valets, dinner-jackets and ball-room scenes.

THE screen doesn't need moral censorship one-tenth as much as it needs intellectual censorship.

AMERICA'S most distinguished theatrical visitor this year, or for many years, was not an actor, nor even a dramatist; he was William Archer, the most distinguished English-writing critic of the stage, and, in the minds of many, the foremost theatrical critic, adaptor and essayist of this generation. Archer has been a vital force in theatrical writings for fifty years, and his most noteworthy additions to actual dramatic property were the plays of the Norwegian Ibsen. The Archer translations are still the standards. In addition, he has quite curiously made his own authorial debut—and a very successful one—at the age of 65, with "The Green Goddess," a thrilling and elegant melodrama now being played by George Arliss in New York. Mr. Archer finds that the screen, despite its enormous vogue, is primarily without any intellectual influence in America. This is quite true. The greatest amusement in the world, and in its representations of fact one of the rising educators and informers, the screen has yet to mold or sway public opinion in its fictional forms. But Mr. Archer feels that America has not yet scratched the surface of her dramatic possibilities; he says that in our stupendously varied life we can—and will, doubtless—create the most picturesque school of drama that the world has ever seen. Mr. Archer is of the theater; what he does not see is that the leader of that school, in the years to come, will be the drama of silence, because the screen alone proffers infinitely varied material for the depiction of the infinitely varied American life.

A YOUNG star was entertaining friends at dinner. There was a butler, and caviar, and orchids at every place, and everything. The dinner went smoothly; the star was radiant; her guests impressed. Came coffee in fragile cups, and highbrow conversation. Then the star's maid entered and in an audible stage-whisper inquired: "Beg pardon, ma'am, but the butler says can you pay him now, ma'am?"

SOME dumbbell student association in Harvard recently placed Charlie Chaplin in solemn nomination for the university presidency. An honor in its way, no doubt, but Mr. Chaplin is quite, quite too busy.

WHEN David Wark Griffith made "Intolerance," four or five years ago, he gave the multitude a new phase of history. Familiar for many generations was the Biblical account of the fall of Babylon: the writing on the wall, followed by the capture and sack of the city by the hosts under the Persian Cyrus. What the general public did not know were the facts as pictured by Griffith in all the fascination of a great adventure story: the feud between Nabonidus the regent, and Belshazzar the young King, on the one hand, and the intolerant priests of Bel on the other; resulting in the betrayal of Babylon's gates by the priesthood to Cyrus, who in a mood of great spiritual practicality had caused the worship of Bel-Marduk in his camp. Now Mr. Griffith did not decipher these facts from any clay tablets in Assyria, but he did get them from obscure texts known only to the professors and the intenser students of Assyriology. Mr. Griffith published the first popular history of the end of Babylon. His has just been substantiated, in every particular, by H. G. Wells, whose popular "Outline of History" is at great pains to narrate, with identical detail, what Mr. Griffith so graphically painted in suntint. Mr. Wells agrees with Mr. Griffith in all his character conceptions, and there is an almost startling facsimile of the Hollywood picture of the ancient Nabonidus, who abandoned the throne and his warlike pursuits for the secluded researches of an antiquarian. Here, at least, the photoplay served as history's unerring advance announcement.

WHEN an assistant director wears puttees, who does he think he's fooling?
Youth (Richard Barthelmess) hears Ambition's call and leaves his mother (Kate Bruce) and Love (Marjorie Daw) to seek his fortune. Experience — played by John Miltern—who is to teach Youth many things about life.

Youth first encounters Pleasure, Beauty, and Wealth. He asks Opportunity to wait for him. But Opportunity cannot!

"The story of Youth—a story as old as yesterday's ten thousand years—as new as tomorrow!

EXPERIENCE

Youth is enthralled by Pleasure and, while Experience looks on, is welcomed into the gay party.

Youth's funds run low and Chance directs him to a gambling house where he can double his money. At first he wins, but later luck leaves him.

Temptation (Nita Naldi) fascinates Youth. She intercepts a letter telling Youth of his mother's death.

Experience meanwhile teaches Youth to know Excitement. (Sybil Carmen.)

And smirking Conceit (Robert Schable) with his ever-present mirror.

And Intoxication (an all-too-pleasant companion)—played by Helen Ray.

And—eventually—the sanctimonious Prohibition, played by Leslie King.

Finally, accused of theft, he is ejected to the gutter.

Crime seeks to persuade Youth to rob Wealth's house.

But Youth returns home, where Love and Hope await.

With Love at his side. Youth is enriched by Experience.
This is the startling, life-size hall ornament that faces the visitor as he hangs up his hat. It is a bronze cast of the One Armed Charioteer, an ancient Roman work.

This old Venetian couch is the central object in the drawing room. It is covered with Italian silk in reds and blues, as are the cushions on and before the couch. A victrola is hidden in the throne chair on the right.

Opening from the drawing room on the right is the replica of a small garden. It resembles an Italian garden in the grill balustrade and the grilled window. At either side of the marble steps that lead to this garden room is a magnificent bronze lamp.

Miss Murray at the piano in her drawing room. The carved gold chest on the piano is a relic from a Venetian palace. Above the piano is a rare Madonna, an ancient masterpiece restored.

Photography by International.
MAISON MURRAY

A star's haven amidst antiques from Italy.

The heading is euphonious, but phoney. For Mae is not Miss Murray. She is Mrs. Robert Leonard. The little blonde dancing star, and her directing husband, live in this quaint Italian home in Manhattan, in a sumptuous studio building called “The Hotel des Artistes.” As far as Mae is concerned, the appellation is entirely correct. She designed all her own sets—by that we mean that every room in her house is decorated according to her own taste, and finished under her supervision.

When she was abroad she rifled the antique shops, and while she is in New York, she is a faithful patron of interesting auctions. For years she has been collecting the rare pieces that fill her home. Her taste inclines to the antiques from old Italy; it has always been her dream to live in an atmosphere inspired by the marvellous art of the Florentines. It is a tribute to Miss Murray that her apartment does not resemble a curio shop; it is a home, a little bit of artistic Italy in Manhattan!

Miss Murray stands at the heavy grill gates of her dining room. She has changed since she was a chorus girl and impersonated a Nell Brinkley drawing. Her face has become finer and more characterful.

The most al fresco dining room in New York that is not actually out of doors. It is lit by day through large windows like garden wicket gates. Vines climb up on the lattice and about the windows. There are garden settees beside the windows. The walls are sky colored. The floor is of small cobblestones. The fruit bowl on the table is of old Italian style. The telephone is hidden inside the cupboard.

A corner of the drawing room, showing in detail the historic window of stained glass. The middle picture painted on the window represents the Santa Maria, the ship on which Columbus sailed to his discovery of America.
What Is a Director?

PHOTOPLAY feels that it is fulfilling a long-felt want in raising, on this page, a question that has long puzzled film audiences, producers, actors, extras, and assistant directors.

By

STARS, SCENARIO WRITERS,
CAMERAMEN—AND DIRECTORS

William deMille

THE director is a tearful creature with a megaphone growing out of his face.

His function is to take charming stories and deliberately ruin them. He has no manners and his morals are awful. He knows nothing about life and spends his time thinking up scenes which will debase the youth of the country and turn a perfectly respectable audience into a gang of criminals. He counts that day lost in which he has not produced a scene which shows the lure of vice and the futility of virtue. He is a national menace.

If the director could be eliminated there would be nothing in motion pictures to find fault with.

Let us pass a law that in the future directors be allowed to produce only the Elsie books, the Rollo books and Sanford and Merton.

Betty Blythe

A director is the only man besides your husband who can tell you how many of your clothes to take off. I know.

James Kirkwood

the famous actor, seen in "The Money Master" and "The Great Impersonation":

The director is a fellow who runs around the set with a megaphone annoying the actors. With the help of really efficient actors, electricians, assistants, location men, art directors, cutters and cameramen, he sometimes manages not to spoil the work of his players.

Some directors help you, but most of them are an unmitigated nuisance.

James Kirkwood

well-known director of Mary Pickford and other stars:

The director is the most important factor in the making of a motion picture. His duties are so manifold. He is the man responsible for every angle of the picture. He is like the head of a big business corporation. The managers of the various departments are all under his charge. He must know lighting, interior decoration, acting, stories, and humanity.

The director—the one branch of the art that motion pictures have not adapted but actually created—is the captain of the ship of every motion picture production. And if there's a wreck, he usually goes down with it. And if the voyage is safe, nobody thinks much about it.

Al. Christie

A motion picture director is just a human being. The more horse-sense he has and uses, the better he'll get along and the more human will be his pictures.

Our motto has always been: "Show real human beings in perfectly natural human situations."

To do that one only needs to use a very plain and garden variety of horse-intelligence.

And horse-intelligence isn't low-brow. It is the highest form of education in the world.

May Allison

A director is like a husband—that is, some husbands.

You'd like to get rid of them, but you don't know what you'd do without him.

He's the one that tells you when you look your worst. He's the one that won't let you have even an hour off on a summer day to go swimming.

There isn't anybody in the world that you feel is so much like a relation as a director.

Seriously, a director has the destiny of a star very much in his own hands. He can make or break her. I really believe that the largest part of the motion picture industry, its future, its possibilities and its achievements, rest upon the director.

He is the one man who really has authority. The rest of us only have ideas.

Betty Compson

To me a real director is a man who has an artist's soul, who lives the part of each and every person in the cast, who has sympathy and understanding for the player and is willing to listen to his principal's advice on the picture.

A director must be like the keyboard of a wireless. And like the keyboard, distribute the message without any visible signs of motion.

(Continued on page 109)
HAVING failed to answer the other queries in the questionnaire, what," said I to Jane, "would have been your reply if the old boy had asked you: 'Why is a bad movie?''

"Because it's a stupid entertainment," snapped Jane. "And a good movie's a joy because it is good entertainment and costs no more than a couple of ice creams. Let's go."

Jane, I should say, would make a good censor. Her criticisms might not be profoundly analytical, but they would be short and snappy.

"How long have they been at this business of reforming the stage?" she demanded the other day, when Dr. Straton made the first page of the morning paper with a new attack upon the immorality of the theater and theater folk.

"Oh, a matter of three or four hundred years," I answered.

"And, naturally, they have made some progress."

"They have," agreed Jane; "I saw 'Ladies' Night' last week. It was celebrating its 300th performance on Broadway, and several of the girls in the bath scene were wearing new Turkish towels. It's a cleaner show than it was."

"Oh, well—it's all in your imagination, anyway."

"It is," said Jane; "that's why I had to stop reading the newspapers. I wonder, will they go after the magazines and the novels and the naughty postcard people after they get the movies fixed up?"

"All producers of entertainment should be idealists—in theory, at least," I ventured.

"They should be," agreed Jane. "In fact a lot of them have been. Too bad they starved to death."

"Well, anyway—you'll be glad of one thing," I said. "The producers are certainly doing their part in trying to interest the most eminent of authors in writing for the screen. Did you hear that Maeterlinck, and Barrie, and Gertrude Atherton—"

"I don't care who writes them," she interrupted. "I don't care who writes them or who produces them, so long as they entertain me. M. Maeterlinck can write enough legends to fill a library, and if they won't screen, or if they are not interesting when they are screened, I shall walk out on them. I am the Peepul. Give me good stories or give me nothing. Give me good entertainment or let me stay at home."

"But only by interesting eminent authors can we hope—"

"Only by interesting authors with screen sense and plastic minds can we hope for anything: straight-thinking, clean-thinking, men and women. All the eminent authors in the world can move to Hollywood and live the rest of their lives within earshot of the director's megaphone; they can each average a new picture story a month, and Griffith's ice floe and 'Way Down East,' and Fox's chariot race and 'The Queen of Sheba,' (not to mention the complete exposure of Betty Blythe's impressive nonchalance); Metro's 'Four Horsemen,' Cosmopolitan's 'Humoresque' and Tucker's 'Miracle Man' will outdraw them ten to one—unless they achieve plays that are fundamentally human and holding, dramatic and interesting."

"But you do admit there is a chance for improvement?"

"I do—if they will let the educators do the educating and keep the entertainers entertaining. I am the Peepul. What's the best picture in town?"

THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED—

Cosmopolitan-Paramount

HERE is a picture in which the fine skill of Robert Vignola and his cast has taken what might have been another of those tales of a bad woman cast upon a desert island and regenerated through the influences of the simple life and the inspiring presence of a noble gent and made of it a really gripping,
In "Reputation" Priscilla Dean is an actress of marked ability, in spite of her long stay in "crook dramas. She gives an unusual portrayal to a difficult dual role.

In many ways the French film "J'accuse" is extraordinary but in its present fourteen reels it is of wearisome length depicting devastation and death.

"Get Your Man" is one of the best western pictures we have seen in months. Buck Jones plays the role of a Northwest Mounted policeman.

always interesting drama. It really is the story of a woman's trial for murder, begun at the assembling of the court, told through the visualization of the testimony of the principal characters and concluded with the rendering of the court's verdict. The story was told in the June issue of Photoplay.

And while the text uses up a lot of footage, and is occasionally too elaborately explanatory, it adds more to the interest than it takes from it. Pictorially, Vignola reveals many fine scenes, the Tahiti incidents being beautifully pictured and the court scenes excellent in their detail. The argument of the counsel for the defense, that a criminal should be sentenced on her life after, as well as before, the crime, also gives the audience something to think about, and not many pictures do that. Seena Owen is the heroine and E. K. Lincoln gives an excellent performance as the detective. It ought to put Miss Owen in the star class right away.

THROUGH THE BACK DOOR—United Artists

A NUMBER of interested folks had a lot to do with this newest of the Pickford pictures, evidently. As a result, the story is a little choppy and the effort to inject a new element of suspense every hundred feet or two interferes with the continuity of interest. Yet no one of the episodes is without some claim of merit, and the fact that the early reels take the popular Mary back to the days when she was a lovable cutup with a wide smile and a curly head, a gift of pathos and an adorable sense of comedy helps a lot. She skates over a soap-smeared floor on scrubbing brushes, and she has an amusing experience with a cake-walking donkey to add to the fun of the picture without disturbing seriously its logic. The plot itself takes Mary from Belgium, where she is an abandoned orphan, to America, where she becomes a maid in the home of her own mother and is likely to be put out when she discovers a way of thwarting a villain and re-establishing herself in the affections of her neglectful parent. The star was helped considerably by Marion Fairfax, who made the adaptation.

TWO WEEKS WITH PAY—Realart

AGAIN they have, with reasonable plausibility, given Bebe Daniels a chance to wear pretty frocks and fraternize with the rich and exclusive without sacrificing her hold upon the flappers who adore her and like to picture her as struggling against a shop girl's poverty. "Two Weeks with Pay" is a nice little story sufficiently novel to give it an individual flavor and it contains enough pretty shots of Bebe to justify it. Maurice Campbell, who directed it, includes both sanity and good taste in his equipment, together with a nice sense of comedy, and they are invaluable assets in the treatment of so light a story. Miss Daniels plays two roles, those of a mankin sent to a summer resort to display her employer's gowns, and a moving picture actress whom she agrees to impersonate at a benefit. She differentiates the roles with a reasonably sure technique and is equally effective in both.

THE LOST ROMANCE—Paramount

WILLIAM deMille, continuing his study of the problems that beset the way of married folk, gives the old story of the two men and a girl enough of an original twist to save it from triteness. It is a human story, and though plainly twisted this way and that to suit the picture need of the moment, the interest is well sustained, both by the pictures themselves, which are rich in background, and by the acting, which is excellent. Lois Wilson and Conrad Nagel are again neatly paired as the young married people, and Fontaine La Rue and Jack Holt do nicely by the other pair.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS—Goldwyn

THERE is more in Irvin Cobb's story of "Boys Will Be Boys" than Clarence Badger and Will Rogers have extracted from it. But whether they deliberately cut it to four reels, or whether it was cut by the theater manager to shorten his bill we do not know. As it stands it is two-thirds preface and one-third story, which is disappointing. The Kentuckian "white trash," Peep O'Day, who inherits $40,000 and starts out to enjoy the youth he missed as a boy, isn't a
particular attractive character, even with all the human appeal that Rogers can give him. But his adventures, after the shyster lawyer brings a show girl from Cincinnati to pose as his niece and rob him of his inheritance, do offer dramatic and comedy possibilities of which no advantage is taken. Rogers is fairly successful in establishing the character, and the titles, half Cobb and half Rogers, are especially good.

SHAM—Paramount

THERE is little that is convincing about “Sham.” But it is an average program picture and fairly entertaining, thanks mainly to the favoring sense of comedy that permits Thomas Heffron, the director, to make the most of his material. The story is the familiar one of the young woman reared in luxury who tries to keep up appearances on an income of nothing at all.

THE WILD GOOSE—Cosmopolitan-Paramount

BEING reasonably familiar with the story of the husband who either neglects his wife, or makes a fuss over her extravagances in the shops, and thus throws her into the arms of the other fellow, the average movie fan is inclined to be extremely critical of the way it is told. It happens that in the screening of Gouverneur Morris’ “The Wild Goose,” it is not well told, but it is no worse than hundreds of other triangle plays. I do not think the audience took kindly to the state-ment of the play’s theme, that the wild goose, once mated, can be depended upon to stick to the home nest. For another thing, they might not believe that a husband who discovered, after a period of years, that his wife still loved another man, and was eager to help him, would deliberately help her by putting himself out of the way. The fact that he carried the villain with him when he drove his motor car over the cliff did not offer a sufficient excuse for his useless sacrifice, and so the situation might be accepted as comedy rather than tragedy. The acting was competent, Mary MacLaren, Dorothy Bernard and Holmes Herbert playing the principal parts. Albert Capellani did the directing.

THE HOME STRETCH—Ince-Paramount

HERE is the engaging Douglas MacLean in the sort of thing he does best—the adventure of a wholesome youth who is buffeted by fate for four reels and rewarded in the fifth. With a racehorse on his hands it was natural to anticipate that when the hero was down to his last copper, the horse, named “Honeyblossom,” would come romping home with the prize money and clear up both the mortgages and the love interest. But it happens in this instance that Honeyblossom stumbles in. “The Home Stretch,” because Douglas runs in front of him to save the life of a little girl. An exceptionally graphic bit, this race scene. Eventually the hero does acquire money, and starts overnight for a tour of Europe, leaving the heroine disconsolate. But she reaches the dock in time to wave her hand at him and he promptly dives over the rail and swims ashore.

SNOWBLIND—Goldwyn

We did not care much for “Snowblind.” The effort to force an interest in a story that, as it is told on the screen, is not particularly interesting, nor concerned with interesting characters, left us as cold as the background of the frozen north against which it is set. There is, however, an idea back of the story that gives it some value. An evil-tempered man of middle age is hiding in the north country after having murdered a man in England. With him are his younger brother and the woman who was the boy’s nurse. After fifteen years of exile the hunted murderer picks up a girl who has wandered away from a traveling theatrical troupe and been blinded by the glare of the snow. Falling in love with the girl, he lies to her about himself and the people with him until he has convinced her that he is a man of wealth, and that he can help the girl. When the truth is revealed, the young girl flies to the city for help. At this point the story is told in back of the curtain so that the girl has to go on alone. She eventually finds help, but it is not until the end of the picture that she gets her revenge on the villain. It is a rather black story, but it is well told, and the acting is good. Albert Capellani directed the picture.
"Two Weeks Without Pay" gives Bebe Daniels opportunity to wear pretty frocks. It is a nice little story of a mannikin and a movie actress, both roles falling to Bebe.

The talents of the amateur detective are defied to discover who fired the fatal shot in "The Scarab Ring." The ending will surprise you. Alice Joyce is starred.

"Love's Penalty." featuring Hope Hampton, is a dramatic story that ends flatly. Not a picture of which the censors will particularly approve.

**WHITE AND UNMARRIED—Paramount**

Even as a crook Thomas Meighan is an alluring sort of hero. And after he inherits a million dollars in "White and Unmarried," and reforms, you rather expect him to turn out a gentleman. His fine clothes and his careful speech stamp him as a good catch, even for a beautiful heiress. But the makers of this photoplay wanted to be consistent, so while they start Tommy's interest in a fair young blonde of the upper set they turn him over frankly to a shimmy dancer in a Parisian cafe. It is an entertaining picture, despite its failure to follow a set line of developments. There is a suggestion that the director and his assistants would have enjoyed burlesquing it if they had dared. The titles make fun of the action frequently, which will amuse as many as grasp their intended subtleties and mystify the rest. But the Meighan performance and the pictures as pictures will satisfy the majority. The two girls are played by Grace Darmond and Jacqueline Logan. Tom Forman did the directing.

**A WISE FOOL—Paramount**

It is high time that some one stepped in and saved James Kirkwood from any more stupid and badly written stories. Here is one of the fine actors of the screen being made a cats-paw to pull involved and uninteresting scenarios out of the cinema fire. "A Wise Fool" is the latest—and if Sir Gilbert Parker made his own adaptation for the screen, as it is said he did, he had better turn the next one over to the hired men of the studio. The attempt to tell the life story of a picturesque French Canadian is justified by the possibilities of the yarn, but the construction which starts the hero on a pilgrimage to Paris, then as abruptly brings him home again without giving him a chance to arrive; then marries him to a little girl in the steerage he met on the way home without any reasonable action to excuse his interest in her, has wasted a reel or two on nothing at all of story value. We found "A Wise Fool" dull and uninteresting. George Melford did the directing, and Mr. Kirkwood, whose performance was sympathetic and intelligent, was capably assisted by Alice Hollister, Ann Forrest and Alan Hale.

By Photoplay Editors

**REPUTATION—Universal**

After several years of fighting her way through "crook" melodramas, Priscilla Dean emerges, in spite of them, an actress of marked ability. This she proves in "Reputation." For the story itself, taken from the Edwina Levin novel "False Colors," little can be said. It is melodramatic, its discrepancies are glossed over with casual titles, and an extraordinary amount of credulity is demanded of the audience. Miss Dean, however, through her unusual portrayal of a difficult dual role, reveals talent that would do credit to an older and more experienced actress.

**LOVE'S PENALTY—First National**

Remembering a former Hope Hampton photoplay, we approached this one with a pessimism rivaling that of Schopenhauer. However, we are glad to say that Miss Hampton redeems herself in a dramatic story not lacking in entertainment value. It is regrettable that so many of this season's film offerings end flatly, and that this one must be numbered among them, but there are flashes of originality and suspense which prevent interest flagging. Percy Marmont is the man-in-the-case. Not a picture of which censors will particularly approve, and don't take the children.

**J' ACCUSE—Marc Klaw**

Comes now the Frenchman Abel Gance with a war picture written, produced and directed by himself. At present, in its fourteen reels it is of wearisome length depicting as we saw depicted during the early days of the World War, horror, devastation and death. In many ways the production is extraordinary and though faulty of (Continued on page 82)
Director—"You'll have to go out and bring in a bunch of extras to clap. The star says she can't go on without applause."
NOT LISTED IN THE GUIDE BOOKS

At the right: a lot of Hollywood scenery—so much of it that it is very difficult to photograph Rex Ingram’s hillside bungalow at all. It isn’t a regulation movie palace, the home of the young director of “The Four Horsemen”—but it’s comfortable! We understand the bungalow may have a new mistress before long, if Alice Terry decides to become Mrs. Ingram.

Above: the home of Mary MacLaren, Katherine Mac-Donald, and their mother. Mary built it several years ago, in the fashionable Wilshire district of Los Angeles. Who would suspect from its demure exterior that it sheltered two world-famous film stars? Not the tourist from Iowa!

If you ever see a picture of this home at the left captioned as belonging to any motion picture star, somebody lied! While it has been reported the property of everybody from Mary Pickford to Ben Turpin, it really belongs to two old bachelors named Burnheimer.

The quiet, unpretentious home of a princess of thrillers. Ruth Roland’s white plaster California home, pictured below, might belong to any prosperous merchant with a bridge-playing wife and three lovely children. Instead, it provides just the right atmosphere of relaxation after Ruth’s strenuous studio days.

At the left—another home so successfully hidden that the rubber-neck men seldom take the trouble to point it out at all. It’s Jesse Lasky’s vine-covered dwelling. Lasky is vice-president of Paramount, you know.
Hidden away in the Hollywood hills are homes the tourist seldom sees.

The home of James Cruze, Lasky director, and his wife, Marguerite Snow, is really a charming place—if one could only see it. It occupies the top of a little hill all its own in Hollywood, the particular province of little Peggy Snow Cruze who is, incidentally, quite a big girl by now.

You would rather expect Colleen Moore to live in a real, homelike place like this one above, wouldn't you? Miss Moore built it for her mother after she graduated from Christie comedies to be a dramatic star under Marshall Neilan's direction.

The cottage above doesn't look much like the Queen of Sheba's palace, but Betty Blythe, who played that historic lady, wouldn't trade this little bungalow in the Hollywood hills for any royal dwelling. Her husband, Paul Scardon, lives here, too.

Elliott Dexter's new home—pictured at the right—was built by Carrie Jacobs Bond, the composer who wrote "The End of a Perfect Day." She called this house "The End of the Road" because it symbolized the realization of all her dreams. It meets all of Elliott's requirements, too.
THE WOMAN WHO CAME BACK

"The girl with the golden voice"
Broadway called Victory Bateman thirty years ago.

By
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

OUT on one of the studio lots in Hollywood there is a character woman named Victory Bateman.

I happened to see her name the other day on a type-written cast list, in the casting director's office—

"Mrs. Smiley . . . Victory Bateman."

I read them—re-read them, those four words. And I felt numbed, startled, as I still do when I discover that the whole history of the human race is right at my door, if I but look for it.

Four words. But I sensed somehow that back of them lay all the drama, all the heart-throbs, all the joys and sorrows that a woman's life could hold.

I said to a director who was standing there, "Victory Bateman. Not the Victory Bateman?"

But he only shook his head. He had never heard of the Victory Bateman or any other Victory Bateman. Nor did he care.

But—I did. So I went to find out.

And this is what I discovered.

A year ago, this woman named Victory Bateman went to a famous author on the Metro lot, who has been intimately connected with the theater for many years. He knew her.

And she said to him, "I need work. I have been very ill for a long time. I don't dare go back east to face the cold winter there. Get me something—anything—to do."

I don't know what else she said. I don't know what story of bad luck, hopelessness, sickness, loneliness she told him. There are some things that it is better to leave covered with the kindly veil of silence.

Anyway, the famous author got her a "bit"—no, honestly, it wasn't even a bit, it was just "atmosphere."

But she took it. She needed it.

So Victory Bateman was one of a score of extra people in a cabaret scene in May Allison's starring vehicle "Are All Men Alike?" To the cameraman the director, even the star, that is all she was—one of a score of extra people.

Victory Bateman!

Yet suddenly, without anyone knowing how or why, she seemed to stand out from the crowd. In her character of a broken-down cabaret singer, she radiated realism, embodied the whole intention of the sequence. With masterful strokes, she created this old wreck—her eyes trying to smile gaily through tired tears, her painted mouth awry above false teeth, her quivering hands—a living thing for them all to see.

They gave her a long scene. Nobody knew just why. Nobody realized that they were all in the grip of great dramatic genius.

As she is today, in "Cinderella's Twin," with Viola Dana.
Today Victory Bateman is playing leading character roles. She is now cast for a big role in Bert Lytell's new picture, "A Trip to Paradise." She has leaped in those few months into the front ranks of motion picture character women.

She has multiplied the five dollars she got that first day to ten times that much.

Some people wonder, and watch, and speak of luck.

But the old-timers, the few people who know the history of the theater and who remember Broadway and its favorite thirty years ago—they know.

Victory Bateman!

No wonder she rose instantaneously from extras to high class character parts.

No wonder even the cold eye of the camera was drawn by her dramatic power and understanding.

No wonder that by sheer merit and ability, without telling the old friends who knew her, without asking help of anyone after that first day, without telling anyone who she was or what she had done, she climbed meteorically to the top.

For you see, she was Mansfield's leading woman, Edwin Booth's favorite and most famous "Lady Macbeth," she was co-starred with Lawrence Hanley, Aubrey Bouicault and Nat Goodwin. She was a member of the original all-star cast of "Diplomacy" with Rose and Robert Coughlin. Thirty years ago she was the most popular and most famous stock leading woman in America, the idol of thousands, the toast of Broadway, one of the little, glittering coterie of stars in New York.

The woman with the golden voice they used to call her. Over and over the great critics declared that she alone of American actresses could rival the divine Sarah in exquisite tones and vocal spell-binding.

She created the leading feminine role when Mansfield first presented "Cyrano de Bergerac" in New York.

She created "Dora" in "Diplomacy," one of the greatest successes the American stage ever saw.

And though she weighed only 90 pounds when she played the tremendous and tragic role of "Lady Macbeth," Edwin Booth declared he would rather have her than anyone else because her dramatic power and the magnificence of her voice gave her the real force and supreme conviction for the role.

So you see, I was not surprised when I found what she had accomplished.

I was only surprised that she should ever have had to accomplish them.

I know a very fine actor who always claimed that she was the greatest actress this country ever produced, and who always illustrated his points by stories of her achievements on the stage of yesterday.

John Fleming Wilson, the author, said to me the other day, "It didn't matter where Miss Bateman played, whether she had any scenery, any cast, any costumes. She was so superb an artist that she overcame everything. I do not think I have ever known an actress who has so tremendous an effect upon audiences."

(Continued on page 99)
A new and novel use for the moving picture screen has been developed in the United States which promises to elevate the cinematographic art to a point little dreamed of by Edison in the kinetoscope days. This use, for want of a better term—the enterprise is so new—is called "employe morale," or "morale" pictures, and a dozen of the biggest employers of labor, skilled and unskilled, in the country are experimenting and some have gone far beyond the experimental point.

Movies have for years been produced with an eye to attracting the nickels and dimes of the average man and the producer has had to be, above all, a judge of public taste and the public taste of many kinds of people in order to draw the crowds to his screen. Thousands of dollars are now being spent, however, on productions which will never be seen by anybody but the employes of one commercial concern—the concern producing the picture—and after it has had its run before such limited audiences it will be filed away.

These morale productions are new and must not be confused with the ordinary industrial or business picture. They are not intended to sell goods, to advertise, and in fact, not to educate; they are designed to raise the morale of groups of workers—men and women—in given factories. They tell no "story"—they have no plot; they do not preach. They carry the story of the "big office" to the busy thousands in the lathe room, stock room and machine shop, and induce loyalty and better understanding between employer and employe.

They are intended to prevent waste, to increase personal efficiency and to prevent restlessness and awaken the worker to a better understanding of his relationship to the organization. They also make clear the problems of the business which the employe is apt to overlook in his distance from the front office and the firm's executives.

Jam Handy, of the Bray Studios, originated and has produced several of these pictures, one of them, in three reels, entitled "Waste Can't Win." This production was made for a manufacturing company in Ohio which employs 7,000 skilled workmen and women. Few outsiders except the employes of this firm will see the picture projected, as it is strictly an organization picture and built for the needs of the firm itself.

Psychology is the keynote of this morale production—the psychology of the workman whose shortcomings generally are hard to cure by lecture or printed word. The movies, however, promise to arouse and hold interest and to impress the men with the things they must do and the things they must not do in order to further the interests of the firm and therefore their personal interests. The picture starts off with animated diagrams, interspersed with cartoons which show the war record of the firm and visualize the depletion of skilled help, due to the draft (Continued on page 100)
Plays and Players

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

By CAL YORK

Speaking of engagements makes me feel just like one of those dear society editors. I have so many of them to announce this month.

It's been a terribly rainy month in Hollywood, no golf to speak of, not much work and very little fun, and everybody apparently has spent the time getting engaged.

Bette Ross Clarke appeared in the Los Angeles papers on May 18th with the headline, "Cupid Corrals Pretty Betsy." Isn't that sweet?

Anyway, she admits that she has fallen in love and will become Mrs. Arthur Collins to prove it. And if a girl is willing to go as far as that to prove a thing—nuff sed.

Mr. Collins is a young business man in Los Angeles, was a lieutenant in the British Royal Air Forces and was severely wounded in France. At present he is in charge of the Foreign Exchange Department of a Bank. (Doesn't that sound financial and everything?)

They fell in love at first sight at a dinner dance—don't know whether it was their table manners or their dancing—but the wedding is to be as soon as possible. The bride-to-be has recently played the leading feminine role with Roscoe Arbuckle in "The Traveling Salesman" and in the Ince production "Mother o' Mine."

Marguerite de la Motte is to become the bride of Mitchell Lyson, art director for William de Mille. And I guess everybody in Hollywood is glad of it. If there were ever two people so much in love that they weren't at all good to the rest of the world, it's been Mitch and the lovely Marguerite. Their love affair has extended over the past year, but Miss de la Motte, who evidently has spent the time getting engaged, is to the famous comedian, while he does the same.

And there is a consistent rumor that Katherine MacDonald is engaged to a young society millionaire, whom she is to wed at the end of her two-year contract with First National.

The month's saddest news: The Selznick company has purchased screen rights to John Galsworthy's famous play, "Justice." John Barrymore did some of the finest acting of his career in this play, on the stage. Conway Tearle, Eugene O'Brien, and Owen Moore are Mr. Selznick's—Lewis', Myron's, and David's—male stars. Write your own reviews. We haven't the heart.

And of course there is pretty May Collins, with her bobbed hair that blushing to deny her engagement to the famous comedian, while he does the same.

The actual event was a surprise, though What, as George M. Cohan would inquire, what's all the shootin' for?

Edward Hallor and Jack Dillon were married this month, at a beautiful home wedding in Shirley Mason's apartments at the Hollywood Hotel.

The Selznick company has purchased screen rights to John Galsworthy's famous play, "Justice." The actual event was a surprise, though rumors connecting the star and director have been flying about for some time.

Shirley Mason was matron of honor and her husband, Bernard Durning, was best man.

When Tom Moore—the poet, not the Goldwyn star—wrote "Believe me if a film producer would make it the theme of a motion picture. Even if he had, he might not have objected, until he learned that the title of the picture based on his innocent poem was "The Supreme Passion." Is there any excuse for this sort of thing? Sugar-coating a drag-'em-in title by advertising the fact that the story was based on a famous poem?

Little Mary Fauntleroy and D'Artagnan Fairbanks. There is no truth to the widely circulated rumor that an heir is expected in the Fairbanks home. Mary is quoted as saying, "If such a wonderful thing were true, there would be no reason to deny it. But if such an event were imminent, I should certainly not be working in pictures."
66

"Mother" Sylvia Ashton and "Daddy" Theodore Roberts, the most popular film parents in the world. Yes, that cellarette effect at the lower left of the picture contains juice, but not the kind you mean. It's only part of the electrical equipment. You stumble over them in every studio.

JACK PICKFORD was asking Ruby de Remer about the 'e' on the end of her first name.

"Why Ruby-e?" asked the youngest member of the Pickford family.

"Well, it's like this," said the blonde star, "when I was a kid going to school in Denver, I had two sisters. Their names go or they'll think you're doubling for Al Jolson when you come out."

However, she is much better, is eating and drinking regularly, is working at her sewing

Eileen Percy — the little blonde Fox star — is in training to take on a new name will probably be added to the all-star cast of "Peter Ibbetson," which already includes Wallace Reid, Elsie Ferguson, Jackie Coogan will become a Paramounter, and Harry Carey is no longer the boss of his ranch in California.

Henry George Carey, Jr., arrived in May.

Harry Carey is no longer the boss of his ranch in California.

Henry George Carey, Jr., arrived in May.

Harry Carey is no longer the boss of his ranch in California.

Henry George Carey, Jr., arrived in May.

Harry Carey is no longer the boss of his ranch in California.

Henry George Carey, Jr., arrived in May.
WILLIE Collier, who came to Los Angeles last week in "The Hottentot," was given a great welcome by the movie folk, with whom he is an immense favorite, professionally and personally.

The opening night brought out most of the famous film stars—more than I have seen anywhere except at the Al Jolson opening a few weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (Mary Pickford) occupied a front box to which Mr. Collier directed some special attention. Mary looked adorable, her curls done up under an exquisite hat of Copenhagen blue, with a broad curving brim and a fascinating ribbon under her chin. She wore a gown of white satin, with blue, that had the newest opening down the back from the throat to the shoulders, and she carried an enormous and beautiful corsage of baby roses. Doug, sporting the new moustache which he has grown for the "Three Musketeers" and Mrs. Pickford, Mary's mother, in black lace and a black and rose hat, sat beside her.

In the box across from them were Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lytell and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Warner—the first time I have seen Mrs. Warner out since the new heir to the Warner name arrived. She looked very sweet, wrapped in a fur coat, with a black poke bonnet. Another party was composed of Allan Dwan, Mary Thurman, in ivory satin and a chic green tulle hat with a cocky little feather over one ear, Lila Lee, very stately and young-ladyified in black with a big Spanish comb in her smooth dark hair, and Alice Lake, glittering in silver, with a diamond circlet holding her hair. Ruth Roland, in a box, with an attentive suitor. She wore black net, very low cut, and a big, drooping black hat and in her hands she held one gorgeous American beauty rose, which she raised daintily to her nose every now and then. She was really quite a picture. Shirley Mason, in black seqins and rose velvet, tripped out between acts beside her handsome husband, Bernie Durning. She looked about as big as a minute—she just comes above his waist line, you know.

King and Florence Vidor—Mrs. Vidor really is almost too lovely when she wears those soft shimmering gray things at night—had a box party and Betty Compson was there, also in gray georgette with lace dyed to match, which gave her rich, dark red hair the most wonderful tone possible.

BETTY HILBURN was married, in the merry month of May, to one Arthur Worth, the son of a New York merchant. Will Betty give up her screen career? We wouldn't be at all surprised. She hasn't been given much of importance to do since she cast her lot with the Griffith company, and that isn't very satisfactory to an actress with Betty's ambitions.

THAT time-honored favorite, "The Two Orphans," is not to be allowed to rest in peace.

A certain producing director, whose most recent success was the subjugation of an ice flow, is engaged in taming the Two Orphans, for his next super-extra-special production.

M ARSHALL NEILAN has announced a new policy. He is going to make only two pictures a year. Each will require six months in the making. The first will enlist the services of a well-known stage star, it is said. The other will feature Colleen Moore.

Marjorie Daw, the little actress who supplied the sweetness and light for so many of Mr. Neilan's finest productions, has left to join the newly-formed Marion Fairfax company. Pat O'Malley, also a former Neilan player, will act opposite Miss Daw in the first Fairfax release.

(Continued on page 83)
Adele Rowland, the songstress—(Mrs. Conway Tearle)—believes that part of the duty of a screen idol's wife is to be the conscience of her lord. "It is not enough that he does well his work in pictures. He has a certain duty of amiability. It is part of my job to keep him looking and feeling up to his lithographs."
BEING a SCREEN IDOL'S WIFE

As Adele Rowland confided it to Ada Patterson

Girls—be careful! This handsome actor's wife reads all his letters! "It is well for maids who pour out their hearts in letters to know this," she says.
he complains. "While I was on the stage I wanted people to look at me and whisper behind their hands, 'There goes Conway Tearle.' But it's different now. I thought I would like it, but I don't. They get so near when they whisper. One hears them. It makes one think about himself and a chap looks and feels so silly when he is thinking about himself."

It is part of my job to keep him looking and feeling up to his lithograph. We were driving down town last evening to see a play. An automobile driven by a girl and filled with girls approached. I saw their quick look of recognition before he did. He was inspecting the skyline and wondering whether he would wake next morning in pain. Alas! The perpetuity of the film. He will live with his cabbages and trousers, a monument to simplicity and carelessness.

"Never mind, dear," he comforted. "I never care if I don't see them. It's facing strangers I dread."

"But, darling, you look so unlike your three sheets," I mourned.

"Whadda we care?" replied this boy person I married.

As we neared home I hurried ahead. The cook wanted those eggs for a custard pie. Freddie lingered to pick some wild raspberries that thrust their heads up alluringly from the bushes. Three half-grown girls sauntered down the road toward me.

"Mrs. Smith told me if we came this way we would see you coming back," said the oldest shyly. It was a transparent ruse. "Come on, darling," I called. "These maidens want to see you at closer range. They say they want to see me but I know it is you."

Outwardly I was gay. Inwardly I was sulky," I prayed.

My prayer was granted. He came up the road with a strained smile on his face. The girls blushed and blushed.

"These are from your audiences," I said meaningly. He smiled a little more and scratched his nails until his fingers bleed. "I learned it from the movies. That should do instead of ball."
Mary Nash—who believes in adding to natural beauty the charm of perfect grooming—posed for this charming photographic study of her lovely hand because she is a Cutex enthusiast. She says: "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticles cut. Cutex is so easy to use, so quick, and makes my nails look so much better. They are really lovely."

What happens when you cut the cuticle—a microscope would reveal frayed and raveling—like a rope that had been hacked with a dull knife.

See what cutting does to the cuticle

No matter how careful you are, you simply cannot cut the cuticle without piercing through to the living skin.

Over these tiny cuts nature quickly builds up a new covering that is tougher than the rest of the cuticle. This makes the nail rim more uneven than before. If you should examine it under the microscope you would see that it was frayed and raveling, like a rope that had been hacked with a dull knife.

Yet when the cuticle grows up over the nails, dries, splits and makes hangnails, it must be removed somehow. The safe and easy method is to do it without cutting. Just a dab with Cutex Cuticle Remover about the base of the nails, a rinsing of the fingers, and the surplus cuticle simple wipes away.

This has made manicuring so simple that any woman can now keep her own nails looking always lovely.

Cutex Manicure Sets come in three sizes, at 60c, 1.50 and 3.00. Or each of the Cutex products comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Complete Trial Outfit for 20c.

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for a Cutex Introductory Set, to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York; or if you live in Canada, to Dept. 708, 220 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail this coupon with two dimes today

Northam Warren, Dept. 708,
114 West 17th Street,
New York City.

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

First, the Cuticle Remover. Dip the end of an orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex Cuticle Remover and work around the nail base. Wash the hands; then when drying them, push the cuticle downwards. The ugly, dead cuticle will simply wipe off.

Then the Nail White. Cutex Nail White will remove stains and give the nail tips an immaculate whiteness. Squeeze the paste under the nails directly from the tube, which is made with a pointed tip.

Finally the Polish. For a delightful, jewel-like shine use first the Cutex Paste Polish and then the Powder, and burnish by brushing the nails lightly across the palm of the hand. Or you can get an equally lovely lustre instantaneously and without burnishing, by giving them a light coat of the Liquid Polish.

Cutex Traveling Set, $1.50

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
One of Anatol’s Affairs
(Continued from page 21)

who would express her enthusiasm for nature by dancing bare-foot on the lawn, for instance.

A very wise man once said: that woman was made to be loved, not to be understood.

Why not let well enough alone, then?

She may be a twentieth-century Mona Lisa. But only in
odd moments.

If Leonardo da Vinci were alive today, and asked to paint her, as he undoubtedly would, Agnes would probably say regrettily, “I’m so sorry, but I’m just leaving on location for ‘Cappy Ricks.’”

She was talking about “The Affairs of Anatol”:

“I saw the finished picture just before I left California,” she said, “it is wonderful. I feel about it the same way a small boy probably feels about a serial—that he just can’t sit back in his seat until he sees how everything will turn out. The acting is splendid. Gloria Swanson (you know Gloria and I were together at Essanay in the old days) does her finest work. I think. Bebe Daniels is simply great. Wanda Hawley is a revelation. And as for the men, Wally Reid is the perfect Anatol—and Elliott Dexter and Theodore Roberts and Monte Blue—think of all those fine actors in one production! Not one of them has ever done greater work. As for temperament—there wasn’t any. It is ridiculous to think that there is bound to be unpleasantness when there is more than one star in a picture. They were more like one big family than an all-star cast.”

“I thought you were in it.”

“I am—just think of actors like Theodore Kosloff and Clarence Geldart playing small parts!”

I gave it up.

She is completely devoted to her nine-months-old niece, Agnes Ayres II.

“I didn’t want them to name her after me,” she said. “I wanted them to name her anything else in the world but Agnes. But then, I’m only her aunt, so what could I do?”

She likes babies, anybody’s baby, but particularly her own family’s baby. She says Gloria Swanson is a wonderful mother. She would rather talk about babies than almost anything else.

I happen to know several very nice things about her that she didn’t tell me. I know that she helped an aspiring candidate to

screen honors to gain entrance to the California studios—she had not met the a. c. since long before her name shone in electrics. I know that she has not forgotten the days when she, too, was among the aspiring ones. I know about her friendship with Alice Joyce, whom she remarkably resembles. It is rather a tribute to these two actresses that this friendship, which began when Miss Ayres was at Vitagraph, too, endures today. Oddly enough, they are much alike, personally as well as artistically. Both are quiet, sensitive, with an undeserved reputation for being “upstage.” Both have at times that delicate hauteur, that almost insolent indifference which is the idols of the Carr family; that interesting group over which presides the gentle Mary Carr, of “Over the Hill.” Her sons have played the screen children of Alice and Agnes and the pictures of both stars now hang in places of honor in the Carr library—both inscribed in no uncertain terms of loyalty and affection.

It is nice to know things like that.

Because in the studios, acquaintances and friendships are made only to be broken by continual changes. And, in the long meantime, an actress is elevated to stardom, and necessarily her sphere changes. And the old “bunch” resentfully imagines that she has changed with her career; and the bunch tells the world so; and the story spreads, the rumor grows, until the unsuspecting actress would not know herself from the description current among her erstwhile friends. And so it goes. Often it is true; sometimes it is not.

About three years ago, the Editor of Photoplay looked across a hotel dining-room and saw a slim little girl with sad eyes and wistful mouth. He watched her for a moment. Then he turned to his companion.

“That girl,” he said, indicating her, “is star-dust.”

The girl was Agnes Ayres.

Miss Ayres will, according to present plans, soon be a star in billing as well as in popularity. She will be the first American actress really to go abroad for Paramount to make pictures in England and the continent. She will probably sail in the late summer or fall, accompanied by her mother, her company, and

(Continued on page 107)
America's biggest maker of yarns tells how to wash knitted things

Four out of every five women who knit use The Fleisher Yarns. Beautiful in color, uniform in size, weight and finish, these yarns are used for every type of garment that can be knitted of wool.

Because knitted garments usually receive such hard and constant wear, they must be laundered frequently. Read this letter from the makers of The Fleisher Yarns. They tell you here the method of washing they have found to be safest and best.

Send today for "How to Launder Fine Fabrics"


How to keep knitted garments shapely and fluffy

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring.

Colored Woolens. Have suds and rinsing waters barely lukewarm. Lux won't cause any color to run that pure water alone won't cause to run.

Woolens should be dried in an even temperature, that of the ordinary room is the best. Heat increases shrinkage. Do not dry woolens out of doors except on very mild days. Woolens should never be dried in the sun.

Knitted garments should never be wrung or twisted. Squeeze water out.

Sweaters will not retain their shape if put in a bag and hung to dry. Pull and pat them into shape being careful not to stretch them. Spread on an old towel to dry.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Oh, Well, It's Customary
IN "Hearts Up," Mignon Golden goes to a French window, opens it, and while listening to a conversation between Harry Carey and a neighbor, neatly projects her nicely-rounded elbow through the door where the glass ought to be. Why did she open the door at all?

J. Ray Murray, Chicago, Ill.

Too Much for Us
PERHAPS you can explain how the blind man in "The Man Who Had Everything"—in the scene where Truc enters his room—is seen reading a book. And it didn't have raised letters, either.

P. Samuels, East Orange, N. J.

Too Easy
IN "The Silver Lining," in the scene in which Jewel Carmen takes a man's watch from his pocket, no one except the movie actors showed any curiosity at all. It isn't done in real life.

Virginia Boebrner, Brooklyn, N. Y.

With Pleasure
WILL you kindly call the attention of producers and directors to such things as the following? Medical students and a large proportion of the general public consider such mistakes laughable.

In "The Plaything of Broadway," first: there is an operation on a child in a dirty tenement-house room by a doctor in his shirt sleeves. Second, a stethoscope is applied to a patient with all his street clothes on. Third, the pulse is felt in the middle of the wrist by four fingers through a kid glove.

Dr. R. M. Rogers, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Can You Blame the Post?
HERE were some funny things in "The Kid" that Charlie Chaplin didn't direct. For instance, in the fight between Charlie and the bully, the latter swings at Chaplin, misses him, and hits a lamp-post instead. But the lamp-post fell over an instant before he hit it.

Edna Purviance, as "The Kid's" mother, leaves the hospital and walks through a park, wearing low-heeled oxfords. A little later as she stood on a parapet she wore pumps with high French heels. In the next scene, as she hurried back to get her baby, which she had left in a car, she again wore the low-heeled oxfords. Is it customary for an actress to carry several pairs of shoes about with her?

L. M., Tenafly, N. J.

A Little Natural Acting
In "The Country God Forgot," with Tom Santschi, when the posse is hotly pursuing the fleeing villain, they are shown looking at the place where the horse lay that had supposedly been shot after breaking its leg. When that animal calmly raises its head and surveys the scene!

D. E. L., Sonoma, Cal.

An Obliging Blizzard
I should not mind being caught in a blizzard like that in "Isobel".

In the scene in which House Peters and Jane Novak were in the Arctic blizzard, I noticed, fifty feet behind them, a pine tree that was not even quivering, while the trees they were standing beneath were twisting furiously from the force of the wind. The snow didn't even stick to their clothing, either.

John Perry, Jr., Rochester, Minn.

Some of Sydney's Subtle Humor?
In the fight in the banquet hall in Sydney Chaplin's comedy, "King, Queen and Joker," one of the old soldiers is shot. He falls against a stained glass window which very considerably bulges about a foot, just like a sheet of rubber, and snaps back into place when he falls to the floor.

J. Edward Hawkins, Cary, N. C.

Page Henry Arthur Jones!
In "Whispering Devils," with Rosemary Theby and Conway Tearle, Mr. Tearle is introduced at the beginning of the picture as the Rev. Michael Feversham, but later on one of the titles reads: "I have heard enough, Mr. Faversham." No wonder the devils whispered! A. A., Philadelphia, Pa.

Those Poetic Titles!
When Lon Chaney, in "Nomads of the North," finds his pet bear cub and dog, the scene is preceded by the subtitle, "And then that day, just as the sun was setting." As a closeup of the cub and dog is shown, one can plainly see by their shadows that the sun is still high in the sky.

Max C. K., Rochester, N. Y.

A Star Overnight.
In "The Midlanders," when Bessie Love went to the city to be an actress, there was a very small boy in the family she lived with. One would think she must have been gone a long time, because she becomes a celebrated star—but when she returns the baby is still the same size.

D. E. L., Sonoma, Cal.

It Should Have Been the Other Way Around.
One of the soldiers in "The Last of the Mohicans" is fighting with an Indian. When the fight starts his hair was very white. After the combat his hair was raven black!

Norman L., Taunton, Mass.
In your hair lies hidden charm
So says dainty Helene Chadwick
An interview by Dorothy Davis

"Out of every hundred girls, there may be one or two who can qualify for moving pictures, and they are the ones who have learned that in a girl’s hair lies her biggest asset."

Miss Helene Chadwick was talking on her favorite topic, for she is a firm believer that it is possible for even the plainest woman to have more than usual attractiveness. As she arranged her own lovely, radiant hair, I could see that it had been one of the stepping-stones to her success.

"In every woman’s hair," she went on, "there is extra charm, extra beauty, which can be brought out by a new, simple treatment—a hairdresser’s discovery.

“This treatment is more than just shampooing. For while shampooing with the proper preparation does make hair clean and soft—it can never end dandruff—it can never bring out all the hidden charms which make women truly lovely.”

The hairdressers’ way

These simple directions will change your whole appearance:

First: Wet the hair and scalp with warm water.
Second: Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and rub to a rich, creamy lather. Rinse with clear warm water. Third: Apply more Wildroot Liquid Shampoo, massaging lightly, and rinse three or four times. Dry thoroughly.
Fourth: Apply Wildroot Hair Tonic to the roots of the hair, massaging thoroughly with the finger tips.
Fifth: Moisten a sponge or cloth with Wildroot Hair Tonic. Wipe your hair, one strand at a time, from the roots clear to the ends. Dry carefully.

Send two dimes for four complete treatments

Send in this coupon, with two dimes, and we will send you enough Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic to give you four complete treatments.

Or you can get these Wildroot products at all drug and department stores, barber, or hairdresser, with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.,
Dept P8, BUFFALO, N. Y.
I enclose two dimes. Please send me your traveller’s size bottles of Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic.
Name: ........................................
Address ......................................
Druggist’s Name: ...........................
Druggist’s Address: ........................
The Proper Care of Children’s Hair

How to Keep it Beautiful, Healthy and Luxuriant

The beauty of your child’s hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

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

When your child’s hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

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

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

That is why discriminating mothers use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water.

Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

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

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

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean, it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

This is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

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

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

Treat Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

It may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS**

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you ask questions that would call for uniformly 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. 49th St., New York City.

**LILY BELL.—** One of the flowers that bloom in the spring, tru la? Or perhaps it’s a little late for that, after all. From the sweet sun that pours through my window, it seems that summer has arrived with all the trimmings. Oh yes, I love the country. I have never been in the country, but I love it. Grace Darmond is not married, Lily Bell. Billie Rhodes, the widow of Smiling Bill Parsons, is now playing opposite Victor Potel in a comedy called “The Stolen Umbrella,” which I believe is from an Ellis Parker story...

**PEGGY S., PORTLAND.—** Ah, but Dante did not marry his Beatrice. Both married, but not each other. Dante married two years after his ideal died, and had four children! It is said he only saw Beatrice three or four times. Perhaps that was why he loved her, say I cynically. Gaston Glass did not remain at Lasky, but in that case it should have been for a term in jail. It was for speeding, as I suppose you have read. Bebe was only in a term in jail.

**BETSY B.—** Why, may I ask, do you wish the personal address of John Pialoglo? It is said he only saw Beatrice three or four times. Perhaps that was why he loved her, say I cynically. Gaston Glass did not remain at Lasky, but in that case it should have been for a term in jail. It was for speeding, as I suppose you have read. Bebe was only in a term in jail. If you enclose twenty-five cents, he may send you his photograph. Address him care Talmadge studio, 318 East Forty-Eighth Street, New York City. He is not an actor; he is a business man. I am afraid you’ll have to be satisfied with Constance Talmadge’s address, which is the Talmadge studio, New York City. Natalie married Buster Keaton Tuesday, May 31, 1921.

**G. B., CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.—** Is that where all the cedar chests come from? You didn’t break a single rule, my dear. Which proves that your letter was precise, but not each other. Dante married two years after his ideal died, and had four children! It is said he only saw Beatrice three or four times. Perhaps that was why he loved her, say I cynically. Gaston Glass did not remain at Lasky, but in that case it should have been for a term in jail. It was for speeding, as I suppose you have read. Bebe was only in a term in jail. If you enclose twenty-five cents, he may send you his photograph. Address him care Talmadge studio, 318 East Forty-Eighth Street, New York City. He is not an actor; he is a business man. I am afraid you’ll have to be satisfied with Constance Talmadge’s address, which is the Talmadge studio, New York City. Natalie married Buster Keaton Tuesday, May 31, 1921.

**G. J., ACRON, O.—** Wonderful, wonderful! After much thought you have come to the conclusion that George and Raoul Walsh are brothers. Right, Sherlockos! Mrs. Raoul Walsh is Miriam Cooper, who is featured in her husband’s productions, “The Oath” and “Serenade.” Brother George plays in the latter film.

**C. C., TEXAS.—** Bebe Daniels is not married. She is quoted as remarking that no one will have her now that she has served a term in jail. It was for speeding, as I suppose you have read. Bebe was only in for ten days, but that was ten days too many, according to Bebe. Did you read her own story of her trial, in July Photoplay? It’s Bebe’s real name.

**NITA.—** Here is the cast of “A Daughter of Two Worlds”: Jenny Malone—Norma Talmadge; Kenneth Harrison—Jack Crosby; Sue Harrison—Virginia Lee; Slim Harrison—Wm. Shea; Black Jerry Malone—Frank Sheridan; Sam Coway—Joe Smiley; Harry Edwards—Gilbert Rooney; Sergeant Casey—Charles Satterley; John Harrison—E. J. Radcliffe; Mrs. Harrison—Winifred Harris. Quite a family, the Harrisons.

**MRS. R. A. K., SOUTH HILL, VA.—** The easiest question I’ve answered: who was the girl who played with Charlie Chaplin in “A Dog’s Life”? Edna Purviance: the same young lady who has played with Charlie in every one of his comedies since the early Keystone days. The newest Chaplin is called “Vanity Fair.” Norma...
Questions and Answers

(Continued)

Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck. Mr. Schenck is in "pictures" to the extent of managing the business end of the Talmadge productions; but that's all.

Esther, Nashville.—I wish all my correspondents were like you. Your letter was charming, and I am sure you are, too. You needn't worry that you'd be disillusioned about Lillian Gish when you meet her. She is just as delightful as she seems, and then some. I shall certainly say hello to her for you. Miss Gish always says that she wouldn't mind. Why don't you answer your letters? Perhaps they were on their vacations. Seriously, Miss Sweet has been quite ill; she has only recently recovered, and is not making any pictures now.

D. P. L., Indiana.—Your state of mind is the state of won't mind. Why don't you read the rules—and follow them? Only one of your five questions I am permitted to answer: that I can't give you a pass to visit the Pickford-Fairbanks home in Beverly Hills. It isn't a museum, you know; it's a private house. Try again.

E. J. O., Washington.—I am very glad to forward your letter to Miss Agnes Ayres. In fact, I am just about to the point where I may write Miss Ayres a fan letter myself. She came east, you know, to make "Cappy Rice" pictures. I met her, and—well, I hope she comes again. Mr. Meighan visited Photoplay's offices while he was in town and nobody did any work for the rest of the day. He's a fine chap — I like him. So does everybody.

Ernestine.—Crane Wilbur and Martha Mundenfield are going together in a vaudeville sketch in the small towns near New York. Martha is still a Selznick star. Wilbur was in "The Heart of Maryland." Miss Mundenfield is four inches taller and Clara Kimball Young, whose new picture is "Charge It," is two inches taller. Very compact little answer, that. (You see I have to hand myself roses; nobody else will do it.)

L. B. B., Wisconsin.—You say you have been told that you would be a heartbreaker in the movies on account of your eyes, and ask, "Is that what you want in the movies?" It's what I want, but unfortunately I am not dreaming. I cannot help you to become a screen star, and neither, if I am not much mistaken, can Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess. However, you might write them away. Mary Hay was born in Fort Bliss, Texas.

Little Billy.—You are, as the saying goes, out of luck, the old doughnut. Rudolph Cameron did play with Anita Stewart in "Clover's Rebellion," for Vitagraph, several years ago. He has not done any picture work since he married Miss Stewart, however. Anita was born in Brooklyn in 1895. She made her screen début in 1912 and married Mr. Cameron in 1917. They spend their winters in California and their summers in Bayside, L. I.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

Fantasie Impromptu

By Agnes Smith

The scene is a Fifth Avenue suite in the City. The speaker is a lady clothed in sables. The two listeners are ladies dressed in mink and seal. The author described, briefly, the costumes of the ladies to warn you that you are travelling in the best society.

The lady in sables says: "Yes, it's a shame that Alice allows him to make her life so miserable. The entire household is ordered to suit him; the servants are absolutely governed by him. He is worrying Alice to death and it's a great pity. Of course, she is making a mistake in allowing him to have so many nights out. The man is simply going to the dogs. He spent four hundred dollars at a dramatic school and he married, because he is not in the movies. And it is a shame, because he is such a wonderful butcher.

Another tragedy, for which the movies are to blame.

Peggy McIl., San Antonio.—I'm afraid there wouldn't be time for you to dash up to New York before Wally Reid goes. You see, he is only in Manhattan for a month. You had better plan to go on to California, where luck is with you, you may catch a glimpse of a streak of red in a cloud of dust. Wally will be in it. His chief ambition is to be own all the red automoblies in the world. I should say he was near realizing that ambition. His latest characterizations are "Anatol" in "The Affairs of Anatol" and "Peter Ibbetson." In the production of that name.

E. P. J., Wisconsin.—You say you have seen my face before. That wouldn't surprise me—it wasn't the first time I'd used it, you know. But I would ask you how you knew it was me? Or how you knew it was I? Take your choice. True, I used to live and work in Chicago, but then, so did many other men, several of whom may have been handsomer than I. Elaine Hammerstein is not married. She's with Selznick and may be addressed at that studio, in Fort Lee. Don't mention it, Earle.

G. V., San Francisco.—I can see that you have not been a film enthusiast long, or you would know that Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. They have another sister, Edna Flugrath, who is in pictures abroad.

Irene.—All together now: Eugene O'Brien is not married. His new picture is called "The Gay White Way." Don't mention it to that effect. We seem to be having an epidemic of exit titles lately, beginning with Mary's "Through the Back Door." Eddie Polo and Thelma Perey are "Dr. Cushing Dagger." Polo is forty, and married.

Irene E. C., Dover.—"While New York Sleeps" is a like a gloomy day, seems overlaid to me when I have to give all the characters who played in it. Otherwise it bears absolutely no resemblance to a gloomy day on any kind of a day. Although, of course, some New Yorkers do sleep in the daytime, but not so many. Here goes: Act I: "Out of the Night": A Wife—Estelle Taylor; Her Husband—William Locke; A Strange Visitor—Marc McDermott; A Burglar—Harry Southern. Act 2: "The Gay White Way": The Vamp—Estelle Taylor; The Man—Marc McDermott; The — or — Friend—Harry Sothern. Act 3: "A Tragedy of the East Side": The Psychiatrist—Marc McDermott; The Son of Mother—Estelle Taylor; The Gangster—Earle Metcalfe.

Rhoda.—No, no, Doralda is not one of the Fulgrath sisters. In other words, she's not of the family which produced Viola Dana and Shirley Mason. She made only one picture for Metro, "Passion Fruit." (Continued on page 110)
Posed by Virginia Lee in "If Women Only Knew" — a First National motion picture. Miss Lee is one of many motion picture beauties who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion.

Is your complexion fair and charming during August's hottest days?

Or does the burning summer sun redden and coarsen your skin?

Bathing — will your complexion stand the hot rays of sun on the water? Can you enjoy a dip secure in the knowledge that your complexion will be as clear and delicate at dinner as it was before your swim?

Motoring — out for hours in the scorching sun and dusty air — can you be certain that your face will be free from an irritating roughness at the end of the trip?

You can be sure of a fresh, dainty complexion always — even in the trying heat of summer — if you use Ingram's Milkweed Cream regularly. Ingram's Milkweed Cream protects the skin against the coarsening effects of the elements — more than that, it preserves the complexion, for Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that constantly works to "tone up" — revitalize — the sluggish tissues of the skin.

If you have not yet tried Ingram's Milkweed Cream, begin its use today. You will find that its special therapeutic property will soothe away redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections — that its continued use will keep your complexion as soft and clear as you want it to be.

Read this booklet of hints

When you get your first jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find in the package a booklet of Health Hints. This booklet tells you how to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream to protect your complexion from hot sun and dusty wind — how to use it in treating the common troubles of the skin, whatever their cause. Read this booklet carefully. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one dollar size. Begin at once its regular use — it will mean so much to you.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades — Light, Medium and Dark — 50c.

Ingram's Souveraine Face Powder

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints — White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette — 50c.

Ingram's Beauty Purse — an attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Send us a dime, with the coupon below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., 102 Tenth St., Detroit, Michigan. *

Gentlemen: — Enclosed, please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eider-down powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velvola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name

Street

City

State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Easy to use — and Effective

Do you dread the task of cleaning the closet bowl? There is no need to, for Sani-Flush was made to relieve you of it. Just sprinkle a little into the bowl, follow the directions and flush. What could be easier? And the bowl is clean and odorless—cleaned much more thoroughly than you could ever do it by the old scrubbing and scouring. Sani-Flush leaves the bowl and hidden trap sparkling white and absolutely sanitary. Disinfectants are not necessary after Sani-Flush has done its work.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing, and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25¢ in coin or stamps for a full sized can postpaid. (Canadian price, 5¢; foreign price, 50¢.)

The Hygienic Products Co.
Canton, O.

Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

A New Perfume!

There was a time when the average was expected to be a beautiful flower, and rare, and costly; but now it is for sample—bells at all an encore and worth it in 25¢. A new drop—made without alcohol; made direct from the essence of the flowering chamomile. The most refined of all perfumes, yet concentrated in such a manner that a single drop of the delicate odor lasts a full week. Hence, so absolutely odorless, that the doorbell is not disturbed by it. Never anything like this before!

Send for Sample

Other Offers

Direct from our at dealers.
Bottle of flower drops with long glass stopper containing 15 drops, a supply for 6 months.
Lilac, Crudglop, $.50
Life of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Lark, or Unblossomed. Write now.
PAUL RIEGER & CO. 91 First St., San Francisco, Cal.

Flower Drops

Send the silver or stamps for a sample vial of this previous perfume. Your choice of lily, lilac, or rose, a real 25¢ value. Write now.

Miss Margaret Germaine, 821 Fourth Avenue, Peoria, Illinois.

First Prize Letter

Herbert W. Cornell, 3405 Chestnut Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Second Prize Letter

Miss Margaret Germaine, 821 Fourth Avenue, Peoria, Illinois.

Third Prize Letter

Elizabeth Caney, 64 First Street, Waterford, New York.

First Prize $50

SENTRING MARRIAGE Contest Prize Winners

In the March issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine appeared an article written by Madame Elinor Glyn in which she raised the interesting question: "Marriage is good, and art is good—but do they assimilate to perfection?"

In the April issue, the most notable artists of the screen gave their views on the subject, and the readers of this Magazine were asked to contribute their opinions in competition. In letters not to exceed 300 words, with an award of $50.00 for the best letter; $25.00 for the second best; and for the third best, $10.00. The contest closed May 1, 1921.

The three prize-winning letters follow:

MARRIAGE is the oldest of human institutions: art is the oldest form of human expression. It has exercised their profound influence on the development of the human race long before any alphabet was invented, any permanent building constructed, any religious faith developed or any knowledge of the natural sciences acquired. The two have been with us from before the dawn of history to this day. Hence, to say that they do not naturally go together, or that they are mutually exclusive, is to say that the fundamental nature of marriage has changed, or the fundamental nature of art has changed. Is this so? Are essential conditions of human society any different today than in the days when sculpture reached its pinnacle of development in Greece or painting achieved its greatest glory in Florence? Our material surroundings may be different, we may use a thousand inventions which belong to this age alone, our outlook may embrace the world instead of a small community, but human nature remains human nature.

Andrea del Sarto became the "perfect painter" because his wife posed for him and encouraged him in his work. Many an obscure and unknown aspirant of today will live in history for a similar reason. The crude, stolid mind can see nothing beyond the commonplace in the marriage relation; it means washing dishes and sweeping floors, the soul-depressing details of humdrum existence. But no one with the soul of an artist will have his imagination held down to this level. Even as the noblest poetry is that which is the most simple in expression, so the simple tasks and uneventful but delightful companionship of marriage will flourish the greatest incentive to true self-expression.

HERBERT W. CORNELL,
3405 Chestnut Street,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Second Prize $25

Sentiement aside, we are a law-abiding people as a whole. Temperament is real and must at times be considered, but it is not confined to artists. One meets it in business, manifested often in admirable ways; but it frequently explains lawlessness in business men and women as it does in artists: explains, not justifies. Temperamental children we called "spoiled."

Those who proclaim marriage a failure as an institution may be right—examples of failure are plentiful. But that marriage is a failure for the artist because he is an artist is—piffle! Just so well might the artist be exempt from all other regulations that distinguish us from the savage, who is free from "ties that prevent experience."

MARGARET GERMAINE,
821 Fourth Avenue,
Peoria, Illinois.

Third Prize $10

IT is as natural for people to marry as it is for them to breathe; and artists are people, the height of their art depending only upon the quality of their loving and their willingness to work, for what is art but understanding without love? The greater the love the greater the art. Before art was thought of as such, marriage was a flourishing institution, and all the arts came back to it for sustenance. The trouble is not so much marriage as with the attitude of those entering into it. When marriage fills its place as a sacrament, it is a boon to art of every kind, but when it is a mere contract entered into with scarcely as much consideration as the purchase of a pair of shoes—at least we aim to have these fit—what can one expect of it?

So let the artist marry, provided he can...
say, "For better or for worse," and mean it. Then whether it be for better or for worse, so long as they keep the honor of the pact, art reaps the benefit. But oh, I beg of you artists and all the rest, if you intend to marry "just for the experience," with the divorce court fading in even as the wedding procession fades out, for art's sake and for the sake of the world in general—don't!

ELIZABETH CANEY,
64 First Street,
Waterford, New York.

And the Moral of This Is—

FRANKIE DUGAN of Williamsburg went west and grew up, not with the country, but with the film business. He emerged temporarily last winter, returning to the east as Francis Duganne, the prominent leading man. Frankie—Francis took his good looks, his excellent clothes and one of his motors across the Williamsburg bridge, and into the part of Brooklyn which had known him as a freckle-faced boy with a sunny disposition.

Mrs. Mahoney's boys were all afar, and moderately successful, as she noted with timid pride to one who had recognized him—not as an old resident, but as a screen celebrity.

Not even Mrs. Mahoney, whose kids he had licked, and who in turn had licked him; whose bread and butter he had eaten and whose dog he had tin-canned—not even Mrs. Mahoney knew him. But she was very glad to see him, and wept a little, and laughed a little, and immediately began to recall happenings of other years, as is the way with all old women everywhere.

But there were so few of Frankie's old gang left. Mrs. Mahoney's boys were far away, and moderately successful, as she noted with timid pride to one who had evidently made a very great success in life.

"Do ye remember little Timmie Flanagan?" asked Mrs. Mahoney, in a sudden brightening of interest.

"Surely!" exclaimed Frankie. "He's the lad who wouldn't stay in school. I've often wondered what happened to him. Did he ever learn anything, in any way?"

"I'll say he did!" returned Mrs. Mahoney, without meaning to be slangy. "He got a contract hauling brick across East River, without meaning to be slangy. "He got a contract hauling brick across East River, and then he got a barge, and then another barge, and a year ago he was controling all the contractors' barges on both East and North rivers. He made a million dollars, though he couldn't read or write."

"I'll declare!" exclaimed Frankie, genuinely impressed.

"And then, late last summer," continued Mrs. Mahoney, "he bought one of them private yachts, an' took his friends fer a croose—or what may ye call it? It was a hot day, and the boys on the deck took off their clothes, and jumped into the water. Timmie, to be outdone by none, jumped in too, but he had got fat and soft, and he went down like one of the bricks he'd been carrying all his life; and he didn't come up no more . . .""Lord, that's unfortunate!" sighed Frankie. "Poor fellow, just in the prime of life, too. He'd made a million, and he'd never learned to read nor write."

"Nor swim!" concluded Mrs. Mahoney, grimly.

How to Entertain Successfully—

Hot or cold refreshment can be kept always at hand in these graceful Icy-Hot carafes.

Ices, or ice creams, can be kept without ice in this wide-mouthed Icy-Hot Jar and served when you like.

Hot coffee, iced lemonade, any beverage hot or cold—any food or fluid—can be carried for lunch, outings or motor trips.

Hot or cold refreshment can be kept always at hand in these graceful Icy-Hot carafes.

When company drops in and there comes one of those awkward pauses that everybody dreads, the successful hostess knows what to do—

She serves something—something "to break the ice."

The Method of Successful Hostesses

Whether she is expecting guests or not, the successful hostess always has something prepared. And with Icy-Hots she is never at a loss for something appropriate and inviting, prepared in advance, kept just right, and ready.

She isn't required to desert her guests—chilled drinks, hot chocolate, ices—any refreshment—can be prepared in the morning and placed in an Icy-Hot. When company calls it's there, ready to convey the spirit of hospitality.

Every Woman Should Have Icy-Hots

Every woman who entertains; every mother; should have Icy-Hots—they're so convenient for keeping foods or beverages—to carry foods or drinks on outings; to provide a hot lunch at work or school; to keep ices and frappes without ice—for the buffet; for the sick room.

Icy-Hots, which keep their contents cold for 72 hours, or hot 24 hours, are made in many shapes—wide-mouthed jars for solid foods, or soups; bottles, jug sets, lunch kits, carafes and motor restaurants. Any good store can supply you.

THE ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO., 131 Second St., Cincinnati, Ohio

FREE—a Booklet Every Hostess Should Have

Can you imagine anything more convenient than a dainty little booklet telling what to serve—a booklet full of refreshing recipes that can be made up in a minute? We have such a booklet, write for it today.
Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

THE SHADOW STAGE—Continued from page 58

construction is, technically speaking, supe-
rior to other foreign films recently released
in this country, especially as regards pho-
tography. Yet it is doubtful that the
American public will take kindly to "J'Ac-
cuse." Its story trails uncertainly through
a vast maze of war material, frequently be-
ing lost entirely to view, reappearing at
intervals, to fade away again before the
onrush of armies in combat. The tragedy
of "J'Accuse" is not alone of plot. There
is the tragedy of untimeliness. It is four
years too late.

THE SCARAB RING—Vitagraph

MURDER mysteries apparently are
popular this month. Vitagraph pre-
sents Alice Joyce in an interesting photo-
play of this type, and defies your talents as
an amateur detective to discover just who
fired the fatal shot. Whatever your at-
tempts to solve the puzzle, the ending will
surprise you. And who doesn’t like sur-
prises—and Alice?

GET YOUR MAN—Fox

THIS is one of the best western pictures
that we have seen in many months. The
story opens in the coal mines of Scotland
and is completed amid the snows of the
Canadian northwest. There is enough
material for two or three ordinary westerns
but an unusually well-told story precludes
any possibility of the action seeming over-
crowded. Buck Jones is excellent as a
member of the Northwest Mounted Police.

THE TEN-DOLLAR RAISE—Associated Producers

WE like the masculinity of Peter B.
Kyne’s stories. He writes of life
intelligently, convincingly and with a
dehl sureness that gives strength and vigor to
his plots. And because of these things,
and because he has placed in this picture a
flash of adventure that is not illogical, and
an appealing human-ness that does not
border upon weak sentimentalism, we
enjoyed it very much. We believe that you
will, also.

CHEATED LOVE—Universal

A DECIDED improvement upon any-
thing Carmel Myers has done recently,
and, despite the title. The subject deals with
life in the New York Ghetto, a very real
love story is woven into the plot, and though
the latter part of the picture becomes some-
what trite, interest is maintained through
consistent direction.

APPEARANCES—British-Paramount

WERE it not for interesting glimpses of
English countryside, London streets
and tea-shops, and an honest-to-goodness
castle, we’d vote this an indifferent offering
from the British abdomen. The background
of the picture, which was new, interested
us. The foreground, which was old, did not.
David Powell and Mary Glyne in the
leading parts. Edward Knoblock is credited
with the story.

THE GUIDE—Fox

CLYDE COOK goes comedy-hunting in
the Alps. Also, his trained horse
doubles for an elk, antlers and all. We
haven’t seen a better combination recently.
Two reels of war humor with amusing
titles. A comedy deserving the name.

THE LAST CARD—Metro

WHEN a jealous husband kills his wife’s
admirer with an axe and succeeds in
thrusting the blame upon an innocent man,
things are bound to happen. If murder
mysteries of this sort find favor with you,
this film will prove fairly interesting. Even,
you may say, a new twist.

MAY Allison is featured, but Frank Elliott as
the criminal gives the outstanding performance
of the picture. From the Maxwell Smith
story, "Dated.

CLOSED DOORS—Fox

THIS picture does not register above the
ordinary. There is the middle-aged busi-
ness man, whose young wife, Alice
Calhoun, delights in driving aimlessly
around the countryside with a casual ac-
quaintance—a wolf in sheep’s clothing,
of course. The usual things happen in the
usual way. Miss Calhoun is pleasing, but
has had better vehicles than this one.

COLORADO PLUCK—Fox

HERE we have William Russell portray-
ing the role of a rough westerner who
invades the portals of High English Society
(as conceived by the Fox scenario staff), wins
the daughter of a hundred earls and takes
her back to good old Colorado where,
spite much evidence to the contrary, she
shows herself to be True Gold. Just a
motion picture.

THE WALLOP—Universal

WRITERS of western photo plays
usually choose their villain from one of
two varieties. He may be Mexican, he
may be a sheriff, or he may be the dance
hall owner. Harry Carey, however, pro-
vides all three varieties in his latest offer-
ing. There is an exciting battle on the cliffs
and a hanging at sunrise. Our hero comes
off both conqueror and vanquished in an
unusual ending, but is always, and pleas-
ingly, himself.

LAVENDER AND OLD LACE—Hodkinson

IN an almost Griffith-like manner, Lloyd
Ingraham has placed this gentle little
story of Myrtle Reed’s upon the screen.
Frail and delicate as rare lace, it could
easily have been ruined through careless
handling, but its thoughtful presentation
gives it a quiet charm. Marguerite Snow,
Seema Owen and Louis Bennison head an
excellent cast.

BEYOND PRICE—Fox

PEARL WHITE rivals that western Fox
star, Tom Mix, in furnishing excite-
ment throughout this decidedly lively mo-
ment picture. It’s a series of amusing predica-
ments, rather than a connected
story, but Miss White’s loyal followers will
undoubtedly enjoy it.

KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE—Hodkinson

A MILDLY pleasing picture, though
hardly containing the material neces-
sary to a successful photoplay of the pres-
cent day. The lack is not alone of suspense,
but of sustained interest. It simply rams
bles along, in narrative style, to its obvious
conclusion. From the story by Irving
Batcheller.
BIG TOWN IDEAS—Fox

It is possible that this picture might have some slight amusement value, were it not for the coarse, vulgar titling throughout. According to Fox publicity, it is the story of a girl who “shook a lively flap-jack turner.” If this intrigues your interest, the picture may please you. It did not please us.

THE MAN TAMER—Universal

GLADYS WALTON, in this circus story, does some very daring work with snarling lions, and then, as the title indicates, turns her attention to training a young man in the way he should go. Miss Walton has some real material to work with, and we venture that this will prove one of her best liked pictures so far. See it.

THE HIGH ROAD—Non-theatrical Distribution

This three-reel picture was made for the Bureau of Social Education and the Woman’s Foundation for Health. It is a narrative expounding a new constructive health program and is of especial interest to Y. W. C. A. organizations and Women’s Clubs.

THE SILVER CAR—Vitagraph

DUELS, intrigues, exiled dukes, secret treaties, more than fill the life of Earle Williams, who in the role of an adventurer with a price on his head, invades one of those fancied kingdoms bordering vaguely on “the Balkans.” Earle has quite a strenuous time, and is forced, at the ending, to leave things in rather a tangle, though that may have been the fault of the scenario writer. It’s a lively picture certainly. From the story by Wyndham Martyn, “The Secret of the Silver Car.”

A RIDING ROMEO—Fox

EVERYONE knows the ability of Tom Mix as a horseman. But in his latest western, which by the way, he wrote for himself, he reveals marked prowess upon the bicycle, and talent as a comedian that should not be overlooked in his future photoplays. The story does not suffer through this innovation, however. It will appeal to all who enjoy western films, whether they take them seriously or not.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 67)

If you remember Florence Lawrence and Mary Fuller, Maurice Costello and Arthur Johnson—you must remember Ethel Grandin.

She was a popular starlette in those early days, and her last appearance was opposite M. Costello in a serial called “The Crimson Stain Mystery.” And now—a little belated, but nevertheless, now—she returns to film activity in a production called “The Hunch.”

FLORENCE Vidor is now a star.

This announcement is not guaranteed to cause a sensation in film or fan circles, inasmuch as Mrs. Vidor has been a star in popularity, if not in billing, for some time.

She will not work under her husband’s direction, but her pictures will be made in his studio, which sounds as if it might mean the same thing.
If anyone but Norma Talmadge were wearing this fish dress we would be facetious about it. It's called the "deep sea gown" because it is made of shaded blue and green fish scale sequins overlapping with sapphire tulle at the sides. We don't know what all that means; we only hope Norma will wear it in one of her pictures.

Expense might also have been spared in instances such as this—the director ordered a balcony scene, the balcony to be set with expensive and exotic palms and plants in costly jars. Arriving to view the scene at eleven something, von Stroheim decided he didn't like the palm and plants and kicked them all off the balcony. At so much per kick, as it were.

If you live in New York and had five dollars, you probably were there. But if you don't, or hadn't, you'll want to hear about the Famous Players-Lasky ball.

The Commodore Hotel was the scene, and as many stars, directors, executives, newspaper writers and fans as had evening clothes, the aforementioned five dollars, and sufficient strength pushed their way in. Wallace Reid was there, and played the saxophone, but didn't dance. Everybody was sorry—that he didn't dance, of course. Wally led the grand march with Elsie Ferguson, followed by Tommie Meighan with Agnes Ayres. Miss Ferguson was gowned as beautifully as usual, and Miss Ayres was a vision in her Lucile creation. Jeanie McPherson postponed her departure for California to attend, and Jesse Lasky dropped in ahead of the evening. George Fitzmaurice was there.

There was a studio playlet in which Constance Binney played the shero, Regina, Denny the hero, and Wally Reid the cameraman.

Fischer's orchestra furnished the music until midnight, when they had to leave to play at the Midnight Frolic. If Famous Players had given the ball two weeks later, the orchestra might have played till morning. The Frolic, in case you haven't heard, is now a thing of the past. Prohibition did it.

Lust and Found:
Louise Huff, who has been absent from the studios since she became Mrs. Edgar Stillman, has gone to Los Angeles at 5.10—that unless he apologized for the various names he had seen fit to call them, they would be on that train—and that they were members of the electrician and carpenters' unions—or something like that—and he'd have a darn hard time getting others when he got back anyway.

Von Stroheim came. And he apologized.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Play and Players
(Continued)

There was a time when the mere thought of performing in a motion picture theater would have sent celebrated artists of the piano, the voice, and the violin into hysterics.

But just the other day, Percy Grainger, a pianist of real renown, ended a week’s engagement at the Capitol Theater in New York City, as a featured part of the program. Then Sascha Jacobsen, the violinist, played a week in the temple of motion pictures on Broadway.

It was S. L. Rothafel’s idea. And if he keeps it up, he will earn the right to drop a letter from his last name. He spells it Rothafel now.

Paramount has shut down its huge new eastern studio and all the producing units will be transferred to the west coast.

Two weeks’ notice was served the employees the latter part of May that the Long Island City plant, which has only been in operation about six months, will close until next January.

Why?

Jesse Lasky says the transfer was made in the interests of economy, not to cut down production. The eastern studio will be opened again when the rainy season sets in in Los Angeles.

Between five and six hundred employees of various departments have been let out. The enormous expense of electricity, or overhead, will be eliminated, and the production of Paramount pictures will be carried on in California, London, and possibly Germany, where Zukor recently acquired a studio near Berlin.

“Peter Ibbetson”, directed by Fitzmaurice, was the last large production to be completed in the east. Among the stars who will probably travel westward are Elsie Ferguson, Thomas Meighan, who has alternated between the eastern and western studios, director Fitzmaurice, and the Realart luminaries, Alice Brady and Constance Binney.

This leaves only a few important picture factories in the east. International and Fox, in Manhattan, are the largest of these. Then there are the Selznick studio in Fort Lee, which are not doing much; the Talmadge studio in New York City, and the Griffith studio in Mamaroneck.

Kipling is said to have triumphed over the censors.

In spite of the fact that Pathe had to throw a sop to them, by marrying the Indian girl and the Englishman in their picturization of “Without Benefit of Clergy”—and that they couldn’t, and didn’t change the title to correspond with the purification of the theme—the completed production is declared by those who have seen it to be a masterpiece.

But they really should have inserted a caption at the beginning to explain that the title of the drama was merely Mr. Kipling’s little joke.

If Betty Blythe does not do “Mary, Queen of Scots,” the screen will be deprived of an interesting characterization. From present indications Miss Blythe will not be able to play the part because of certain contract difficulties.

The John Drinkwater play “Mary Stuart,” which was an artistic success and financial failure of the late season in New York, had for its heroine Clare Eames, the unusual actress who unfortunately lacked the physical appeal necessary to make the Queen an outstanding character. The same could hardly be said of Miss Blythe.

Try This Way
See how your teeth look then

Here is a new way of teeth cleaning—a modern, scientific way. Authorities approve it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it.

Ask for this ten-day test. Watch the results of it. See for yourself what it means to your teeth—what it means in your home.

The film problem

Film has been the great tooth problem. A viscous film clings to your teeth, enters crevices and stays. Old ways of brushing do not effectively combat it. So millions of teeth are dimmed and ruined by it.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Combat it daily

Dental science has now found ways to combat that film. Careful tests have amply proved them. They are now embodied, with other important factors, in a dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Millions of people now use this tooth paste, largely by dental advice. A 10-Day Tube is now sent free to everyone who asks.

It's five effects

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It highly polishes the teeth, so film less easily adheres.

It stimulates the salivary flow—Nature’s great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Modern authorities deem these effects essential. Every use of Pepsodent brings them all.

See the results

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

This test, we believe, will bring to your home a new era in teeth cleaning. And benefits you never had before. Mail coupon now.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
MAY McAVOY, between her new pictures as a Realart luminary, will play "The Little Minister" under the direction of William deMille. Which leads us somehow to the absorbing question: will she play "Peter Pan"?

John Robertson, who directed "Sentimental Tommy" to the eminent satisfaction of all concerned, including even the author himself, is now in England talking over the production of a "Peter Pan" way; a Sir James. Probably Barrie will have something to say about the selection of the actor or actress for the role. He is said to prefer a boy. But as he professed himself pleased with May McAvoy's work as Grizel: he may have no objection to her doing Peter. We wouldn't.

THE S. Rankin Drew Post of the American Legion staged a big benefit at the New York Hippodrome, in which several of the bright lights of celluloidia participated. Betty Blythe, "The Queen of Sheba," who crossed the desert to visit Manhattan, was much applauded for her lovely voice—among other things.

Dorothy Gish, assisted by her handsome young husband, James Rennie, and Arthur Rankin, of the Rankin-Drew Clan, presented a very clever pantomime. It was Dorothy's first stage appearance in years. Dorothy has successfully dodged theatrical managers for some time but it is doubtful if she'll get away with it after her success in her sketch.

David Griffith directed Frank Bacon (Broadway's most beloved star, who has played in "Lightning," in the same theater for three years) in a motion picture scene. Mae Murray, wife of Bob Leonard, and Wallace McCutcheon, who married Pearl White—danced. All in all, it was a large evening.

FEW kings have been feted by eastern America as has "The Kid." The little five-year-old child who made one of the greatest personal hits in film history, in Charles Chaplin's classic comedy, came to New York with his parents in the spring. Not only did he meet the Mayor and Babe Ruth, but he was entertained by society.

Jackie Coogan was the principal guest at a luncheon given by the Princess Braganza, and afterward was the chief spectator at a special showing of "The Kid," for charity, at the Plaza Hotel.

Prince Miguel de Braganza is just a kid himself, so he and Jackie had a good time at the luncheon given by the Princess' mother. After the performance of the picture in which he is a co-star, Jackie was introduced to many important Manhattanites.

A few days later, when his presence was requested at another luncheon given by a prominent New Yorker, Jackie could not be induced to leave until he had sent a message of love and sympathy to his idol, Charlie Chaplin, who had been slightly burned during the making of some scenes for "Vanity Fair."

Let's hope social success doesn't spoil The Kid!

In London, according to cabled report, Pearl White has completely captivated the representatives of the press. One reporter is said to have interviewed her when she was wearing a crepe negligee, red slippers, and no stockings to speak of. The interview he wrote is one of the most favorable Miss White ever received.

In Paris an eager populace followed her abroad with Albert Grey—D. W. Griffith's brother—and his wife, without telling anyone about it all.

Miss Dempster is a rather quiet young person, with few intimates, they say. She is tall and slender. So much for the number one of more than ordinary ability, a dancer, an accomplished swimmer, and a writer. She is said to want to write more than anything else.

Some of the unkind critics see no reason why she should not pursue a literary career. But then, perhaps they're prejudiced.

LOWELL SHERMAN has gone to California to become a member of the Mack Sennett forces.

We thought at first it must be a mistake when we remembered—not, not Mr. Sherman's work in "Way Down East"—but the fact that Miss Sennett is so distinctly a pampered princess. Not so. Sherman has indeed joined the Sennett company. We will be a colleague of Ben Turpin; really an elevated position on the strength of his optic ability.

Mae Marsh is in New York. Yes—the Little Sister of "The Birth of a Nation."

Because Mae Marsh is getting back some of her old-time vivacious charm. She has also lost much unnecessary weight. To speak thus is neither feline nor fanciful, because Miss Marsh herself admits that she was, if anything, slightly inclined to embonpoint.

When she attended a performance of "The Birth of a Nation"—the revival at the Capitol Theater—she looked almost exactly like her old self.

Just to make it seem more like old times, she's going back with Griffith, to make a longer version of "Sands o' Dee," which was a Griffith-Marsh opus back in Biograph days. She will also make her first stage appearance in the fall.

REX BEACH is now an artistic associate of Chaplin, Pickford, and Fairbanks. He has, in other words, become a United Artist, whereas he was only an Eminent Author.

The popular writer of those rugged, red-blooded stories will devote all of his time in the future to writing and directing for the screen. He may dash off a scenario for Charlie or Mary or Doug in his spare time.

WORK was suspended for the afternoon in the Famous Players home office not long ago.

Wally Reid was in town and dropped in at 485 Fifth Avenue for a little visit. The secretaries and stenographers and clerks and office boys were just as thrilled over seeing the well-known Mr. Reid in the flesh as if they worked in an office devoted to the distribution of jute instead of motion pictures.

Just what is jute, anyway? Does anybody know? Page Mr. Edison.

MISS DAGMAR GODOWSKY, until the other day, had only one claim to fame: she is the daughter of Leopold, the pianist.

Now she is more widely known as the correspondent in the divorce suit brought by Mrs. Frank Mayo against her husband, the Universal star.

Miss Godowsky has been seen opposite Mr. Mayo in several pictures.
Being a Screen Idol's Wife

(Concluded from page 68)

he saw the play eighteen times. His frequent attendance at the Vanderbilt Theater was a joke on Forty-Eighth Street. One theater manager, to whom he applied for a pass, said, "Conway Tearle, are you going to see anything but Irene? Don't be untrue to your wife."

I saw him first in the audience when I was playing at Maxine Elliott's theater. I saw him night after night for seven days. I asked, "Who is the dark man who sits in a front seat on the right?" "That is Conway Tearle," some one told me. The same evening a friend of mine said, "Mr. Tearle wants to meet you. Do you mind?"

I said I did not. The men brought him back through the alley. They were passing the window of my dressing room when the presenter looked up and saw me through the window. He performed the introduction at once. So that I first saw my husband through bars. I thought him the handsomest man I had ever seen.

Three years later we were married. It has been a most happy marriage.

When I went to Europe last winter without him there were rumors that we had separated. The truth is that he remained here to fulfill a contract. My Christmas present and "Welcome Home" was the ivory-inked limousine that is waiting at the door.

He is an ideal husband. He is an artist at saying pleasant things. He always deals in superlatives when he talks to and of me. I find it hard to return this. It isn't easy for me to say extravagant things to anyone. Though I think I am the most fortunate of women to be his wife.

I am jealous of no one in the world. For he is all mine. I am only jealous of his reputation as a man and an artist. That is why I serve the role of valet and conscience and memory. Because I want him to live up to his lithographs, I preside over his dressing. For the same reason I keep before him his continuous duty to be pleasant to fragments of his audience when they pass him in the flesh. And I help him to remember this duty. A screen idol's wife should be a flesh and blood motto, "Lest we forget." For no star may forget his world-wide audience.

The adulation which the stage star receives is impersonal. That of the motion picture star is personal.

The woman in the stage star's audience turns an eye or makes a slight motion of the fan, to tell her neighbor that they are in the presence of the luminary. The woman of the screen star's audience says frankly and distinctly, "Oh! Conway Tearle." It is a warm-hearted audience, this world circling one.

The mission of the screen star's wife is to guard him against becoming impatient with these attentions. To become so is fatal. As Mary Pickford sweetly said: "We are complimented by them."

And, as the guests arrive, the subtle fragrance greets them

Faint, and at first imperceptible—a fragrance—a new note of beauty—plays upon their senses.

It is incense—the odor of welcome for thousands of years—which greets them and gives an unspoken welcome to the guests as they arrive.

A clever device for hostesses to know

American hostesses are discovering what Oriental hostesses have known always, that a delicate fragrance of burning incense gives a touch of distinction to the most informal party—and a touch of remembrance which lives long in the memory of each guest.

Vantine's—the true Temple Incense

Vantine's Temple Incense is the incense with the true fragrance of the East—a fragrance rich, subtle, delicate and softly Oriental.

Which fragrance is most charming?

While hostesses agree on Vantine's Temple Incense, there is some debate as to the most charming fragrance. Some hostesses like the rich Oriental fullness of Sandalwood; others choose the sweetness of Wistaria, Rose or Violet, while still others prefer the clear and balsmy fragrance of the Pine.

Whichever you prefer, you can get it from your druggist or your gift shop. Practically every department store, too, offers it, so swift has been its spread throughout America.

Try, tonight, the fragrance which appeals the most to you. Just name it on the coupon and for 25c we will be glad to send it to you as your first acquaintance package.
at home in spare time as you would in actual practice. Men and women in great demand for permanent positions as mechanical draftmen. Our comprehensive Home Study Course qualifies you to secure and hold one of these desirable positions. No previous training is necessary to become a practical, mechanical draftman by our successful method of home instruction. We have hundreds of successful graduates now holding good positions.

Earn $35 to $100 a Week

Many of our graduates have reached high salaries rapidly owing to their practical training. They have second excellent salaries at the start, as high as $2600 the first year. Usual pay of draftmen is $55.00 to $100 a week. Advancement is rapid.

Drawing Outfit Furnished

We supply every student with a Drawing Outfit for use throughout the course. There is no extra charge for this and it becomes your personal property when you have completed the course!

Help You Secure Position

We are frequently able to place our students in good positions sometimes before they complete the course. Many concerns write or offering positions to our graduates. The demand for trained draftsmen is greater than the supply. The training we give enables our students to secure positions easily on completing the course. Write to us for particulars.

COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF DRAFTING
ROY C. CLAFLIN, President
Dept. 1517
14th and T Sts.. Washington, D. C.

"Chuck," said Hood, on whimsical impulse.

"Yes, sir." Hood swung into his saddle.

"Well, so long, Mister Chuck. Hope some time I see you later.

"Good luck, Bill!" the man replied. He rode away, without once looking back. He was uncomfortably afraid, if he did, that perhaps the younger wouldn't be keeping a strict upper lip. He passed the waterhole, and went on up the valley to where the trail turned, into the little pass that marked the end of Flint Canyon, and out toward the snows—down the little trail of the cities.

"Mister Chuck!" he mused. "Sounded funny, didn't it?"

"Queer that he had given him that old nickname, when Brown or Smith would have done as well. Why had he? Nobody had called him 'Chuck' since he left home. Back there, most of the fellows—well, his father had called him 'Jackie' when he was little, and his mother had said 'Son' usually, as long as she lived; it was only when they had always called him 'Chuck.' It dated back to a day when the little fellow couldn't make his tongue say 'Jack.'"

And Buddy, while time had been sliding along foolish and bad, he hadn't seen for eight years. Buddy would be eighteen, now. His hair would be a whole lot darker; yellow hair like that never holds its tint into manhood. Hood wondered if the boy would be glad to see him, now. He had cried when his father opened the door and roared that John was to go through it and that his shadow was never to darken his path. It was a big one that had scared his horse. The little red horse to a stop."

"Yes, sir," agreed the boy. "I expect so. But I won't holler. Last night when it was cold, I was scared, and she ached like thunder, I didn't holler—much." He sighed regretfully. "I expect my father, when he was a boy, wouldn't have hollered, either."

Hood was making saddle adjustments. "We'll start in riding you behind me," he said. "If that don't work satisfactory, you'll have to take the saddle and I'll hoof it awhile alongside."

Bill was observing the little red horse critically. "Don't look very tired," he remarked, always striving for casualness. "Can carry double, I s'pose, if we don't hurry too much. Although I'm right heavy for my age. It struck him suddenly that the man ought thing on the saddle and make him walk—which wasn't what he had in mind at all—and he hastened to say:
"Bill, I don't guess I'm too heavy. You'll have to give me a little boost; I don't believe I could get up alone; but after I'm up I won't make no trouble."

"That's one of the easiest things we do," Hood was speaking and acting with the same matter-of-fact casualness as the boy. "I'm going to put you in the saddle, not only—he's plumb gentle—will edge around there and stand while we get you forked on proper, and then all you got to do is to hold on. Take a good drink of water first; it'll be some dusty and you'll be using both hands."

Not without moments when the tears refused to stay out of Bill's eyes—although the man never happened to be looking into his face at such times—they accomplished the double mount. Little Red Horse sensing his father's emergency and living up to his reputation for gentleness. Behind him, as the animal began to pick its way toward the northern mouth of the valley, Hood breathed deeply.

"I ain't got no mother. She died when I was a little boy.

The next question was unprepared:

"Where'd you get that head o' hair?"

"My father," was the proud response.

"His hair isn't like it at all, now, but when

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
A Bad Actor from Bildad
(Continued)

he was a kid like me he says it was just about the same kind of yeller. That his pride was not in the present shade of his tumbled locks was evidenced by his next remark: "Maybe, when I grow up, I'll look like him."

"Pretty good father, I reckon."

"Well," explained Bill, in fairness to other boys whose fathers were different, "there ain't only him and me in our family, you know."

Over the brow of a rolling foothill they caught its first glimpse of McKinley, a little scattered, dusty village of low frame houses. "It's just about four miles from Flint Canon, there, and he had

"His name is Mister Chuck. He come through Flint Canon, there, and he had

"That cussed new hawse done throwed arother over the horse's ears. They plodded on. Ten minutes later a man on horseback came into sight, along the trail. Wingate lifted his arms; seemed to life his.

"His name is Mister Chuck. He come through Flint Canon, there, and he had

"That cussed new hawse done throwed

"In almost no time," Hood told him,

"Sometimes I half turn my head to tell the boy he planned not to go much farther.

"It was several moments later, when the

"His name is Mister Chuck. He come through Flint Canon, there, and he had

"That cussed new hawse done throwed

"In almost no time," Hood told him,
business off beyond thataw, but he put it off to bring me home. He didn't come through McKinley, so he didn't know about my being lost.

"We've been hunting ever since dark last night," Wingate said. "But nobody'd seen him leave, and we hadn't got to searching in this direction until I just got a fresh hawse and came out at. There's parties out in pretty much every other direction. Some of my deputies handling 'em." He explained: "I'm sheriff.

"Yes, suh," Hood said. "So Bill told me.

The little red horse, hitched around uneasily, and Wingate for the first time observed that Dad was wearing a holstered pistol. It is contrary to law in Texas to carry a pistol, either concealed or otherwise, without a permit, and permits do not run in other counties than those in which they are issued. The sheriff is cognizant of all those in his jurisdiction who have the right to go armed. While he was hesitating, wondering if he could successfully seem not to be aware of a violation of one of his most strictly enforced laws, he realized that Hood's right hand had not moved for moments—and that it rested, back forward, fingers bent, within two or three inches of the pistol butt. His eyes lifted quickly to Hood's with surprise, and Hood saw in them the light of identification.

There ensued a brief, tense period of silence. Then the sheriff said: "I'm mighty sorry, but I'd sure like to see you to make you have that gun.

Hood did not move. His eyes met the sheriff's squarely.

"I'm hoping, suh," he said after a second, "that you put the little feller out of range before you comes to take it. He smiled thinly. "Unless you'd feel safer to have me handcuffed."

"I don't have to have no boy for a shield," Wingate retorted hotly, and Hood replied, still smiling: "That's good. For two reasons."

Wigante bit his lip. This was defiance, and a little shrewdness would be expected to do one thing, yet he hesitated.

"For the moment I ain't going to start anything, he declared himself. "You'll get another look and try to make anything to interfere. That is, if you're agreeable to letting the cards lay that way, temporary."

Hood nodded and let his pistol hand relax. "Suits me," he said. "You've got a reputation, among other things, for keeping your word."

You've got some reputation of your own," Wingate replied. "According to what the sheriff at Bildad telephoned last night. Two little killings, ain't it? One in South Texas and one in Arizona. Sheriff said get you to going and you have better luck than I have had."

"Howd you come to be up there in Flint Canyon?" Wingate asked. "I'm going to let you start to make it," he said, "according to what the sheriff at Bildad telephoned last night.

Hood interrupted him. "Not for that reason whatever," he said. "But as to whether you're the man to let me go, that remains to be seen. You can walk away, and you'll never hear from Bill the wenten tell me when you're ready. Whatever we do, let's do it. Time's flying."

Bill had been scowling in an effort to follow the cryptic conversation. The last two exchanges had at last straightened it out in his mind that some unexplained reason existed why his father and the stranger should fight. Not for a second did he think of apprehension for his father enter his head; his thoughts were all of the consequences to the other. "Mister Chuck done give me his sandwiches—and all his water. He could a left me alongside the waterhole, but I'd a been laying out in the sun and probably it'd hurt to move around to get a drink, so he left the canteen. That was when he went off south, before he figured his business would let him bring me home."

"Yes, son," Wingate said softly.

He glovered unhappily at Hood, who no longer smiled. "You see, I'm one of the kind," he told him, as though there had been a question asked which needed answer, "that takes his oath of office sort of serious."

"I'd figure so from knowing Bill," Hood replied. "You're quite the upstanding sort, sheriff—but I'm aiming not to be, too."

"If I hadn't been able to hold on behind, he was going to walk," the boy put in.

"Nonsense!" Hood scoffed. "I knew you wouldn't let me. You're some man, Bill."

"There ain't but one thing to do," snapped the sheriff. "If you hadn't picked up, how far would you have got by now?"

"About to the Big Springs tank." That's six hours' ride from here—with a fresh hawse. Getting.

Hood, puzzled, made no motion.

"That hawse of yours is plumb done up," the sheriff urged, irritably. "He wouldn't get you to Big Springs in all day. He's a good hawse, when he ain't tired; I can see that. It's a fair trade. Take the roan."

You're going to let me make it?"

"I'm going to let you start to make it," Hood amended. "You can do as you please, but if I was you I wouldn't take no train, because there'll be telegrams. I'd keep on going and try to make the border."

You'll be at Flint Canyon by twelve o'clock, you'll have the payroll money in no time after, and you'll hit the railroad at Big Springs at four o'clock, say." He dug into a pocket and produced a package. "Here's some sandwiches. You've got water in your canteen, haven't you? I'll say much obliged for Bill and me. Get to going!"

"If we ever meet again—" Hood began, and the sheriff broke in on him sharply:

"We'll meet again some time tomorrow, unless you haven't the luck to get to the place you have. I'm going to get Bill fixed up, now. At four o'clock this evening, about the time you're coming in sight of the rail- road if you ride fast—with a long ways yet to go before you come to the border—I'm leaving here after you with the blamedst horse of yours, if I've a right to ride you away. And I'm raising, I ain't a going to let you get away from me twice.

"Fair enough," agreed Hood, gravely, and Wingate said: "I'm征 that the man to let you go, just because Bill here—"

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Plays and Players
(Continued from page 86)

WHAT'S the matter with your watch, son?" Will Rogers inquired of his
son Jimmy, who was shaking his wrist
watch with more energy than discretion.
"Nothing the matter with it," said young
Rogers. "It's just lost its tick, that's all."

LADY DUFF-COOPER: a new photo-
graph showing the famous Rutland
pearls. Or "Lady Cooper, the former Lady
Diana Manners, now a J. Stuart Blackton
Film Star, Registering Grief."

When one sees all these press appearances of the
English noblewoman one wonders
that she would not be working in "Little
Lord Fauntleroy" if it were true. She ex-
pected to be busy on this new picture until
the first of September.

The Los Angeles newspapers first printed
the story that a visit from the stork was an-
ticipated by the famous Fairbanks', and the
report spread to every corner of the country
like wildfire. And then—

Mary Pickford denied the report and said
that she would not be working in "Little
Lord Fauntleroy" if it were true. She ex-
pected to be busy on this new picture until
the first of September.

When seen at her Hollywood studio, Miss
Pickford was making dual exposure scenes,
appearing as Little Lord Fauntleroy and
also as Dearie, his mother. She was wearing
the typical Little Lord Fauntleroy con-
tume of velvet knickers and blouse and lace
collar and she looked more slender and
childlike than ever in this garb. While the
published report claimed to have come from
a close friend of Miss Pickford, her friends
today said they were certain no such event
need be expected at least until after the
divorce action now pending in Nevada—in
which the state of Nevada will attempt to
prove that Mary Pickford's divorce from
Owen Moore was not legal—and settled.

ILLIAN GISH is going into the "legiti-
mate" drama next season.

She will not star on Broadway—oh, no,
nothing so plebeian as that—but will be the
associate of Arnold Daly in Mr. Daly's con-
templated repertoire at the Greenwich Vil-
gage Theater, down in the more or less artis-
tic section of Manhattan. They will do
"Candida" by Shaw, among other plays.

Pauline Frederick is said to have made up
her mind to come back to Broadway, al-
though it doesn't seem probable that she
will give us a week contract with
Robertson-Cole to do so. And have you
heard that Polly may become Mrs. Willard
Mack again? It is, at any rate, among the
possibilities—providing, of course, Mr. Mack
promises that he can devote himself seriously and
earnestly to his art to the exclusion of all
diversions.

MILDRED HARRIS, who has done
some real acting—according to rumor—
aided by Cecil Velle and a very be-
coming blonde wig, will go into vaudeville.

DOROTHY GISH is seriously consider-
ing a season in stock as the co-star of
her young husband, James Rennie.

Incidentally, it is said that the high
salaries formerly demanded and received by
cinema celebrities for flights into the legiti-
mate, have been considerably reduced. So
that the aforementioned artists are probably
in it for Art's sake. Probably!
Plays and Players

(Concluded)

ACCORDING to newspaper reports, Mrs. Anne Stillman, whom James A. Stillman, New York banker, has been suing for divorce in one of the most sensational cases ever brought in American courts, has been offered $100,000 to be a film star.

On the advice of her new attorneys, according to the newspapers, Mrs. Stillman has declined the offer. But it is only a case in point. Whenever the heroine of a scandal or murder is given wide newspaper publicity, immediately stories are circulated that she has gone into the movies, or has had offers to go into the movies. In some cases, the actual attempt has been made. And always it has failed. In others, the entire report has been fiction. Bing is an instance.

It prejudices the decent, sane majority against the films. The admirable stand taken by influential California film men against the film debut of a self-confessed murderess deserves wide support and emulation. It is to be noted that the woman's screen debut has been indefinitely postponed.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO's domestic affairs are being aired in a Los Angeles court.

"Rudy's" wife has brought suit for divorce against the ex-tango dancer and present leading man. Mrs. Valentino—who was Jane Acker, an actress—says Rudy was a nice boy until he went to New York to appear at the Broadway showing of "The Four Horsemen," in which he plays a leading role. When he returned to California he was a different man, she says. Broadway, in short, has spoiled him; and Mrs. Valentino wants a decree of divorce, and temporary alimony, and everything like that.

JUST about the same time that Jack Gilbert's engagement to Leatrice Joy was confirmed by both young persons, Jack was made a star by Fox.

Young Mr. Gilbert has been a scenario writer, assistant director, full-fledged director, film cutter, and actor. He has served Maurice Tourneur in all five capacities. His fiancee will be chiefly remembered for her work in "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

ONE of the most unforgettable of all Rudyard Kipling's Indian tales has reached the screen. "Without Benefit of Clergy" has been produced by Pathe, with Mr. Kipling's aid.

The famous writer could not leave England to assist in the filming of his story; so a scenario expert went abroad to instruct Kipling in the technique of the screen. When he arrived, he found that Mr. Kipling had already completely mastered all the rules of scenario technique by studying a script. Kipling's ideas were all set down in the scenario, and his own sketches of the streets of the Indian village, and the costumes of the characters, were faithfully followed to the smallest detail, when—in California—James Young later took up the actual work of directing "Without Benefit of Clergy." Thomas Holding plays the Englishman and Virginia Faire Ameera.

Top picture, the two principals, Thomas Holding and Virginia Faire, in a scene from the photoplay. Above, a village scene in the making.
The Finest Mandolin
We Know How to Build

This—the Lyon & Healy "Own Make"—is one of the greatest triumphs in our 50 years of musical instrument construction.

Built like a rare old violin—tops and backs shaped with minutest accuracy—fingerboards fretted true to scale to the thousandth of an inch—it is a mandolin masterpiece of wondrous tone and infinite beauty. To possess it is an inspiration—to play it is to know the glory of acoustic perfection. Ask your dealer to show you

LYON & HEALY "Own Make"
Mandelins, Mandolas, Mandocellos, Banjos

If you play, play the best. Get utmost satisfaction from your music, more brilliant tone, easier playing with Lyon & Healy "Own Make" stringed instruments.

Liberal Purchase Plan
Play as you pay—easy terms—special trial. Mention instrument you are interested in.

LYON & HEALY
Everything Known in Music
66-81 Jackson Blvd.
CHICAGO

Send for this FREE Book and name of nearest dealer.

THE BEST OF THEM ALL
 Says Dorothy Gish

Yes, Why?

If the city has the right to censor moving pictures before being shown, why not have a board to examine the traveling "legit" shows before allowing the public to see them? —Portland (Or.) Journal.
Hello, Mabel!

(Continued from page 25)

And now—this superlative, rejuvenated, curved and sparkling Mabel.

"How did you do it?" I asked her a few days later.

We were curling on a big, soft divan before a snapping wood fire that wiped away all memory of the cold, drizzle without.

"I don't know," said Mabel, smiling.

The same old Mabel still about Mabel and shy about herself, in spite of her fun and frankness.

But gradually, as the flames died into a glowing mass, and the silent maid drew the curtains and lighted a dim lamp or two, she unconsciously drew for me the startling outlines of a picture which, with the assistance of history, I can fill in for myself.

Strangely enough, too, we talked mostly about books. Stephen Leacock—her favorite, speaking somehow of the same desire for comedy and triviality shown by the boys home from the front; the new Russians, from whom she shuddered away as a person who has seen reality and tragedy enough in life itself; Knut Hamsen, whom she surprisingly, tenderly understood; Ibáñez, to whose indirectness she could not respond.

Reading between the lines, it brought me an understanding of Mabel Normand's come-back.

Because it is a come-back.

One word—her creed, her ideal, her philosophy—sums up the method, the reason and the reward.

Courage.

How Mabel Normand adores courage. It is to her the supreme characteristic.

Almost breathlessly she says of this woman who is the book-character of such and such a hero, "What courage! What courage!" It is her highest praise.

She has had to learn courage—the sparring, vivid, sixteen-year-old butterfly.

The story of Mabel Normand's life—such a short life to have packed so much between its covers—is almost as well known as that of Mary Pickford.

In a world that watched with intensity every movement of the early motion picture stars, it was not possible that Mabel Normand should live without an audience.

To the motion picture people themselves and to a large part of the motion picture public, Mabel Normand's history is well known.

They know of her comet-like rise from obscurity to fame and fortune. They know of the adulation and riches and opportunities heaped instantaneously into the lap of this pretty, excitable, impulsive, big-hearted kid, who stood against this onslaught with very little either of education or tradition to help her.

The kindliest mortal I have ever known.

I have seen her take off an expensive new hat that she liked and give it to a cash girl that looked at it wistfully. She could not bear the sight of suffering.

Her fame, her money never made any difference in Mabel. A friend was a friend. A need was a need. Never any of this, "I meet so many! What is your name?" Mabel never asked.

Four years ago Mabel was in a very serious automobile accident. For months her life hung in the balance. For weeks she was not expected to live.

But the doctors had failed to count on Mabel Normand's heart—on that courage which she rates so high.

Someday she'll win that fight with death. Gaily, smilingly, wide-eyed and unafraid, she fought against the overwhelming odds, not particularly because she wanted to live, but because she did not think it courageous to die.

She won—but that was the beginning of all that followed. For several years, Mabel's health—not even then cared for as it should have been because Mabel would not care for it—sank steadily.

And then, Mabel Normand disappeared. The Goldwyn lot, where she was working, knew her no more.

But in the rock-ribbed hills of a New England state, in a small village and in surroundings with no comforts or indulgences of any kind, a girl was beginning her real fight for life.

For six months, Mabel "rested." With that smiling courage of hers, she took up the steady, soul-grinding task of building and maintaining a wrecked nervous system, of recuperating a weak and neglected body.

She made good. She has come back.

The weary years have all changed now. It is—"Doesn't Mabel Normand look wonderful?"

There is hardly a gathering in Hollywood where her return to health and beauty is not discussed. Her quiet, systematic way of living is talked of now.

Coincidentally, Mabel is back on the Mack Sennett lot where she made her first pictures, and where for years she was starred to such advantage. Comedy queens and bathing beauties may come and go, but there is only one Mabel Normand. They could not replace her. So when you go over to the same old lot, and see the same old Mabel, it seems as though the hands of the clock had been reversed.

Picturesque, brilliant, warm-hearted little comedienne; I don't care what they're paying her—even the reputed $7,800 a week—she's worth it.

We loved her then and we love her now because she's always—the same old Mabel.

An Open Letter to Mme. Nazimova

(Continued from page 31)

public will be satisfied if they have enough of Nazimova, no matter in what, no matter how she acts. Perhaps you have decided that at your worst you are better than most screen actresses.

But you are wrong! We judge Nazimova not by the standard of the screen but by the standard of—Nazimova. Less than your best is no more acceptable than a bad copy of a great masterpiece. It is not fair to offer to the public pictures bearing the name "Nazimova" that possess nothing that Nazimova stands for.

You have no plans for the future—at least, you have none. That you will again have the chance to do big things, no one can doubt. The name—Nazimova—still stands for too much.

That is why we take this opportunity of asking, what will you do? Will the spark of genius light again, and will we see the Nazimova of "War Brides'? Will that Nazimova make us love Ibsen on the screen, as she did on the stage? Will she, with her fine daring, do what European film men are doing, take the great stories of history that have lived and thrilled through centuries, and make them for us? Will the Nazimova who once fought her way to the top of the ladder over terrific obstacles and in the face of terrific odds, re-assert herself and save us back—the real Nazimova?

We can only "watch and pray."
FLACONETTES
The Newest of the New for Milady's Bag or Dressing Table

VOILÀ MADAME! Your favorite French perfume in an exquisite, dainty crystal container that you can carry with you in your bag wherever you go—just as you do your powder, your rouge and perhaps your lip stick.

FLACONETTES of the world's rarest and most expensive perfume creations are filled from the original bottles and each one contains a small portion of perfume to give to that effect. They come to you enclosed in a smart French tin case, with a specially constructed "applier" that allows you to use just enough perfume—never too much at a time.

FLACONETTES are incomparable! so economical!!—Each FLACONETTE contains about one hundred ample applications.

For sale at all drug, department and specialty stores, but to introduce FLACONETTES we will send you postpaid any FLACONETTE you desire and we submit our amazing array of 18 Parisian perfumes for your selection. Send money order, stamps or cash, including additional war tax of 4c.

IMPORTERS EXCHANGE, Inc. 220 Fifth Avenue Dept. 7 NEW YORK CITY Sole Distributors of FLACONETTES in United States and Canada.

Flaconettes

DE GRAND LUXE Super Perfumes

$1.50

HOUGIBANT'S
Joli's Perle

COTY'S
Le Renard Bleu

GUERLAIN'S
La Flore du Pin

ROGER & GALLET'S
Fleurs d'Amour (Flowers of Love)

Flaconettes

DE GRAND LUXE Super Perfumes

$1.50

HOUGIBANT'S
Joli's Perle

COTY'S
Le Renard Bleu

GUERLAIN'S
La Flore du Pin

ROGER & GALLET'S
Fleurs d'Amour (Flowers of Love)

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPHAY MAGAZINE.
**And Three Lovely Children**

(Continued from page 30)

Eager to test it, he prepared to spring the trick upon the fat stranger.

Holding up the empty bottle he gazed at it in apparent dismay. “All gone,” he said; “and she was only supposed to take the half of it. What could I have been a-thinking’ of. Drat it! Now she’ll be squallin’ again in no time!”

“My,” said the fat man, admiringly. “She’s some eater, ain’t she?”

“Now,” responded Mr. Muggins. “She don’t each much. It’s the milk. It’s no good. You can’t get good milk unless you pay something terrible for it. I’ll have to get her some more. How’d you like to hold her a bit while I go for it?”

“Me?” said the fat man, a mingled expression of terror and delight spreading over his face. “Why—why I don’t know. I—I’ve never the hand of on down on my own. I’m kind of afraid I might break her some-where.”

“Rats!” retorted Mr. Muggins. “What do you think I crooked?” Here, put her on your lap and take her. All you gotta do is to keep your hands on her so she won’t roll off. See?”

The stranger, his hat on the back of his head, and his red face calmed, the startled expression on his face stifened perceptibly as he took the bundle Mr. Muggins handed him. “All—all right,” he said, beaming like a full moon. “I don’t mind昆—but don’t be long. It—it makes me kind of creepy holdin’ anything like this.”

“Bunk!” was Mr. Muggins’ comment as he got to his feet and thrust the empty bottle into his pocket. “You’ll get used to it in no time. Just play with her a bit and there won’t be no trouble. Come along, you!”

Grasping J. Muggins, junior, by one hand, and Annie, “after her mother,” by the other, he hurried away, the fat man staring within sight of the familiar doorway leading to the hood in a frenzy of hope.

The stranger, his hat on the back of his head, and his red face calmed, the startled expression on his face stifened perceptibly as he took the bundle Mr. Muggins handed him. “All—all right,” he said, beaming like a full moon. “I don’t mind昆—but don’t be long. It—it makes me kind of creepy holdin’ anything like this.”

“Bunk!” was Mr. Muggins’ comment as he got to his feet and thrust the empty bottle into his pocket. “You’ll get used to it in no time. Just play with her a bit and there won’t be no trouble. Come along, you!”

Grasping J. Muggins, junior, by one hand, and Annie, “after her mother,” by the other, he hurried away, the fat man staring within sight of the familiar doorway leading to the hood in a frenzy of hope.

As he travelled, though, he seemed to get less and less satisfaction out of the feat he had just performed. In vain he told himself he had only loaned the kid to the fat stranger, and that he was going back for it in a few weeks. Everywhere he looked he saw the baby’s scared blue eyes, and its fretful little mouth, and felt the clasp of its tiny clutching fingers. He even remem-bered noticing it when he had first seen her.

If it had been a big, fat baby now, he thought, that didn’t need so much looking after, it would be different. But such a skinny little thing, getting nothing but watery old milk from the stores, couldn’t have done with a fair-er show. Doggone! It didn’t have a fair show. And that fat fellow, maybe he was just talking. Maybe he didn’t have the worry of kids after him. What if he went off and left the baby on the bench? Or s’pose he wouldn’t give the baby back when J. Muggins went to follow. Indeed, the fat stranger in the park, did bawl out: “The baby’s stole! He ought to be hung! Oh, what a life! First the pushcart—now the baby!”

Gradually J. Muggins’ sense of proportion came back to him. He mustn’t let himself get rattled; if he did he’d never find the baby. His heart began to beat. The idea of going off with a baby that didn’t belong to him just because a person didn’t come hame from work a little late was beginning to drive him mad. And when he found him he’d tell him what for. The idea of going off with a baby that didn’t belong to him just because a person didn’t come hame from work a little late was beginning to drive him mad.

Well, he’d better be starting. There must be a bunch of delicatessen stores in town, but he’d find the fat man if he had to hame to every one of them. All that afternoon Mr. Muggins pursued his quest; his mode of procedure rather erratic. He would go into a shop, inquire for the proprietor, then when that worthy appeared, start for another and shake his head mournfully and walk out, much to the gratification of the tradesman, who undoubtedly classed him as a first grade grifter.

The sight of a baby carriage on the street was the signal for further demonstrations. Regardless of the remonstrances of whoever passed wheels beside would make his way to the front of it and peer under the hood in a frenzy of hope.

That he escaped arrest was a marvel. Indeed, one stout, apoplectic looking gentle-man whom build was remarkably like that of the fat stranger in the park, did bawl for the police when Mr. Muggins grabbed his coat tails and demanded fiercely what he had done with his offspring. Fortunately, Mr. Muggins, realizing his mistake, had presence of mind enough to escape around the corner of a warehouse.
And Three Lovely Children

(Continued)

By six o'clock J. Muggins was all in, both physically and mentally, and half the delicatessen dealers were as yet to be interviewed. Gloom sat heavy on his soul.

Like a miner deprived of a portion of his savings, he kept counting his children over as he trudged wearily homeward. Only two lovely children now where but a short time ago he had had three. And whose fault was it? He might have known better than to trust that fat fellow. Letting on he knew nothing about children, and all the while working to the ruin of stealing them.

Mr. Muggins groaned. Well, it was no wonder. Hadn't he given the stranger to understand that he was sick of his three lovely children? Hadn't he told him he wasn't even going to name the baby? Poor little kid! No father and mother to look after it now, only a fat man and his wife; and maybe not even them. Oh, what a life!

Once more Mr. Muggins drew near the tenement where he dwelt, but this time his steps did not falter. Mrs. Muggins couldn't think any worse of him than he thought about himself. Why hadn't that truck smashed him instead of the pushcart?

About the doorway was gathered a group of the neighbors. As he approached, Mrs. Phelan who, with her husband, a longshoreman, had the rooms just beneath, made a rush for him. "Gee whiz! Where you been? You're gonna ketch it! Mis' Muggins has been havin' a coupla dozen fits about you!"

"Oh, has she?" responded Mr. Muggins, dully. "Well, that's all right! She can have fits if she wants, can't she?" "You wait! You'll find out!" was Mrs. Phelan's ominous rejoinder.

"Aw, dry up!" growled Muggins, elbowing his way inside. "Dry up and blow away!"

Slowly he climbed the stairs. The palms of his hands were moist, and he rubbed them against his trousers irritably.

Doggone! What was he commencing to get stewed up about? He hadn't tried all the shops yet. Tomorrow he'd find the kid, sure, so Mrs. Muggins had better not be so smart and have her fits ahead of time.

As he neared the landing above, his heart began to pump violently; it infuriated him. Why hadn't that truck smashed him instead of the pushcart?

At his entrance Mrs. Muggins looked around from the pot she was just stirring, "What's that?" he gasped, falling limply against the door jamb. "Why—who told you?"

"I told myself. I seen him. Maybe if I hadn't seen him he might have gone off with the baby, not known! Whose it was. Then what would you have done?"

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

Star of Allen Holubar's
Drama Eternal
Man—Woman—Marriage

ASSOCIATED First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation-wide organization of independent theatre owners who foster the production of more artistic pictures and who are constantly striving for the betterment of screen entertainment.

First National is ever on the look-out for the best pictures made—pictures that are different, distinctive. For this reason it exhibits the attractions made by independent stars and producers, artists who are producing pictures in their own studios unhampered by any thought other than to give you the most artistic and entertaining pictures.

First National accepts their work for exhibition purposes strictly on its merit as the best in screen entertainment. In this way it is able to offer you exceptional pictures. That's what the First National Trademark stands for. Look for it on the screen of your theatre.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc.
And Three Lovely Children—

(Concluded)

Once more Mr. Muggins gave vent to a throaty rumble.

"I was comin' through the square," he went on Mrs. Muggins, "on my way home from leavin' the wash at Schultz's, thinkin' to s'prise you, when who should I see settin' on a bench by the fountain but you, Mr. Schultz himself with my baby on his lap. He was pokin' his finger in and out of her mouth and snickerin' to beat the band just as though it mightn't have choked her. I could a-shrieked. But I didn't. No, seein' it was Mr. Schultz I just went up and snatched her away from him, quick, and my, but he looked scared. And then he told me you'd give him the baby to hold while you went and got some more milk. What'd you want more milk for? You said you didn't get no more till noon time.

"Why, I—" Mr. Muggins, "I don't know. I—I guess I was afraid she'd spill. Gee, I'm glad you found her. I—I thought she was stole. So that fellow was Schultz, eh?"

Yes, and he got the grandest store on Spring Street; a horrible fondness for children. Me and him had quite a chat. He walked home with me. I told him all about your pushcart and everything, and he says, one day when you say to him you was down and how you was ruined, and maybe you could stop around and see him 'cause he had a pushcart he didn't use no more account of gettin' a motor delivery wagon. And then he says it wasn't right not to name the baby something anyhow.

Mr. Muggins coughed. Crossing the room he picked up the infant and held it in front of him. The scared blue eyes met his solemnly, the little mouth puckered. Mr. Muggins looked away uncomfortably.

It seemed almost as though she knew.

Turning, he faced Mrs. Muggins. "Sure thing we got to name her! What color did you say the cart was, eh?"

"Yellow. I don't know. But you can paint it up, can't you, like you did the other one? That looked swell!"

"Swell! Ha! Wait till I'm through with this one! Sure thing we got to name the baby. Or I tell you what, we'll take her down with us when we go for the cart and let that there Schultz name her herself. One, if they have no troubles, two, it'll be in green."

"Grand!" agreed Mrs. Muggins. " Didn't I tell you you'd git on your legs again? The idea of fusin' so! Even if you hadn't got a good home, ain't you? Sure you have.

"Sure I have!" echoed Mr. Muggins, hugging the baby tighter than he ever had before, "A good home, and three lovely children!"

If They Wrote Those Interviews as They Sometimes Happen!

THE Editor called me in. "Well," he said, "we're pretty hard up for personality stories this month. So hard up you'll have to get a story out of that prize simp, Seraphonia Sourpuss.

I went to Miss Sourpuss's home. It was an apartment house overlooking Riverside Drive—overlooking it entirely. I walked up to a man he's a terrible fondness for children. Me and him had quite a chat. He walked home with me. I told him all about your pushcart and everything, and he says, one day when you say to him you was down and how you was ruined, and maybe you could stop around and see him 'cause he had a pushcart he didn't use no more account of gettin' a motor delivery wagon. And then he says it wasn't right not to name the baby something anyhow.

Mr. Muggins coughed. Crossing the room he picked up the infant and held it in front of him. The scared blue eyes met his solemnly, the little mouth puckered. Mr. Muggins looked away uncomfortably.

It seemed almost as though she knew.

Turning, he faced Mrs. Muggins. "Sure thing we got to name her! What color did you say the cart was, eh?"

"Yellow. I don't know. But you can paint it up, can't you, like you did the other one? That looked swell!"

"Swell! Ha! Wait till I'm through with this one! Sure thing we got to name the baby. Or I tell you what, we'll take her down with us when we go for the cart and let that there Schultz name her herself. One, if they have no troubles, two, it'll be in green."

"Grand!" agreed Mrs. Muggins. " Didn't I tell you you'd git on your legs again? The idea of fusin' so! Even if you hadn't got a good home, ain't you? Sure you have.

"Sure I have!" echoed Mr. Muggins, hugging the baby tighter than he ever had before, "A good home, and three lovely children!"
The Woman Who Came Back

(Continued from page 64)

Dorothy Davenport Reid, who even though she is now Mrs. Wallace Reid, had the prior distinction of being a niece of Fanny Davenport and consequently a member of one of the oldest and greatest theatrical families of this country, told me one evening that she still remembered men in love with her than any other woman in New York.

I went to see her—of course I went to see her. I could hardly wait for the day of our appointment.

Let me tell you what I found.

A short, plump little woman, in a magnificent short kimono of white embroidered silk, over a rustling petticoat of peacock blue taffeta—the recognized negligee of twenty-five years ago. Her face looks neither younger nor older than the fifty-five years she is credited with. Her hair is dyed a very pretty shade of golden and is carefully dressed. Her skin and hands show signs of ninety pounds must have been exquisite.

But her voice—her magnetism—her distinction—her power of expressing herself and getting over a point.

The voice is a bit blurred—but it is still there, so that beneath its golden tones the plump little figure herself faded away, and I saw instead the slender, beautiful woman who had once been as great and as famous as any of them.

Her face has a really remarkable sweetness. Everything has been burned away except the kindliness, the warmth and understanding.

What does she care for motion pictures? What does she care for the visions of the youths of today?

Can you imagine for one instant how much she in this new field, robbed of the weapon of her voice and the spontaneity of her acting and the inspiration of her audiences? Yet even so, she is successful.

She told me that it took her years of concentration to stop turning around whenever the director spoke to her.

At last she had overcome the fear.

I did not ask her much about why she was in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.

A few facts she dropped as she talked—much illness, trips to Australia, times in pictures. I did not ask her how she happened to begin at the bottom. I did not ask her anything of her private life—either now, or in the past when I knew she had the reputation of being the gayest, most feted, merriest of all the stars on the Gay White Way. I am pretty hard-boiled as an interviewer. But I couldn't.
The diversion of materials and labor to war work. It is shown that production of peace time goods has been greatly curtailed during the war, and that to make up this handicap every worker must double his efforts in order that production may keep up in the "race" with sales.

Cartoons of a motor race between "Production" and "Sales" illustrate this with the score board tabulating the steady gain in sales and the lagging production of goods.

The film is really an arrangement of the employees, but in order to prevent hard feeling and antagonism, an element of good humor has been introduced throughout the film. The employees are enlisted as actors in many of the scenes and even a touch of the tragic is utilized to make a lasting impression of the result of carelessness. No book could as graphically portray the startling things that occur around a big factory, no matter how well managed, as the film does.

It is shown that expensive parts of machines are tossed into waste boxes and dumped into the refuse heap by careless mechanics, and the cost of penalty insurance that many dollars might as well be thrown out; that bushels of costly machine parts are picked up each month in the plant yards, thrown from the factory to the scavengers and fed to the dogs by employees. It is shown how one employee threw a machine part at a dog, two stories below, and struck the gardener on the head, almost killing him.

The office loafer is treated to a picture of himself in "action," the noon hour flirt and the girl who powders up for an hour or two in the wash room's time. The view of a slight error that can be made in the assembly of an intricate machine and the cost of the error to the firm is visualized dramatically and with a high degree of human interest.

Several thousand employees saw this film together and the effect was said to be almost electrical! The impression which the showings in factories and tracts had failed to do failed because of the dramatic aspect of realism possible in motion pictures.

As a connecting link between employer and employee, the moving picture is assuming surprising importance. A score of big industrial firms are now producing "annual" which are yearly conferences of salesmen and dealers, in which the most interesting and important characters in the business are actors; the past year is pictured in pictures, hence policies for the forthcoming year are presented briefly and in pictures that combine the animated drawing and the cartoon.

One medium-sized manufacturer of electrical devices has had seven reels of films produced within the past year visualizing the inner workings of "intricate water pumps and farm lighting systems" for the benefit of employees. These pictures are of the new X-ray type and rip off the top of the machinery and reveal its intricate parts in motion before the eyes of the workers.

Over forty large industrial concerns have built model villages into their factories for the instruction and entertainment of employees. Standard projection machines with seating capacity of up to 900 are featured and the pictures of thexy show range all the way from Burton Holmes to animated cross section drawings of cash registers or sewing machines.

The office loafer is treated to a picture of himself in "action," the noon hour flirt and the girl who powders up for an hour or two in the wash room's time. These pictures are of the new X-ray type and rip off the top of the machinery and reveal its intricate parts in motion before the eyes of the workers.

There are many operations of machines that can better be shown and the reasons why made clear by means of pictures than with words or lecture work. To train a new man or using up the valuable time of one already proficient. It has been found possible to train this is not a healthy condition. Consequently, they are depending upon movies to convey to the operator a lasting impression of the result of carelessness. No book could as graphically portray the startling things that occur around a big factory, no matter how well managed, as the film does.

The office loafer is treated to a picture of himself in "action," the noon hour flirt and the girl who powders up for an hour or two in the wash room's time. These pictures are of the new X-ray type and rip off the top of the machinery and reveal its intricate parts in motion before the eyes of the workers.

Hidden Children of the Screen

(Continued from page 65)
The Sign on the Door
(Continued from page 40)

At the door of the night court they parted.

Devereaux watched the girl go down the street. He shrugged his shoulders and turned away whistling.

But the significance of that night was to hover long.

With the honestly-won foundation of fortune gleaned in the hills of Wyoming, Bill Gaunt, now known as "The Colonel," and Lafe Regan found themselves established financially and politically in the busy whirl of the metropolitan affairs of New York.

There was now a Mrs. Gaunt, a pretty, soft sort of woman. From Mrs. Gaunt one got the impression that she was something that the Colonel had acquired in a lighter moment along with the city polish which now obscured but did not obliterate the characteristic of the cattle rancher that was.

The Gaunts were seated in their luxurious living room, the Colonel reading a newspaper, when the butler announced the arrival of "Mr. Lafe Regan and some gentlemen."

It was the nominating committee of their party, headed by Regan on the joyous errand of notifying his friend Gaunt of his choice as the party's candidate for the governorship.

Frank Devereaux, now the representative of the Devereaux millions, a still gay bachelor, with a dash of politics as a sideline and diversion, was a member.

The formalities of the notification of the chosen candidate were soon over and Devereaux lingered to chat with Mrs. Gaunt, while his fellow committee men went into Gaunt's study.

Devereaux looked Mrs. Gaunt overappraisingly. This was the beginning of another conquest.

When Lafe Regan returned to his suburban residence he sprang lightly up the steps and cheerily into his big library.

The Sign on the Door
(Narrated, by permission, from the First National Photoplay from the play of the same name by Channing Pollock. Adapted by Mary Murillo and Herbert Brenon. Directed by Herbert Brenon with the following cast:

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc.
188 Federal School Bldg.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Ann Hunniwell
Mrs. Lafe Regan
Lafe Regan
Frank Devereaux
Colonel Gaunt
"Rud" Whiting, the District Attorney
Helen Regan
Helen Weir
Alan Churchill
Robert Agnew
"Kick" Callahan
Mack Barnes
Inspector Treffy
Lew Hendricks

For the Colonel, now known as "The Colonel," and Lafe Regan found themselves established financially and politically in the busy whirl of the metropolitan affairs of New York.

There was now a Mrs. Gaunt, a pretty, soft sort of woman. From Mrs. Gaunt one got the impression that she was something that the Colonel had acquired in a lighter moment along with the city polish which now obscured but did not obliterate the characteristic of the cattle rancher that was.

The Gaunts were seated in their luxurious living room, the Colonel reading a newspaper, when the butler announced the arrival of "Mr. Lafe Regan and some gentlemen."

It was the nominating committee of their party, headed by Regan on the joyous errand of notifying his friend Gaunt of his choice as the party's candidate for the governorship.

Frank Devereaux, now the representative of the Devereaux millions, a still gay bachelor, with a dash of politics as a sideline and diversion, was a member.

The formalities of the notification of the chosen candidate were soon over and Devereaux lingered to chat with Mrs. Gaunt, while his fellow committee men went into Gaunt's study.

Devereaux looked Mrs. Gaunt overappraisingly. This was the beginning of another conquest.

When Lafe Regan returned to his suburban residence he sprang lightly up the steps and cheerily into his big library.

The Sign on the Door
(Narrated, by permission, from the First National Photoplay from the play of the same name by Channing Pollock. Adapted by Mary Murillo and Herbert Brenon. Directed by Herbert Brenon with the following cast:

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc.
188 Federal School Bldg.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Ann Hunniwell
Mrs. Lafe Regan
Lafe Regan
Frank Devereaux
Colonel Gaunt
"Rud" Whiting, the District Attorney
Helen Regan
Helen Weir
Alan Churchill
Robert Agnew
"Kick" Callahan
Mack Barnes
Inspector Treffy
Lew Hendricks

For the Colonel, now known as "The Colonel," and Lafe Regan found themselves established financially and politically in the busy whirl of the metropolitan affairs of New York.

There was now a Mrs. Gaunt, a pretty, soft sort of woman. From Mrs. Gaunt one got the impression that she was something that the Colonel had acquired in a lighter moment along with the city polish which now obscured but did not obliterate the characteristic of the cattle rancher that was.

The Gaunts were seated in their luxurious living room, the Colonel reading a newspaper, when the butler announced the arrival of "Mr. Lafe Regan and some gentlemen."

It was the nominating committee of their party, headed by Regan on the joyous errand of notifying his friend Gaunt of his choice as the party's candidate for the governorship.

Frank Devereaux, now the representative of the Devereaux millions, a still gay bachelor, with a dash of politics as a sideline and diversion, was a member.

The formalities of the notification of the chosen candidate were soon over and Devereaux lingered to chat with Mrs. Gaunt, while his fellow committee men went into Gaunt's study.

Devereaux looked Mrs. Gaunt overappraisingly. This was the beginning of another conquest.

When Lafe Regan returned to his suburban residence he sprang lightly up the steps and cheerily into his big library.

Ann Hunniwell, now private secretary to Lafe Regan, sat in the big study typing at papers concerned with the affairs of the party.

Lafe Regan stood looking at her worshipfully from a distance.

Ann was far more than just a secretary.
You, Too, May Instantly Beautify Your Eyes With

Angel Food Cake

You want to be the first cakemaker in your neighborhood. I can teach you how. If you will follow my methods, you can earn $3 each day, by my method. For $1 each, I have thousands of letters from thankful women who have made cakes by the Osborn Cake Making System—My method is original. You cannot fail with them. They are easy to learn and you are sure of success the first time. Money refunded if not satisfied. 50c per jar.


Send me without obligation full particulars about the famous Osborn Cake System.

Name __________________________

Address ________________________

DOLLARS IN HARES

We pay $7.00 to $18.50 and up a pair and in excess of $25.00 for Real Hare. We furnish guaranteed high grade stock and buy all you raise. We pay $5.00 for mink, chinchilla, hair and rayons. Contract and illustrated catalog free.

Our Standard Faced & Fur Ass'n. 

4018 Broadway New York

Whose Double Are You? See Page 43

Freckles

are "as in a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your loveliness. So not remove them. Leave them, smooth them out and the hidden beauty of your face will be revealed. Freckles are caused by overexposure to the sun. Use freshly prepared Freckle Cream daily and your skin will be without blemish. Freckle Cream is prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Write today for particulars and free booklet.

STILLMAN CREAM CO. Dept. 32 | Aurora, Ill.

Stillman's Freckle Cream

Made especially to remove Freckles. Leaves no mark on your skin, smooth and with out a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfied. 25c per jar.

Write today for particulars and free booklet.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

The Sign on the Door

(Continued)

stenographer to Regan, although until now he had not let himself realize it. The impul- siveness that he brought with him out of the big west welled up in him. "Ann."

It was the first time he had called her that. She looked up at him. "Ann—I want you to marry me."

In a moment Lafe Regan had Ann in his arms.

When Helen Regan, once the babe abandoned by her mother in remote cabin in Wyoming, came tripping into the library she found them in an oblivious embrace. "Why, father!"

Lafe laughed at his daughter. He stepped back gravely. "She is to be your new mother."

Ann drew Helen to her with maternal tenderness.

There were hours when Ann was sorely beset by conscience. She felt that she should tell Lafe about the episode of the years before at the Cafe Mazzarin, but she could never bring herself to it.

The time came when Colonel Bill Gaunt, the nominee for the governorship, found it necessary to sail for Europe on a business errand. Mrs. Gaunt stepped out in a train and waving farewell to him from the pier head as the liner was warped out into the bay.

Then Mrs. Gaunt turned away and walked out to the street. A limousine was waiting. The shades were drawn about the windows. Mrs. Gaunt stepped in beside Frank Devereaux.

Affairs were flowing with the even tenor of domestic happiness for the Regans. It was one afternoon in the big library when Ann was sitting, child-like, on Regan's knee with her hand warm in his, the butler entered. Ann quivered up with a start. "Mr. Devereaux to see you, sir."


Devereaux entered and Regan rose to greet him. "You haven't met my wife yet—Mrs. Regan."

Ann stood motionless as Devereaux moved a step nearer to her for the presenta- tion. "She is through with the whole thing, sir."

"Yes, yes, I have, dear. I've met Mr. Devereaux before. I was employed in his father's office once."

Lafe Regan was shocked and amazed, thinking too of himself in an earlier day in a similar unhappy situation, and his friend Bill Gaunt at his side, in the hills of Wyoming. Regan went through the room with his heart full.

"You are right about Devereaux," he said to Ann. "He's a damned scoundrel."

Then he told her of the message from Gaunt and what Waldron had told him at the club. "I'm sorry—sorry for the woman," Ann ventured. She was thinking perhaps of herself.

"Women like that aren't worth it," Regan snapped it out.

Ann froze up. There was a great fear in her heart. Now she could never tell Regan.

"Lafe—I think you'd better keep out of this."

Ann was pleading.

"Keep out of my friend's trouble? Not me."

Regan was calmly determined. "Once Gaunt helped me. I was through this once myself, with Helen's mother."

A deep stillness fell on the room.

"I never forgive," Regan set his jaw.

Ann shuddered.

"Devereaux called up this afternoon and wanted to come out," Regan said after a pause. "I told him not to come out, that we would not be here."

But hardly had Regan finished when the bell rang and the butler came in announcing Devereaux.

"We are not at home," Regan was crisp and hard. He was surprised, too, that Devereaux should call not expecting to find him in.

"You can't do that, Lafe—you can't refuse suddenly, without any reason."

Without waiting a word from Regan she turned to the butler: "Show Mr. Devereaux in."

"Devereaux was unperturbed by the coolness of her reception."

"I'm motoring through to Greenwich for dinner—I thought I'd step in for a drink."

Ann called the butler forward.

"I'll have some mineral water," said Ann, hastening to cover the impending break.

"This is goodbye," said Devereaux as he lifted his drink. "My man is looking up a boat for the Orient. I want to leave for San Francisco in a day or two."

"I have to go up and dress for dinner," said Regan significantly. Rising and turning his back on his unwelcome guest Regan went upstairs.

Devereaux, cap in hand, walked toward the door with Ann following. He extended his hand, which she ignored.

Looking out through the French window leading to the garden Devereaux saw Helen. "Mrs. Regan?" There was the mockery of homage in his tone.

"Yes."

"I'm sure you will want to be very considerate of me, since I have been so considerate of you."

Devereaux paused to let the unfair advan- tage of his words sink in.

"So may I go out this way?" he nodded toward the French window.

He went blithely away, with Ann standing watching him with fear in her heart.
The Sign on the Door

(Continued)

In the garden and concealed from view of the house he met Helen. She rushed into his embrace.

"You wouldn't have gone without seeing me?"

Devereaux released her gently with reassurances.

"I'll drop away and have dinner with me." There was banter and flattery in his air.

"Oh, I'd love to, but I can't." The girl flung herself back into his arms.

"But I love you, I love you," she cried. "I'm going away, and I want to take you with me!" Devereaux's voice was vibrant. "Tell your father you won't be home tonight!"

"Oh, I can't, I can't."

Devereaux crushed the girl to him.

"But you must. You must. I am going to telephone you to my house." Ann, coming down the stairs, looked out into the garden. She saw Helen in Devereaux's embrace.

Ann went out toward them, flaming with anger.

"Mr. Devereaux—leave this place at once!"

Devereaux drew back with defiance.

"If you do not leave at once I shall have to call my husband." Devereaux sneered at her.

"Lafe," she called.

Devereaux turned red with an access of rage. He stepped toward Ann, as she started to raise her voice in a call to Lafe and Helen.

"If I go, will you promise to say nothing to Regan?"

"If you promise to stay away from Helen," Ann said.

"All right." Devereaux agreed, but did not surrender.

He started toward the garden.

Helen stood watching him. Ann came up and putting an arm about the girl drew her to her.

Helen tore herself away.

"We were to have been married." Ann smiled. Helen stamped her foot.

"You are in love with Mr. Devereaux yourself!" she cried out in accusation.

Lafe Regan came out attired in dinner clothes. He stopped, struck aghast at his daughter's words. What could have come to this girl's attention that made her fling that charge at Ann?

"But I love you, I love you," she cried. "Slip away and have dinner with me." There was banter and flattery in his air.

"But—keep these men whose names I have checked. They draw big pay but they know their work. They are the men who looked ahead and trained themselves to do some thing better than any one else. We can't afford to lose one of them."

"Brown, I've been putting the axe to the pay-roll. I have cut out a lot of dead wood—unskilled men we can replace tomorrow if necessary."

"But—keep these men whose names I have checked. They draw big pay but they know their work. They are the men who looked ahead and trained themselves to do some one thing better than any one else. We can't afford to lose one of them."

A RE you one of these skilled men who will be kept? Or is the Axe of Unemployment hanging over your head this very minute?

Thousands of men are idle right now for just one reason—they are unskilled! They work at any kind of job they can get, and when a slow-up comes, they are the first to be dropped.

You can climb out of the ranks of the unskilled if you really want to do so. You can get the position you want by spare time study in the evening hours you now waste. Yes, you can!

For thirty years The International Correspondence Schools have been helping men and women to win promotion—to earn more money—to get ahead in business and in life. More than 2,000,000 have taken the Up-Road To Success with I. C. S. help. More than 130,000 are training themselves for bigger jobs right now.

Would you like to be a first-class Mechanical, Electrical or Civil Engineer? A Chemist? An Architect? A Building Contractor? Hundreds of thousands of men have climbed into big jobs in the technical professions through I. C. S. help.

Do you want to advance in Business? In Advertising? In Salesmanship? Many of the country's foremost Advertising and Sales Managers have won success through I. C. S. training.

Accounting? Commercial Law? All over America bookkeepers, accountants, office managers, private secretaries, are reaping the rewards of time invested in I. C. S. training in these subjects.

Don't let another priceless hour go to waste. Let us prove that we can help you to turn your spare time into money.

Without cost, without obligation, tear out and mail this coupon. It's a little thing that will take only a moment of your time, but it's the most important thing you can do today. Do it right now!

**International Correspondence Schools**

**BOX 6547, Altoona, Pa.**

**Expenses paid for you, if you wish.**

**Write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.**

---

**California Bungalow Books**

"Home Kraft" and "Draughtman" each contain Bungalows and Two Stories. "Plan Kraft" Two Stories. "Kozy Homes" Bungalow, $1.00 each—all four for $3.00. De Luxe Flats $1.00.

De Luxe Building Co.

524 Union League Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
Keep your skin fresh and colorful with The Star Motor Vibrator!

The sparkling nickel Star Motor Vibrator, $12.50 complete ($17.50 in Canada) is a delightful adjunct to the daintiest vanity table. So is the smaller "Star," which sells for $5 complete ($7.50 in Canada). On sale at leading Drug Department, Electrical and Hardware stores. Get a free demonstration today.

Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 214, Torrington, Conn.

Are You Among the First Hundred Thousand?

More than that number of movie goers have voted for The Best Photoplay Produced in 1920

If you have not yet sent in your vote, do so immediately. Turn to page 45, and read the particulars about Photoplay Magazine's Gold Medal Contest

The Sign on the Door (Continued)

"How well have you known Devereaux?"

His eyes searched her.

Ann swallowed hard. "You know I was in his father's office."

Regan looked at her in silence for a moment before he spoke again.

"It's hard for me to understand how a fellow as busy as Devereaux is could have overlooked you."

"Lafe, I won't stand your suspecting me."

Ann was at the point of tears. Desperate with jealousy and suspicion and fear Regan went on, measuring his words like a lawyer at cross-examination.

"Now tell me. When Devereaux came here today, whom did he come to see?"

Ann turned from him desperate. He followed.

"You have been afraid since the first day he came here."

Ann made no reply.

"There are some things that a man cannot forgive."

There was a grim threat in Regan's voice that cut deeper than his words.

Ann was distracted. The telephone bell rang with a sharp shrill chirr.

Regan went to the phone. The voice of Colonel Gaunt answered.

"Where are you now?"

Regan was still tense.

"In the council room at the club," Gaunt replied. "I'm leaving here in ten minutes and I will even my score with Devereaux before I return."

"For God's sake, wait—don't do anything until I come—wait until I get there—promise now."

Gaunt, in the club council room alone, put down the phone and sank back into a chair.

When Regan hung up his receiver and turned to Ann his mood had changed. Impetuously he went up to Ann and seizing her two hands, kissed them.

"Ann, you said I suspected you. I believe in you as I believe in God!"

Regan hurried away to Gaunt, strolling in the garden and down the arbor toward the tennis court, delaying their departure were Marjorie and Helen, busy with confidences. They were almost at the court when Helen stopped Marjorie.

"I am going to leave you when we get to town—I'm going to meet Mr. Devereaux at his apartments at 8 o'clock."

Marjorie thrilled. The girls turned and hurried to the house. When they had departed, weary and heartsore Master Allan Churchill, chafing from his disappointment waited at the tennis courts, strode off across the grounds, then came to a stop as Ann cheerily greeted him.

"Why, Allan—the girls have gone to town."

Allan, paused, glum.

"Yes," he answered. "I heard Helen tell Marjorie that she had a date to meet Mr. Devereaux for dinner at his apartments."

Ann hurriedly consulted the city telephone book, located Devereaux's address, consulted the time tables, and phoned for a taxi to take her to the next train into the city. Anything, at any cost, must be done to prevent Helen falling a victim to the vicious Devereaux.

At the club in the city Lafe Regan found his suffering and miserable friend, Colonel Gaunt. Their meeting was that of true friends under the stress of trouble. Their conversation was brief. Merciful Regan now dominated the situation.

"Years ago, you did the same thing for me. Now leave this to me."

Regan walked out and Gaunt sat with his face buried in his hands.

At his apartment Devereaux was supervising the packing of trunks and bags by

The Best Photoplay Produced in 1920

If you have not yet sent in your vote, do so immediately. Turn to page 45, and read the particulars about Photoplay Magazine's Gold Medal Contest

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
his valet, Ferguson. He phoned to the office an order to prepare dinner for two. The valet, about to put Devereaux's revolver into a bag, reached to tear a bit of newspaper from a daily. His eye lighted on a line of interest—the name of Colonel Gaunt among the day's arrivals by steamer. He handed it up to Devereaux. Devereaux leaned forward with a look of terror. The telephone rang sharply. Nervously Devereaux took up the phone. He found the attendant at the office on the line.

"A lady to see you, sir."

"Oh—send her right up.

"In a flash Devereaux's manner brightened. His thoughts of peril vanished in anticipations of a new conquest.

"That will be all for tonight, Ferguson," he said, dismissing his valet. "And don't butt in in the morning until I send for you."

Devereaux was alarmed now. He was tiger-like in his movements as he paced about. His eye caught the bedroom door, closed. She ran to the door, jerked it open and looked in. There was no one there.

Devereaux, struggling to hold his temper, grinned at her.

Ann snatched at the telephone. He intercepted her.

"If you send for your husband I shall tell him everything."

"What's everything?" Ann was desperate and defiant.

The telephone rang sharply.

In a flash Devereaux leaned forward and turned the key.

"Who's there?"

Ann darted a frenzied look about. Devereaux pushed her through the bedroom door, tossed her gloves after her and closed it. Then he unlocked his entrance door. Angry Lafe Regan strode in.

The two men stood facing, both highly colored with the passion of rage.

"I have been talking with Bill Gaunt. I told him you weren't in town—to give you time to get away."

"You are very kind—wonderfully anxious to save my life, aren't you?"

Regan's hands clenched.

"I'm determined to save my friend's life and his good name."

Regan looked Devereaux hard in the eyes. Neither flinched.

Ann, standing crouched by the bedroom door, listened tense and breathless.

Devereaux decided his next move was conciliation.

"If you run amuck in other men's homes and can't get away with it. Take off your coat. I'm going to give you a good thrashing to remember you time to get away."

Devereaux made a supreme effort at self-control.

"Not here, and not now."

"This is my time," grimly replied Regan, clinching his fists.

Devereaux moved casually to the edge of the table and hurled it at Regan's head.

Regan moved toward him.

In a flash Devereaux snatched out his revolver and covered Regan.

Regan looked at him with contempt.

"Put down that gun."

Devereaux held it on Regan.

"Are you going, now?"

"You bluffer—I saw you try that same kind of trick on my wife, and she has always hated and despised you," Regan sneered at Devereaux.

"I'm pretty well fed up on protecting women!" Devereaux's lip curled in insinuating emphasis.

Ann, crouching at the door, felt impelled to rush out and end this impending struggle, to save her husband, if possible, regardless of what the consequences to her might be. She turned the knob and opened the door. Regan's back was turned toward her. She paused.

"You protect women!" Regan's voice was thick with the acid of derision.

"When you suspected me, did you ever suspect her?" Devereaux whimpered at Regan. Regan winced like a man struck with a lash.

"Suspect her?"

"Yes, that she had been my mistress," Regan lunged.

"You liar!"

The powerful westerner seized the hand that held her weapon and the battle was on. The athletic Devereaux and the brawny Regan whirled about the room.

In the next room Ann dropped limp as a doomed thing in the horror of it. Round and round they went, cinched and tearing at each other. Regan shook himself free and victorious with the revolver in hand. He drew up, breathing heavily.

Devereaux snatched a heavy carafe from the table and hurled it at Regan's head. Regan ducked and fired.
Devereaux crumpled on the floor. Regan stood dumb and motionless at the shifting end of the table. He then stepped over and lifted Devereaux's hand and let it drop back to the floor.

"Dead!"

Regan straightened up and turned as though to step to the telephone and call the police, when he saw the lettered sign on the table, "Do Not Disturb Me." A grim, understanding smile swept over Regan's face.

Regan backed up to the door, listening. There was no sound.

In the bedroom Ann was breathlessly following Regan's movements, fearful that any moment he might enter the bedroom and find her there.

Regan knelted by Devereaux's body and was about to put the nicked revolver in the dead man's hand. He saw the markings of his own fingers printed on and used. Taking a handkerchief from his pocket he wiped the gun, then put on his gloves and placed it as he had first intended. Methodically he obliterated every possible finger print on objects he had touched.

Then Regan adjusted his hat and coat carefully, picked up the sign and went to the door.

Regan pinned the sign on the outside, took the key, and gently closing the door, locked it and tiptoed off down the hall. A few minutes later he glanced quickly out from the side door of the apartment house, then nonchalantly walked down the quiet street.

Regan found Gaunt, depressed and gloomy, waiting.

"You need not worry about Devereaux. He will not bother you any more."

When Regan left the hall, Ann ran to the door and tried frantically to open it. She found herself locked inside, inescapably imprisoned with the dead man. She hated him living. She loathed him dead.

There was no way out. But there was a way perhaps to save Regan the consequences of the killing.

On hands and knees Ann crept up to Devereaux's body and took the revolver from his hand.

There was a half mad gleam in her eyes as she arose.

Ann took the telephone receiver from the hook and listened till she heard the answering "Hello."

Then in a frenzy of energy she upset tables and chairs, demolished vases, and standing off, screaming, fired two shots in the direction of Devereaux's body.

A few moments later Callaghan, the proprietor and Ferguson, Devereaux's butler, broke into the room, finding Ann half swooning, with the revolver in her hand.

She pointed with the gun toward the body. "I have killed him. He attacked me and I killed him!"

Ann's hair was torn and tossed about her shoulders and her gown was in tatters.

He had sent a plain-clothes man to bring Lafe Regan, instructing the officer to give Regan no information of the purpose of the summons.

Whiting began to question Ann.

"You confess to the murder of Devereaux?"

"He attacked me and I killed him."
One of Anatol’s Affairs

(Concluded from page 72)

her mother, her company, and all a star’s privileges and responsibilities.

She has only just begun to see into her own. "Forbidden Fruit" provided her greatest opportunity. Before Cecil de Mille gave her the part, there was a long list of leads, from the O. Henry Vitagraph two-reelers with Edward Earle, to Marshall Neilan’s "Get It." In "The Furnace" she first made the Paramounters believe in her ability; and, as they had never doubted her beauty, they straightway annexed her. Since the first de Mille picture and "The Affairs," she has done two pictures opposite Wallace Reid, "The Love Special" and "Too Much Speed." Now she is playing with Tommy Meghan in "Cappy Ricks."

And then—Europe. All of England and

Italy and France for her "location." And she will not be out of place anywhere. She would fit in, this girl, in almost any old-world surrounding. You can see her, can’t you, in England, as fresh and as dewy as the Mazarin; so I went there as a waiter.

Regan’s heart swelled up.

"I killed Devereaux."

And it was in self-defense—I saw it from the door. Whiting smiled and looked down at the emerald ring.

"Any jury will acquit your husband on this, " he said Whiting. And Whiting, as the prosecutor, ought to know.

Who will help make it practicable?

H. G. Wells Demands Pictures For Education

THE use of films as an adjunct in the course of education has become an established fact. Each day brings an extension to the demand. In its latest outcrop, a series of articles which have just been published by Mr. H. G. Wells’ scheme for universal instruction. While Mr. Wells, who is numbered among the famous British authors who have written scenarios for the screen, has never been backward in acknowledging an enthusiasm for the "cinematograph," his favorite term for it, he has recently come forward with a tremendous assertion of the necessity of this manner of instruction. He appeals for a world-syndicated system of education, to be supplied at the fountainhead by the highest authorities in each branch of study, and to be distributed to schools all over the globe. This instruction, of such an extent, is demonstrated, the sciences, arts, and the like, only to be given with the aid of the motion picture. He expresses the value of slow motion photography in intricate and complex experiments. To quote Mr. Wells himself, who can say more in fewer words than a majority of the most humans, "I ask for half a dozen projectors in every school and for a well-stocked storehouse of films." Now, Mr. M. P. Industry, let censorship do its worst. There is a wholesale contract for you. Who will help make it practicable?
In this department, Miss Van Wyck will answer all personal problems referred to her. If a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, your questions will be answered by mail. This department is supplementary to the fashion pages conducted by Miss Van Wyck, to be found on this issue on pages 32 and 33.

MILDRED SAVAGE, VAUX HALL, N. J.
—No, my child, I am not Mrs. Irene Castle—or Mrs. Robert Traman, as we must call her now. I have never been on the stage or the screen, so that when an advisor may give you will not be aided by much knowledge of the demands of the theater in dress. However, for that reason I assume that you may be able to help you who also are not professional. I should think that midnight blue would be just the color for you to use in your serge suit. It does not show the wear so quickly and will prove serviceable, I am sure.

CONSTANCE A., SACRAMENTO, CAL.—If I were you, I should choose with great care a becoming sports costume—not of tweed but of one of the more graceful materials so that it would be quite all right for you to wear it on the tennis courts or at an informal tea. An organdie frock, while charming, cannot of course be worn for sports—its dainty crispness would last hardly a half hour.

BOBBIE, GREENCASTLE, IND.—Personally, I have no objection to bobbed hair on a young person. If you are only sixteen, I am sure the change—always provided your face is not too round and plump—you might bob it. You of course know better than I whether it might be becoming. One thing you must make up your mind to bear with a good grace all disputes about your age. You are still young enough to receive advice from me for a good child of fifteen. Norma Talmadge wore bangs with her bobbed hair. This is a matter of taste.

DOROTHY J., NEW YORK CITY.—In this issue there is a sketch of a charming sports costume which would not be difficult to adapt. It might be very effectively developed in linen. For instance, a cool green shade; the skirt and pockets would not, of course, be fringed, but the pockets might be frilled; and the belt might also be in linen. This may be worn over a blouse of white organzine, silk, or georgette.

ALMA BROWN, LOS ANGELES.—Indeed, yes, the two-skin fur neckpieces are smart. You may buy them in mink, sable, fox, etc. They add just the right touch to one's street costume. Canton crepe is a common fabric to use in season for suits and wraps. I myself have a coat-dress of white organdie, silk, or georgette.

I. L., LOUISVILLE.—I must confess I have not seen many frocks of tricoline in the smash shops this summer. It was in use last year but it does not seem to have endured. Organdie, voile, dotted Swiss and taffeta are favored fabrics.

FRANCES W., WASHINGTON.—There have been many developments of the Directoire mode this season. By this is meant the costumes receive their inspiration from those worn during the Directoire period in French history. For instance, gowns were short-sleeved and hats were flat. The Directoire is not becoming to every one. I should advise you to study yourself carefully before investing in a Directoire wardrobe.

D. O. H., NEW HAVEN.—I cannot advise you to as to perfumes. It is entirely a matter of taste whether jasmin or lilac is more appropriate. Although it is not always necessary to consider the price, still, I must ask that you do not overlook that delightful array of perfume containers illustrated on page 33.

J. P., NATCHZ., MISS.—My dear, I can only advise you that a well-bred woman seldom adopts extremes in mode or manners. She is quietly gowned, conservatively coiffed. She does not go in for elaborate jewelry or fancy shoes. Undoubtedly she has her little whims of costume as well as of character, but she does not hold them above the good taste which should mark the ensemble. Your letter indicated your intelligence and your sense of good taste. If you follow your own inclination you will never be guilty of bad taste.

L. A., WINDSOR, CAN.—You wish to know what a school girl’s wardrobe should include. First of all, it should include nothing that is not the essence of simplicity and good taste. You should have a dark skirt of plain blue or plaid serge, with at least two middy blouses; a simple frock of serge or cotton, preferably in the skirt; a dress of white voile or some similar material, with short sleeves and round neck, for festive occasions; low-heeled, round-toed shoes and slippers, and not more than two hats. Some schools have certain rules about clothes; in that case you will have your problem settled for you. But if you and your mother follow your own more or less faithfully you will not feel out of place in the most “exclusive” girl’s school. In fact, did you know that the more exclusive the school, the simpler and more strict the girl’s wardrobe must be? I am much in favor of the pleated skirt for school girls; the low-heeled shoe, and the middy blouse. You wish to know what advice I may give you for the compulsory school costume; it tends to destroy individuality. You may think that it is impossible to be prettily dressed if you follow my list; but I will give you a simple dress that is really much more becoming than an elaborate one.

MRS. DODD A., WYOMING.—I can think of no change more charming than a wee frock of white handkerchief linen for state occasions; gingham for everyday and organdie for second best. If you will write to me I will advise you in more detail.

Moving Pictures in the Church

Under proper direction, moving pictures can be made a help to devotion," says the Rev. Johnston Myers, of the Emanuel Baptist Church, Chicago, in the Temple Advocate. "Their exhibition can be used as means for conveying religious truths. They can be so guided that they will give correct views of truth and of God. This has been done on many occasions in many places. Why should not the church take advantage of everything which is modern and good? If the moving pictures become part of our Sunday evening worship, we will guard them carefully and see that only that which is appropriate to Sunday and to the church shall appear.

"The fact is that we do not understand the moving pictures, and just now we are beginning to appreciate their value. We may receive truth through the eye as well as through the ear. The pictures appeal to the eye as the human voice does to the ear. Under the proper direction, moving pictures can be made a help to devotion."
What Is a Director?

(Continued from page 54)

Rex Ingram:

What is a director? I should say he is the best illustration of the term fall-guy that I can think of. He is the one upon whose shoulders all of the blame invariably falls if the picture is not good—and if it is good, he is not always the one to get the thanks. This truth is universally accepted among directors. My sympathies are all with those directors who stand or fall on their own merits. I have too often seen a good picture, and the career of a promising director, ruined through so-called supervision.

Thomas H. Ince:

The director occupies the same relative position in motion pictures today as does the virtuoso in the realm of music—both are the interpreters of artistic creations. Without them, we could have neither good music, nor good moving pictures. The better the director, the better the interpretation. Good directors are not alone interpreters, however, just as virtuosos often extend their work into the field of composing. Directors become creators as well, by originating and developing supplementary ideas which often enhance the artistic, pictorial and dramatic values of a photoplay.

Penrhyn Stanlaws:

"The limit!"

Frank Woods, supervising director for Lasky:

A director is the artist who paints the picture on the screen. The story is the paint, the actors the brush, the film the canvas, but it's the director that makes the picture.

Reginald Barker:

A director bears the same relationship to a motion picture production that a general bears to an army—at least he should. That is, his should be the final word. He should have the authority to make the final decision in order to get that unity of thought and purpose which should characterize every work of expression.

Elinor Glyn:

This is a subject upon which I fear I have very little knowledge. Knowing the work only of director Sam Wood—who directed my first screen story—thus far I am forced to ask anybody who isn't a director what, in my opinion, a director should be: First of all, a director to be successful, must combine efficiency with artistry, blending the two by the exercise of judgment and finesse, and knowing instinctively when to cease exercising one quality and when to begin employing the other. He should at once possess the qualifications of a dramatic, of an actor; should be a good executive and have a sympathetic understanding of human nature. Above all he should possess good taste and be capable of controlling it at all times, even when carried away by dramatic instinct which might suggest defiance of convention.

Florence Vidor:

What a question to ask a woman whose husband is a director.

However, I consider directors the "raison d'etre" for a large percentage of present day screen stars. They are the school masters who lead us to understanding and accomplishment.

Will Rogers:

The director is the whole works. No, I'll take that back. I believe the director has to have a good story. It's about 50-50. When it comes to dividing up the 100 per cent responsibility for a picture, you can split it two ways. You don't have to worry about anybody else.

A good director, with a good story, can make a good picture, with bum actors.

King Vidor:

A director is the channel through which a pictures reaches the screen.
Questions and Answers

PHYLLIS E., FREMANTLE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—I haven't had a letter from Fremantle before, but I hope to have many more. Your opinions were most interesting. I believe that at the beginning “The mind has a thousand eyes. The heart has but one” is “But the light of the whole life dies, when love is done.” This was quoted in that dreadful Mills’ “Don’t Change Your Husband.” “The Whispering Chorus” was adapted from a book by Perley Poore Sheehan; “Old Wives for Men” from the book by David Graham Phillips. Elliott Dexter opposite Marie Doro in “Lost and Won.” Reviving all the old successes, aren’t we?

R. E. M. C., FRISCO.—I asked for your full name, but I didn’t know you had so many. Rosemary Elsie Monica Camille!” What do they call you when they’re in a hurry? It’s Raymond McKee, not McGee, and he was born in 1892.

F. H. D., MICHIGAN.—It’s Juanita, not Anita Hansen. I wouldn’t be too sure you’re related to her—there are more families than one named Hansen. Juanita is not married. Her latest Pathe serial is “The Yellow Arm,” which features Warner Oland and Marguerite Courtot. Hal Reid, Wally’s father, died last year. His mother lives in Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

HELEN O’CONNOR.—The cast of “Silver Threads Among the Gold” follows: Martin, Richard Jones; his wife, Mrs. R. E. French; Tom, Guy D’Ennery; Mary Chester, Dora Dean; Judge Walcott, Jack Ridgeway. There would be silver threads among the gold in my hair if it wasn’t for the fact that I am a dashing brunette. Enid Markey opposite Arthur Lake in “Don’t Change Your Husband.” “The Whispering Chorus” was adapted from a book by Perley Poore Sheehan; “Old Wives for Men” from the book by David Graham Phillips. Elliott Dexter opposite Marie Doro in “Lost and Won.” Reviving all the old successes, aren’t we?

G. L. I., NEWARK.—Did you ever hear Sarah Bernhardt’s quoted recipe for keeping young? “I live mostly on eggs, drink champagne always, and get all the fresh air I can.” She has made many pictures—in fact, she was one of the first Famous Player films: “Queen Elizabeth.” William Russell is thirty-four. He was divorced from Charlotte Burton, an actress, several years ago. Russell is still with Fox, west coast studios.

GWEN SMITH.—You say your questions are all short and catchy. You are quite right. I can’t say whether or not Mary Pickford will be very apt to write you. It depends on what she chooses to do. But if you believe she’ll send you her picture and that it will doubtless have some of her writing on it. Our most recent address for Zoe was in “The Old Curiosity Shop.” She is ten years old. Just about your age, isn’t she?

DOROTHY W., COLUMBUS.—Marguerite Clark and Constance Binney are not related. I think they look just a little bit alike. Marguerite has one sister, Cora, who has never been on the stage or screen. You’ve probably seen Faire Binney in pictures. Norma Talmadge in “The Branded Woman.” Barbara Bedford and Marie Doro in “Lost and Won.” Reviving all the old successes, aren’t we?

EDNA R., PHILADELPHIA.—July is just as good a month as any for crossing the continent to see the movie stars in Hollywood, if you must see the movie stars in Hollywood. And not any better, either. Wally Reid will probably not have returned from New York, however. You want Photoplay to publish a picture of Joseph Cechek? Well, I’ll speak to the Editor about it. I don’t know what good it will do, but I’ll speak to him.

BARRY McC., GREENWICH.—So you have wavy hair. Is it permanent? The wave, not the hair. Will Rogers is married and has three children. Jimmy is the one whom you have seen in pictures. Ralph Graves doesn’t divulge his age but he is probably in his early twenties. His most recent appearance was in Griffith’s “Dream Street.”

JUST HAPPY.—I am breaking a rule when I answer you. I didn’t sign your name and address. But your letter seemed sincere. (You told me you thought I must be young, otherwise I couldn’t write so much.) I will tell you. Peggy Valentine and Alice Terry was Marguerite in “The Four Horsemen.” Rex Ingram directed it from the novel by Ibanez. There is a story about Ingram in this issue. Valentino was divorced not long ago from Jane Acker, an actress. Kenneth Harlan and Harrison Ford have both been divorced.

You have been given an outline of the American Educational Company’s plan whereby you can get a high school course in a few years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold a responsible executive position, and 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 sure of being able to help you to the best of our ability; 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.
Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

M. E. E., PITTSBURGH.—Lila Lee has just signed a contract for another year with Lasky. She was the heroine of "The Charm of Girls," Wally Reid, Charles Mer- dith opposite Constance Talmadge in "The Perfect Woman." Meredith is married.

Lola R., HAVANA.—You think that because Wallace Reid is so handsome and such a good actor and all that sort of thing, that he must either stutter or speak through his nose. He does neither, I assure you. Wally's only shortcoming, to my mind, is his passion for jazz which leads him to believe that he is the world's champion saxophonist. Perhaps he is, at that—but then I have no fondness for that form of music.

L. B. E., EVANSTON. I haven't seen Robert Andersen for some time. His last activity was as the director and actor of a series of short comedies for Universal. Then he had a vacation. He first came into prominence as Monsieur Cuckoo in Griffith's "Hearts of the World." I believe he is not married.

KEEP EM' OUT!

If you're going to boycott the foreigners, why stop at the films?

French directors
London actors
Swedish matches
English jokes
Russian dancers
Troll acrobats
Swiss matches
Turkish cigarettes
Verdi
Caruso
Puccini
Carpentier
Viennese operettas
Tea
Coffee
Bolsheviki (imported)
Bolsheviki (domestic)
Bernard Shaw
Hamlet
Police dogs
Pékinese
Ambassadors
Cork masons
Belgian monarchs
Scott
Pilsner
Caux
Crose & Blackwell
Pariisienne
Shakespeare

MARGARET K.—In only one particular was your letter correct: that part which said I was a peach. As for the rest, Dorothy Gish is married to an actor, not to an actress, and the name, it's her real one. Gloria Swanson is Mrs. Herbert K. Somborn, not Mrs. Elliott Dexter. Marie Doro is Mrs. Dexter. Thanks for your letter. You have had many rocks hurled at me this month, and just when roses are so plentiful, too.

LURELINE.—What an Alice-in-Wonderland name! Did I dream it, or do you really spell it that way? Anita Stewart's late pictures have been "Sowing the Wind" and "Playthings of Destiny." Anita is really a charming person, very pretty, very sympathetic, very human. What more can one say?

BROWN EYES.—If Gloria Swanson were to object every time somebody told somebody else that she had a double, she'd be pretty busy. Gloria is one of the most popular "resemblance" stars in pictures. By the way, why don't you send in your picture to our "Doubles" Contest? If you look as much like Miss Swanson as your friends say you do, you may win a prize. And the prizes are worth winning: Vivian Martin is playing in a New York farce, "Just Married." Tony Moreno is not married anymore now, so your wish is granted. Mr. Moreno's first feature for Vitagraph is "Three Sevens."

MRS. T. L., SEATTLE.—Sorry your letter has not been answered before but I have been simply overwhelmed, as my stenographer would say. You think there would be less divorces in the film world if all actors had their wives for their leading women, but I think there would be more.

FLORENCE.—I couldn't write you a personal letter because you didn't enclose stamp. You probably think me very niggardly, but I assure you if I had to pay postage on all the personal letters I'm asked to write, I couldn't save even fifty cents a week. What's more, he is married to a nonprofessional. Which would you girls rather be told: that your favorite is married to an actress whom you have seen, or to a person in private life, whom you never will see? Think it over.

MRS. JENNY JONES, BROOKLINE.—Only too glad to answer you. Joseph Dowling played the Patriarch in "The Miracle" but not "The Miracle." That was a wonderful picture, indeed. Best wishes, and write again soon.

A. P. GRANSTON, R. I.—Your demands were much too modest. So modest that I fear I can only answer five of your sixteen questions. William Farnum and Pearl White, Fox eastern. Antonio Moreno and William Duncan, Vitagraph western. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charlie Chaplin, their own studios, Hollywood, Cal. Mr. and Mrs. Dorothy Gish, Griffith, Mammar- once. Tom Mix and Shirley Mason, Fox western.

TINA.—I believe you are one of those who thinks Victor Hugo's "Laughing Man" is a joke book. Constance Talmadge and Dorothy Gish were married to John Pialolo and James Rennie respectively on December 26, 1920. Why do you wish the exact date—going to send them anniversary presents?

DIXIE.—I wouldn't advise you to tell your wife you don't like her new dress. She might develop an ardent desire to please you and buy another. Vivian Reed, not Violet Mersereau, played the Princess in "Princess of Patches."

L. M., DETROIT.—Gravity brings down everything in the world except prices. I have had many persons tell me that prices have gone up, but I am far from convinced. Charles Ray is married. His wife's name was Miss Grant. Charlie is six feet two and a half inches tall. I haven't heard of an Elaine Turner, but can oblige with the addresses of Elaine Hammer- stein and Florence Turner.

D. M. W., TARBORO, N. C.—Of course, your letter reached the waste-basket—did you think I kept them all tied up in pink ribbons? It didn't reach the waste-basket because it was unanswered, however. Does that make everything all right? "Behold My Wife" was filmed in California. Mabel Tainter is now at Universal playing the title role in Edna Ferber's "Fanny Her- self." Miss Scott played opposite Lewis Stone in Goldwyn's "Don't Neglect Your Wife." She is not married. Milton Sills is Gloria Swanson's leading man in "The Great Moment." Wonder if he's Elinor Glyn's ideal screen hero?

LIONEL.—If I am as bad as all that, I wonder why all these people keep on writing to me? I am neither bad nor brilliant. If I were either, I would be a Great Man. As it is, I'm only the An- swer Man. Conrad Nagel? Well, he was born in 1896, is six feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He is married and the father of a baby girl. Some of his more im- portant pictures have been 'The Lost Romance,' "Profane Love," and "Midsummer Madness." At present he is working in the new Cecil deMille drama mentioned elsewhere.

A. K., IOWA.—Bill Farnum is, right now, in Switzerland. He has no intention of returning there indefinitely. He and Mrs. Farnum went abroad for a few months' vacation but will probably be back by the time you read this; Farnum is still with Fox. He's a great guy—one of the realest in the film business. The Farnums have an adopted daughter.

LITTLE ELSIE, ILLINOIS. — Well, Natalie Talmadge would never give her age but when she and Buster Keaton applied for a marriage license there was no way around it, so Natalie had to admit that she was all of twenty-four. Buster is one year older. None of the screen Ferguson's are related: Elsie, Helen, and Casson.

HELEN ZIMMER.—My dear child, I should be delighted to put your picture in the Mag- azine if I had anything to do with it. But your own Editor who only publish pictures of film people. I am sure you'll be eligible some day, if you have as much ambition at twenty-six as you have at ten.

B. S., MICHIGAN.—You say you have read so much about me. How—when—where? I have always been in a book in a book. I should so love to be the hero in a book. Can't some of you oblige me? Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde, who was well known as an actress before she retired as Mrs. Mix. No—Tom didn't appear in "The Queen of Sheba," but he helped stage the chariot race which was a feature of that production. Mix is still making pictures for Fox in their western studio. "A Ridin' Romeo" is one of his latest.
"Beauty Is Only Skin Deep"

A GOLD BRICK always looks good. It has to. Its promising appearance is its sole virtue. Looks alone will not sell goods today. Merchandise with a name—the name of its maker—has the call. For only the maker of worthy goods can long afford to advertise. At the High Court of Public Opinion any other sort is soon condemned.

Wise manufacturers seek the good publications to tell the story of their wares. The publishers seek the reputable advertising for the readers' guidance. The well-informed buyer seeks news of good merchandise through the columns of the best publications.

This proves the value of advertising. Neither advertiser nor publisher can prosper without your patronage. Therefore, it is to their advantage to cater to you. They do it, too.

And it is distinctly to your advantage to be guided by the message they lay before you—the advertisements.

Read them regularly!
The American Tobacco Company
Will Make This Contract With You

Walk Into Any Store In The
United States To-Day And
Try The Lord Salisbury
Turkish Cigarette. Should
It Not Appeal To Your Taste
The Clerk Will Hand You Back
Your Money On The Spot.

It Will Pay You To Try—Because
It Is The Only High Grade Turkish Cigarette
In The World That Sells For So Little Money.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y.

— which means that if you don't like LORD SALISBURY
Cigarettes, you can get your money back from the dealer.

If It Should Happen That A Dealer Refuses To
Carry Out Our Offer, Send The Open Package
With The Remaining Cigarettes To The Main
Office Of The American Tobacco Company,
111 Fifth Ave., New York City, With Your Name
And Address Plainly Written And We Will
Send You Our Check For The Amount You Spent.

Lord Salisbury
Turkish Cigarette

Wrapped In An Inexpensive, Machine-Made Paper
Package To Keep Quality Up And Price Down
"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

The shaded lights can not conceal her wondrous beauty. Her vivid smile, her flashing eyes, are accentuated by the soft, beautiful coloring of her cheeks. She wins the admiration of all who see her. And why shouldn't she? She knows and uses the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

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

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

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

Marguerite Clark Art Panel — 5 Samples Sent With It

"Absence Can Not Hearts Divide." In dainty colors. Size, 28 x 7¼ inches. Price, 10c. Samples of Pompeian Day Cream, Powder and Bloom, Night Cream and Fragrance (a talcum powder) sent with the Art Panel. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now.

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

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

TEAR OFF NOW
To mail or for Pompeian shopping-hint in purse.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for the 1921 Marguerite Clark Panel. Also please send the 5 samples.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________

Also Made in Canada

"Absence Can Not Hearts Divide"
Without exception, my genuine Darin preparations, made especially for the women of America, have this label on the bottom of every box. Only those Rouges and Poudres which bear the name F. R. Arnold & Co., New York, in addition to my own label, are genuinely guaranteed by me.

Signed

Paris
26th March, 1921

Look for this label on the bottom of every box.

BRUNETTE," one man will insist, and then belie his statement by displaying an intense interest in the fairest blonde. "Blonde" another will claim unswervingly as his preference, and then promptly reverse it by succumbing to the graces of a dark-eyed olive-skinned brunette.

The truth of the matter is that men are attracted by distinct types — by young women who stand out definitely in their general coloring, whether fair or dark.

Intensify your type of beauty

The coloring of your hair, eyes and skin is so subtly blended by nature that to disturb the color scheme by the slightest shade, detracts from the beauty of your type.

So closely does the smart Parisienne observe this, that she selects the shade and texture of her rouge and poudre with the utmost care. Even the occasional dabs on the shiny nose from her compacts must leave no jarring note.

The touch of color that she applies so artistically must harmonize perfectly with the tint of her poudre — must be unobtrusive in itself, yet so becomingly tinted that it makes her eyes appear more brilliant, throws into relief the gleam of her hair, accentuates her individual type of beauty.

It is only natural that the study of skin colorings and skin textures has reached its zenith in the century-famed ateliers of Dorin of Paris — in the heart of France. There, poudres and rouges, of exquisite softness and refinement, have been perfected for the many types of brunettes and blondes — for the "indefinite" type (the brune-blonde) — for the Titian beauty.

These poudres and rouges are imported from Paris and sold throughout America — in the better drug and department stores in the handy-sized compacts (originated by Dorin) for all sizes of vanity cases and your dressing table.

As an aid in selecting the tints that will emphasize your particular kind of beauty, we have prepared a booklet, "What is Your Coloring?" It defines the various types of beauty and recommends harmonizing combinations of poudre and rouge for each type.

Study your own coloring

For 25c in stamps or coin, this booklet, together with two miniature compacts (La Dorin Poudre and Dorin's Rouge) will be mailed you. Tell us the color of your eyes, hair and skin, so that we can select the exact shades for you.

Or send 10c in coin and you will receive the booklet with two Dorin packets (one of poudre and one of rouge) en poudre (loose powder form). (Remember to send description of your coloring.)

Address your letter to F. R. Arnold & Co., Sole Importers, 3 West Twenty-Second St., New York.

DORIN OF PARIS
Poudres Compacts (La Dorine) — Rouges Compacts

To be genuine Dorin Rouges and Poudres made for the U. S. A. must also bear the name F. R. Arnold & Co.
The $100,000 Drop

Something bringing beauty, something bringing youth—drilling into mines, slaving in dungeons—searching the earth and sky—so men have sought through the ages—seeking, always seeking for this magical perfume—until—

Victor Vivaudou, master perfumer of France, after twenty long years of effort—constantly blending and re-blending—finally obtained in one shimmering drop—the Perfect Perfume.

THAT FIRST DROP COST $100,000.

And he called it MAVIS (The Song Bird)—for it was Spring and he had reached the end of his quest.

It is this costly fragrance—as fresh as a flower, yet subtle as incense—that is to be found in all of the irresistible MAVIS toilet creations—each one of which combines the rarest perfume and the best ingredients, carefully blended under Mr. Vivaudou's personal direction, by chemists whose art has been handed down to them for generations.

Also Creator of the famous La Boheme and Mai d'Or Toilet Preparations.
The one instrument approved alike by artists and public

PUBLIC approval follows artistic leadership. The Victrola stands alone. The great artists who make records for it have by that simple fact given it the only sanction which really counts.

Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers in Victor products on the 1st of each month.

'HIS MASTER'S VOICE'

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products.

Look under the lid! Look on the label!

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.

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

Victrola
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N.J.
PARAMOUNT NIGHT
is Our Night too!

PARAMOUNT Nights at your theatre are the modern equivalent of the Thousand and One Nights' Entertainment.

Each Paramount Picture you see gives birth to a desire to see the next—an endless chain of happy evenings.

It does not matter which evenings in the week you go, or how often, as long as you choose the Paramount Nights,

—nights bright with the subtlest magic of modern screen art,

—nights planned and plotted and acted by the greatest dramatists, directors and actors of Europe and America,

—dressed and staged and photographed by the most eminent technicians in the film world,

—nights rich with your own reactions to the vivid, audacious life of the photoplay.

It is a whole world of both realism and fantasy that Paramount Pictures perpetually create for your pleasure, a world as real as this and yet borne more magnificently forward on the shining wings of romance.

 Paramount offers you a portal through which you may at any time escape to the Land of Magnificent Entertainment.

That portal is the entrance to the proud theatre that announces it shows Paramount Pictures.

11,200 of these theatres perpetually have “the best show in town”.

That’s why people say: “Paramount Night is Our Night Too!”

They KNOW!

Do you?
Vol. XX

Contents

September, 1921

Cover Design
Betty Blythe
From a Pastel Portrait by Rolf Armstrong.

Rotogravure:
Nita Naldi
James Kirkwood
Ruth Roland
Elsie Ferguson

The Quest of Romance
Editorial 19
That Octopus Gown
(Photograph) 20

A Latin Lover
Rudolph Valentino, Bewitching the Sub-deb.

Love Confessions of a Fat Man
Roscoe Arbuckle

An Impression of Alice Terry
Ralph Barton
Drawing.

The Three Musketeers
“Dough” D’artagnan and His Classic Company

Through the Little Door (Fiction)
Jack Boyle

Before and After Taking
Buster Keaton

(Contents continued on next page)

Photoplays Reviewed
in the Shadow Stage
This Issue

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

Page 56
The Conquering Power...Metro
The Old Nest............Goldwyn
The Affairs of Anatol.....Paramount
Experience................Paramount
Doubling for Romeo....Goldwyn
The Golem...........Hugo Riesenfeld
Without Benefit of Clergy.Pathe
Home Talent...........Associated Prod.
Salvation Bell.......First National
Wealth....................Paramount

Page 57
Journey's End............Hodkinson
Carnival.............United Artists
A Private Scandal.....Reelart
The Mother Heart......Fox
Sowing the Wind........First National
Lessons in Love........First National
Desperate Trails.......Universal
Thunder Island.........Universal
Over the Wire...........Pathc
The Great Moment......Paramount

Page 83
Behind Masks...........Paramount
Scrap Iron................First National
Live Wires..............Fox
The Bronze Bell..Ince Paramount
The Beautiful Gambler..Universal
One a Minute............Paramount
Home Stuff.............Metro

Page 84
Children of Night........Fox
The Fighting Lover......Universal
Nobody........Roland West-First Nat'l.
Fine Feathers........Metro
The Twice-Born Woman...Sonora
The Broken Doll........Associated Prod.
The Road to London......Pathc
Aesop's Fables..........Metro
Too Much Speed.........Paramount
A Kiss in Time..........Reelart
A Voice in the Dark......Goldwyn
Be My Wife.............Max Linder

Copyright, 1921, by the Photoplay Publishing Company, Chicago.
### Contents—Continued

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Goodbye, Bathing Girl!</td>
<td>Adela Rogers St. Johns</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phyllis Haver is jilting the Seaside!</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Old Nest (Fiction)</td>
<td>Gene Sheridan</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From the Rupert Hughes Story, as Picturized.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come On Back, Vivian!</td>
<td></td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Missing and Missed Miss Martin.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheer Up, Pauline!</td>
<td></td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Letter to the Champion Weeper of the Sobbies.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Filming the Classics</td>
<td>Norman Anthony</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As Modern Producers Would Stage the Balcony Scene.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Romance of the Third Dimension</td>
<td>Willard Huntington Wright</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What “Caligari” Proves.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pretty Soft to Be a Star, Eh?</td>
<td>Helen Broderick</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marion Davies Tells the Truth About It.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marion Davies as a Designer</td>
<td></td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some Patterns Made by Herself</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“How I Keep in Condition”</td>
<td>Rubye De Remer</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First of a Series on “Keeping Fit.”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Last Chance to Vote!</td>
<td></td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fourth Ballot Blank for the Photoplay Gold Medal.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Close-Ups</td>
<td>Editorial Comment</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West is East</td>
<td>Delight Evans</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meeting California Players in New York.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vamps of All Times</td>
<td>Svetozar Tonjoroff</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III—Diana</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rotogravure:</td>
<td></td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May McAvoy</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Just a Little Home in California</td>
<td>Monté Blue</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conrad Nagel</td>
<td>Theodore Roberts</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Moore</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The First of the Immortals</td>
<td></td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Passing of George Loane Tucker.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Shadow Stage</td>
<td></td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Handler Reference of the New Photoplays</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Clothes of a Perfect Day</td>
<td>Carolyn Van Wyck</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suggestions From PHOTOPLAY’s Fashion Editor.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dog in the Manger</td>
<td>Adela Rogers St. Johns</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Fiction Contest Entry</td>
<td>Illustrated by J. Henry.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Stars and Their Cars</td>
<td></td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Photographs)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What They Ride In to Market</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why Do They Do It?</td>
<td></td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Letters from the Movie-goer Critics.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Questions and Answers</td>
<td>The Answer Man</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plays and Players</td>
<td>Cal. York</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>News and Anecdotes from the Studios.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Squirrel Cage</td>
<td>A. Gnutt</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some Midsummer Nuts.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Temperament</td>
<td>Thomas Meighan</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Essay from a Star Himself</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Girl Problem and the Movies</td>
<td>Margaret Sangster</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Van Wyck Says:</td>
<td></td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Answers by PHOTOPLAY’s Fashion Editor.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It All Depends—</td>
<td></td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doing the Other Fellow’s Job</td>
<td>Sarah Lindsay</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Addresses of the Leading Motion Picture Producers appear on page 8)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**What Makes the Underworld Go ’Round?**

Not merely crime and lawlessness. Few authors of current fiction can describe the good that burns up the bad in the heart of jail-birds, so well as

**JACK BOYLE**

author of the “Boston Blackie” stories.

“Boston Blackie” is now a character in PHOTOPLAY’s fiction pages. In this issue he appears in “Through the Little Door,” but takes an even more appealing part in

**“The Gray Brothers”**

in October

PHOTOPLAY

Order your copy from your newsdealer
At last the secret that scientists have been searching for has been discovered. No more self-denials or discomfort. Just follow the simple new secret, and a pound or more of your weight will disappear each day—-the very first week! Most people begin to see actual results in 48 hours!

This new way to reduce is different from anything you have ever tried before. It is a sure way. Men and women who have been struggling for years against excess flesh, have tried everything from Turkish baths to strenuous exercising, and find this new method almost miraculous. Thousands of women who have had to wear special corsets and inconspicuous clothes, have been amazed at the sudden change that enables them to wear the gayest colors and the fluffiest styles. Thousands of men whose stoutness made them listless and inactive, who puffed when they walked quickly, who were deprived of outdoor pleasures, are astonished at this new discovery. Not only have they reduced their weight, but they have given them renewed strength and vigor.

With the help of this new way—-it's so simple and easy. Nearly everything you have ever tried before. It is with great pleasure that I am able to assure you that the course on Weight Control proved absolutely without exception! I lost 16 pounds. . . . Your suggestions are the only way to do it, and it is noticeable at the beginning. We no longer have to wear our sad clothes. Many thanks for your interest and "the course." Mrs. Glen Falls, N. Y.

No Medicines, Starving, Bathing, Exercises or Bitter Self-Denials of Any Kind!

Famous Scientists Discover Remarkable Secret That Shows Results in 48 Hours!

The above excerpts form only a few of hundreds of letters on file at our office, describing amazing weight reductions through Weight Control.

The course will be mailed in a plain container.

Eugene Christian’s Course, “Weight Control—the Basis of Health” complete in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus postage) in full payment. It will be refunded immediately upon request if you do not find the course one of the most wonderful discoveries ever made.

You may send me prepaid, in plain container, Eugene Christian’s Course, “Weight Control—the Basis of Health,” complete in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus postage) in full payment on arrival, but I am to have the privilege of free proof, and if I am not satisfied after a five day trial, my money is to be refunded.

Eugene Christian has incorporated all his valuable information into 12 simple lessons, called “Weight Control,” which will be sent free to anyone who writes for them. These lessons show you how to control your weight and bring it down to normal by the wonderful new method. You will reveal the startling facts about the recent food discoveries, and show you how to eat off a pound or more of weight a day.

Prove it! Test this wonderful new way of reducing your excess flesh. See results in 48 hours—and if you don’t there is no cost to you. Fat people are not attractive; they suffer many discomforts; doctors say they die young. Why continue to carry this harmful weight, when you can lose it so quickly, so easily, so naturally?

Let us send you Eugene Christian’s Course in weight-control on free trial. It’s the only sure way to lose weight quickly and safely. We want to prove it. We want you to see your own unnecessary flesh disappear. Dieting, medicines, bathing and exercising touch only the surface: this new discovery gets right down to the real reason for your stoutness and removes it at once.

What Users Say

M. Losses 15 pounds. “I am so pleased with my progress and so grateful for your course in weight control. I am able to maintain my weight control, and have even gained absolutely satisfaction on $1.97 (plus postage).” Mrs. Zhinn Falls, N. Y.

Reduces 32 pounds. “Both my husband and myself were benefited by following the suggestions of the course. We find our general health very much benefited.” Mrs. Charlton, W. Va.

Reduces to normal. “If I were to choose one thing that has helped me, it would be the course in weight control.” Mrs. Asphalt, S. D.

Weighs 39 pounds less. “I am thankful that my attention was called to your course on Weight Control. Since January 30th of this year I have reduced 39 pounds. . . . I have taken a walk down the street this morning without stopping, which is not my habit.” Mrs. Asphalt, S. D.

A Lovely Figure— the Birthright of Every Women

Here’s the Secret!

Food causes fat—everyone admits that. But Eugene Christian, the famous Food Specialist, has discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, are converted into energy at the rate of a pound or more a day!

For instance, if you eat two certain kinds of foods together at the same meal, they are immediately converted into fat. But if you eat these same two foods at different times, they are converted into blood and muscle, not fat. It’s a simple natural law—but it works like magic.

Don’t starve yourself! Don’t punish yourself with violent exercise or strength-sapping salt baths! You can eat whatever you like and do whatever you like. Just observe this new simple system of food combinations as worked out by Christian, and watch your excess weight vanish!

How You Can Have Free Proof

Realizing the importance of his discovery, Eugene Christian has incorporated all his valuable information into 12 simple lessons, called “Weight Control,” which will be sent free to anyone who writes for them. These lessons show you how to control your weight and bring it down to normal by the wonderful new method. You will reveal the startling facts about the recent food discoveries, and show you how to eat off a pound or more of weight a day.

Prove it! Test this wonderful new way of reducing your excess flesh. See results in 48 hours—and if you don’t there is no cost to you. Fat people are not attractive; they suffer many discomforts; doctors say they die young. Why continue to carry this harmful weight, when you can lose it so quickly, so easily, so naturally?

Let us send you Eugene Christian’s Course in weight-control on free trial. It’s the only sure way to lose weight quickly and safely. We want to prove it. We want you to see your own unnecessary flesh disappear. Dieting, medicines, bathing and exercising touch only the surface: this new discovery gets right down to the real reason for your stoutness and removes it at once.
THERE is the startling assertion recently made by Mrs. E. B. Davison, of New York, one of the high points of the literary world. Is this strengthening 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 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 “impossibility” is a reality today.

The time will come,” writes the same authority, “when we will have as many writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers, by the thousands, coming, coming—a whole new world of them!” And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? They are holding their breath on their right arm. The idea that you 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.

**Letters Like This Are Pouring In!**

**The Authors’ Press**, Inc., 235 Auburn, N. Y.

**Studio Directory**

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

**Associated Producers, Inc.,** 175 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. (s) Maurice Tourneur, Culver City, Calif.

**Famous-Pathé-Clayton Corp.,** Paramount, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

**First National Exhibitors’ Circuit, Inc.,** 6 West 48th St., New York.

**Fox Film Corp.,** (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York; (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**General Studios, Inc.,** (s) 1845 Alessandro St., Edendale, Calif.

**Goldwyn Film Corp.,** 469 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

**Hamon-Jewell Studios, Inc.,** 1421 Fremont St., Hollywood, Calif.

**Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

**International Films, Inc.,** 729 Avenue, N. Y. C. (s) Second Ave. and 1217 St., New York.

**Metro Pictures Corp.,** 1476 Broadway, New York; (s) 3 West 64th St., New York, and 1923 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.

**Pathe Exchange, Pathe Bldg., 35 W. 43rd St., New York.** (s) Geo. B. Setts, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.

**Robertson-Cole Productions, Inc.,** 723 Seventh Ave., New York; (s) corner Gower and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Calif.

**Rothacker Film Mfg. Co.,** 1339 Diversey Ave., Mamaroneck, N. Y.

**Universal Film Mfg. Co.,** 1600 Broadway, New York; (s) Universal City, Calif.

**Vitagraph Corp.,** 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Calif.

**Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.**
HE exquisite natural acting of Marion Davies is the outstanding feature of the superb new Cosmopolitan Production, "The Bride's Play."

If you like a really beautiful, romantic, dramatic picture, see "The Bride's Play."

If you have ever been a bride or ever hope to be one, you will be enchanted by this fascinating love-drama.

It contains two wonderful wedding scenes—one in medieval times—replete with chivalrous knights and radiant maidens. The other a modern ceremony with all the beautiful rites.

"The Bride's Play"—a fateful "old world" wedding day custom without which no lover can be sure of his bride is observed at both weddings.

The effort of a discarded suitor to elope with the bride and the startling act that saves her life's happiness form the climax of this great picture.

"The sweetest story ever told"—as tender, as idyllic, as superbly beautiful as Mendelssohn's Spring Song.

The story of "The Bride's Play" by Donn Byrne (author of "The Woman God Changed")—appeared in Hearst's Magazine, where it was read by over a million people. Scenario by Mildred Considine. Directed by George Terwilliger. Scenery and effects by the famous Cosmopolitan Scenic Staff and under the direction of Joseph Urban.

Every girl—every woman will want to see "The Bride's Play."

Ask the manager of your favorite motion picture theatre to show this wonderful, exquisite photodrama.

It is a Paramount Picture.
Your skin is what you make it

Have you ever wondered why it is that some girls are blessed with a naturally lovely complexion? The truth is that you, too, can have a beautiful skin.

For every day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new forms to take its place. This is your opportunity! If you begin, now, to give this new skin the special care it needs, you can bring about an astonishing improvement.

If you can see that your skin is gradually becoming coarser, begin at once to use the following treatment:

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

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding, as it should, to a more stimulating kind of cleansing. After a few nights this drawn sensation will disappear, and your skin will emerge with a new feeling of softness and smoothness.

Special treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today at any drug store or toilet goods counter—begin tonight the special treatment your skin needs.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York and Perth, Ontario.

For 25 cents—a complete set of the Woodbury skin preparations

Send 25 cents for a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing

A trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 800 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Copyright, 1921, by The Andrew Jergens Co.
NITA NALDI—don’t ask us if that’s her real name!—is the newest celluloid siren. Those devotees of the cinema who have been of the opinion that vamps are slightly passe have been induced by Miss Naldi to change their minds.
YOU can judge a man named James by the number of people who call him "Jim." Mr. Kirkwood is "Jim" not only to everybody he knows but to many he has never met. He is just as good at directing as he is at acting.
RUTH ROLAND is the most popular candidate for the throne and sceptre of serialdom. With Ruth as the lovely heroine, the continued-next-Tuesday film entertainment remains the favorite indoor pastime of small boys of all ages.
SCORES of girls wrote to PHOTOPLAY begging us to put Ralph in the art section. Then a mere man said he'd like to see a picture of this Graves guy his best girl was so crazy about. And that's why it's here!
THIS pensive profile belongs to Lucy Fox. Marshall Neilan has just enlisted her as leading woman in his new production. Lucy came from a convent to the films and her most important appearances have hitherto been in serials.
IT IS TRUE that some girls become film stars who never were with the Follies; but Kathleen Ardelle decided that it was better to follow the usual formula and graduate from Mr. Ziegfeld's institution before beginning her screen career.
ELSIE FERGUSON: a new portrait. Her recent performances on the silver-sheet have had all the charm and fire which marked her first celluloid appearances. After making one picture in California, she is at home again in the east.
25 washings haven't faded this organdie dress at all

This is a real photograph of a delicate lavender organdie dress after it had seen a year's service and had been washed twenty-five times. The photograph shows that the dress is as crisp and charming as ever.

But the picture does not show the most important thing of all—that the color of the dress today is as clear and bright as when it was bought. There is absolutely no difference between the washed fabric and an unwashed strip that was cut off to shorten the skirt.

The girl who owns this dress (she is wearing it for best again this summer) says she never got such service from a fine garment until she started to wash out her nicest things herself with Ivory Soap Flakes.

She thinks her success with Ivory Flakes is partly due to its unsurpassed purity—for Ivory Flakes is simply a new form of genuine Ivory Soap and contains nothing that can injure cloth or colors; and partly to the fact that it makes such rich, instant-cleansing suds that rubbing is unnecessary.

Ivory Flakes will take just as good care of your lovely clothes as it did of this dainty frock. Try it at our expense (see offer at right) and learn how easily you can keep your finest things looking like new.

Send for FREE SAMPLE with complete directions for the care of delicate garments. Address Section 45-1, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES
Makes pretty clothes last longer
YOUR dictionary will define romance as the opposite of reality; an extravaganza of fancy or imagination. As a matter of fact, nothing is so romantic as reality itself.

Revealing the romance of reality has been the greatest spiritual service of the screen.

Everything or anything is romantic to youth. Every full-blown moon is a separate ecstasy, every street a thrill, every encounter a potential adventure, every girl a possible Juliet, every lad a possible hero, any task the overture to great discovery.

But the torches of fancy go out, one by one, and at middle-age men have left only memories, and occasional dreams . . . and hum-drum. The word romance has become the vain synonym of a transient love-affair.

The purpose of art through the centuries has been to restore this pristine glow of life, yet only in a degree have the arts succeeded. They have all fallen short of the goal in the degree in which they dealt with fancy, and not with reality.

The critics of the motion picture declared it a hopelessly plebeian amusement because it was, at best, only photography. That is to say, it was bound forever to reality.

And they did not realize that in that very fact lay the miracle! Like the blue bird of happiness, romance is not to be sought afar. It is all about us! Men, seeking romance in the syllables of big words, looking for it behind the strange brush-strokes of futurist painting, listening for it in the cacophony of modern music, have failed to remember that it dwells in no Arcadia, but, contrariwise, nests in every valley, walks down every avenue, perches upon every hilltop, swings from every branch, beams from every hearth-fire, sings in the song of every machine.

Tomorrow will proclaim what today grudgingly admits: that the greatest art is the art which restores to the largest number of people the romance of life.
That Octopus Gown

Octopus: A molluscous animal having ten long arms furnished with sucking cups by means of which it attaches itself tenaciously to other bodies, two of these arms being longer than the rest. It is very dangerous to men, as when it once entangles them within its long, powerful tentacles escape is practically impossible. It is known also as the devil fish, seizing its prey and holding them clasped against all opposition. Men have met death often in combat with the octopus.

This is the dictionary definition.

There isn't any definition—as yet—of the octopus gown.

But the sartorial creation evidently possesses most of the attributes of its deep sea name-sake.

We thought the last word in "vamp" gowns had been said.

But that was before Clare West—special designer for Cecil B. deMille—conceived the octopus gown, which is worn by Bebe Daniels as the wickedest woman in New York, which role she plays in "The Affairs of Anatol."

The gown is unique in that it lacks any feature of decolletage. You could make all the costumes for the "Queen of Sheba" from it—yet it is hailed as the most seductive thing on the screen.

It is composed of exquisite pale gray georgette, upon which are fastened the arms of the devil fish in black chiffon velvet. The arms are outlined with enormous pearls and the two enormous eyes in the black velvet head are also of gleaming pearls. The sheath effect beneath is of steel gray velvet.

The head dress is of loose strings of pearls woven into the hair and fastened in front with a large jet buckle.

It's a mighty deadly looking piece of wearing apparel. Any man that ever gets within reach of those arms is never going to escape.

But will anybody want to?
To the left of you and to the right of you—even above—you may observe the young man whose illustration of the amo conjugation has almost completely engaged the attention of the American sub-debs. Rudolph Valentino played Julio in "The Four Horsemen"—and immediately the film world knew it had the continental hero, the polished foreigner, the modern Don Juan, in its unsuspecting midst.

In the circle above: Signor Valentino as Armand Duval amating—we mean emoting—with Madame Alla Nazimova as "Camille."

Valentino comes from Italy. He ran away to America at the age of eighteen and eventually became a tango dancer. After various adventures he found his way to Hollywood and the film studios. And there he remained, playing many small parts until Rex Ingram selected him for the role of Julio. His most recent love-making occurs, again opposite Alice Terry, in Ingram’s new production of "Eugénie Grandet," from Balzac’s story.
"I'm sure I don't see anything funny in that," said the red-headed girl. "I think Roscoe Arbuckle is one of the loveliest men on the screen. Just think, now, how restful and simple it would be to be in love with a man like that!"

"NOBODY loves a fat man except a temperamentless woman."

Thus spake Roscoe in deep and solemn tones—have you ever noticed how much funnier Roscoe is when he's solemn than he is when he's funny?—and girded himself about with the folds of a purple velvet dressing gown.

One foot, encased in a large but sightly bath slipper (my, how intimate this story is beginning to sound!) actually tapped the floor in emphasis and encouragement.

"Consequently, since women are getting more temperamentless every day, I predict—I prophesy—that the fat man is about to have his day. He will be sought, chased, even mobbed, because there will not be enough of him to go round—not individually, but as an institution.

"Like the shrinking violet have we languished for lo, these many years, but we are about to come into our own and maybe a little bit of the other fellow's. I feel that I was born at the auspicious moment for a fat man."

Having satisfactorily outlined his policy, Fatty leaned back in his chair and encompassed me with that isn't-it-a-grand-old-world smile of his.

We were lunching together in his bedroom.

I shall never be able to estimate just what percentage of effect they had on me—those pongee pajamas. Of course I had seen men in pajamas before. If you read the ads in the magazines you can't help but see men in and out of most anything. But I’d never interviewed in them before.

"And I love pongee pajamas."

"I suppose it is only fair to my husband to state that the bedroom was a set—on stage three, at the Lasky studio. That the pajamas and the dressing gown and even the bath slippers that "tends to" Mr. Arbuckle.

Nevertheless, those pongee pajamas were exceedingly—intrigante, if you understand French. That is to say, one really can't talk to a man in his pajamas without feeling more or less—well, sympathetic and well-acquainted, so I may have taken too lenient a view of his view for a confessor.

"Woman?" asked Roscoe, when I delicately broached the subject of my visit. "Woman! Lovely woman—in our hours of ease uncertain, coy and hard to please! Somebody certainly wrote that. Well, well, I appreciate the compliment you pay me. I am not an expert on the ladies. I have watched a lot of these he-vamps talk themselves into a love affair—and then talk themselves out. But personally, I am not an expert.

"The only thing a man never regrets saying about a woman is nothing."

I couldn't tell him the real reason that I had suddenly decided to be a mother confessor to him and gather all his ideas about women. It was at once too flattering and too unflattering.

Because—by jove, he may be right when he says the fat man is just beginning to come into his own—because Roscoe in the role of a matinee idol had dawned upon my startled senses only two days before. Up to that time I regarded him merely as a comedian. Then I overheard a couple of school girls—of the cut-his-picture-out-and-sleep-with-it-under-the-pillow age—discussing motion picture males. After admitting that Wally Reid was undoubtedly the handsomest man in the world and that they were in love with Tommie Meighan—one girl said, "But I just adore Roscoe Arbuckle. Isn't he

"As told to Adela Rogers St. John

By ROSCOE ARBUCKLE
Fat Men Make the Best Husbands Because—

A FAT MAN is usually a sentimental idiot, filled with old-fashioned ideas about home, honor and marriages made in heaven.

STATISTICS show there have been more love murders, marriage murders and suicide love pacts in the last few years than ever before. It is very hard either to murder or be murdered by a fat man.

THE only thing that a man never regrets saying about a woman is nothing.

A FAT MAN has no nerves. Domestic scenes, thrill, bills and various other manifestations of the genus temperamentus feminus rebound from him with alacrity.

A HANDSOME husband takes too much looking after. A handsome husband is like having twins.

Fat men are inclined to be faithful. It's often a form of laziness, you know.

Of course I believe in marriage. Life can't be all sunshine!

Photoplay Magazine

"I wouldn't marry the most beautiful woman in the world if she asked me. A beautiful wife is like a diamond necklace—nice to have around but a lot of bother to take care of."

Their own nerves, so they're going to choose a fellow that they think has enough for both of them.

Women are getting more temperamental every day. The audiences are bigger, that's all. A woman today has got to have a good natured husband. Statistics show there have been more love murders, marriage murders and suicide love pacts in the last few years than ever before in the history of the world.

"It is very hard either to murder or be murdered by a fat man.

"When you think of the things a woman wants to do nowadays and the things she does not want you to do—the percentage is surprisingly low, seeing there aren't fat men enough to go around. Women want to smoke cigarettes, bob their hair, drink wood alcohol, have men friends, spend their own and everybody else's money, cut their skirts off just above the knees, have men friends, drive automobiles, go to conventions, elect mayors and presidents and be as independent as the Kaiser thought he was. The only thing she can't get along without is her lip-stick. She's just got to have a good natured husband. You can see that for yourself.

"And one that can be a father to her children, because she's going to be pretty busy and she may not have much time to (Continued on page 102)"
An Impression of Alice Terry

By Ralph Barton

WHEN "The Four Horsemen" rode into its premier in a Broadway theater, Alice Terry rode with it—into actual fame. Her performance of Marguerite was a cameo-like achievement—a delicate, half-spiritual, half-sensual thing. It was the outstanding dramatic feature of the Ibanez adaptation, and Miss Terry, after a long apprenticeship in unimportant roles, took her place among our premier leading women.
Douglas Fairbanks has made a ten-reel version of Dumas’ famous romance. Doug plays d’Artagnan. The Three Musketeers are holding forth in the frame to your left. You’ll have no difficulty in recognizing d’Artagnan Fairbanks, Leon Barry as the melancholy Athos, George Siegmann as the huge Porthos, and Eugene Paulette as the clever Aramis.

His Majesty, Louis XIII. of France. Adolphe Menjou plays the part with all the necessary aplomb and eclat. (This picture gives us every excuse for airing our French.)

Doug’s mustache is real. He grew it to give the semblance of reality to his characterization of M. d’Artagnan. No porch-climbing for Fairbanks in this picture. He is putting his best efforts into the elaborate production, which is to have its premier in a Broadway theater.

To the left: Anne of Austria (Mary MacLaren), consort of Louis XIII, whose honor the Three Musketeers and d’Artagnan unite to defend against Richelieu and the machinations of “Milady.”

At the right: the heroine of Fairbanks’ “The Three Musketeers” is Constance, d’Artagnan’s fair sweetheart — played by Marguerite de la Motte. For her, Doug fights and wins. And there is, as there should be, a Happy Ending.

Armand Emmanuel Sophie Septemanie du Pleissi — better known as the Due de Richelieu. Nigel de Brulier is the Cardinal’s screen incarnation, and he is stately enough to satisfy all sticklers for historical accuracy.
The author of the famous "Boston Blackie" stories is now a contributor to Photoplay's Fiction Pages

THROUGH the LITTLE DOOR

An amazing story of the invisible power that reached within the walls of a prison death-cell.

By JACK BOYLE
Illustrated by Lee Conrey

THE governor signed the last of the letters on his desk, laid down his pen, and drew out his watch.

"Half an hour to train-time. Good! Is there anything else, Griggs, before I go?" he inquired of his secretary.

"Nothing, Governor, except — unless —"

The secretary produced a shabby, thumb-soiled envelop, fingering it reluctantly.

"Well, well — out with it, man," urged the governor.

"It's the Jerry McWilliams case. His wife and mother —"

"The McWilliams case? I remember now — the man to be executed next Friday. I have denied the application for clemency. What brings it up again?"

"Only this," replied the secretary, fingering the soiled letter.

"His wife and mother were waiting in the corridor before the outer offices were opened this morning. The mother is an old woman, very frail and sickly. The wife, sickly, too, was carrying a child. It was utterly impossible to get rid of them short of having them forcibly ejected. They had this letter with them, and, finally, to induce them to go, I promised to place it personally in your hands before your departure for the West and — hesitantly — "to see, Governor, that you read it."

The governor took the letter, glancing again at his watch.

"I haven't much time, Griggs; but I'll keep your promise."

The governor tore open the envelop and skimmed the lines.

"I haven't much time, Griggs; but I'll keep your promise," he said, at last. "The letter is a pitiful document, but I regret I must let the law's judgment be carried out. The man's an ex-convict, and he killed a policeman. The assertion that the dead policeman induced the prisoner to join him in a robbery for the purpose of trapping him is unbelievable. My decision stands. So inform his wife and mother, and now —" with another glance at his watch — "I must hurry. You ordered a car?"

"A taxi is waiting at the west entrance. I wish you a pleasant trip, Governor."

As the governor hurried down the deserted corridor of the Capitol, two figures detached themselves from the shadow of a marble pillar and confronted him. They were shabby women, with shawl-covered heads and lean, curiously shrunked faces. A child clutched its mother's dress, staring at him curiously.

"Governor, sir" — the younger woman began. Her voice failed her utterly. The elder woman, white-haired and very feeble, visibly gathered all her waning courage and laid two trembling hands upon the governor's sleeve.

"My son — my Jerry, you, they — he —" An aching lump sealed her throat, too.

The governor turned his eyes from their faces.

"I read your letter and have left a message for you with my secretary," he said. "And now I must beg you to excuse me."

Determinedly he brushed past the two and hurried on.

"The message for us, mother! It may be — good," whispered the younger woman.

The old woman's head sank.

"Then he would have told us himself," she murmured, her voice sinking to a grief-choked whisper. "Oh, my boy, my Jerry! God have mercy!"

The governor found a taxicab waiting at the Capitol entrance.

"The station — and hurry," he said, as the chauffeur closed the door after him with unusual care.

As the car sped through the night quiet, the governor was conscious of a growing sense of well-being and comfort. Warm comfort! Why was it so warm within the car, he wondered. The air was as stifling as the breath of an oven. As he reached out his hand to drop the window, he felt himself wafted gently out upon a boundless sea that rose slowly about him, warm and deliciously comfortable, and carried him gently on—and on—and on.

The sea on which the governor floated receded, wave by
just where you were before you went to sleep, Jimmy.

The man called a number on a telephone, asked for the warden, and delivered the message.

"The warden says he'll be in to see you for a minute before he goes to dinner," said the guard, returning to his post before the cell door.

During the endless hour that followed, the governor paced the cell floor. At last, a door creaked open and clanged shut. Jingling keys sounded above the double tread of footsteps.

"Which one of them wants to see me?" said a voice.

"Jimmy Holman, sir," answered the guard. "He's in here."

The governor sprang at the doors of his cell.

"Warden," he cried, "open the little door!"

With the photographs before him, Jerry McWilliams wrote letters. At last he gathered the sheets and read them with solemn concentration. "That ends the hardest task of all," he said, as he finished.
these doors! I'm Governor Huested."

"You're who?" demanded the warden.

"The governor!" cried the prisoner.

"For God's sake man, don't stand there talking. Open these doors."

A door in the wire network opened; the warden stepped in and stood just outside the cell bars, staring into the governor's face. The man was a stranger.

"You're not Warden Hubbard!" screamed the governor.

"My name's not Hubbard; it's Thompson, as you very well know," the warden answered, with evident irritation. "Also, I am the warden of this penitentiary."

"Thompson," echoed the governor, eyes bulging, knees sagging. "I appointed Will Hubbard warden of our penitentiary. I am Governor Jared Huested."

"That's fine," answered the warden ironically. "If you're the governor, you ought to write yourself a pardon—only, if you do, old man, don't make the mistake of signing it 'Huested.' The governor's name happens to be Theodore Smith. We never had a Governor Huested in this state."

"What place is this?" faltered the governor.

"The Lester Penitentiary, of course," answered the warden shortly. Then, more kindly: "Cut out the nonsense, Jimmy. It can't possibly work. Insanity's your idea, of course, but there's no chance, Jimmy. Good-night."

Thoroughly alarmed now, the governor sprang to his side!

The wire wicket door banged behind the warden. The governor screamed out to him to come back. There was no reply. A far-off door clanged shut, then—silence.

Tottering to his pallet, Governor Jared Huested threw himself upon it, his mind a madly whirling maelstrom. Either he or all the world was suddenly insane. Cold beads of perspiration trickled down his cheeks.

From behind him, a comforting arm—gently encircled his shoulders.

"Get a grip on yourself, old pal," the voice of his cell-mate whispered close to his ear. "We can't show the white feather on Friday. Cheer up! Maybe it's easy to die, Jimmy. Who knows?"

"To die!"

For the first time, the possibility that he might actually be standing face to face with that final horror penetrated the governor's consciousness, and he caught the hand of the comrade who strove to comfort him—the hand of the man who, like himself, was to die in the electric chair on Friday.

"Who are you, friend?" the governor asked.

"Why, Jerry McWilliams, Jimmy. What's wrong with you to-night?"

Jerry McWilliams! The man whom his conscience had decreed must die—die as they said he, the governor, must die.

Jared Huested's belief in his own sanity tottered and, overpowered in body and mind, he dropped, like one dead, upon his pallet.

III

Morning had come—a death-cell morning; a morning lighted by the cold, steady glare of an incandescent instead of the living brilliance of sunshine; a morning that echoed to the feet of the death-watch instead of the song of birds; a morning weighted with the chill of the cell to which it had come, and as unlike the fresh, urgently rejuvenating awakening of the free world to a new-born day as death is unlike life.

The governor's breakfast was before him, bountiful, well cooked and appetizing. At sight of it, he had felt hunger—and then, as he raised the first morsel to his lips, he remembered.

It was his last breakfast but one. He shrank from the food as if, in touching it, he was hastening the hour of which he dared not think.

In his sleep, Governor Huested's mind had yielded to the uncontestable reality of his situation. He no longer puzzled over how and why he had come to be where he was. That mystery had all but ceased to interest him. It was too completely overshadowed by the one all-dominating fact that throbbed dully through body and brain at each heart-beat. Forty-eight—only forty-eight—racing hours of life were left to him.

The governor rose and laid a trembling hand upon his cellmate's shoulder.

"Friend," he said, and, as Jerry McWilliams looked into his face, smiling, each involuntarily sought the other's hand and grasped it.

"You killed a policeman. Tell me why, Jerry," the governor said. "I want to know how you come to be here, because I was—"
McWilliams bared the heart of a man condemned to die by society for its own good. His youth, wild, lawless, and prodigally reckless of consequences; the ever-growing, downward tug of tenement streets and their environment; the slow sloughing-off of a deterring conscience until right became wrong and wrong became right—these in quick-moving pictures—bits from Life's world-old film—flashed before the governor as he visualized Jerry's confession.

"I was coasting straight for this cell in those days," he said regrettfully, "and then I met Maisie. I loved her and, overnight, her goodness and my love changed me. On the day we were married, I was a man working honestly who thought his past all behind him. Our two shabby little rooms were our palace. We were happy, contented. Then—"

The governor saw the condemned man's eyes contract with pain. "And then—it was on the night when I first knew that my little Maisie was making a baby's clothes—I heard heavy steps on our stairway and a knock at our door. As I opened it, a detective stepped in. "The chief's after wantin' to talk with ye, Jerry," he said.

"I never again saw that haven Maisie and I had made of the two rooms at the top of five flights of dark stairway. As a promising crook-world novice, the long arm of that world had protected me. As a worker-content with a weekly pay-velop, that protection vanished, and the law was free to resurrect my past and impose its punishment. They sentenced me to three years here."

Jerry McWilliams stopped, his hands clenched. "And then?" prompted the governor.

"And then I learned what prison makes of a man. On the day Lester's gates first closed on me, I could have gone back to Maisie and lived honestly for the rest of my life. In six months here, I became something repulsive even to myself; something worse than a beast, for of manhood I still had left a man's capacity for hatred. On the day I was released and went back to Maisie to see my boy for the first time, I was what I had never been before—a criminal by conviction, heart, body and soul."

Faint, muffled footsteps from beyond the little door brought Jerry suddenly to his feet. "Listen," he whispered, bending close to the governor: "They're in the execution-room. They're testing the chair—bits from Life's world-old film—flashed before the governor as he visualized Jerry's confession. "They're in the execution-room. They're testing the chair—for us."

The electric lights suddenly dimmed to a dull, red glow. "They've turned the juice through the chair. It always dims the lights. On Friday morning, they'll dim twice, once for each of us—and then, what? We'll soon know, Jimmy."

The governor shivered, and his heart skipped a beat. "In three minutes, two baby hands undid the destructive work of my three years in this prison," Jerry continued. "From the first moment when I held my baby in my arms and I looked into my face, I felt all my hatred dissolve and knew that my baby's father couldn't ever be a crook. Early next morning, I began to hunt work."

As Jerry talked, the cold gray walls of the cell dissolved and the governor saw his comrade in a prison-suit, trampling the streets of the city. Work was plentiful, but not for an ex-convict. The truthful answer: "I'm from Lester Prison, but,
"I've read the letter you left for me," he began, "and—" With the wife's and mother's eyes fixed on him and blazing with something new-kindled and fiercely hopeful, the governor checked the words on his lips.

"I can't use you any longer," he announced.
"Why not? Don't I do my work right?"
"Orders from the office. Somebody's tipped you off up there. Hard luck; but there's nothing more for you here. Here's your half-day's time check."

The search for work began again. On the second day he found employment washing cars in a garage. Almost before he had his coat off he saw the same detective saunter in, stare at him for a moment, and then seek out his employer. Immediately he was discharged.

As Jerry turned into the streets, fighting back the bitterness of his growing conviction that the world would accept no truce with him, a man jostled him, apologized and then seized his hands in welcoming recognition.

"Lord, Jerry, I'm glad to see you back on the 'main stem'!" he cried. "The last time I saw you, we were both wearing zebra hand-me-downs and folding our (Continued on page 86)"
Before and After Taking

Some sober views on marriage by Mr. Natalie Talmadge.

THIS is one of those before-and-after-taking testimonials. Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge went and got married.

Before he was married Buster had a lot of ideas about matrimony.

After he was married he had a lot more.

Judging by expressions, the photograph illustrates what Fatty Arbuckle says elsewhere in this issue: "I believe in marriage—life cannot be all sunshine.

It is good evidence of how foolish even a comedian is to say anything positive about anything."

FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH BUSTER KEATON IN THE LOS ANGELES EXAMINER. JUNE 14th, 1920.

ROMANCE, which leads to marriage, begins at home but it finishes in Reno.

I am single and proud of it. I hope to retain my freedom for years to come. Most of the couples that ask for a marriage license ought to apply for a fight permit instead. I cannot picture myself as a member of the "Yes, my dear" club.

Many a grand love affair is spoiled by marriage. Marriages may be made in heaven. It's easy to say that because nobody can call you a liar with impunity. But the divorce courts do a lot of business.

One famous old bird hit it right when he said, "80 percent of the men get married, the other 20 percent remain sane." It's a great feeling no doubt to be a member of the ball and chain gang but I prefer to remain single and let the barber massage my head without the aid of a rolling pin.

If I am one of the screen's eligible bachelors, I'm going to be one for a long time. The sound of wedding bells always makes me sad. I bow my head and think of another good man gone wrong. Married men don't really live longer—it only seems longer.

I noticed one thing with the A. E. F. in France. The happiest men in my company were the married men, who told the whole world they were on vacations. A friend of mine who runs a nice undertaking parlor in Hollywood told me the other day married men always make the best pall-bearers. I believe him.

And I am going to stay single.

FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH BUSTER KEATON IN THE LOS ANGELES EVENING HERALD. JUNE 15th, 1921.

MARRIAGE is ethereal. I cannot understand a bachelor nor his way of thinking. Just imagine his loneliness—returning every night with no one to greet him! When I was single and returned home I could never find anything to do. Just think of all the things your wife can find for you to do.

I have learned in my short married life that there are two sides to every argument—your wife's and her mother's. Think of all the service you get, the petting and waiting on—think of it. And try to get it.

Why, after you're married you never have to worry about making up your mind. Such things are done for you.

Nothing can compare with marriage. Nothing has ever tried to.

All men who do not get married are benighted ignoramuses. They are missing the most wonderful thing in life. The bachelor's conception of married life is all wrong. He cannot conceive what it is to have a sweet little wife.

But a bachelor is like the grass that springs up for a day. He won't last long. Some girl will convince him of the error of his ways. That is the thing that gives me hope—they'll not last long.

Instead of saying "Go west, young man." I say "Get married, young man." That coffee! Those hot cakes! Biscuits! You can take those exclamations points any way you like.

I am certainly glad I'm married. I wouldn't be single for anything in the world.
There is something about her that very few American actresses possess—the spirit of the outdoors. Even under the electric lights, or in the artificial studio atmosphere, she has a freshness that is the freshness of meadows in the spring. Her blonde hair is bright and rather like new corn, her face is browned by the sun and her eyes have the quiet cool look of outdoor people.
GOODBYE, BATHING GIRL!

Prohibition — Blue Sundays — Phyllis Haver without her bathing suit! Can such things be?

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

I MAGINE looking down a long vista of years without even a hope of seeing Phyllis Haver in a bathing suit created from a yard of insertion, a piece of tulle and an elastic! Imagine contemplating life devoid of the occasional filipe of Phyllis in black silk swimming tights!

Prohibition — Blue Sundays — Phyllis Haver without her bathing suit — if you know what I mean.

Somehow — while water babies have been growing up all about us — I have always thought of Phyllis Haver as the perpetual bathing girl — the queen and symbol of the delicious water sprites of the screen.

So I felt exactly as though somebody told me Babe Ruth was going to quit baseball and go in for golf, when I heard that Phyllis was going in for comedy drama.

It isn’t so much that Phyllis herself has grown up — but bathing girls, owing to censors, the increased use of water for drinking purposes, and the high cost of bathing material, have gone out of fashion. It’s a closed season on bathing beauties.

Just what they’re going to call them now we haven’t discovered.

So while Mary Thurman and Marie Prevost and Betty Compson forsook the bathing suit, the bathing girl has sort of forsook Phyllis.

Everybody — even Mack Sennett who invented ‘em — looks sort of I - meet - so - many - what-is-your-name, when you mention B. B.

So Phyllis of the brilliant smile, Phyllis the 20th Century Venus-with-her-arms-back-on, Phyllis of the free and graceful carriage, is going into light comedy-drama.

She was one of the few bathing girls not afraid to get her bathing suit wet, at least those suits of her own private stock. Top of page — five poses of Phyllis Haver during her Sennett-ting days.

Not but what she will be charming. Not, understand, that I don’t think her eminently fitted and capable of comedy-drama-ing all over the lot.

But Phyllis — whom her pals affectionately term Phil — was the one bathing girl who wasn’t afraid to get her bathing suit wet — not the ones she wore in the Mack Sennett Comedies, but her own private stock.

I think something of her superb nonchalance, her strong young Greek goddess freedom of motion, her seeming fitness and unconcern in a bathing suit, came from the fact that Phyllis Haver adores the water, is an expert swimmer and in perfect physical condition as a result every moment of her carefree existence.

Anything more delightful than to watch Phyllis at the beach, in the water, I don’t know. I have seen her ride a board tied to the end of a motor launch going sixty miles an hour out in the ocean — I have seen her tumbled off again and again, only to come up as graceful and undisturbed as a mermaid. I have watched her diving the big, rough breakers of the Pacific, her laughing face breaking through like a sunbeam through the clouds.

When she donned a bathing suit she was neither sex nor self-conscious. Having worn one for practical purposes every possible occasion since she was two years old, she didn’t feel dressed up to exhibit herself — and she didn’t look nor act it.

If anybody every justified the use of a two-by-four bathing suit as a (Continued on page 107)

33
He intermittent droning of a lazy lawn mower lazily pushed by Ol' Uncle Ned sounded up and down the street from the old-fashioned house of Dr. Anthon. It was early morning of another of those endless village days, busy with its thousand trifles under a deceptive over-spreading atmosphere of repose.

From the earliest days of Carthage there had been a Doctor Anthon in the old house on Main Street, and it was the hope of Dr. Anthon that there always should be.

Busy betimes in his office, Horace Anthon, M. D., reassured Mrs. Guthrie for the hundredth time in the year that she would be better, then patiently bowed the chattering professional invalid out and stood at his doorway looking at his watch.

"Mother. Oh, Mother!"

There was a pause and Dr. Anthon raised himself up and down on his toes, glancing down at his watch with a dignified impatience.

"Yes—Father," Mrs. Anthon answered from upstairs. "It's time the children were starting to school!"

Dr. Anthon delivered his statement with pleasantness, but firmness. This was his routine performance every morning. At eight-thirty he was moved to officially urge the household into action, quite regardless of the fact that this hour found Mrs. Anthon feverishly busy.

Mrs. Anthon came to the head of the stairs and threw a kiss to her pompously stern husband.

"Mind your own business, Horace." It was a reprimand gently given, with sweetness and just a spice of spirit.

Mrs. Anthon led Jim off to the bathroom and set about fixing his wounds... Jim was a born rebel but his mother loved him all the more for it.

Mrs. Anthon gave a glance across the hall into the room where Tom and Arthur were abustle with their preparations, and smiling opened the door into Jim's room. The tousle-headed lad, just ten, was deep in sleep. Gently Mrs. Anthon touched him on the shoulder and he stirred. She shook him lightly and he turned over, flinging his arms about in his sleep. The mother, reluctant, roused him into wakelfulness and playfully spanked him. Jim sat up in bed, yawning cavernously, then smiled at his mother.

"Breakfast's over. Jim—it's school time."

"All right, mamma." Jim started to get up and his mother went out of the room. As she went out Jim dropped back on the bed and in a moment was fast asleep again.

A few moments later Mrs. Anthon returned, and with smiling patience looked at Jim. She stepped to a washstand and dipping a cloth in cool water washed Jim's face, this time bringing him up wide awake. With another admonition to hurry, Mrs. Anthon went out. Jim waited a second, listening, then drew out his copy of Nick Carter's "Adventure of the Broken Bars." He propped himself up in bed and plunged into the dime novel.

Mrs. Anthon was just kneeling beside Kate to finish buttoning the child's dress when she was up again at a cry from the cradle which sat in her room, between Kate's trundle bed and the sewing machine.

"Mamma—you haven't fixed me yet." The child followed after her mother as Mrs. Anthon started down the hall to a closed door.

Mrs. Anthon laughed and repocketing his watch turned into the room that was his office.

Kate, a spunky little girl of nine, stood impatiently looking at her mother, standing with one hand over her shoulder holding a half-buttoned dress.

"Mamma—you haven't fixed me yet." The child followed after her mother as Mrs. Anthon started down the hall to a closed door.

The OLD NEST

From the story of the same name by Rupert Hughes

A story of mother, love, the love that lasts and forgives, ever and ever.

By GENE SHERIDAN

Anthon laughed and repocketing his watch turned into the room that was his office.

Kate, a spunky little girl of nine, stood impatiently looking at her mother, standing with one hand over her shoulder holding a half-buttoned dress.

"Mamma—you haven't fixed me yet." The child followed after her mother as Mrs. Anthon started down the hall to a closed door.

Mrs. Anthon gave a glance across the hall into the room where Tom and Arthur were abustle with their preparations, and smiling opened the door into Jim's room. The tousle-headed lad, just ten, was deep in sleep. Gently Mrs. Anthon touched him on the shoulder and he stirred. She shook him lightly and he turned over, flinging his arms about in his sleep. The mother, reluctant, roused him into wakelfulness and playfully spanked him. Jim sat up in bed, yawning cavernously, then smiled at his mother.

"Breakfast's over. Jim—it's school time."

"All right, mamma." Jim started to get up and his mother went out of the room. As she went out Jim dropped back on the bed and in a moment was fast asleep again.

A few moments later Mrs. Anthon returned, and with smiling patience looked at Jim. She stepped to a washstand and dipping a cloth in cool water washed Jim's face, this time bringing him up wide awake. With another admonition to hurry, Mrs. Anthon went out. Jim waited a second, listening, then drew out his copy of Nick Carter's "Adventure of the Broken Bars." He propped himself up in bed and plunged into the dime novel.

Mrs. Anthon was just kneeling beside Kate to finish buttoning the child's dress when she was up again at a cry from the cradle which sat in her room, between Kate's trundle bed and the sewing machine.

With Kate at her heels Mrs. Anthon bent over the cradle and cooed reassuringly to baby Emily. Rocking the cradle with one hand, Mrs. Anthon bent over Kate and finished fastening her dress.
This is a story for those who love and cherish their mothers, but more particularly it is for the many who love and neglect their mothers. It is a story that tells anew the significance of those little things, the letters home, the birthday remembrance, the visit back, now and then, things that mean so little for children to do, that mean so much to mothers to have done. In return for the wealth of service, tenderness and understanding that the mother lavishes, remembrance is a little thing. Greatest of all sins of omission is to forget the woman who gave us life. A thought and a word at the right time can bring smiles to those dear old wrinkled faces and tears of joy into the eyes that watched over you when you were a baby.

Unobserved by his busy mother, little Frank, the six year old, came into the room, laden with schoolbooks and gripping at his unbuttoned trousers. He came up close to Kate, with her suspiciously watching him, then turned about and at an unexpected moment tweaked her braided hair.

"Mamma, Frank pulled my hair."

"I did not, mamma!" Frank looked up at his mother, a picture of injured innocence.

"You did, you did, you did!" Kate stamped her foot and screamed.

"I was just standing here waiting for you to fix this, mamma." Frank looked into his mother's eyes with the gentleness of a cherub. He twisted out a hand at his side, the spot where a button had parted company with his trousers in a most strategic position.

"Now Frank!" Mother knew he was guilty, but she was always doing her utmost to condone and pacify. Kate sniffled.

Mrs. Anthon went for a needle and thread.

"Have you got the button?"

Frank proudly held out the button, assuming a great air of self-satisfaction and pride at this bit of foresight. While the mother was sewing on the button, Arthur came limping into the room, with one shoe on and the other in his hand, a finger stuck through a hole in the toe of the sole. The oldest of the boys, Arthur, was a lovable lad to whom nothing in all the world was serious. A smile spread over his face as he held up the shoe.

"Why didn't you tell me before it got so big?" Mrs. Anthon looked up from her sewing to regard the shoe ruefully.

"You'll have to wear your Sunday best today—and please don't kick every stone that you see, Arthur."

Arthur grinned as he went out. He passed Tom in the hall.

"Why are you wearing that old shoe!" Kate loudly called his attention to Frank's mural efforts and pointed to the young miscreant in her mother's room. Anthon grimly started into the room.

Frank was clutching close to his mother. She pushed him to the young miscreant in her mother's room. Anthon started briskly toward Jim's room. Mrs. Anthon looked at him with a tinge of alarm in her face.

"Weary Mrs. Anthon! She had fought, bled, and lied for her children... The butcher was old—he could wait. Kate was young."

"Papa'll skin you for that."

Frank jumped, then reaching out swiftly yanked Kate's hair again. A kid scrap ensued. At the sound of a step on the stairs the children fled to their mother's room.

Dr. Anthon appeared at the head of the stairs. Kate loudly called his attention to Frank's mural efforts and pointed to the young miscreant in her mother's room. Anthon grimly started into the room.

Frank was clutching close to his mother. She pushed him behind her. Anthon motioned to his wife to hand Frank over for the spanking that was his. For answer she drew the boy closer to her.

"The child has talent, dear." She spoke gently. "Don't discourage him." Mrs. Anthon looked up at her husband with a pleading smile. She was working the old witchery on him. She drew Frank from behind her.

"Mind mother now—go wash your ears good."

Anthon watched her, his face a mixture of professional solemnity and amusement. His eyes caught the cradle.

"We are not rocking children any more." He stretched out his hand to stop the swaying cradle.

"We may not be, but I am—go mind your own business, Horace!" Mrs. Anthon quietly removed the father's hand and went on rocking Emily.

Anthon withdrew a step discreetly and looked at his watch.

"I haven't seen Jim—isn't he up yet?"

This startled Mrs. Anthon. Jim was her chief care.

Anthon started briskly toward Jim's room. Mrs. Anthon looked at him with a tinge of alarm in her face.
"It's the miser's hoard, Jim. Take it and sell it—do anything with it that you can—I do so want to help you."

"Wait," she cried out. "You mind the baby and I will go." Swiftly but tenderly she picked up the infant Emily and thrust her into her father's hands, hurrying out down the hall to Jim's room.

Anthon, checkmated, grinned to himself and turned his attention upon his youngest, chucking her up and down in the most unprofessional manner possible.

Absorbed in his thrilling dime novel, Jim stiffened, to hear his mother approaching. He pushed the book hastily under his pillow and slipping under the covers, pretended to be fast asleep. With artful simulation he yielded to the awakening call and grew really animated when told that his father was angry.

But Jim read Nick Carter while he brushed his hair.

The other children were off to school and Jim was hurrying to the dining room for a snatch of breakfast when he encountered the misfortune of dropping his novel as his father stood in the hall. Anthon snatched up the paper-covered book and with one glance at it shot a question at Jim. Jim flushed and struggled to answer.

Flaming with anger Dr. Anthon seized his cane from the rack beside him. Mrs. Anthon rushed into the hall. She raised a restraining hand, then led Jim out to the door and sent him off on his way to school. She answered her husband's perplexed look with a wifely smile.

"Be patient with Jim, Horace," she said softly. "He needs more care than the others."

Anthon shook his head dubiously.

"Tom wants to be a lawyer, Arthur thinks of business, and I am counting on Jim to take my place, to be the next Dr. Anthon." Anthon spoke his heart in this.

"Jim will come out all right—you'll see." Mrs. Anthon was always hopeful and reassured where the children were concerned.

Dr. Anthon went off in his dilapidated buggy to make his round of calls.

And it was fortunate perhaps for Jim that his father had gone. The last off to school, Jim was the first home.

Old Ned was raking the lawn again when he saw Jim come scuffling along the walk, hesitating longer as each step brought him nearer the house. Jim was a disheveled wreck, battered and bleeding, clothes torn and hair in disorder.

"For land's sake whut's happen'd to yu, Mistah Jim?" Old Ned stood rolling his eyes and scratching his grizzled head.

"Aw, shut up," Jim flung at him and crept into the house. Jim ran up stairs to his alarmed mother.

"A couple of guys got fresh an' I licked 'em," Jim explained with pride and tears.

All solicitude for Jim's hurts, Mrs. Anthon drew him to her and mothered him.

"An' the teacher licked me!"

An indignant cry came from the mother.

"An' I kicked him in the shins an' he expelled me from the school forever—an' I am glad of it."

Mrs. Anthon was shocked and saddened. She led Jim off to the bathroom and set about fixing his wounds. Jim was a born rebel, but his mother knew that he did not choose his own soul and she loved him all the more for the storms ahead that he must encounter.

The prattle of childish voices in the street told the mother that school was out. Glancing from the window she saw little Kate at the gate, simpering in childish flirtation with a little boy of the neighborhood. There was a tug at the mother's heart-strings. Love, the robber, would some day take Kate from her.

Frank, little mischief, came taunting by, calling deridingly at Kate—"Lovers—lovers—lovers."

Kate went storming at him and the little boy on the gate slipped away home, abashed and blushing.

Frank ran into the house. He was proudly fingering a newly-acquired pocket knife. It had three blades, one of which was still in working order. Frank cast about for something to cut. Nothing seemed quite so attractive as the polished top of the dining room table. He was busily engaged in cutting his name there when Kate discovered him. She ran from the room. Dr. Anthon was coming up the step.

"Frank cut the table, Frank cut the table," she screamed at her father.

Anthon looked at the table, marred and scratched, then
grabbed at Frank. Frank had learned early in life that a yelp in time saved many a Spank.

Anthon was applying his capable hands in the manner calculated to do Frank the most good in the least time. When Mrs. Anthon, leaving Jim to his wounds in the bathroom, came running to the rescue.

Anthon looked up as she entered.

"Why are you hurting my child?"

The mother—fury was tempered only by her love for Anthon himself. Anthon pointed to the marred table top.

"I do not care," the mother exclaimed. "You sha'n't touch the boy." She snatched Frank to her.

A careful diagnosis.

And Anthon loved his wife the more for her protecting defense of her children, right or wrong.

The day that Tom, the sober, studious one, came home with his scholarship prize and certificate of merit, was a proud one for the Anthon parents. And yet that very night the boy fell ill. The father hurried the lad to bed and made most careful diagnosis.

" Appendicitis," he said grimly. The mother gasped.

"It means an operation—that’s the only sure way," Anthon said unhappily.

"No, no," the mother cried out. "My mother saved Brother Jack’s life with hot compresses, and I can do it."

Anthon smiled sadly and shook his head.

"But I can, I can," the mother insisted.

And through days and nights Mrs. Anthon sat beside Tom’s bed applying the steaming compresses to his side while the boy lay writhing in pain. Her hands were raw and blistered with the heat of the water, hour after hour, endless hot compresses. But in the end mother love won and the crisis was passed.

Arthur was sent away to military school, with much misgivings and many cautions from his mother. With the five others safe in bed, tucked in by her tired hands, her heart went out to the boy away. And then came the evening when he was due home again on his Easter vacation. Sleepy and worn, Mrs. Anthon sat up in the night waiting for him. She dressed in her chair and the light burned low. In the distance the train whistled for Carthage and Mrs. Anthon awoke with a stab of pain.

There was the cry of tortured steel as the airbrakes had fought, bled and lied for her children. She sat herself at her mother’s knees.

The engine whistle sent four short blasts screaming into the darkness.

The mother’s heart leaped with a stab of pain.

The draw was open. Mrs. Anthon wore mourning for Arthur in her heart for all of her life, but the time came when she gave up wearing black crepe because her grown-up daughter Kate begged her to.

And with the growing up of Kate came new problems and trials for mother. It was somewhere near Kate’s twenty-first birthday when an invitation came from a girl chum to attend a party that promised to thrill quiet old Carthage. Harry Andrews, a New York youth of money, and a distant cousin of the hostess, was to be the guest of honor.

Mrs. Anthon looked beamingly into the eyes of her daughter when Kate handed over the invitation. There was a frown on Kate’s brow.

"Why—aren’t you happy? Don’t you want to go?"

"I’ve got nothing to wear—fit for New York swells to see," Kate was pouting and pleading all at once.

At this unhappy moment Dr. Anthon emerged from his office and came upon them with a sheaf of bills and checks in his hand and a worried look overspreading his face.

"Ask your father," said Mrs. Anthon.

Dr. Anthon looked at the invitation casually. He had other things on his mind.

"All right, you can go," he said shortly. "But I can not go! I have no clothes." Kate spoke with a tragic gesture.

Kate was sobbing in her room, her heart heavy with disappointment. She determined to make another appeal to her mother. She found her sitting in her room, the bills and the checks and the butcher’s money on the worn old sewing machine before her. The grief-stricken girl threw herself at her mother’s knees.

"Weary Mrs. Anthon! She had fought, bled and lied for her children. She sat mothering the crying girl and looking at the money on the sewing machine. She was thinking.

The butcher was old—he could wait. Kate was young and (Cont’d on page 111).
Come On
Back, Vivian

A plea addressed to the missing Miss Martin, who is also missed.

DEAR Vivian:
We miss you. Why don't you come back? Just as we're getting really attached to you, off you go in a new play, leaving the screen, as it were, flat. It doesn't seem right—especially since we have seen your new play, Vivian. Now, "Just Married" is a nice little comedy, and all, with its ship's staterooms, and its heroine—you, Vivian—and its hero—Lynne Overman—on the ship, and not married or anything, to each other or anybody else. And we knew there would be complications, and all that; and we also knew that you and Lynne would decide to carry out the title of the play before the final curtain, so as not to send the audience home disappointed. But it seems to us it's such a slight little play for anybody with such big dramatic ambitions. And you know you're a good actress, Vivian—you used to make us cry, on the screen. And when we see these first-run photographs of you we get down on our figurative knees and beg you to come back.

Yours truly,
PHOTOPLAY.
Cheer Up, Pauline!

A word of sympathy to little Miss Starke, the champion weeper of the celluloid.

"You've got as nice a smile as anybody we know and we'd like to see you use it."

PoOR Pauline:

Is it never going to end: this heartless persecution of you? You never have a chance, that's all. No one, not even the scenario writer, has ever done right by you. Just when you're attempting a forlorn little grin, along comes the director and tells you to stop it. You're hired to weep, and weep, apparently, you must. Listen, Pauline: why don't you strike? You've got as nice a smile as anybody we know, and we'd like to see you use it once in a while. Of course, we admit you weep very well; still, they might permit you a few happy moments in the fifth reel. It isn't as if you haven't already proved yourself Niobe's foremost modern rival. You have flooded every California studio with your tears—and a few in Manhattan. They say your weeping in "Salvation Nell" is as artistic as any you have ever done. We do not doubt it. But—cheer up, kid! Why don't you wear that beaded dress—there, in the slimmer photograph—in one of your pictures? It beats the Queen of Sheba's by several hundred beads.

Yours sincerely,

Photoplay.
Screening the Classics.
(As some of our producers would do it.)
ROMEO AND JULIET.
The ROMANCE of the THIRD DIMENSION

By

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

How the photo-play found the artistic goal of all the centuries—"The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," was really an American tri. umph!

It is a matter of record that no picture, not even "The Birth of a Nation," ever created quite as much comment, argument and speculation in one month's time as did "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." It was lavishly praised in most quarters, "patriotically" banned in some, and hugely talked about everywhere.

And why?

Because, answer the thoughtless, "it had such crazy scenery."

But why did it have "such crazy scenery," To be eccentric—unusual—bizarre? That sort of quest, merely, would have landed it in the cutting room's waste-barrel.

The wiser heads tell you, with a concluding and all-summarizing nod, that here was the first film exploit of the futurists, the impressionists, or the post-impressionists. And they let it go at that, considering that that is the beginning and likewise the end of the answer; and that, probably, the modernists will get along pretty well in the cinema theater if this, their premier experiment, may be taken as a criterion.

But as matter of fact, "Caligari" stirred the film world to its depths neither because it was German; neither because it was adroit melodrama nor because it was modernistic, but because it was the first sight of land in a motion picture new world—the eastern shore of the continent which has been the quest of every Columbus of the brush—farthest east of that Arcadia of vision, the Land of the Third Dimension.

In many of the sets of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," one received the distinct impression that the action moved in depth; that the picture, unlike other motion pictures, was not merely a flat performance on a two-dimensional screen.

Now the importance of this achievement may be realized in the answer to the question: what, during its centuries of evolution, has been the chief problem of the art of painting? The achievement of the third dimension. From the hectic days of the Cinquecento, when old Leonardo, pausing from his bellicose labors of gun-making for the bloody Cesare Borgia, wrote his famous "Trattato della Pittura," down to the most recent manifesto of the latest Neo-Ultimo-Futurist of Greenwich Village, you will find that painters large and small, conservative and revolutionary, famous and obscure, have ever been sedulously hounding the trail of that same Third Dimension. Mere perspec-
tive has never been enough. Something more realistic was demanded.

During the horse-hair-settee period of American culture, when all parlors possessed a marble-top center-table, a what-not, a brace of crayon portraits, a cluster of wax flowers under glass, and a carpet-covered rocking-chair mounted upon wooden tracks, there was always to be found a stereoscope for the amusement of callers who had exhausted the fascinations of the family album. This instrument of diversion consisted of a species of huge goggles (similar to those now worn by Ford drivers) with a handle underneath, and a projecting bracket on which was placed a double photograph. By adjusting this photograph and peering through the goggles, one could see the Capitol at Washington, Niagara Falls, the Yosemite Valley, or the stalactites of Mammoth Cave, all set off in bold relief and apparently possessing three dimensions.

Now, it is exactly this effect which painters have always endeavored to obtain. With but a flat surface to work on, they have realized that depth, or rather the illusion of depth, was needed to give their pictures solidity and form and verisimilitude. They also realized that this third dimension would have to be achieved by optical and other scientific principles applied to the technique of painting; for, in reality, paintings are and can be but two-dimensional.

Now, when we look at an object in nature we do so with two eyes, and we necessarily get two distinct impressions of that object, as anyone can prove by closing first one eye and then the other. These two impressions differ slightly from each other because our two eyes look at the object from slightly different angles; and it is the focussing, or super-imposing, of these two dimensions, which creates the sense of depth—three dimensions—in ordinary vision. The double photograph used with a stereoscope consists merely of these two impressions (each "snapped" at a little different angle) which, when looked at through a certain kind of split lens, become one picture, and appear to have depth. The stereoscope, in other words, is merely a mechanical reproduction of our normal binocular vision.

To a man with but one eye the world is flat. And practically all painting up to modern times has been the vision of the one-eyed man. The modernists, who a few years ago were ridiculed as "communards," lunatics, sensationalists or mere fakers, recently discovered how to produce the effect of a third dimension; and by doing so they solved the profoundest problem of painting, and one which has baffled the greatest artists and investigators for centuries.

Consequently, in order to solve this problem, the modern painters first studied and experimented with the laws of optics, the mutability of related masses, the fluctuability of lines, the functioning elements of tones and colors, the laws of composition and organization, the principles of psychology and physiology, the emotional reactions to external stimuli, and numerous other aspects of the subject. Then they sought to apply these researches to painting, and to express them with a painter's technique—in short, to state the scientific principles which they had mastered in terms of pictorial art. The first experiments were something of human understanding, but at last a few of the greater artists succeeded in producing pictures which gave the impression and the illusion of depth.

The motion picture producer has from the first, felt the need of this third dimension on the screen, and has made a few unsuccessful attempts to produce it. But he has completely failed for the simple reason that he has never gone to the men who really knew something about the subject from the pictorial and scientific standpoint.

Germany made "Caligari," but, like the submarine and the first principles of the modern dye industry, "Caligari" was in Germany, but not of it. The Germans merely took the discoveries which other peoples neglected, and faced them with the motion camera.

Do you know that today America leads the world in modern painting? With the exception of the few great experimental artists of the past generation—Renoir, Cézanne, Matisse and Picasso—this country possesses, among its younger men, the truly profound and creative painters of the new art movements, the painters who have gone furthest in mastering the principles of three-dimensional form.

Certain arrangements of lines and masses and tones produce certain moods; and a mere "set," in itself, can be made to evoke the exact emotional effect of an action or situation. There are pictorial laws governing these linear and tonal arrangements, just as there are laws governing the projection of atmos- (Continued on page 105)

THE VILLAGE STREET

The arrangement of lines and directions are based on an envisagement of the binocular curvatures, the focal point being the three figures. Thus the vision is repressed by the curved lines alternately leaning inward, and is carried back by the implication of lines leaning toward and away from the eye. The stereoscopic principle, intricately applied, gives to this shallow scene the sensation of extended three-dimensional space.
A scene like this—the "Sleeping Beauty" fairy-tale brought to life by the artistry of Joseph Urban and director Robert Vignola—is just a flash on the screen; and yet it took hours to rehearse and cost thousands of dollars. Note the spotlight thrown on Miss Davies and her leading man from the balcony.

PRETTY SOFT TO BE A STAR, EH?

Marion Davies tells a few of the little things included in the daily routine of a picture queen.

By HELEN BRODERICK

FADE in—the picture is flashed on the screen and the audience settles back, hoping for something light and cheerful or something profound and soul-stirring, according to tastes and moods. The fate of the picture is in their hands. To them it is unequivocally good or "rotten." They are the sole and final referees.

The long weeks of work, the cost of the picture, the search for a good story, the picking of the cast, the building of the sets, the hunt for locations, mean nothing to them. And in their oblivion to all these factors in picture making they are prone to think that because an actress trips across the screen in a dress of the latest mode and makes love to a prepossessing hero her existence is one sweet song, that her salary is too large and that, altogether, life is too gentle with her, too "soft." And so they laugh lightly at the "movies" and picture the life of the players as one orgy of unbridled gayety.

"It is to laugh!" says Marion Davies, when she reads some of the letters written to her in which the youthful writer sighs for the life of the "movie star" and begs to know how she, too, can get into that enchanted life wherein with a magic wand all worries vanish and life looms forth one golden dream.

"I should like to write a form letter," declared Miss Davies, "which would disperse for all time the popular conception of the tranquillity and ease of the life of my profession. Like Martin Luther, I could formulate seventeen theses and nail them to the doors of all persons who scoff at the 'soft snap' of making pictures. Tentatively here are my seventeen:

1. The life is one of unremitting work, calling for every resource of mind and body.
2. When you are drinking champagne at a noisy little party in the picture you are imbibing the refreshing, inspiring drafts of celery tonic. You are full of celery tonic, for you had to rehearse the scene several times and then there are at least a couple of 'takes' with the camera grinding.
3. After you have done what you think the best emotional scene of your life and venture excitedly into the projection
room the next day to congratulate yourself, all quietly, you don’t like it at all. ‘Terrible!’ is your only honest verdict and the scene must be taken again and you wonder if you can recapture the feelings of the day before.

4. You read your reviews and if anyone thinks that ‘the morning after’ is a joyous awakening he is wrong. What you liked the reviewer doesn’t, and what he likes you can’t see. And none of them agree and you don’t know which is right.

5. You go on a quiet vacation to a quiet suburban spot where, incognito, you plan a much needed rest. The town marshal, the fire brigade and the mayor acclaim your advent into their community.

6. By the time you have paid your respects to your unexpected reception committee and told them how ‘interesting’ is the life of the screen, how ‘appreciative’ you are of their ‘interest’ you are telephoned from New York that the negative is scratched and ‘retakes’ are in order.

7. You are forever kissing a new leading man when you would rather fondle the neighbors’ babies or expend your affection on an ever-patient family.

8. You plan a theater party for an evening. The guests are all invited. Five o’clock comes and there are four scenes yet to do, the overhead expense is $2,000 that day with 500 supers in ancient costume. If you bolt you would feel a piker and so you call off the theater party and blink at the lights while you do as the megaphone says all evening.

9. You can’t read the new novels you ordered when you finally get home because your eyes are worn out with the Klieg lights.

(Continued on page 99)

BETWEEN SCENES, MARION DAVIES DESIGNS HER OWN CLOTHES.

At the left: a smart and simple riding habit, designed by Marion Davies. It may be done in linen or wool. There are, Miss Davies explains, only three things to consider for anyone who wishes to make one like it. These are the coat, the breeches, and the buttons. The neat bone buttons are the only trimming, and there are no intricacies whatever. The whole suit requires three and a quarter yards of material.

At the right: a dress of Miss Davies’ own design. It was made for the star in plaid gingham and white; but it may be made in any other combination of colors you choose. It has the charm of originality. This frock: where else have you seen exactly this development of the popular tuxedo effect? And do not overlook the pockets. This dress takes three and a quarter yards of the plaid, and one and a half yards of the white.

The two patterns below are made on the same reduction scale — 1/20, for size 36.
How I Keep in Condition

By RUBYDE DE REMER

THIS is the first of a series of articles by famous beauties of the screen—not beauty articles, in any sense of the word; simply advice on how to keep fit, from women who have worked out systems in the least amount of time. The motion picture star who cannot work ninety per cent of the time and look her best, will soon be “out.” Therefore, beneath the beauty and ability of screen celebrities must lie a firm foundation. Next month, Katherine Mac-Donald will give her recipe for keeping fit.

If there is any one thing in the whole world that I hate more than coffins, rain and birthdays, it is keeping in condition. I don’t want to keep in condition. I’d love to be able to get fat or thin just as long as I lived other than and out of an automobile.

I despise exercise. I want to eat what I want when I want it, I love to wash my face in good soap and water, and I prefer sleeping in the daytime when possible.

However, I can’t, and earn an honest living as a motion picture star, so with loathing in every fibre of my being, I do the things I have to do to keep fit for my work, because I am not naturally a very strong woman and I know that I could not keep working without being in condition.

Also, though I may be a very fine actress, if I lost whatever looks with which the Almighty has seen fit to bless me, I wouldn’t have a job very long.

So, my beauty creed therefore is something like this:

I believe in massage more than anything else in the world. I believe in a variation of hot and cold showers every night and every morning. I believe in strict, thoroughly-tested diet. I believe in lots of good cold cream. I believe in walking, lots of walking, whether you like it or not. I believe in going to bed early when you’re working no matter how many parties you are asked to. I believe in prohibition, the anti-cigarette law and the Blue Sunday, if you’re working hard and aren’t exactly fit.

Now I live up to that just about as far as anybody in the world lives up to a creed. Really I do,

I have to.

I keep a maid always who is an expert masseuse. I can sew on a button or two if it’s strictly necessary, and I can mix my own face powder, but I cannot give myself a massage. Therefore I have a maid who understands that art to perfection. And I have a massage—a body massage because I most emphatically do not believe in massage for the face—every day of my life.

Honestly, you have no idea what it will do for you. Why, it keeps me hard and in condition, and it puts weight on me where I need it and takes it off where I don’t, if you understand what I mean. Followed by a good salt rub—and, by the way, my maid uses aromatic vinegar to massage me with—I feel great.

Unless I am on a train or in the middle of the desert on location, I always have a shower bath. Bathing is a great idea—you’d never dream how much more it means than just keeping clean, which I suppose is the real reason lots of people do it—and a shower bath is the only correct thing. I have an outfit that I had made for me in Paris, that I always carry so that even when I’m away from my own home, if there’s running hot and cold water, I can manipulate my showers.

I have a regular system—like seven come eleven—that I’ve worked out all by myself. First I take a warm shower, letting it gradually get warmer and warmer until it is so hot that I couldn’t possibly have walked right into it. This relaxes the whole body, coaxes out the nervous strain which makes for flabbiness and age, and rests you from the day’s work. Then instantaneously I turn on the icy cold water. I do this two or three times and then vary it by using a warm shower and an icy stream from a hose attachment at the same time.

My diet is a great care to me, especially when I’m working, because I keep it strictly. The things I really like to eat are never on my diet slips. I wonder why—I suppose life is always like that.

Anyway, for breakfast I drink a cup of hot chocolate (without whipped cream or sugar and what, (Continued on page 101)
To be awarded to the best production of 1920 and annually thereafter to the best picture of the year.

Your Last Chance to Vote For the Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor

The awarding of America's most distinguished artistic insignia rests with you. The Photoplay is America's greatest art. Greatest, because its patrons are not a few collectors and connoisseurs, but the public: YOU.

The public is more appreciative than the potentates who once upon a time guided the destinies of artists. Leonardo da Vinci was dependent upon petty nobles for a livelihood. Moliere's genius feasted upon the trifling of a court. But our artists do not belong to anyone save themselves. Their works are given directly to the public they serve. The public has heaped the wealth of the world—and all the world's fame—upon them. And now—that public is conferring an award more lasting, more impressive than any. Hundreds of thousands of screen devotees have heard Photoplay's clarion—and answered. The Medal of Honor Contest has found a ready response in every American who ever saw a photoplay.

The ballots are coming in until the Magazine offices resemble an Arctic landscape. Apparently every man and woman and child who has ever attended a motion picture performance has a keen interest in the ultimate owner of the Medal of Honor. They want the producer of the Best Photoplay of 1920 to know that it is well worth his while to keep right on making photoplays of actual artistic excellence.

You are convinced that American motion pictures lead the world, by every standard? If you are certain that the future of the American film depends upon the realization of this fact by American producers and public, then vote!

The only condition of the Medal of Honor Contest is that the picture which you consider the best was released between January 1st and December 31st, 1920, and that it was of American manufacture.

The Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor has been permanently established as an award of merit to the producer whose foresight, whose artistic intelligence made his venture, his money and his reputation in the industry in the selection of the story plus director plus cast. Consider the excellence of all these: theme, scenario, direction, sets, and acting. Only the motion picture public, most representatively assembled in the two and a half million readers of Photoplay Magazine, is qualified to make the selection of the best picture. No critic, no professional observer, is competent to judge. In case of a tie, decision shall be made by three disinterested people. Fill out this coupon and mail it, naming the motion picture which you consider the finest photoplay released during the year 1920.

These coupons have appeared in four successive issues, of which this is the fourth and last. All votes must be received in Photoplay's New York office not later than October 1st. You do not necessarily have to choose one of the list of pictures below, but if your choice is outside this list, be sure it is a 1920 picture.

Suggested List of Best Pictures for 1920

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Editor Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., N.Y. City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1920.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME OF PICTURE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Behind the Door</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Branding Iron</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Copperhead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cumberland Romance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dancin' Fool</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Devil's Pass Key</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dirt Sky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dollars and the Woman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earthbound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eyes of Youth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gay Old Dog</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great Redeemer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heart of the Hills</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huckleberry Finn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Humoresque</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Idol Dancer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Search of a Sinner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Something to Think About</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jes' Call Me Jim</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jubilo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love Flower</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luck of the Irish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madame X.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man Who Lost Himself</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mollycoddle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On With the Dance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Overland Red</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over the Hill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pollyanna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prince Chap</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Remodelling a Husband</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Right of Way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>River's End</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Romance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scratcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scoff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scorn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirteenth Commandment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirty-nine East</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toll Gate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treasure Island</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trumpet Island</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virgin of Stamboul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Way Down East</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why Change Your Wife?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wonder Man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>World and His Wife</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Use this coupon or other blank paper filled out in similar form.
THERE is merit in the Australian method of dividing motion pictures into two classes, plays for adults and plays for children. They are announced with a distinguishing mark—"A" for grown-ups only, and with "U" for both adults and children. No small part of motion picture censorship movements in the United States take their impetus from the zeal of persons who want all pictures denatured to approved standards for juveniles. And, without at all holding a brief for the makers of unclean pictures, one may sometimes wonder how much of downright parental laziness is represented in efforts at film censorship. If all films are to be made safe for children, then why not all books, all foods, all motor cars.

"LITTLE Lord Fauntleroy" is at present being screened, and several interested fans have written to inquire what the picture is going to be called? We have not heard as yet, but we throw out the following suggestions gratis: "Love Will Find a Way," "The Bachelor's Awakening," "The Lie That Failed," "Who Is Your Wife's Husband?"

A LAW suit recently exposed the fact that a certain advance salary check for $27,000, which had been made out to a young artist's model, duly photographed, and disseminated broadcast by a Munchausen press-agent, was, after all, but "a scrap of paper," designed solely to inflame the public mind. If there were more revelations of this kind concerning the fortunes which are supposed to be paid by hard-headed producers to inexperienced girls with little more in the way of equipment than a pretty face and a desire to act, fewer misguided young women would set out on futile expeditions to find the pot of gold at the foot of the cinema rainbow. There is, of course, in the silent drama, as in many other lines of endeavor, adequate remuneration for those who have genuine talent and who are willing to begin at the bottom and studiously work their way up. But the motion picture lot is not a diamond field where any inexperienced prospector can stake a claim and pick up Koh-i-noors at random.

ACCESSORY NOTE:—Ever since the idea gained credence in the studios that crime was ineradicably associated with waxed moustaches, and that no villain was genuinely double-dyed unless the tuft of hair on his upper lip was moulded into sharp projecting points, there has been a serious shortage of Ed. Pinaud's tubes of Pommade Hongroise: and the price has jumped from fifteen cents to fifty.

"A WOMAN in love with her husband," says Mary Thurman, "is a woman who combs her hair every morning before breakfast."

THE downward trend of prices to "peace levels" has reached the motion picture theater. A cut of one-third in admission rates for their chain of theaters in Chicago is announced by Jones, Linick & Schaefar, one of the larger and markedly successful amusement concerns of the middle west. This is more than likely to prove a wholesome move and something of the precedent for that region. One of the important elements of the success of the motion picture has been the very large amusement value obtainable at small cost to the consumer. In point of entertainment value at low cost the motion picture has no competitor and the wise exhibitor will maintain the ratio. There is a significance in recalling that in periods of unemploy-ment and stringency in the earlier days of the motion picture it alone of the so-called luxury businesses escaped with practically no diminution of prosperity. The motion picture has continued to flourish in the times when the public was buying solely on a value basis.

A PRODUCER has been making a bid for public attention by publishing daily the mounting costs of the picture on which he is engaged with the totaling cost to the consumer. In point of entertainment value the wise exhibitor will maintain the ratio. There is a significance in recalling that in periods of unemploy-ment and stringency in the earlier days of the motion picture it alone of the so-called luxury businesses escaped with practically no diminution of prosperity. The motion picture has continued to flourish in the times when the public was buying solely on a value basis.

A PRODUCER has been making a bid for public attention by publishing daily the mounting costs of the picture on which he is engaged with the totaling cost to the consumer. In point of entertainment value the wise exhibitor will maintain the ratio. There is a significance in recalling that in periods of unemploy-ment and stringency in the earlier days of the motion picture it alone of the so-called luxury businesses escaped with practically no diminution of prosperity. The motion picture has continued to flourish in the times when the public was buying solely on a value basis.

A PRODUCER has been making a bid for public attention by publishing daily the mounting costs of the picture on which he is engaged with the totaling cost to the consumer. In point of entertainment value the wise exhibitor will maintain the ratio. There is a significance in recalling that in periods of unemploy-ment and stringency in the earlier days of the motion picture it alone of the so-called luxury businesses escaped with practically no diminution of prosperity. The motion picture has continued to flourish in the times when the public was buying solely on a value basis.
SPEAKING of the imported films: what do the gentlemen who found "Passion" subtle propaganda against the French, and "Deception" spiteful propaganda against the English, find that "Gypsy Blood" is propaganda against? It must worry them terribly.

THE Rev. Thomas Dixon thundered mightily and effectively before the General Assembly of North Carolina one day last Spring, speaking determinedly against the proposed Varner-McCoin-Mathews bill, an intended censorship enactment. Some of the things he said are fit to stand as permanent indictments of those who would throttle the free moral agency of intelligent people. Among his remarks were these: "I don't believe God Almighty ever made a man big enough or wise enough to say what human thought shall be!" — and again — "Censorship in Germany and Austria, vigorously enacted through decades, kept their monarchs on the throne and theirancient systems in vogue until it took a world-war and the slaughter of millions to let in the light."

ALLAN DWAN and Jim Kirkwood were talking. "I found the lowest depth of ignorance the other day," said Dwan, "when a little extra girl on one of my Hollywood sets asked me if Manhattan Island was near New York."

I can trump that," returned Kirkwood. "I know a picture cowboy, who claims he bought drinks for Babe Ruth when she was in the chorus."

RAPIDLY directors are learning that it is not safe to be contemptuous of the public intelligence, and more and more they are being wooed to the Spencerian pronouncement that genius has an infinite capacity for taking pains. Once anachronisms and parachronisms abounded in our films. The average photo-drama's disregard of the simplest verities was enough to make old papa Zola—the inventor of naturalism—go spinning round in his grave like a tortured turbine. Modern French sculpture adorned Neronian sets; gladiators were encased in medieval armor; fauces drove along the canals of Venice; there were American telephone in the bistrops of Paris; Christian martyrs were thrown to the lions 200 B.C.; Castilians and Aztecs conversed without an interpreter. ... But because of the public's fast maturing critical acumen, such evidences of carelessness are rare indeed today. The excellence of certain recent German films was due largely to their minute adherence to the accuracy of details. The result of the exaggerated publicity which always attends an actor's marital foibles has created the erroneous impression that the stage has not yet been made safe for domesticity. It is one of the penalties of fame. As a nation we have long refused to take laughter seriously. We find it hard to realize that buffoonery may indeed be the medium of great art or the vehicle of profound truth. Too often do we regard our humorists solely as sagnarelles and scaramouches, when in reality they are artists deserving of serious consideration. That is why our literature is almost devoid of satire; for satire is truth disguised as jest. But the day has come when we are beginning to recognize the potentialities of comedy. Did not Belasco see the dramatic possibilities which lay beneath the burlesque caricatures of David Warfield? Are we not at last giving Mark Twain his due as a great literary genius? And is there anyone who does not now recognize the splendid actor and subtle pantomimist beneath the antics and grotesqueries of Charlie Chaplin?

SIMILARITY in names sometimes begets injustice. Not long ago a prudish lady, beset with Freudian inhibitions, wrote to a newspaper protesting against the publicity being given Mary MacLaren, and accusing the journal of deliberately omitting from a sketch of Miss MacLaren's life "the disgraceful confessions she once wrote, in which she boasted shamelessly of her many lovers." The letter was turned over to the literary editor for elucidation; and he at once recognized the error. The indignant lady had the confessions of Mary MacLane in mind; and she was politely informed that Miss MacLaren was above reproach and had never been an authoress—amatory or otherwise.

THE signing of the Censorship Bill has forever dashed our long-cherished hope that, before we mounted the gallows and bade adieu to earthly tribulations, we might behold a film in which the characters, when retiring for the night, would attire themselves like mortals in every-day life—the men in plain pyjamas, the women in simple robes-de-nuit. We have always wondered why, in the shadow drama, the men never removed their socks or union suits at night, and why the women always went to bed with their stockings and slippers on and heavily clothed in under garments, petticoats and elaborate peignoirs. No wonder they have to sleep sitting almost bolt upright against a small mountain of bulky pillows!

OVERHEARD in a Long Island studio: "No, my husband never goes to church. He doesn't seem religious at all, but at that I wouldn't call him an amethyst."

THE salacious divorce scandals which have recently been uplifting and ennobling us through the columns of our great moral dailies, furnish further proof that domestic infidelity does not exist exclusively in the boudoirs of actors and actresses. The accusation that the stage and screen are habituated to indecency and divorce is a time-worn libel. Because of the semi-public nature of an actor's life, his domestic scandals are always dragged forth and aired in public; whereas the divorces of other persons—save in rare instance—are passed over casually and with little notoriety. The result of the exaggerated publicity which always attends an actor's marital tangles has made the erroneous impression that the stage has not yet been made safe for domesticity. It is one of the penalties of fame. As a nation we have long refused to take laughter seriously. We find it hard to realize that buffoonery may indeed be the medium of great art or the vehicle of profound truth. Too often do we regard our humorists solely as sagnarelles and scaramouches, when in reality they are artists deserving of serious consideration. That is why our literature is almost devoid of satire; for satire is truth disguised as jest. But the day has come when we are beginning to recognize the potentialities of comedy. Did not Belasco see the dramatic possibilities which lay beneath the burlesque caricatures of David Warfield? Are we not at last giving Mark Twain his due as a great literary genius? And is there anyone who does not now recognize the splendid actor and subtle pantomimist beneath the antics and grotesqueries of Charlie Chaplin?

A WELL-KNOWN actor was rehearsing the leading role in a picture made from one of Rupert Hughes' novels. One day a friend asked Mr. Hughes if the actor had read the book and was told with familiar, with the psychology of the character. "Too d—d familiar!" Mr. Hughes answered gloomily. "You should see the liberties he takes with it."
When I heard Marguerite Clark was in town, I went right up to see her. Her big sister, Cora, came to the door.

"Marguerite? Why, certainly—

Go right in. There she is—"

I looked around

The room, but

I couldn't see Marguerite.

She didn't seem to be about.

There were three little girls

Drinking tea in a corner.

The smallest one came up to me, and said, "How do you do?" and wanted to shake hands. I said hello to her, and asked if she knew where Miss Clark was.

"Yes," said the smallest girl.

"She's right here!"

I asked if she knew I hadn't seen her for four years, and she said, "He was in Brooklyn, but because he'd been married in the meantime; but he doesn't look married—she's younger and prettier than ever. She sat down in a big divan that was piled with cushions, and for a minute I thought I'd lost her again.

Then she sat up very straight and looked at her diamond wrist-watch, (and she has diamond bracelets and rings and things—I guess she could keep on buying her presents) and she said, "Harry is in Brooklyn."

So sadly—not because he was in Brooklyn, but because he was away at all.

"He has been in Brooklyn for two hours now, if you can wait, I'd like you to meet him."

Harry is Marguerite's husband, his real name is H. Palmerson Williams, but he's not nearly as bad as all that.

They've been married a long time, as marriages go, but it's one of those romances that won't wear off.

Once in a while the people there used to be thrilled to have a screen star in their midst. Whenever I came into the shops they'd point and say, "Oh look—there's Marguerite Clark!" but now, they're used to it, and just smile and nod, 'How are you, Mrs. Williams?'

It's one of those romances that won't wear off.

Once in a while the people there used to be thrilled to have a screen star in their midst. Whenever I came into the shops they'd point and say: "Oh look—there's Marguerite Clark!" But now, they're used to it, and just smile and nod, 'How are you, Mrs. Williams?'

Jeanie MacPherson writes scenarios and is an aviatrix.

Ooh—there's Harry!"

She introduced him as her beau and he seemed to like it.

Mr. Williams is young and good-looking. He seems to be always smiling—perhaps he can't get over congratulating himself that he's Marguerite Clark's husband. Everybody is a little bit put out with Mr. Williams because it seems he doesn't want his wife to make pictures any more.

But Marguerite said: "Harry doesn't mind if I do one or two pictures a year, but he won't hear of me going back on the stage. I may go abroad to do a nice story. I have. Did everyone like 'scrambled wives'? I hope they did."

Just before I left, Mr. Williams drew me aside and showed me a picture. It was a sweet little picture of a tiny girl, of two, with big brown eyes and curls.

"That's my Maggie—when she was a baby," said Marguerite's husband. I guess he likes her pretty well.

"I'm glad she's happy—aren't you?"

I asked Jeanie MacPherson—just as soon as she returned from abroad—

All those questions about the European invasion and did she think America's supremacy in the film industry was threatened; and how were conditions, and things like that?

I thought it was the thing to do. It wasn't.

We ended by talking about the clothes she'd bought in Paris, scenario writers are only human, and Miss MacPherson is a very good scenario writer.

She writes all Cecil deMille's stories, and it keeps her too busy to worry about her income tax, which isn't probably something to worry about, "I don't know why," she said, "just because one happens to write for a living, one isn't expected to enjoy a real vacation. This is my first one in years, and I didn't do any work at all."

She's an aviatrix, and wears her wings in diamonds.

She brought back frills from Paris, and a little gun from Germany, and ideas. She was the guest of General Allen in Germany and met Ernst Lubitsch in Berlin.

The director saw deMille's "forbidden fruit" and almost tore his hair wishing he could get the electrical effects like the cinderella scenes. That was Jeanie MacPherson's idea.

She has lots of them.
ONE of the earliest things that the Olympian neighbors noticed about Artemis—or Diana, as the Romans got into the habit of calling her when she grew up—was her distaste for dolls. Even as a very little girl, she preferred to play with a bow and arrows. This preference she maintained as she developed into womanhood.

The half-sister of Aphrodite on her father Zeus's side was as different from that lady as it was possible to be. The difference is best illustrated by the remark she made to one of her playmates when she was eleven years old. Seeing this other girl holding hands with little Apollo in the back garden of the Zeus palace, she exclaimed with fine scorn: "Oh, don't be a silly!"

When she had grown into long dresses, she started out on a campaign for the suppression of sentimental foolishness that would have ended in the depopulation of the world if it had been sufficiently pressed. Fortunately, however, Artemis had too many other irons in the fire to devote all her attention to the promotion of her pet scheme to establish the Universal Society for the Prevention of Love-Making.

In Arcadia, for instance, she got herself elected game-warden for life. A statue now on exhibition in the Louvre shows her in the act of enforcing the closed season on deer.

In Ephesus, Asia Minor, Artemis was an entirely different person from the rustic protector of wild things that she was in Arcadia. Here, in a great temple numbered among the Seven Wonders of the World, she held court in high state, surrounded by highly sophisticated, and even sensuous surroundings. In Ephesus, too, she appears to have dabbled in the arts of a medium. Several successful seances, in which worshippers were made to believe that they saw and heard the dead, were credited to her in the local newspapers.

It was in Ephesus that, if all reports are true, she occasionally relaxed from her stern opposition to family life. In fact, there is evidence to show that she not only winked at but actually encouraged the mating instinct. For this relief from the rigors of her administration in Arcadia the Ephesians showed their gratitude by making her Queen of Life and adopting as their municipal motto the phrase: "Great is Diana of Ephesus!" of which St. Paul so feelingly tells us in his memoirs.

In Tauris, now known as the Crimean Peninsula, Artemis acquired extremely bad habits by associating with a local Scythian goddess. This goddess insisted upon being worshipped with human sacrifices. Artemis readily adopted the new fashion and took it back with her on her next trip to Athens and Sparta. Both Spartans and Athenians were deeply shocked by the innovation but accepted it for the time being. The scandal continued in Sparta until the time of Lycurgus who substituted the whip for the knife. But it was agreed that the cure was hardly less painful than the disease.

In Tauris, too, Artemis started the first Know-Nothing movement on record. A foreigner herself, she adopted toward foreigners the heartless motto so movingly employed by the Queen in "Alice in Wonderland": "Off with his head!"

Many an innocent pirate thus laid down his life upon her Tauric altars.

In this phase of her many-sided activities Artemis furnished to Euripides, the popular playwright and librettist, the plot for one of the most famous dramas in the world. Offended because Agamemnon, the commander-in-chief and admiralissimo of the Greeks in the Trojan war, had killed a deer out of season on her estate in Aulis, Beotia, the lady game warden would be content with no less a reparation than the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the royal huntsman’s beautiful daughter.

With a furtive tear coursing down his weather-beaten old cheek, Agamemnon finally assented to the cruel demand and sent to Sparta for Iphigenia, on the pretext that Achilles, the greatest hero of the Greek hosts, wanted her hand in marriage. Iphigenia arrived blushing and expectant, only to be bound hand and foot and placed upon the altar. At the last moment, when Agamemnon's hand was poised (Continued on page 108)
IF YOU THINK that it was easy for a girl with May McAvoy's eyes to succeed, just ask May! Hard work is her only recipe for screen stardom. Miss McAvoy has gone to California where she will soon create Barrie's "Little Minister."
JUST A LITTLE HOME IN CALIFORNIA!

YES—that's all!
Just a little house set in an expanse of smooth velvet, with one of the finest views in California fore and aft (see Chamber of Commerce booklets) with stables and kennels, private driveway, and rose garden. In fact, the new home of Pauline Frederick in Beverly Hills is much more comfortable than any royal palace, and it has a lot of conveniences that the Italian Royal Plumber, da Vinci, never dreamed of. By the way, you've probably heard that Miss Frederick has admitted a sort of tentative engagement to re-marry Willard Mack, the actor-playwright.

"SUN-PARLOR!" What a prosaic appellation for a sun-filled room done in white wicker and cretonne. The white bear on the floor is entirely harmless. The sumptuous cages belong respectively to three canaries and an English-speaking parrot.

A FRENCH influence, the home magazines would say, is apparent in Miss Frederick's bedroom. What is apparent to us is the feminine influence. Shades of Marie Antoinette—observe that bed!

THE living room and a glimpse of the library. Any interior decorator can fix you up a perfectly elegant room—but do you notice that these rooms look as if they had really been lived in?
You need only a glance into this dining room to understand why it has been the scene of many successful dinners. "Polly" is celebrated as a hostess, and celebrities of the stage and screen without number have sat and smoked and made epigrams, around this little table.

Pauline Frederick's best friend and constant companion has always been—her mother. Mrs. Lotta Frederick is the chatelaine of her busy stellar daughter's California castle.

Someone once said that you could tell from the entrance hall what the rest of a house was like. If that is true, then you know—the moment you step into the main hall of Miss Frederick's home—that the other rooms are as restful and as charming as this.
CONRAD NAGEL seems to be the favorite leading man of the brothers deMille. First he served in William's pictures; then Cecil's company claimed him. Married!

MONTE BLUE has become so popular, they say, that he has had a song named after him. Ever since we first saw Monte, we knew that was bound to happen!

THEODORE ROBERTS can express more emotion chewing a cigar than many actors can chewing the props. He is back on the lot after a serious illness.

YOU know that he is the brother of Owen and Matt; that he was married not so long ago to Renee Adoree. Then there's nothing we can tell you about Tom Moore.
GEORGE LOANE TUCKER, the maker of "The Miracle Man," is dead; and in his death we catch a clear glimpse of a great truth which heretofore we have but vaguely sensed.

Motion pictures did not exist before we of today existed, and with our own eyes we have seen their inception and birth, their growth and flowering. As a result, we have failed to grasp their significance as a great and enduring force. The art of the silent drama has seemed to us to belong in the category of things immediate and familiar, and to be bounded by the limitations of our own brief hour of consciousness.

But now in the sombre shadow cast by Tucker’s death, a broader vision must inevitably be ours; for, although he has passed on, yet the art of the screen remains, richer and finer for his gifts. And we now realize that those who follow in his steps will also pass; and still there will remain the art they helped create.

Tucker is the first of the immortals whose name is engraved on the great silent tablets of motion picture history. How young, indeed, are the films! And how vast their future must now appear in view of the fact that only the first page in their evolution has been turned—the first mile-stone reached!

Until now it has seemed that youth and motion pictures were one—we have had no reason by which to gauge their boundlessness; and the loss of Tucker is like the loss of a playmate, filling us suddenly with the sobering consciousness of the evanescence of human life, and the swift, inexorable passage of time.

(Continued on page 104)
THE CONQUERING POWER—Metro

Rex Ingram's version of Balzac's "Eugenie Grandet" is not the "spectacle" that "The Four Horsemen" was but it is in every other way a finer piece of work. The thoughtfully worked out characterizations and the general atmosphere are not only faithful to Balzac but go to make absorbing and valuable entertainment. The sets were designed by Ralph Barron, Photoplay Magazine staff artist.

EXPERIENCE—Paramount

There are a dozen melodramas rolled into one in the George Hobart allegory, and George Fitzmaurice has extracted cinematographic value from each of them. It is a simple and human preachment, and a wholesomely stirring dramatic entertainment. Richard Barthelmess is Youth, and is ably supported by Margery Daw as Love, and that sterling actor, John Miltern, as Experience.

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY—Pathé

This is a careful screening of Rudyard Kipling's romance. James Young's direction is excellent. Randolph Lewis' scenario is admirable. But—it is not the masterpiece it might have been. The acting is good, but no more. But you should see it and form your own opinion. It is better than very many films and it is reverently and painstakingly handled.

HOME TALENT—Associated Producers

Mack Sennett's sea-going maidens come into their own in his latest production. It is seldom that the screen has seen such exquisite photography as that of Abbe, with the bathing beauties as models. A careless attempt at slap-stick furnishes a jarring note, but the mermaids make up for it. An interesting departure from the usual Sennett nonsense. And Phyllis Haver is in it.
THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOL—Paramount

CECIL DEMILLE, not Arthur Schnitzler. We leave it to you which gentleman has pleased our public more. Wallace Reid’s big moment comes in the great demolition scene, in which Wally smashes several car loads of Grand Rapids furniture. Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, Agnes Ayres and Theodore Roberts are present. Good entertainment, but not for the children.

THE GOLEM—Hugo Riesenfeld

THIS new German picture is a masterpiece. It is perhaps the most worthy of all the celluloid importations. The legend of a Rabbi of medieval Bohemia who creates and brings to life a gigantic figure of clay, it is presented with a sweep and a sincerity of purpose that thrills and amazes. It is, racially, Jewish; artistically it is international. A picture that is a credit to the screen.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents reviews of the pictures released during the preceding month in a conscientious effort to be of real service. Our aim is to assist you in saving your motion picture time and money. In patronizing good pictures you encourage deserving producers. It is important for you to discourage insincerity, mediocrity, salaciousness, and bad taste by refusing to patronize pictures with such qualities. The reviewers of PHOTOPLAY are unprejudiced, and are lovers of the motion picture. While it is our belief that motion picture producers should not be expected to make pictures suitable for adults and children alike, we will warn against pictures that children should not see.

SALVATION NELL—First National

THE screened beginnings of Edward Sheldon’s “Salvation Nell” are a little too artificial to give the picture a solid foundation. But once the real story is started it frequently achieves human drama, largely through the splendid characterization of Pauline Starke as the girl who saves herself, with the Salvation Army’s help, and later redeems her man, splendidly played by Joseph King.

DOUBLING FOR ROMEO—Goldwyn

WILL ROGERS, collaborating with Will Shakespeare, has written a good comedy about a small town Romeo who doesn’t know how to make love, and who goes to Hollywood to learn. Both of the talented authors deserve credit. In the cast is young Jimmie Rogers, who is counted upon to sustain the family bank-roll when his decrepit old dad retires from the screen—eighty years hence.

WEALTH—Paramount

POSSIBLY you believe without being told in black and white on celluloid, that wealth does not bring happiness. Whatever your theories, you’ll find some of them presented here, and in an entertaining fashion. At times the fragmentary continuity halts the progress of the story, but Ethel Clayton does excellent work in a well suited role. The family can safely see this.
JOURNEY’S END—Hodkinson

HUGO BALLIN here combines the real with the unreal. He gives us promise of an unusually good picture, then veers off into a vague realm of unreality. Told without subtitles, the story will appeal strongly to the romantically inclined. It is artistic, and a picture that every member of the family can witness. Mabel Ballin is charming and sincere in the leading role.

SOWING THE WIND—First National

ATYPICAL “movie.” The story of the convent-raised daughter who returns to the world to find her mother a scarlet lady has been over-worked since Sydney Grundy put it into a play years ago. Consequently its resurrection for picture purposes is not as interesting as it might be. But Anita Stewart does much for the heroine by making her a pretty and a sincere young woman.

DESPERATE TRAILS—Universal

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER provided Harry Carey with an excellent role in his recent magazine story, “Christmas Eve at Pilot Butte.” Here is a real drama, and Carey is an actor. Here, also, are the thrills, usual and unusual, so necessary to the western photoplay. Irene Rich is convincing as the deserted wife of a gambler who sends our innocent hero to prison in his place.

CARNIVAL—United Artists

GODFREY TEARLE, brother of Conway, brought the play, “Carnival” to America and scored a quick failure with it. Now it comes back as a picture, improved as entertainment because most of its scenes were actually taken in Venice and provide not only an attractive pictorial background, but one that is historically interesting as well. The story is too obvious but it has its dramatic moments.

Photoplay’s Selection of the Six Best Pictures of the Preceding Month

THUNDER ISLAND—Universal

YOU will enjoy this romance of early Californian days, with Edith Roberts as a whimsical Spanish senora, engaging in a series of wholly unbelievable and equally fascinating adventures. She sails the seas, dives for pearls, frustrates the villain and captures the hero. Just a pleasant day’s work for Edith.
A PRIVATE SCANDAL—Rcalart

NOT all the leading ladies of the screen who are elevated to stardom on the strength of a single performance deserve the honor, nor make much of it after it has been bestowed. Little May McEvoy, however, gives promise of proving the exception. Even with a fairly trite and labored story she is intensely in earnest, employs her undoubted charm of personality most effectively and poses prettily.

THE CONQUERING POWER

THE OLD NEST

THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOL

EXPERIENCE

DOUBLING FOR ROMEO

THE GOLEM

THE MOTHER HEART—Fox

REMINISCENT of the tales of Louisa M. Alcott is Shirley Mason’s latest release, a mild, pleasing little story, quite censor-proof. Shirley, as the hired girl on a farm, scatters sunshine as usual, saves daddy from prison and makes life interesting for the tired hired man. The best of her recent offerings.

THE GREAT MOMENT—Paramount

MIX together an unlimited number of lavish interiors, silk cushions, inlaid telephones and potted palms, add one Gloria Swanson; pour in platitudinous sub-titles by Elinor Glyn, with occasional double meanings for the sex-starved; call it “The Great Moment;” shake well; and then spray on any convenient screen. You will have a sure-fire boxoffice attraction. You will also have a second rate movie.

OVER THE WIRE—Metro

IT quite complicates things, when a young lady, seeking revenge, falls in love with the object of her vengeance. But it has been done, and now it is done again. Alice Lake is pleasing but is overshadowed by George Stewart, who contributes a remarkable bit of acting. Albert Roscoe and Alan Hale, always a good actor.

LESSONS IN LOVE—First National

A LIGHT comedy, but entertaining. “Connie” Talmadge, president of the Bobbed Hair club, has saved many a worse film story. The director, Chet Withey, has also done his part to inject a new twist to the old story of the girl who pretends to be her own maid until she can get a peek at the strange young man who has been willed to her. (Continued on page 83)
THE CLOTHES OF A PERFECT DAY:

HAVE you ever seen such a delightfully demure evening dress as this? It is a dream flower developed in georgette; the petals make the soft skirt. The only decorations are flowers of water silk. Imagine a blonde in this Gidding gown of French Sevres blue! Surely she could not wish a more youthfully enchanting gown to dance or dine in.

WITH the Queen of Roumania—that beautiful Queen who, rumor tells us, is coming to America to become a queen of films—leading a movement to re-establish the national costume among smart women of her kingdom, this adaptation by Gidding is apropos. The Roumanian embroidery brightens the bisque canton crepe, and white organdie yoke.

TO dance away the cares of the day, wear these shoes—one hesitates to call the delectable trifles by so harsh a word!—from Cammeyer. They are of cloth of gold and black velvet with a tiny buckle of rhinestones. The sheer silk stockings are gold with a lacy pattern.

ONLY an ingenue—and a very young ingenue—can hope to achieve perfection in this naive evening frock. Black satin and white lace, a deft drape and a coy bow of black at the throat—to create from these such a gown is indeed artistry. This ingenue's bobbed hair lends a note of piquancy. From Mallinson and Co.

ARTISTICALLY, the young lady above is international. Actually, she is any American. From sunny Spain come her rare gold-spangled earrings, and she wears one of the popular jade pieces on a silk cord. From Noorian's, New York. (The earrings and the jade, not the international young lady.)

The Observations of Carolyn Van Wyck

IT seems to me, as I search the shops for charming things to bring to you, that the whole world waits upon the New York woman! From Spain come her earrings, from Roumania the latest embroidery to trim her frocks, from France her fans. And it is my most pleasant mission to show you, whether you live in California or Connecticut, a few of the things every nation contributes to the delight and adornment of the American woman.

This month I am presenting to you: The Smartest Woman on Fifth Avenue. I hope you will like her. She is the personification of America's great street of beauty and fashion. She has charm, chic, simplicity—as some one has said, "nothing is so expensive as simplicity!" She is gnawed as every woman would love to be gnawed: in the height of fashion, in the most perfect taste. Every month I will show you "the smartest woman." Please watch for her.

Carolyn Van Wyck
A FRENCH doll! Not the fluffy blue-eyed kind, but the new caricature doll. Here is Pierrot, straight from the Parisian workshop of Marie Vassilieff. Pierrot is only one of the quaint conceptions of the celebrated Mlle. Vassilieff—who makes dolls for Poiret, the French designer.

THE most unusual hat I have seen is this, from Joseph. It is of black silk, with its sole ornament a huge bow of black cire' ribbon. I am sorry a front view is not permitted, but I assure you it is charming from every angle. It has a tilt that is extremely alluring, this smart chapeau.

I WISH to introduce to you Ralph Barton, the artist! Yes, that is M. Barton above—or rather, his caricature by Marie Vassilieff. By the way, every Parisienne collects quaint dolls, and her American sisters are beginning to follow suit.

EVERY mood, every emotion may be expressed by a clever woman who understands the art of using a fan. This one with its black lace butterflies and its edge of orange silk is from Joseph. Bebe Daniels always wears with her evening costumes an arm band of silk flowers of the same shade as her gown. Into it one may tuck a small powder-puff.

AT Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street, I found this "smartest woman." Her cape was of black satin cleverly draped. The brisk breeze revealed that the cape was lined in white. Her frock was of black with a white lace collar and long cuffs that fell almost to her wrists. Her stick had an ivory knob.

IN my afternoons on the Avenue, I find so many curious and fascinating things I do not know which to describe to you. The other day I discovered a beautiful bag which has been sketched above. It comes from Vienna, and has many flowers embroidered on the silk oval set in the ivory frame. From the Ritz Art and Import Co. Now that they are being worn by many smart women, I want to show you what the Persian lady of fashion considers the ne plus ultra of bracelets. The two you see have been in vogue for many, many years! And last but not least, something that one sees in every jewelry shop in Manhattan: gold cases for dice.

Miss Van Wyck's answers to questions will be found on page 106.
The victory of a wife who "hung on" after her husband thought he was tired of her.

The sun in Southern California can become as hot and beady and scented as a steaming, creamy eggnog. It is full of suggestion, full of romance, full of sense-stirring perfume and lazy, luxurious, cushioning warmth, into which you sink as though you had stepped into a piled, crimson-and-gold cloudbank at sunset.

Provocative of easy-going pleasure, teasing into being every inclination of man to "play," lacking the cold, the barrenness that lays the lash of necessity and mortality upon the best of us, it inspires in ordinary mortals a thrill of self-confidence that makes them—for the while—demi-gods.

Not quite the lotus lure of the tropics, but a mischievous, dimpling cousin.

It was a morning packed to the brim with all of this. On the Hollywood hillside, the faintest breath of sea mingled, tantalizing, with the musical summer air.

"I've never had such luck with my Prima Donnas," she murred. Then, with a side glance, "Ask him? Oh, I couldn't. Besides, he wouldn't tell the truth. Husbands traditionally can't. Anyway, Morgan knows lots of people whom he's kind enough not to bore poor me with. Kits, you read too many novels. Still, you're a lamb. I suppose you're going to Sunset Inn tonight. So I'll give you my two cherished Ulrich Bruner buds. You couldn't buy those in California, child. The labor they've cost me! Wear white organdy and those—

"I won a set from Jim," said the girl, shaking her head like a colt held by the bit as the conversation slid so deftly from her hands.

"I'm no child!" said Deffand to his wife. "I think I'll come with him."

"Good. Next year you must take up golf with me. I'm beginning to think you'd make a golfer after all. You show stamina. And, Kitty," Paula Deffand went close to the girl and one earthy, brown hand fell on the young shoulder. "You're not my mother, you know—I'm no child!" said Deffand to his wife. "Oh, yes you are," she replied. "I am—your mother, some. Every wife is. If it weren't for the maternal in women, there wouldn't be any marriage!...I can't let you go to that other woman any more than I could let my little boy run out into the crowded streets, with great trucks and tearing cars!"

A Photoplay Fiction Contest Story

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Illustrated by J. Henry

DOG IN THE MANGER

The victory of a wife who "hung on" after her husband thought he was tired of her.
She felt his hands, strong, eager, against the silk of her garments, his lips seeking her instinctively, blindly. While her breast rested almost yearningly against him, her head, with a proud gesture, flung back like a snake, poised to strike.
“Oh, look, there’s Morgan Deffand. Who’s that with him?”

“That’s his wife,” said Kitty briefly, to the world in general.

One of the women at her own table laughed. “Really? Well, that’s a new one, isn’t it?”

Kitty drew her straight, angry young brows together and gave the woman an insulating stare. “I don’t see anything new about him, if you’ll notice. He’s been married twelve years.”

The woman—a pretty thing in red taffeta—smiled. “Really?” she said again. “She looks older than he.”

“I should think she would, poor thing,” said the man beside her. “But she’s darn attractive.”

“Do you think so?” asked another girl, on Kitty’s side of the table. She was sitting down looked as though she had on no clothes at all, “I don’t. Lots of style, of course—wonderful clothes. She would have. But her face is so hard, so well she knew her. “But she’s darn attractive.”

“Holy mackerel, isn’t she beautiful!” said young Jim Dunholme.

Mrs. Essex laughed. The spirit of the place was irked. “Well, I daresay the emeralds and the limousine and the servants and the clothes help some. {Continued on following page}

“ness of silence.

orchestra bridged the cavern of darkness, and the moon was hot and wet.

The pretty woman, whose husband happened to be sitting at Kitty’s bare, white shoulder, unshathed her claws. “Well, my dear, I’m sure I don’t know why you should champion Morgan Deffand. Really, I don’t. I admit he’s adorable. Of course, you may be a bit young—though I didn’t know girls were any more—to know all the things they say about him, but as for his love affairs—even you in your cloister must have heard of Daphne Cheltenham.”

Kitty lit a cigarette with a vicious gesture—as though she were setting fire to the pretty woman’s eyebrows—and gave her an open stare of such brutal hostility that she actually paled a little. “You see,” said Kitty, quietly, for her 20th Century youth was tempered and she was bred to love good breeding, “it seems a bit stupid that you shouldn’t remember that Mrs. Deffand happens to be my very dear friend. And—who is Daphne Cheltenham? The name sounds very blank, but I never heard of her in my set.”

Mrs. Essex was facing the door. The rather blank look on the pretty woman’s face as she sat glided down looked as though she wore no hat and her hair, which was warmly blonde, was too elaborately dressed, but even that could not take one whit from the highly-colored vivid beauty of her young face. Her eyes were as green and as shallow as the Irish seas. Her mouth was as ripe and dripping as a pomegranate and it gleamed in the dazzling lights as though it was hot and wet.

Kitty felt a primitive longing to sink her nails into the girl’s beautiful, pink face. “Well, I think he’s the most fascinating thing I ever saw in my life,” said an older woman, a Mrs. Van Duzen who played proprietary for the young people of this group when they went cabareting. “No wonder he’s fickle.”

“Oh, my dear Kitty, why be so ingenue? If only that cat of a wife of his would step out of the way and give him his freedom. You know it’s too absurd to be blind to things that exist. Everybody knows. Morgan Deffand is one of those men who is Daphne Cheltenham—who has beauty and talent and youth—it’s a tiresome play. And let us hasten to add, in order that no craven pulse may quicken to add, that he is with her. But this thing—with a girl like Daphne Cheltenham who has beauty and talent and youth—it’s a tiresome play. And let us hasten to add, in order that no craven pulse may quicken to add, that he is with her. But this thing—with a girl like Daphne Cheltenham who has beauty and talent and youth—it’s a tiresome play. And let us hasten to add, in order that no craven pulse may quicken to add, that he is with her. But this thing—with a girl like Daphne Cheltenham who has beauty and talent and youth—it’s a tiresome play. And let us hasten to add, in order that no craven pulse may quicken...
How to have the lovely nails that are today expected of everyone

Well-groomed hands are today a social and business necessity

FIVE years ago manicuring was a social nicety. But today well-groomed hands are a social and business necessity. Unkept nails cannot pass muster either in society or in business any more than neglected teeth or untidy hair—and they are criticized just as severely.

Cutex, by doing away with the old harmful method of cutting the cuticle, has made manicuring so simple and easy that everybody can keep their own hands always perfectly manicured. No more harmful cutting of the cuticle! Instead you take off all the hard, dry edges of skin about the base of the nails with Cutex Cuticle Remover—quickly, easily, safely. You can hardly believe your eyes when you see the dry, dead cuticle that you used to have to clip away, disappearing as dirt flies before soap and water!

Then, with the Cutex Nail White, a pearly whiteness under the nail tips. Finally—a lovely, jewel-like lustre with one of the marvelous Cutex Polishes! There are five of these so prepared as to meet every taste and every need. If you like a very brilliant shine, instantly and without buffing, that will last a week with frequent hand-washings, try the new Cutex Liquid Polish. Then there is the Powder Polish, the best and quickest you have ever used. And Cake Polish, the old favorite, so economical and convenient; and the Paste Polish, that tints as well as polishes; and the Stick Polish that every woman likes to keep in addition to all the others, just for her handbag.

So easy, and the results amazing

With Cutex you will find it actually a rest and relaxation to do your own nails. And you will be amazed at the results. The first trial of the Cuticle Remover is always like a miracle. It is a delightful surprise, also, to find that you can give your nails that really professional touch of grooming that you get from Cutex Nail White and the Cutex Polishes.

A Cutex Set is a great convenience

Cutex Sets come in three sizes—the "Compact," at 60c; the "Traveling," at $1.50; and the "Boudoir," at $3.00. Or each of the preparations comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Marvelous new Liquid Polish added to Introductory Set. Set now only 15c

A sample of the marvelous new Liquid Polish, that gives an instantaneous shine—lasting and brilliant—without buffing, has been added to the Introductory Set. Send for the set today—now only 15c—less, actually, than you’ve been able to get it for before. Fill out this coupon and mail it with 15 cents today to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., or, if you live in Canada, to Dept. 709, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

Mail this coupon with 15 cents today

Northam Warren,
Dept. 709, 114 West 17th Street,
New York City.
Name ____________________________
Street ___________________________
City and State ____________________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
A film sovereign doesn't just go out and buy an automobile, like you or I. No—he has one especially designed for him. Below is Tony Moreno's Cadillac. Tony likes a one-man top, and this is a perfect example of how it should be done.

The photographer really set out to take a picture of the car, but then Lila Lee, who owns this Apperson, came along, and as a result you see more of Lila than you do of the swift and sumptuous chariot that takes her to work.

There is something we like about Katherine MacDonald. Here it is. This Stutz coupe sets off Katharine's cool beauty to perfection. It doesn't look as if it's seen many rough trips, serving as a dressing-room.

Since Roscoe Arbuckle is the largest star, he has the largest—and showiest—car. His custom-built Pierce Arrow cost $25,000. Some of the reasons are its size, its special color—royal blue—and its costly fittings.
Great merchants recommend washing fine linens and cretonnes this way

“The Linen Store” is the name by which James McCutcheon & Company, New York, has been known since 1854. You will find there all kinds of beautiful linens—luncheon sets, scarfs and doilies, beautifully embroidered or trimmed with exquisite lace.

One of the largest makers of fine chintzes and cretonnes is F. A. Foster & Company of Boston and New York, makers of Puritan Mills Drapery Fabrics. Nowhere will you see more beautiful designs or more gorgeous colorings than in their draperies, whether they are of tapestry, cretonne or quaint printed cotton.

The laundering directions endorsed by McCutcheon and Puritan Mills, with those of leading makers of silks, woolens, cottons, blouses, and frocks, are given in our new booklet, “How to Launder Fine Fabrics.”

The beauty and wearing qualities of a fine lace or embroidered piece of linen largely depend on the care used in laundering and the kind and quality of soap employed.

We are advising our customers to wash their linens in Lux because we have found this the simplest and safest way to care for them. There is nothing in Lux that could injure the finest textured linen or the most delicate lace or drawn work. Rubbing soap on fine table linen or rubbing it to get soap or dirt out is especially hard on lace-trimmed linens or those with handwork. It also tends to roughen and coarsen the texture of the linen itself.

Our experience in the laundering of fine lace and embroideries has proved beyond question the value and reliability of Lux. For the laundering of fine articles we know of nothing better.

JAMES McCUTCHEON & CO.
A snappy setting for Mary Thurman with her stunning bobbed-banged hair and her prize Peke, is this Haynes speedster. We don’t know whether she has ever broken any Orange County speed laws with it, but we know she could if she wanted to.

Betty Blythe in her specially built Peerless sport model. It is painted a brilliant red, with red patent leather cushions. Betty particularly likes the sliding plate-glass windows that give her either an open or closed car, according to the weather and her desire.

At the lower left: One of the most unusual cars in California: Tom Mix’s custom-built Locomobile. It is a mahogany red with saddle-colored upholstery. Notice the leather strappings on the door, studded in exactly the same patterns as Tom’s saddle.

This car—a special body on a new Winton owned by J. Parker Read, Louise Glaum’s manager—is particularly noticeable for its all-nickel hood. The body is a biscuit yellow.
The tooth paste that helps Nature keep your teeth sound

As you know, Nature provides alkaline saliva to counteract the acids of fermentation in your mouth. A mild acid increases this saliva flow: as when you taste lemon.

Naturally, then, Listerine Tooth Paste — containing a small amount of a mild fruit acid — helps Nature keep your teeth sound.

Note next time how your mouth water—when you brush your teeth with this delightful paste.

A very fine powder, calcium phosphate, is the cleanser. It leaves a fresh, clean, polished feeling about your teeth.

Thus Listerine Tooth Paste provides an easy, sure, and pleasant way to guard against tooth decay and pyorrhea. It is made by the makers of Listerine. You've known them for years.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.
That was the Miracle

IN Elaine Hammerstein's picture, "The Miracle of Manhattan," Elaine is paid thirty dollars a week for singing in a basement cabaret, where a large glass of beer is served for five cents.

L. O., Chicago.

Blame Cupid

IN "The Love Special," did you notice how Wally Reid drove the locomotive through the snowstorm with the throttle closed?

E. L. Hunt, Chicago, Ill.

Influenced by the General Drought?

IN "The Devil's Garden," with Lionel Barrymore, when Will Dale (Barrymore) plunges into the rapids in an effort to save the life of the gypsy, they are both rescued from the whirlpool by men on shore. When they are dragged to safety they are both supposedly unconscious and of course wet to the skin. But in the very next flash, they are shown in the self-same position with their clothing as dry as prohibition!

Dorothy S. Ginn, Flushing, L. I.

The Soulful Cinema

IN Vivian Martin's "Song of the Soul," Miss Martin, as the young wife, puts her baby to bed—at night, of course—and returns to the living room only to discover that her husband is missing. Then suddenly we see her in an adjoining room conversing excitedly with the nurse—(and the scene is streaked with sunlight.)

L. C. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Our Hirsute Heroes

Eugene O'Brien, in "Gilded Lies," was rescued from a blizzard and taken into the hut of an old man and his son. Eugene evidently had not had a shave in many moons as his beard had grown excessively. But when he removed his hat, his hair was closely trimmed and smooth as if it had just been brilliantined.

And Rudolph Valentino, as leading man for Alice Lake in "Uncharted Seas,"—when after days of wandering the two lie down to die in the ice—has a heavy beard. But a little later, when he awakens to see a ship coming to save them, his beard is gone!

Marie W., Los Angeles, Cal.

She Must Have Changed Her Mind

IN "Without Limit," Anna Nilsson is seen examining with much disgust a very worn pair of satin slippers, which she forsworthly relegates to the corner of the room and in a shower of tears throws herself on the bed. The subsequent "shot" reveals her feet still clad in the already discarded footwear.

M. L. O., Jersey City, N. J.

No Mal De Mer for Miss Calvert

IN Catherine Calvert's picture, "Dead Men Tell No Tales," the good ship Lady Jermyn is seen plowing her way through the high seas, yet it does not seem to rock or toss while in motion. I should like to book passage on this ship the next time I sail.

David A. Moylan, Hasbrouck Hts., N. J.

Living in the Past

IN "The Greater Claim," the young hero sends a telegram to his father announcing his marriage and the date is September, 1920. His father "abducts" him, puts him on a boat in which he sails away—and the young man is seen marking off the days as they pass on a 1917 calendar!

A. M. H., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Cold Hands Mean a Warm Heart Y' Know

IN "The Love Special," Wallace Reid escorts Agnes Ayres to a chair in front of the stove—they have just come in out of a blizzard. Agnes' hand lightly touches the stove as she passes—but poor Wally, as he leans towards her to whisper a few words, rests his hand on the stove for quite a while.

Ethel Grove, Fort Worth, Texas.

Graves and calls him her hero, she leaves the print of her lips high up on his cheek. But when he wipes it off on his handkerchief, the print is down by his chin. Did they crawl or jump?

G. H., Stockton, California.
William S. Hart — known to all of us as "Bill" — holds an OMAR just as easily as he does bridle, gun or lariat

They always go together —
Damon and Pythias
Crackers and Cheese
Barnum and Bailey
and
OMAR and AROMA.

OMAR spells Aroma
Omar is Aroma
Aroma makes a cigarette;
They've told you that for years
Smoke Omar for Aroma.

Thirteen kinds of choice Turkish and six kinds of selected Domestic tobaccos are blended to give Omar its delicate and distinctive Aroma.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Thousands say that, just as you have said it dozens of times

**Perhaps you could**

**THE motion picture industry** extends a genuine welcome to you to **try;** and offers you fame and fortune if you succeed.

The industry faces the most serious shortage of photoplays in its history. It needs, and will liberally pay for, **2,000 good scenarios.** Not mere ideas, not patchworks of incident and action, but connected, workable stories for the screen. It is because the studios cannot obtain sufficient good material that so many thousands of patrons are criticising so many of the pictures shown.

And it may be that you, who can tell a good from a bad picture, can help.

"But," you say, "I am not a writer. I am only a housewife—or a salesman"—or what ever you are.

Many who are now successful might have looked at it that way. But they didn't. They tried; and some of them now enjoy big incomes. We discovered their ability and the rest was a simple matter of training.

**A nation-wide search for story-telling ability**

Here and there among the millions of men and women who attend the picture shows the essential talent for photoplay writing exists. And the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, with the cooperation of leading motion picture producers, has undertaken to locate it. By means of a novel and intensely interesting questionnaire, prepared by expert scenario writers, it is able to detect the latent ability in any person who will seriously apply the test. If the subject interests you, you are invited to avail of this free examination.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is primarily an agency for the sale of photoplays to producers. Its Department of Education is a training school for scenario writers—a school that selects its students through the test applied by this questionnaire. Unless new writers are trained there will be no scenarios for us to sell, nor plays for the studios to produce.

In the three years of its existence the Palmer Corporation has trained hundreds of scenario writers and sold scores of their photoplays. You have seen these on the screen. Many who are now successful might have looked at it that way. But they didn't. They tried; and some of them now enjoy big incomes. We discovered their ability and the rest was a simple matter of training.

The questionnaire is our guide to the talent we seek. It was prepared by Prof. Malcolm McLean, former instructor of short-story writing in Northwestern University, and Mr. H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright. It is a simple test which you may apply to yourself, to determine whether you have the essentials to successful photoplaywriting—imagination and dramatic insight. Before undertaking to train applicants in the new art of photoplay writing, we measure their aptitude for the work through this questionnaire.

It is a simple test which you can apply to yourself in your own home. It is a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

You are invited to apply our test to yourself.

We will gladly send you the Palmer questionnaire upon request. Answer to the best of your ability, the questions in it, and we will tell you frankly what the record reveals to us.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you nor any other person with creative imagination; it cannot impart dramatic insight. But if you have a natural inclination toward these essential elements of photoplay writing, we can discover through the questionnaire; and through the Course and Service your talent can be trained in the technique of scenario writing. And it can be done by home study at low cost.

You may find in yourself possibilities of achievement and big income you never dreamed of. Will you send the coupon below and apply this fascinating test to yourself?

**PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dep't of Education, Ph. 9**

I.W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am agreeable to receive further information about your Course and Service.

**NAME**

**ADDRESS**

Every advertisement in PHOToplay Magazine is guaranteed.
CLARA, ALABAMA.—Well, I'll tell you why I don't make more wages. I said to the Ed. the other day, I said, "I think I ought to earn more money." And he came right back at me with: "Do I? Why don't you?" So you see—Edith Roberts has left Universal and has not yet announced her future plans. (I begin to sound just like a press-agent.) Helene Chadwick, Molly Malone, Lefty Flynn and Mary Alden, Goldwyn. Eugene O'Brien, Martha Mansfield and Winitred Westover, Selznick.

J. E. Z., MINNESOTA.—Samuel Butler's advice to young writers was to carry a note book about with them into which they could transcribe their every thought. I imagine that if you tried anything like this, you would lose the note book. Enid Bennett has retired from films temporarily to await an interesting family event. She is Mrs. Fred Niblo in private life. Dorothy Gish is now playing the younger of "The Two Orphans" under D. W. Griffith's direction at his studio in Mamaroneck. Lillian is playing the other sister. Dorothy is married to James Rennie. Priscilla Dean, Universal City, Cal.

MRS. E. M. B., VULCAN, ALBERTA, CANADA.—Ruth Clifford made a picture called "Tropical Love" in Porto Rico this spring. This is her latest film to date. I think I will nickname you "Echo," for you always manage to have the last word.

DANNA LA RUE, ABERDEEN, WASH.—"The wonderful" Wallace has lately appeared in "The Affairs of Anatol," "The Hell Diggers," "The Miracle Man." I must ask you not to use it again. My new stenographer is very particular.

MAC's MASTER.—Thank you very much for the snaps of your Scotch terrier. You should put him in the movies. You say he hates to have his photograph taken and generally runs away. He has nothing on me. Wallace Reid was born in 1890 and has been on the screen since 1909.

BONNIE.—You write very well but you write too much. Here's the cast of "The Love Expert": Bab, Constance Talmadge; Mr. Hardcastle, Arnold Lucy; Jim Winthrop, John Holliday; Dorcas Winthrop, Natalie Talmadge; Matilda Winthrop, Fanny Bourne; Aunt Cornelie, Mrs. Spaulding; Aunt Emily, Marion Sigtargee; Mr. Smithers, David Kirkland.

MISS NORMA C., AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.—Certainly I can spare the time for a little Australian pal far away—for away. A lot of people seem to notice Jack Mulhall's resemblance to Eugene O'Brien except me! And you haven't Jack's quizzical eyebrows and Jack has never tried to imitate Mr. O'Brien's crooked smile. Mulhall's latest appearance is opposite Mabel Normand in Mack Sennett's "Molly-O." Albert Roscoe is married. That Charlie Chaplin is going to play "Hamlet." That Zeena Keefe is going to star for Selznick. That Lady Diana Manners is making a picture. That Mrs. Lydig Hoyt is making a picture.

Famous Rumors

THAT William S. Hart has retired. That Theda Bara is dead. That Eugene O'Brien is married. That Charlie Chaplin is going to play "Hamlet." That Zeena Keefe is going to star for Selznick. That Lady Diana Manners is making a picture. That Mrs. Lydig Hoyt is making a picture. That Shirley Mason is a dear. (I hope her husband doesn't read this.)
Questions and Answers

(Continued)

DORIS H., EMMONS, MINN.—If Jackie Coogan is not spoiled by all the adulation he has been getting, he will be a great man. "Peck's Bad Boy" was not as good as "The Kid." And then some people said that Jackie would be just as good without Charlie Chaplin. Bebe Daniels is not engaged to Harold Lloyd. They used to play together, that's all. Alma Tell in Paramount's "Ridgely" has two children, a boy and a girl—twins.

VERA.—You wish to know if Mae Murray answers her own telephone. It depends upon who is at the other end of the line. Eva Novak is no longer in Universal's staff. To take her place and that of Edith Roberts, who has also left that company, U. signed Marie Prevost, the celebrated bathing girl, and Miss du Pont, by which name they are releasing Margaret Armstrong. Don't ask me why they changed her name. Eva Novak is now with Fox.

OLIVE NAOMI E., SAVANNAH, GA.—Lillian Gish does not make as many pictures as other stars, but as she appears in the Griffith features, you usually see more of her at one time than you do of others, including even Phyllis Haver. Lillian is not married.

MARY WHITE, BROOKVILLE, PA.—Why did Natalie Talmadge marry Buster Keaton? I suppose she kind of liked him. It has been rumored that Buster Keaton smiled for the first time when Natalie said "yes." They are not married yet, and Buster is making new comedies for First National. Joseph Schenck, who is Norma Talmadge's husband, is Keaton's manager, so all the talent is now in one family.

ELSIE G. A., PONTIAC, ILL.—Rex Ingram's first picture since "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is "The Conquering Power," an adaptation of Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet," in which Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry again appear. There has been no stage version of Ibanez' "Four Horsemen," but Otis Skinner is soon to do a dramatization of the Spaniard's "Blood and Sand."

POLLY AND DOLLY.—So you neglected your French lessons to write to me. Don't you like to study French? Thad, I don't mind the handsome handkerchief. That is tattling around the edge, isn't it? I should like to take up tatting. Are there correspondence schools that teach it? Please let me know.

MIRIAM S., BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Oh yes, Busted Buds—I beg your pardon, I mean "Broken Blossoms." It was very sad, indeed, but I kept a regular river of tears, and had to swim up the aisle. Dick Barthelmess was the Chinaman. Dick is now making "Tol'able David" for First National, a story by Joseph Hergesheimer. Miriam McDonald is a sister of Katherine MacDonald and Mary MacLaren. She is married and has never been seen on the screen. Neither Katherine nor Mary is married. Charles Ray's first picture under his own direction is "Beau." Some people have said that Charlie has too many irons in the fire, but I thought it was a pretty good picture, myself.

MRS. WM. F. E., OREGON.—Short and sweet, sweeter than short. Robert Edeson in "Extravagance." George McDonald and Jimmy May in "Two Kinds of Love."

The Studio Villain

WELL sing you a song of the Studio Villain.

He was a hard-working man. In one day at the studio he killed one man, poisoned another, knocked out a third. He was so hard on the furniture the studio manager had to send out to Grand Rapids for a new set every time the Villain worked. He was the best fighter on the screen; he could muss up the hero any old time if the director would only let him.

Then came the time to take the Big Fight Scene. It was that Fight, you remember, that was advertised as "the most stupendous, breath-taking and virile struggle in the history of motion pictures.

Yes—that one. And the villain was to be worsted by the hero. And the Press-Agent, who called himself the Director of Publicity when he left the studio, saw a story in it.

You remember that black eye the villain had? It showed in the close-up; everybody remarked about it. "Wonderful make-up that actor has," they observed, "do you suppose the fight was really as bad as that?"

So the Press-Agent spun this little yarn: "The well-known heavy, Fagin O'Flaherty, is not a villain in real life. You will notice a black eye in his new picture. But that black eye is a concealing an old woman whom some crooks knocked down and attempted to rob of her hard-earned pittance. O'Flaherty, noting home from the studio, jumped out of his car, felled the fellows, and took the old lady home—but not before he had sustained a real black eye in the struggle. The old woman, with tears in her eyes, begged Mr. O'Flaherty to send her an autographed photograph of himself."

Mrs. O'Flaherty laughed when she read it. She remembered so well that night before the fight scene was shot, when O'Flaherty came home at three minutes past three, and she met him at the head of the stairs. (Continued on page 116)
Yes, Silvertown Cords are included in the 20% Goodrich Tire Price Reduction

Among tires Silvertown is the name that instantly conveys the thought of the highest known quality.

Motor car manufacturers and dealers are quick to emphasize to their prospects that their cars are equipped with Silvertowns—knowing that neither explanation nor argument is necessary.

The genuine value of Silvertowns has given them first place in the esteem of motorists. Their jet black anti-skid safety treads and creamy white sides give them the air of distinction that is expected in a product which is the highest art of tire craftsmanship.

The full name—“Goodrich Silvertown Cord”—appears on each tire. Look for it, and get the genuine.

THE B.F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

Your dealer will supply you with Goodrich Silvertown Cords, Goodrich Fabrics and Goodrich Red and Gray Tubes at the 20% price reduction.
Plays and Players

The annual birthday party of Bill Reid is the social event of the season among Hollywood’s younger set. (Now that he is four years old, Bill will be known as William Wallace.) His guests: Mary Joanna, daughter of William and Mary Desmond, on the cushion; holding her is Julie Cruse, with her arm around Bill’s neck. At the young host’s left is Elaine St. Johns, daughter of Adela Rogers St. Johns of PHOTOPLAY. That’s Bob White Baban with the club and King Baggot Jr. behind him; while second from the extreme right of the top row is Sonny Washburn.

T
HE banquet of Nero on the night he burned Rome— Cleopatra entertaining Caesar on the Nile— Marie Antoinette in the Tuileries—The night’s pageant given for the benefit of the Actors’ Fund at the Los Angeles Speedway last month included tableaux of stars and motion picture artists carrying the sheer interest and effort of the hundreds and thousands of dollars were invested in them.

Given under enormous difficulties, in the open air without any proper facilities for dressing, lighting, or stage management, the sheer interest and effort of the hundreds and thousands of dollars were there, representing something or other. You know—some had two or three beads, some had whole strings of beads, and other had, as it were, A bead.

The stars furnished their own costumes, and the distance of the platform from the grandstand, the audience could not see all the details of the costumes.

All the beautiful women of the screen were there, representing something or other. There isn’t any use wasting time describing the costumes, because it was just a matter of how many beads there were. You know—some had two or three beads, some had whole strings of beads, and other had, as it were, A bead.

The stars furnished their own costumes, and thousands of dollars were invested in them.

May Allison was Venus in a costume that looked like that it’s small wonder she upset domestic conditions around Olympus. The popular sensation of the evening was Mary Pickford as little Lord Fauntleroy. Stars come and stars go, but if that evening and that crown was a standard, Mary Pickford continues to be “America’s Sweetheart.” When she came down to the enormous footlights, in the Fauntleroy suit of gray velvet and old lace, her curls hanging to her waist and her little hand resting on the neck of a big collie dog, the 50,000 people present rose en masse and cheered and thrilled and roared until you could hear them in Los Angeles.

Mary Thurman was Salome. I’ve heard somewhere of Salome and her seven veils. Mary left many of them at home—but it was in a worthy cause.

Douglas Fairbanks and his company wore the costumes in which they are making the “Three Musketeers” and presented a most elaborate picture, while Cecil de Mille reproduced a scene from the Siamese settings of his latest picture.

Pauline Frederick was “Luxury,” and she was, sumptuous and elegant as a Charles II Duchess, and I didn’t see anything more beautiful all evening than Ethel Clayton, as “The Spirit of Fashion.” Paquin dreamed her, I’m sure. She couldn’t have been real and been so perfect. And speaking of dreams, Dorothy Davenport (Mrs. Wallace Reid) was “A Dream of the East.” She complained herself that “they forgot to send any of my costume except the train.” But nobody else complained.

Gloria Swanson, billed as “Woman’s Fairest Dream—The Pearl,” wore one—and art could have created nothing more perfect, while in the afternoon I saw her on the grounds in a severe tailored outfit of gray silk. I don’t know really which way Gloria looks best.

Phyllis Haver was “Dash.” She should have been. The spirit of Paris—the Artists’ Ball.

Naturally an affair of that kind will never again seem complete without Betty Blythe—and though Rosemary Theby did her best to present the Queen of Sheba and wore one of Betty’s own costumes, it was a hard job to tackle. Unless we got out a special edition of the Magazine, I couldn’t possibly tell you just what everyone did and had on—or off. But some who scintillated gorgeously were Mildred Harris, Bebe Daniels, Ann Forrest, Lila Lee, Betty Compson—I really think she was the most beautiful woman there— Florence Vidor, Mrs. McVoy, Wanda Hawley, Mabel Normand, Mary Alden, Dorothy Phillips, Alice Terry, Grace Darmond, Shirley Mason, Priscilla Dean, Margaret Loomis, Majorie Day, and lovely Ruby de Remer as Circe, quite as alluring and dangerous as that ancient lady is reputed to have been—Elinor Glyn in a Pantheon of costume, leading the procession, Kathleen Clifford, Ruth Roland, Edith Storey, Rita Weiman, in a violent creation of red, scarlet, crimson and black, Irene Rich, Evelyn Williams—oh, I could go on endlessly.

The afternoon was equally—if not more—thrilling. Could she see a great deal better and it was fun to wander about and actually see everyone and what they were doing.

The whole enclosure of the track was filled with attractions enough to satisfy P. T. Barnum. It was an effort to keep up with them.

Tony Moreno, in his trick racing car which is about the size of a kid’s toy automobile, challenged all comers to race him around the famous course, and after winning several heats donated the car to be auctioned off for the cause.

There was a wild west Rodeo—and a chariot race which I liked best of anything—all under the supervision of Tom Mix, who was working harder than any motion picture star ever worked before. He had Will Rogers roping goats, Doug Fairbanks doing trick riding—and Doug has lost none of his cunning, while Tony Moreno, Bill Desmond, Dust Farnum, Buck Jones, Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson and Jack Holt kept things so darn lively it was worse than a three ring circus to watch.

Charlie Murray had a ’49 camp—it made one’s heart ache to think things were like that such a little, little while ago. Colleen Moore was there serving drinks and adding a lot to the general gaiety.

(Continued on page 78)
The two secrets of a youthful looking skin

Every normal skin needs two creams. FOR DAYTIME use a dry cream to protect the skin and hold the powder—AT NIGHT, a cream made with oil, to keep the skin soft and pliant and perfectly cleansed.

For daytime use—the dry cream that will not reappear in a shine

When you powder, do it to last. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream—this cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

This cream has not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

Furthermore, this protective cream, skin specialists tell us, prevents the tiny grains of powder from working their way into your pores and enlarging them. It is based on an ingredient prescribed by a famous physician for its softening effect.

At night, the cleansing, nourishing cream made with oil

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only a cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face smooth Pond’s Cold Cream into the pores. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

Start using these two creams today

These two creams are both too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair.

They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond’s Extract Company, 126 Hudson Street, New York.

POND’S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

Generous tubes—mail coupon today

The Pond’s Extract Co., 126 Hudson St., New York
Two cents (2c) is enclosed for your special introductory tube of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks’ ordinary toilet uses.

Name: ____________________________
Street: ____________________________
City: ____________________________ State: ____________________________
The Most Precious Perfume in the World

Rieger's Flower Drops are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

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.

The sample offer, 1 oz. $1.60

Examples of two or three minute's length were given. Miss Allison served as assistant director, some of the stars — who took part were Richard Bennett, Jack Holt, Viola Dana, Bert Lytell, Herbert Rawlinson, William Russell, Ruby de Remer, Conrad Nagel, Winter Hall and Pauline Frederick.

Most fascinating little houses were erected to hold some of the attractions — Mrs. Rupert Hughes presided over an old English mansion, where famous authors sold their own autographed books. Such celebrities as Sir Gilbert Parker, Rupert Hughes, Gouverneur Morris, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Upton Sinclair, Rita Weiman, and Elinor Glyn were there.

Madame Glyn also had a gaudy tent where — in a thrilling and bewildering costume of blues and greens and beads she gave psychic demonstrations at enormous prices.

Mrs. William deMille and Mrs. Jesse L. Lasky had an art shop and there were harem, prize fights, vaudeville shows, ice cream and hot dogs to excess. Every place you turned a pretty girl wanted to sell you something and generally succeeded — Ann Forrest was selling cigarettes which she lighted for you at so much per light — Oh, it was a gay life.

The largest sum of money ever raised for the Fund was taken in during the day.

Alice Joyce is taking a two months’ vacation.

This in itself is not interesting. But the fact that Alice Joyce is awaiting an important event as Mrs. James Regan is.

She finished her current picture at Vitagraph in Brooklyn before leaving the studio on a leave of absence. She says she’s very happy — and we have no doubt her nice Irish husband is happy too; and that little Alice Joyce Moore is tickled to death at the prospect of having a new little sister — or brother, as the case may be — to play with.

The Joyce-Vitagraph contract has another year to run, after which it would not surprise anybody to see Alice retire permanently from the screen. She has threatened to, and much as it would grieve us to have her go, we know she has a very promising career as a smart young Manhattan matron.

In spite of the fact that Madame Elinor Glyn, with her emeralds and her temperament and her tiger-skins, has given irreverent Hollywood a lot of laughs at one time or another — in spite of this, the fact remains that Elinor is actually the only one of the many famous authors corralled in the western studios to write "originals" for the screen stars, who has really delivered in any degree proportionate with her salary and her reputation.

During the month of June — a sultry month for Manhattan — that fair city saw such film celebrities as Tom Mix and Skeets Hayakawa.

Mr. Mix, although nobody has ever been heard to call him that — brought with him...
his young wife and his mother-in-law. His wife is Victoria Forde; his mother-in-law is Eugenie Forde. Victoria is a vivacious little blonde who wears six or seven diamond and emerald and sapphire bracelets on each arm, besides many elaborate and expensive rings—all gifts from her husband. In spite of the fact that Tom wears a white sombrero and a violently checked suit on the streets of New York, he has made a very good impression.

THE latest J. Barrymore news:

John was to go abroad for the summer and then he didn't.

The Barrymore play, "Clair de Lune," which was produced, according to a newspaper wit, "for the love of Mike" (meaning Michael Strange, who wrote it and who is in private life Blanche Barrymore) wore itself out in its eight weeks' run and will probably never be revived again. John is not doing anything at present. Ethel Barrymore, to quote another writer, has "returned to the speaking stage in 'The Twelve-Pound Look.'"

TIME rolls on and Alla Nazimova has not signed with anybody.

According to the latest reports, Madame will return to the stage.

The film magnates seem not to be so gullible as they once were.

Many leading men who not so long ago drew one thousand a week for making love to lovely celluloid ladies, are now attempting to keep the home fires burning on a meagre four hundred or five.

Such former stars as Dorothy Dalton and Mildred Harris are now doing leading business. Miss Dalton probably could force Paramount to continue starring her individually if she cared to, as her contract specifies such an arrangement. She is a member of Cecil deMille's latest all-star cast.

JAMES KIRKWOOD is to be made a star by Paramount. Our principal comment on that is: why wasn't he made a star long ago?

THE biggest party of the movie social season was that with which Mabel Normand entertained at the Ambassador Hotel when the new Cocoanut Grove was opened there this month.

Miss Normand, who lives in apartments, declared she wanted to repay all the people with homes who had been so nice to her, and she invited fifty guests to an elaborate dinner party, and dancing in the Grove afterwards.

Everybody was there really— I saw Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Hamilton, the latter in a cerise gauze that set off her dark beauty, Edna Purviance, in white, Jack Pickford and beautiful Ruby de Remer—who by the way is putting on some weight that is very becoming to her, in the southern California sunshine—Roscoe Arbuckle, Bebe Daniels, Viola Dana in a soft lavender creation—and hosts of others.

Mabel herself was as brilliant as a butterfly—and, by the way, she tells me she's so healthy she's reducing!

THE official cost of von Stroheim's "Blind Wives" has been given out as $1,040,500. It ought to be a mighty good picture. But is it?

BETTY BLYTHE bobbed her hair.

Oh, Irene Castle, what crimes are committed in thy name!

---

The Quaker waits at every door

Many housewives get oat flakes without the Quaker Oats flavor—just because they don't insist.

Many other housewives force their grocers to send overseas for Quaker. That is done by oat lovers nearly all the world over.

Quaker Oats wait at every door. Your grocer will supply them if you ask. They cost no fancy price.

They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavor-y oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel, but they are the cream of the oats.

The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. As a body-builder and a vim-food it has age-old fame.

Children need its minerals, adults need its energy. And all enjoy its fragrance and its taste.

It is supreme food—make it delightful.
Let every dish be Quaker Oats quality.

Quaker Oats

With the flavor that won the world

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Beauty and Becomingness of Your Hair
depend largely on just three things—the result of the shampoo, the effect of the waving and the protection of the net.

WEST

SOFTEX SHAMPOO
ELECTRIC HAIR CURLERS
HUMAN HAIR NETS

Provide these three requisites to a pleasing and perfect coiffure.

West Softex
The Shampoo Exquisite
A thorough cleanser and beautifier imparting lustre and softness, leaving the hair easy to manage.

West Electric Hair Curlers
are unsurpassed in producing any curly and wavy effect and insure a lasting appearance and resemblance rivaling Nature's own.

West Hair Nets
The last touch to the coiffure which insures absolute confidence in the lasting effect of the careful hair dress.

When Justine Johnstone “ran over for the week-end” from London to New York, just to see the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, she said she’d acquired the British briar habit, and proved it by smoking a little jewelled pipe! She saw hundreds of Englishwomen smoking their briars at the polo matches. What? Well—some of our great-grandmothers did it—only they used corn-cobs.

WILL ROGERS, upon the completion of his Goldwyn contract, will become an independent producer.

Unlike other stars who go in for this “own company” stuff, the cowboy comedian will modestly make two-reel features, instead of six-reel super-spectacles. “About all the pictures I have ever seen could be told in two reels, anyway,” says Will. “And the only fellow who can beat me with my two-reelers, is the man who will come along and tell ‘em in one reel.”

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
UNIVERSAL announces a new star. Her name, according to the press-sheets, is "Miss du Pont." Her name, really, is Margaret Armstrong. According to her press agent, she never appeared on the screen until Eric von Stroheim discovered her and gave her the leading feminine role in his "Foolish Wives." Actually, Miss Armstrong made her film debut as one of the models in "Lombardi, Ltd."

CABIRIA," the first great film spectacle, has been revived in New York City, at the Strand Theater. This is the production by Gabriele d'Annunzio, which was the forerunner of "The Birth of a Nation" and the later great American dramas. "Cabiria" is a product of the Itala Film Company of Turin, and was completed in 1914. Maciste, the giant actor who played the slave, appeared in conjunction with the film.

The Birth of a Nation was revived at the Capitol Theater some time ago.

T is rather interesting to note the only two well-known motion picture stars who refused to partake in things of that sort nor to appear for charity — it being her theory that she cannot afford the time and energy necessary for those things.

Nazimova, in spite of pressing requests from her fellow stars, flatly refused, though she was only asked to wear a striking costume and walk across the stage, thus lending her name and presence to aid in the forerunner of "The Birth of a Nation" and the later great American dramas.

Back of this is a story that will bear telling—and which was repeated by Mr. Frohman in putting on the Actor's Fund Fair.

Miss MacDonald has made it a systematic practice not to take part in things of that sort nor to appear for charity— it being her theory that she cannot afford the time and energy necessary for those things.

Nazimova, in spite of pressing requests from her fellow stars, flatly refused, though she was only asked to wear a striking costume and walk across the stage, thus lending her name and presence to aid in the Actors' Fund Fair.

In the meantime, Nazimova and Katherine MacDonald were performing in the East understands today, the restfulness of sweet odors, the refreshment which comes from delicate perfumes.

Do you know the refreshment of Incense?

They knew incense, as you can know it today. For tonight, in your reception room, in your halls, in your boudoir, there can arise the subtle and delicate perfumes of the Orient — the same graceful fragrance which is arising in millions of homes throughout the world.

Vantine's is the temple of Incense. Burn incense, but be sure that you get Vantine's. It's very easy to make a mistake about so subtle a thing as incense, but if you use the name Vantine's, as your guide, you have the experience of 60 years' knowledge of the Orient guiding you to the true Oriental fragrance.

Which do you prefer?

Vantine's Temple Incense comes in five delicate fragrances — Sandalwood, Wistaria, Rose, Violet and Pine. Some like the rich Oriental fullness of Sandalwood, others choose the sweetness of Wistaria, Rose or Violet and still others prefer the clear and balmy fragrance of Pine.

Whichever you prefer, you can get it from your druggist or your gift shop. Practically every department store, too, carries it, so swift has been its spread throughout America.

So try, tonight, the fragrance which appeals the most to you. Just name it on the margin and for 25c we will be glad to send it to you as an acquaintance package.

Around the most simple facts of living, the ancients threw all the subtle pleasures which their minds could devise.

They understood, too, as every one in the East understands today, the restfulness of sweet odors, the refreshment which comes from delicate perfumes.

Vantine's Temple Incense is sold at drug stores, department stores and gift shops in two forms — powder and cone — in packages — at 25c, 50c and 75c.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Kathryn Perry is now Mrs. Owen Moore. They were married in Greenwich, Conn., July 16. The romance began when the former Ziegfeld Follies and Frolic beauty decided to become a silversheet luminary and was cast in pictures opposite Owen Moore. Little Kathryn is keeping up her reputation for charm and pulchritude on the screen. Owen Moore was the first husband of Mary Pickford and also her leading man in Biograph, Imp. and Famous Players films.

Betty Blythe found the hotels in a very crowded condition when she came to New York, so she finally put up at one of Fifth Avenue's finest palaces for paying guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

When Betty had taken up her abode in New York, she set about to find a place to stay that was not too crowded. She finally decided to move into a hotel that was not too crowded. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

Betty Blythe was staying at the hotel, where she was surrounded by various guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

The hotel was, no doubt, the first hotel that was ever built for an actress. Betty Blythe was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

Betty Blythe was staying at the hotel, where she was surrounded by various guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

Betty Blythe was staying at the hotel, where she was surrounded by various guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

Betty Blythe was staying at the hotel, where she was surrounded by various guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

Betty Blythe was staying at the hotel, where she was surrounded by various guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

Betty Blythe was staying at the hotel, where she was surrounded by various guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

Betty Blythe was staying at the hotel, where she was surrounded by various guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

Betty Blythe was staying at the hotel, where she was surrounded by various guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

Betty Blythe was staying at the hotel, where she was surrounded by various guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

Betty Blythe was staying at the hotel, where she was surrounded by various guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

Betty Blythe was staying at the hotel, where she was surrounded by various guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

Betty Blythe was staying at the hotel, where she was surrounded by various guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

Betty Blythe was staying at the hotel, where she was surrounded by various guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

Betty Blythe was staying at the hotel, where she was surrounded by various guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

Betty Blythe was staying at the hotel, where she was surrounded by various guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

Betty Blythe was staying at the hotel, where she was surrounded by various guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.

Betty Blythe was staying at the hotel, where she was surrounded by various guests. She was, no doubt, the first actress who had ever lived there.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 59)

BEHIND MASKS—Paramount

DESPITE the fact that Dorothy Dalton neither looks nor acts like an oppressed ingenuous, as she really should, in E. Phillips Oppenheim's "Jeanne of the Marshes" we found this good entertainment. There is intrigue, suspense and a hero incognito, but the story is quite plausible and the English atmosphere well maintained. A departure from Miss Dalton's usual portrayals, and quite an acceptable one.

SCRAP IRON—First National

A GOOD picture. If Charles Ray really directed "Scrap Iron," we are prepared to say the same Charles Ray has been directing his own pictures for a considerable spell and doing very well with them. The new picture emphasizes all the Ray virtues, tells of the adventures of the same innately decent hero and pictures him as being ruled by the same trite but true sentiment that inspires a good boy's devotion to an invalid mother.

LIVE WIRES—Fox

THE old farm has been a more or less pathetic subject. There's always a mortgage or something, to cause tears to flow. Here it is an option which the city villain secures from trusting mother, thus causing Son some exciting experiences. The vehicle serves to introduce Edna Murphy and Johnny Walker as Fox co-stars, just why, we cannot say.

THE BRONZE BELL—Ince-Paramount

HAND in hand with Mr. Fox comes Mr. Ince, presenting us with five reels of hero serial stuff, Sam as the guise of a future photoplay. Louis Joseph Vance, who wrote the story, wishes us to believe, apparently, that anything can happen in India, introducing astral bells, a lady in distress, a dethroned prince and his double, a red-blooded American. Courtenay Foote, in this dual role, seems rather conscious of his turban. John Davidson is the villain extraordiary and Doris May the lady. Who will be next?

THE BEAUTIFUL GAMBLER—Universal

HERE we have a sweet, trusting little girl who marries the wicked owner of a saloon and dance hall, in order to pay off the mortgage on daddy's log cabin. She might have known what would happen. Surely everyone who has attended the movies for the last ten years does. Really there is no excuse for this except Grace Darmond, who photographs nicely.

ONE A MINUTE—Paramount

THE hero of this tale, Douglas MacLean in the role, holds Abraham Lincoln as his ideal, and then proceeds to enrich himself by a patent medicine fraud, working on the theory that "There's a fool born every minute." Farce though it is, and to be considered as such, one finds it difficult to condemn the Sentiment lack of principle on which this story is founded. It is not up to the MacLean standard.

HOME STUFF—Metro

ANOTHER down-on-the-farm story, Viola Dana, the stranded chorus girl who finds happiness among the cows and chickens. Her personality saves the well-worn plot from seeming extremely trite, other mem-

Do hot sun and dusty wind play havoc with your complexion?

Can you enjoy motoring without fear of a reddened, coarsened skin?

A night's drive in the afternoon sun—a cloud of dust from another car—a swift rush of wind as you speed down a hill—what happens to your complexion?

You can protect your skin from the ravages of sun, dust and wind if you use Ingram's Milkweed Cream regularly. Ingram's Milkweed Cream guards the skin against the coarsening effects of the elements. More than that, it preserves the complexion, for Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones-up"—rejuvenates—the clogged, sluggish tissues of the skin.

If you have not yet tried Ingram's Milkweed Cream, begin its use today. You will find that its special therapeutic property will soon soothe away redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections—that its regular use will protect your skin from sun and wind, will keep your complexion as soft and clear as you have always hoped to have it.

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream read Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifteenth or the one-dollar size. Begin at once its regular use—it will mean so much to you.

Ingram's Rouge—"Just to show a proper glow!" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Suddly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—$0.90.

Ingram's Velvola Souveraine Face Powder—A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—$0.90.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885
102 Tenth Street
Detroit, Michigan

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO., 102 TENTH ST., DETROIT, MICH.
GENTLEMEN: Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eiderdown powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velvola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's House and Redoute Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentlemen of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Ingram's Beauty Purse—an attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Send us a dime, with the coupon below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

Ingram's Rouge—"Just to show a proper glow!" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Suddly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—$0.90.

Ingram's Velvola Souveraine Face Powder—A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—$0.90.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885
102 TENTH STREET
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO., 102 TENTH ST., DETROIT, MICH.
GENTLEMEN: Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eiderdown powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velvola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's House and Redoute Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentlemen of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Ingram's Beauty Purse—an attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Send us a dime, with the coupon below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

Ingram's Rouge—"Just to show a proper glow!" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Suddly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—$0.90.

Ingram's Velvola Souveraine Face Powder—A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—$0.90.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885
102 TENTH STREET
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO., 102 TENTH ST., DETROIT, MICH.
GENTLEMEN: Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eiderdown powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velvola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's House and Redoute Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentlemen of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.
The Shadow Stage
(Concluded)

CLEAR YOUR COMPLEXION
bers of the cast lending able support. There's some really good comedy, some inexcusable melodrama, an abundance of "home stuff" for those who like it. By Frank Dazey and Agnes Johnston.

CHILDREN OF NIGHT—Fox

THIS is a photoplay for serial followers. It contains a great deal of which serials are made, and not much of anything else. William Russell is the hero thereof, going through a variety of highly-colored adventures, some of the lady fair. There are the usual trap-doors, secret criminal societies, villains and victims.

THE FIGHTING LOVER—Universal

THAT good old plot, in which the hero wagers his friend to select him a wife from the multitudes, willy nilly, is here presented with a few original twists that make it of interesting photoplay material. It is up to the usual Frank Mayo standard, and will please his admirers. From the Ben Ames Williams story. "Three in a Thousand." NOBODY—Roland West First-Natl.

A n actress of dramatic ability might have made this one of the big photodramas of the year. As it is, it stands well above the ordinary release in plot and action. True, it is not a children's story, nor one that will entirely satisfy advocates of the happy ending, but the melodrama is wisely lightened at times, and few motion pictures have been filmed with a more effective background than Palm Beach furnishes for this one. Jewel Carmen shows some improvement in her work.

FINE FEATHERS—Metro

EUGENE WALTERS' "Fine Feathers" comes to the screen with little left unchanged except the title. Just why it was thought advisable to depart so radically from the original text of the play it is difficult to say. It contains, however, some very good photoplay material, the well-worn story is one that always arouses interest and there is undeniably a melodramatic "punch" at its conclusion. Outstanding is the work of Eugene Pallette as the unfortunate husband. Claire Whitney, June Elvidge and Warburton Gamble appear in important roles.

THE TWICE-BORN WOMAN—Sonora

THAT part of the Bible which recounts the life of the Christ, has been rewritten, Mary of Magdala being introduced as the real cause behind the crucifixion. Neither Deyha Loti as the Magdalene, nor members of her supporting cast show talent for screen acting, their movements from scene to scene being ever prelaced by explanatory titles, necessary because of choppy continuity. It is an unsuccessful attempt to film a sacred story without the vision and inspiration necessary to such a production. You'll find this tiresome.

THE BROKEN DOLL—Associated Producers

MONTE BLUE is developing into an actor of unusual promise, and in this adaptation of Wilbur Hall's "Johnny Cucadob" he does some of his finest work. There is comedy and pathos, an exciting chase for an escaped convict and a quaint love story, with Mary Thurman as the lady in the case. Every member of the family can see and enjoy this photoplay. The same can be said of almost every production of the same director— Allan Dwan.

THE ROAD TO LONDON—Pathe

TAKE this title literally. There is much scenery, Bryant Washburn, and a sketchy suggestion of plot, this latter serving merely to link together various views of London streets. The picture is entirely void of interior settings, making the production little more than that scene. However, as a scenic, it is quite interesting.

AESOP'S FABLES—Pathé

A DEPARTURE from the usual run of animated cartoons, this new Pathé series presents up-to-date topics in an amusing and entertaining form, combining the ancient Fables with modern logic. They are cleverly executed by the cartoonist Paul Terry.

TOO MUCH SPEED—Paramount

GIVE Wallace Reid Agnes Ayres for a heroine, Theodore Roberts for an irate father-in-law, a racing car, a highway and a South American contract to shoot at—and you know the rest. It is usually an interesting yarn, and though there is even enough new twists in this instance to keep it from becoming hopelessly set. "Too Much Speed" has a nice turn of sentiment near its end, when Wallace, about to win the race, puts his mechanic in the driver's seat to give him a chance to even an old score with an unscrupulous rival. A good family picture.

A KISS IN TIME—Realart

IF they only knew it, the sort of entertainment picture men turn out for hot weather is not hot weather entertainment at all. Something to take their minds off the heat is what people want in July in place of the conventionally stupid comedy that rather serves to intensify discomfort. However, the tradition holds that hammock literature serves a purpose—hence "A Kiss in Time," with T. Roy Barnes wagering some other engaging fool that he can win a kiss from Wanda Hawley within four hours after meeting her.

A VOICE IN THE DARK—Goldwyn

THIS murder mystery story loses something of the novelty that contributed to its success on the stage—where the circumstantial scenes a dead woman saw were acted in pantomime, and the incriminating testimony a blind man overheard were acted in the dark. But fortunately the story itself is interesting and sufficiently plausible to make a good picture. The story of the murdered libertine, the falsely-accused heroine, the defending district attorney and the endangered innocent is worked into good screen fiction.

BE MY WIFE—Max Linder

THIS farce of extravagance stretched to the limit and guaranteed to produce what the exhibitor knows as a "lotta laffs." In this instance Linder, who is a good comedian, has provided himself with a story in which he is forced to fight a comic duel with himself to convince the heroine that he is a worthy matrimonial candidate, and finally suffers the uproarious comic adventure of having a white rat crawl up his trousers' leg as he stands at the altar, to the great joy of the assembled guests, both in the picture and in the audience.
When Women Work

A motion picture, “When Women Work,” has been prepared by the Women’s Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor.

The picture, which visualizes good and bad working conditions for women, was made in actual factories, during working hours, with women and men moving about the machinery.

In order to carry the story through, two moving pictures actresses were engaged, but all the factory scenes in which they play were staged all in the day’s work of some New Jersey or New York factory, and before they sat at the machine they served as understudies to the day-after-day girl holder of the job.

Taking as points in the story the provisions outlined in the brief and salient summary of the “Sirt standards,” issued by the Women’s Bureau during the war and happily still serving as the standards of peace, the movie makes its visual and vivid plea for hours, wages, working conditions, vocational training, lunch and rest rooms, equal pay for equal work, equal opportunity for equal work.

Women’s clubs, the League of Women Voters, the Business and Professional Women’s League, trade unions, clubs of working girls, college women, high school classes studying economics, and Chambers of Commerce, Rotary Clubs, and other men’s organizations concerned in community affairs and recognizing women’s affairs as part of that community, would be interested in the movie. It could be shown to great advantage in connection with a local campaign for bettering industrial conditions.

The picture is in two reels and takes one-half hour to show.

The film will be loaned free—express charges not prepaid—by the Women’s Bureau.

Any organization, such as State Departments of Labor, or State Federations of Clubs, wishing to use the picture through a motion picture camera, so that generations unborn may see exactly what he looked like in actual life.

But the Sorbonne, the great school of Paris, has refused to have his voice perpetuated on the phonograph, it is said.

The film will be loaned free—express charges not prepaid—by the Women’s Bureau during the war and happily still serving as the standards of peace, the movie makes its visual and vivid plea for hours, wages, working conditions, vocational training, lunch and rest rooms, equal pay for equal work, equal opportunity for equal work.

Compulsory Immortality

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, “Tiger of France,” has refused to have his voice perpetuated on the phonograph, it is said. But the Sorbonne, the great school of Paris, is begging him to change his mind in the interest of posterity. And the whole discussion has led to another discussion and proposal—a very remarkable proposal, viz.: that a law be passed in France making it compulsory for every significant national character to send to the day-after-day girl holder of the job.

The picture is in two reels and takes one-half hour to show.

The film will be loaned free—express charges not prepaid—by the Women’s Bureau.

Any organization, such as State Departments of Labor, or State Federations of Clubs, wishing to use the picture through a motion picture camera, so that generations unborn may see exactly what he looked like in actual life.

But the Sorbonne, the great school of Paris, has refused to have his voice perpetuated on the phonograph, it is said.

The film will be loaned free—express charges not prepaid—by the Women’s Bureau during the war and happily still serving as the standards of peace, the movie makes its visual and vivid plea for hours, wages, working conditions, vocational training, lunch and rest rooms, equal pay for equal work, equal opportunity for equal work.

Compulsory Immortality

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, “Tiger of France,” has refused to have his voice perpetuated on the phonograph, it is said. But the Sorbonne, the great school of Paris, is begging him to change his mind in the interest of posterity. And the whole discussion has led to another discussion and proposal—a very remarkable proposal, viz.: that a law be passed in France making it compulsory for every significant national character to send to the day-after-day girl holder of the job.

The picture is in two reels and takes one-half hour to show.

The film will be loaned free—express charges not prepaid—by the Women’s Bureau.

Any organization, such as State Departments of Labor, or State Federations of Clubs, wishing to use the picture through a motion picture camera, so that generations unborn may see exactly what he looked like in actual life.

But the Sorbonne, the great school of Paris, has refused to have his voice perpetuated on the phonograph, it is said.
arms every time we saw a blue uniform up at Lester. But we're not going on Tier Three any more, old pal, and when a man's on the outside, the world's his ripe, red cherry. I'm just on my way to eat. Come along, and we'll walk up and scatter our belts while we chew over old times. How you makin' it?"

Jerry didn't recognize the ex-convict, but, among thousands of prisoners at Lester all day, it was nothing strange in that. Over a coffee-house table the stranger proved himself so thoroughly familiar with the prison, its inner life, and Jerry's career there, that Jerry accepted his convict identity without question. The man paid for the meal with a hundred-dollar bill.

"Need any dough, Jerry?" he inquired, when they were on the street again.

"I did but he shook his head.

"No, I'm out looking for a job."

His new friend looked at him commiseratingly. "Hun' work!" he ejaculated amazedly. "I'd never thought that of you, Jerry, after what they did to you at the 'pen.' There's just one way for an ex-con to make a living."

In rapid pantomime, he presented a mythical gun at an adversary's head and went through his pockets.

"I'm getting mine," he added. Then, after a pause: "I've been working alone so far—it's safer most times—but, Jerry, I know you right and I'd double up with you. I know a two-man job that's easy money and safe."

"Thanks; but there's nothing doing with me," Jerry answered definitely. "I'll find work somewhere."

"You haven't a chance, pal. You'll see. I hang out round 'Spider' Newman's. If you change your mind, look me up."

Returning jobless to Maise that night, Jerry found her bending over the baby's crib. The feverish little face explained too well the mother-toret in the woman's eyes.

"The doctor! Have you sent for him?" cried Jerry.

"There's no money, dear."

"I'll get one, " he promised.

"Pneumonia," announced the physician that night as he examined the child. "A bad case, but we may pull him through. Get these prescriptions at once."

Maise emptied her purse into her husband's hand and hurried out and returned with the medicine. A kindly druggist had taken what he could pay and trusted him for the rest. All night, the husband and wife paced beside the crib. At daybreak, Jerry, gray-faced, grim, went out again to find work. He found it with a street-sweeper gang, worked just long enough to plaster his shabby prison suit with mud and refuse, and then was discharged.

Jerry returned to his room. His baby was desperately ill and growing worse. The doctor, a kindly but poor himself, had been in, left more prescriptions to be filled, and asked, reluctantly, for his ice. There was no money in the house and no food. Jerry went again into the streets and wandered aimlessly, head bent, hands clenched. Unconsciously he drew near to "Spider" Newman's. Not until he saw the groggery's flaring lights did he realize where he was. The rumbling of the street traffic, the whir of automobiles, the clanging passage of crowded street-cars—none of this came to his ears. All he heard was a baby—Maise's baby and his—gasping for breath. He went in.

At the bar was the shifty-eyed man from Lester Prison, a glass of whiskey before him.

"Just in time! Have one, Jerry?"

The drink burned like flame. Jerry, who had had no food for thirty hours, felt it instantly in his veins. He clutched his companion's arm and drew him aside. There was a satisfied glint in the man's eyes.

"Will you stake me to a ten-dollar bill?"

"I can always stake a pal, and I need one right now, Jerry. Newman. If you change your mind, look me up."

"See you, pal. I need the money to buy the medicine the boy needs—food, and the broken promise a leaden weight on his heart as he went back to his comrade.

At midnight, a city-bred man stepped from a car and started, whistling, along a deserted and poorly lighted residence-block. In the black shadow of a building, two masked figures waited, crouching.

"That's our guy," whispered a voice in Jerry's ear. "Come on, pal."

As the two figures confronted him with guns leveled, the pedestrian's whistle ended in the middle of a note. His hands rose above his head. Jerry began a rapid search of his pockets.

And then two more figures appeared. Without warning, Jerry's arms were dashed from behind, and he struggled in the arms of two policemen. His companion turned and ran, but the officers, busy subduing Jerry, made no effort to shoot or to follow him.

In the midst of the rescued victim's enthusiastic congratulations a man rounded the corner and joined the group.

"Here's Detective McGlynn," hailed one of the policemen. And then to the grateful citizen: "'Tis him ye can thank for yer money and dimonds bein' safe. He's been watchin' this bird ever since he come down from Lester. This man's work will make ye a sergeant sure, Mac."

"I know that," answered McGlynn, snapping handcuffs on the captive's wrists. Jerry's red-rimmed eyes glared straight into the detective's face. The man was his footpad pal—author of the hold-up, provider of the masks and weapons, purchaser of a detective-sergeant's stripes for which Jerry now knew he must pay with half a lifetime in prison.

His every muscle quivered as he looked into the gloating eyes of his betrayer. Then, swift as the thought that urged them, Jerry McWilliams had his gun, rose, and the steel bracelets crashed solidly against the detective's temple. He toppled backward, and his head struck the curbstone.

"He died," concluded Jerry. "At the trial I told what McGlynn had done to me. Newman denied that he had given anything to McGlynn the gun, the mask, the handkerchief, even that I had been in his place with McGlynn. The jury believed him, of course, and so I'm here to die along with you, Jimmy, on Friday—day after tomorrow."

Jerry McWilliams rose and stared for a moment in silence at the bit of sunset light that filtered through the screened and barred window near the ceiling.

"One more day to live, Jimmy," he said slowly.

(Continued on page 95)
The Secret of Charm Never Changes

Throughout the ages it exerts its power—this charm to which the world bows, changing history and making queens—of nations as well as hearts.

Few can describe it, for charm doesn't depend upon beauty alone. The woman who wields it may be dark or fair, of any race or type. Only this is certain—she has a perfect skin, fresh, youthful, free from blemishes—the irresistible attraction which all understand and admire.

Begin today to give your complexion the care it needs and this charm will also be yours. It’s a beauty secret of ancient Egypt and the beautiful Cleopatra.

How to beautify your skin

Bad complexions are largely due to lack of proper cleansing. The pores become clogged, then enlarged, then irritated. Blackheads and blotches follow.

The best preventive is a daily cleansing with Palmolive soap. It makes a balmy, creamy lather, for the base is palm and olive oils. A gentle massage makes it penetrate. A rinsing takes it out, and with it come all accumulations which have clogged the skin. Finish with a dash of cold water and a touch of cold cream. Then your skin will be fresh and rosy, clear, soft, smooth.

A lesson from stage women

All women can learn something from women of the stage, who use much rouge, much powder. But they remove them before they sleep. And with them the oil, the dirt and perspiration which clog up the pores of the skin.

Their complexions will show you that they do no harm when skins are treated the right way.

Ancient beauties knew the way

Roman beauties, in their famous baths, used palm and olive oils. Egyptian beauties used them in Cleopatra’s time. Now modern science finds no better way to beauty than by scientific blending of these oils.

Only 10c, yet supreme

Palmolive soap costs little, yet it forms the best skin soap the world ever knew. It employs palm oil from Africa, olive oil from Spain. It combines them in a perfect emollient.

The Palmolive price is due to the fact that millions have come to employ it. And we have worked for years to bring it within the reach of all.

The greatest toilet luxuries at a price all can afford

Copyright 1921 The Palmolive Co.
The Man—The Horse—The Cigarette

The Man — chosen from a hundred polo players for skill and nerve.

The Horse — chosen from a thousand polo ponies for speed and courage.

The Cigarette—MURAD—chosen everywhere, for Quality and Enjoyment, by men who know. MURAD is made of 100% pure Turkish tobaccos, personally selected by our own experts, from the finest varieties grown in the far-away Oriental fields.

“Judge for Yourself—!”
JIM KIRKWOOD, playing the role of an English lord in "The Great Impersonation," is surrounded by a number of English actors now making their living via the films.

JIM KIRKWOOD, playing the role of an English lord in "The Great Impersonation," is surrounded by a number of English actors now making their living via the films. A LITTLE neighbor girl was playing with a bottle of chloroform. Driven home, she kissed her four-year-old son and told him to stay with his nurse, in-formed the maid that she was going to lie down and was not to be disturbed.

JACK HOLT has been created a star by the Famous-Players Lasky organization and will make starring productions for Paramount. Jack Holt. He's a regular human being, a good actor and a good fellow. His elevation to stardom comes as the result of popular demand and the need for another male star on the Paramount program. Holt will appear in a series of outdoor plays. At present he is playing the masculine lead in William deMille's production of "The Stage Door." He has appeared in several deMille productions lately, including "Midsummer Madness" and "The Lost Romance."

THE deepest shock and grief has been felt in Hollywood over the entirely unlooked for and unexplained suicide of Mrs. Jack Mulhall, on June 6th, at her home in the moviecenter. Mrs. Mulhall, who was a very beautiful girl, and was affectionately known to all her friends as "Bunty," parted from her husband in the studio in apparently the morning when he left for England, where she was to have gone with him. Mrs. Mulhall had at last capitulated to the pictures. DAVID WARFIELD has at last capitulated to the pictures. Mr. Loew has been a very good friend of his, and it was Mr. Loew who finally persuaded the famous actor to film his great success, "The Music Master." Warfield is working on it now.

IT is perfectly true, you know, that Sam Goldwyn employs a stenographer whose sole duty is to follow Will Rogers all day with a pad and pencil, to take down the things that the cowboy humorist scatters so casually about the place. I suppose it would break Sam's heart if he thought Will talked in his sleep.

Rogers took a chance on a horse that was raffled off at the Goldwyn lot the other day. In fact, he took fifty dollars' worth of chances. And of course he won the horse.

"Didn't want the con-found thing to end the star. Haven't got my barns done yet and I got all the live stock around the place I can do with." However, on the day that he won this animal, he decided to stand luncheon for the whole studio. Everybody that ate at the Goldwyn cafeteria just handed their check to the cashier, and Bill signed the bunch.

Bill regarded the total of a hundred and some dollars with pride in his voice.

"Well," he remarked, "I should say men et that have never et before."

He was a speaker also at the banquet held last Saturday night at the Ambassador Hotel by the Actors' Equity Association.

"First I wasn't comin' to this affair," said Bill slowly, "'cause I guess I got the distinction of bein' the only man in the motion pictures that don't own a dress suit. 'Cause that's all right 'cause I don't often get asked where I could wear one. I don't suppose most of you boys know am ever was just a actor, named Bill Rogers. But when I heard that you was going to give this thing, this note, I decided I'd come. I've wanted to git inside this hotel for a long time. "By the way, I heard somebody say they was thinkin' of reducing the salaries of motion picture stars. I just thought I'd mention it, 'cause it won't never get mentioned again."

"That reminds me of a letter I got the other day," said Bill. "A little girl wrote to me and she says, 'Dear Mr. Rogers—I have just been to see one of your pictures. I had never seen one before. I have always read that you never used a double in any of your pictures. After seeing you on the screen tonight for the first time I want to ask you, why don't you ever use a double, Mr. Rogers?"

CLARK THOMAS, now casting director for Thomas H. Ince, says this is the casting director's dream:

If you can find somebody that looks the part, be grateful.

If you can find somebody that can act the part, be grateful.
ME BUSCH is the owner of an extremely infinitesimal dog of the species Pekin. He said to me, "He's the smallest one I ever saw," remarked a friend. "Do you really like such a little dog, Mae?"

"Well," said the striking vamp, "he's a very economical dog. Every time the man comes around to collect the dog license I tell him he caught my old yet. Now his is approaching his 8th birthday and I've never paid his dog fee yet."

SON has been born to Alan Hale and his wife, Gretchen Hartman, in Hollywood.

PATHE is now entirely owned by Americans.

Charles Pathe, a Frenchman, founded the company, which was one of the first film corporations in existence. While the company expanded and extended its activities to this country, Pathe himself remained in France, giving Paul Brunet the management of the American branch.

The parent company, Pathe Cinema, Ltd., of France, has been absorbed by the American stockholders of Pathe Exchange, a seven-million dollar concern. Brunet remains president, with Charles Pathe a minority stockholder.

There will be no further changes in the company except in the direction of its expansion. Pathe at present is making no feature productions whatever, confining its activities entirely to serials and short subjects. It is believed, however, that it will, in time, return to the feature field with other Kipling dramas to follow "Without Benefit of Clergy."

WHEELS within wheels which have revolved a few more times in the past month would seem to indicate that the engagement of Charlie Chaplin and May Collins is not a fact—and probably never will be a fact.

Rumor has even stated that when it once was published—owing to the very sincere friendship and admiration which exists between the famous comedian and the pretty little ingenue—it was allowed to run its course without any definite connexion only because of the immense good it could do Miss Collins.

Already, we are told on good information, her salary has jumped from $250 to $750 a week.

May Collins, in other words, as a clever, pretty, but unknown young girl, was worth $750.

May Collins, as the possible fiancée of Charlie Chaplin, is worth considerably more. However, it seems to be quite true that Miss Collins’ hand is being ardently sought by an extremely handsome young leading man who has just signed a long term contract with a desert island film company and who is being hailed as a coming star and matinee idol.

Anyway, young Mr. Richard Dix ought to have a clearer field if Mr. Chaplin isn’t in the running.

SHADES of old Peter Delmonico!

What’s the world coming to? (Apologies to Rupert Hughes.)

New York’s most famous restaurant has inaugurated Photoplayers’ Night. Every Thursday at Delmonico’s, Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, the film players will hold forth on the roof garden. On the first Photoplayers’ Night, Wallace Reid did the honors and presented a silver cup to the best fox-trotters.

JOHNNY WALKER, who played the black sheep son in “Over the Hill,” was under discussion last week.

“You say he’s getting very popular,” said May Allison.

“Shall I talk to him?” said Bert Lytell, “his name alone ought to bring him a big following—especially among the anti-prohibition forces.”

A WELL known young actor and a pretty society lady were introduced at a dinner party in Beverly Hills.

“Tell, I’ve met you before,” said the young actor.

“Oh, no, I’m sure I’d remember,” said the lady.

“Yes, indeed, don’t you remember, on Cecil deMille’s Siamese set at the Lasky studio the other day, when you went through with some friends.”

“Of course,” said the lady, “but I didn’t know you with your clothes on.”

WHEN Marie Prevost touched the match to a huge bonfire on a beach somewhere on Long Island Sound, she started something. Or rather, she finished it.

The last of the bathing girls has burned her bathing suit.

Of course, it was only a publicity stunt to attract attention to Marie’s stellar contract with Universal, whereby she engages to appear only in drammer. But it was really something much more serious than that. It marked the end of a period in film productions. She wrote a dash in the book of the screen bathing girl.

The censors would have frightened her away sooner or later. But she took matters into her own hands with Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels, the film comedienne cherished ambitions, and as soon as opportunity knocked, packed her swim suit in moth balls and left comedies for drama.

Mary Thurman followed—and never went back. Mabel Normand has not worn a bathing suit in public for years. Harriett Hammond is playing an important role in a Lasky feature. And now Marie Prevost has finished the job.

Of course, there have been desperate attempts on the part of some of the lesser producers to revive the vogue of the one-piece bathing suit. But Mack Sennett, the daddy of the screen bathing girl, positively made his last appearance in the role.

RUM OR on the Goldwyn lot has it that at last Will Rogers has been induced to wear make-up. He had never put on a bit of grease paint until his present picture, declaring that he’d lose his self-respect if he went to fussing with his face.

But when he had to wear the tights, ruffles and plumes of Romeo, in his present vehicle, Lon Chaney, the great make-up artist, and three cowboys of the company, roped and tied him, and Chaney made him up.

When he saw how he photographed, Bill was delighted, and now he owns a full set of grease paint, mascara and everything—even a mirror.

NOW comes Mrs. Lydia Hoyt, just dying to break into the movies. No, this New York character has not been divorced or anything like that. She wants to go into pictures because she is famous for her beauty, for having posed for a J. K. Arrowsmith picture, and for her ability in amateur theatricals.

She was to have appeared first in a Norma Talmadge film, but later decided that it was too much or nothing for her.

We leave it to you to choose.
Dog in the Manger

(Continued from page 64)

I never saw such gowns, I must admit. Some women will do anything for that," Mrs. Essex raised superior eyebrows. "Unless I'm mistaken it's partly mercenary on her part and partly just pure 'dog in the manger.' You've no idea how many women are like that. Just dog in the manger, really.

Kitty Glenn rose blindly, feeling with cold hands for the ermine cape across her hair. In a hot young voice she said, "Jim, will you take me home? I can't stay here."

As she stumbled between the too close tables, she heard a last word in Mrs. Essex' high-pitched voice. She was evidently repeating herself, for the words that reached Kitty's ears still clanged the phrase, "dog in the manger."

III

It was very late when Morgan Deffand's gorgeous velvet-lined limousine drew up at the door of the stately white house on the hill. The fog had begun to slither before the approaching dawn. It was the last dead hour of the night when the soul of man feels the call of the dust from which it came. The hour before "there was light." Paula called it her crucifixion hour, so many times had she spent it battering her head against the stone wall of her life.

Now, her marvellously-conditioned body resisting the hideous fatigue of her mind and heart, Paula flew swiftly up the stairs to her husband's rooms, while he lingered below, fiddling about as he always did with an afternoon paper, some unopened mail, coats and wraps.

With rapid fingers that trembled not at all, though her lips were grey, she swiftly took Morgan's silver flask from her furs, emptied the few remaining drops and set it, empty, on his dressing table. A full quart of liquor had been set on the table beside his bed by the valet before he retired. Paula took the bottle to the gleaming white bathroom, poured half its contents into the basin, refilled the bottle with water from the hydrant, and returned it to its place on the night table.

Then she straightened the two already straightened glasses, tested the water in the pitcher with her finger tip, and ran swiftly to her own dressing room.

When her husband came up, she was sitting before the big, triple mirror of her dressing table, a lace robe thrown about her. She heard him undressing. The thud of shoes. The careless swish of cast-off garments. The clink of a glass. A bar rested almost yearningly against him, her hands, strong, eager, against the silk of her garments. His lips seeking hers, instinctively, blindly. The reek of liquor beating in her face. While her breast rested almost yearningly against him, her head, with a proud gesture, flung back like a snake poised to strike.

He reached up for her and his hand struck the bottle on the table. There was a crack and shiver of glass, a wet sound of something running on the thick carpet.

Paula's straining eyes saw it. She sighed and lay motionless, letting the man's
lip and hands have their will, while her face grows pale and white with nausea. And when her unresponsiveness, the fumes of the alcohol and fatigue conquered him and his hands dropped dead, she pulled herself breath by breath until she went to her own out-door bed to lie sleepless, sick, fear-ridden for hours.

IV.

Yet when she rose late the next morning her sleepless hours showed little trace. Serenity—the cold serenity of courage—had returned. It was one of the things about his wife that Morgan Deffand had never been able to alter: the fact that she chose to wear clean, fresh linens and gingham in the morning instead of the exotic lingerie he loved.

She was buttoning on a checked blue gingham, a cigarette between her lips, when she heard a sudden, impatient angry word from her husband's room, and a swift step toward her door.

Unconsciously she braced herself.

"Paul," said her husband as he came swiftly toward her, his eyes blazing, his hands holding still wings and papers. "What in hell does this mean? Why didn't you give me that bill from Feagans last month? What do you mean by letting them write me an insulting letter about it? You opened it in the first place—my bill."

"Mrs. Deffand finished buttoning her fresh little frock. In it she looked ten years younger than she had looked the night before."

"We didn't have the money last month. You hadn't been some time, you know. I wanted to pay up some back house bills and you've been spending a terribie lot, with that motor boat, and your new books."

"Paul, you're impossible. Good God, can I or can I not spend the money I sweat to bring the life-saving aids in time."

"No. You give me a great many things I don't want, but I can't afford to pay for now you mean well. But you have no sense about money. You're always in debt. Besides, I didn't consider that bill one that should be paid so promptly. I don't know who got the diamonds, you see. I dislike diamonds."

The man stopped. In the white light from the window his handsome face showed only here and there a trace of the things the night had seen. But a flush of anger made it strangely vivid and virile.

Paula Deffand took a long puff of her cigarette as she saw the flush reflected in the mirror above her mantel. That intuitive sense of whitehood trembled again through her being and she straightened to it, like a broken fire horse who hears the bell in the distance and doubts his ability to bring the life-saving aids in time.

"Paul," Morgan Deffand began as he stood before her, "I've made up my mind this morning to bring this thing to a crisis. You haven't sold a thing for some time, you know. I wanted to pay up some back house bills and you've been spending a terrible lot, with that motor boat, and your new books."

"Paul, you're impossible. Good God, can I or can I not spend the money I sweat to bring the life-saving aids in time."

"No. You give me a great many things I don't want, but I can't afford to pay for now you mean well. But you have no sense about money. You're always in debt. Besides, I didn't consider that bill one that should be paid so promptly. I don't know who got the diamonds, you see. I dislike diamonds."

The man stopped. In the white light from the window his handsome face showed only here and there a trace of the things the night had seen. But a flush of anger made it strangely vivid and virile.

Paula Deffand took a long puff of her cigarette as she saw the flush reflected in the mirror above her mantel. That intuitive sense of whitehood trembled again through her being and she straightened to it, like a broken fire horse who hears the bell in the distance and doubts his ability to bring the life-saving aids in time.

"Paul," Morgan Deffand began as he stood before her, "I've made up my mind this morning to bring this thing to a crisis. You hadn't been some time, you know. I wanted to pay up some back house bills and you've been spending a terrible lot, with that motor boat, and your new books."

"Paul, you're impossible. Good God, can I or can I not spend the money I sweat to bring the life-saving aids in time."

"No. You give me a great many things I don't want, but I can't afford to pay for now you mean well. But you have no sense about money. You're always in debt. Besides, I didn't consider that bill one that should be paid so promptly. I don't know who got the diamonds, you see. I dislike diamonds."

The man stopped. In the white light from the window his handsome face showed only here and there a trace of the things the night had seen. But a flush of anger made it strangely vivid and virile.

Paula Deffand took a long puff of her cigarette as she saw the flush reflected in the mirror above her mantel. That intuitive sense of whitehood trembled again through her being and she straightened to it, like a broken fire horse who hears the bell in the distance and doubts his ability to bring the life-saving aids in time.

"Paul," Morgan Deffand began as he stood before her, "I've made up my mind this morning to bring this thing to a crisis. You hadn't been some time, you know. I wanted to pay up some back house bills and you've been spending a terrible lot, with that motor boat, and your new books."

"Paul, you're impossible. Good God, can I or can I not spend the money I sweat to bring the life-saving aids in time."

"No. You give me a great many things I don't want, but I can't afford to pay for now you mean well. But you have no sense about money. You're always in debt. Besides, I didn't consider that bill one that should be paid so promptly. I don't know who got the diamonds, you see. I dislike diamonds."

The man stopped. In the white light from the window his handsome face showed only here and there a trace of the things the night had seen. But a flush of anger made it strangely vivid and virile.

Paula Deffand took a long puff of her cigarette as she saw the flush reflected in the mirror above her mantel. That intuitive sense of whitehood trembled again through her being and she straightened to it, like a broken fire horse who hears the bell in the distance and doubts his ability to bring the life-saving aids in time.

"Paul," Morgan Deffand began as he stood before her, "I've made up my mind this morning to bring this thing to a crisis. You hadn't been some time, you know. I wanted to pay up some back house bills and you've been spending a terrible lot, with that motor boat, and your new books."

"Paul, you're impossible. Good God, can I or can I not spend the money I sweat to bring the life-saving aids in time."

"No. You give me a great many things I don't want, but I can't afford to pay for now you mean well. But you have no sense about money. You're always in debt. Besides, I didn't consider that bill one that should be paid so promptly. I don't know who got the diamonds, you see. I dislike diamonds."

The man stopped. In the white light from the window his handsome face showed only here and there a trace of the things the night had seen. But a flush of anger made it strangely vivid and virile.

Paula Deffand took a long puff of her cigarette as she saw the flush reflected in the mirror above her mantel. That intuitive sense of whitehood trembled again through her being and she straightened to it, like a broken fire horse who hears the bell in the distance and doubts his ability to bring the life-saving aids in time.

"Paul," Morgan Deffand began as he stood before her, "I've made up my mind this morning to bring this thing to a crisis. You hadn't been some time, you know. I wanted to pay up some back house bills and you've been spending a terrible lot, with that motor boat, and your new books."

"Paul, you're impossible. Good God, can I or can I not spend the money I sweat to bring the life-saving aids in time."

"No. You give me a great many things I don't want, but I can't afford to pay for now you mean well. But you have no sense about money. You're always in debt. Besides, I didn't consider that bill one that should be paid so promptly. I don't know who got the diamonds, you see. I dislike diamonds."

The man stopped. In the white light from the window his handsome face showed only here and there a trace of the things the night had seen. But a flush of anger made it strangely vivid and virile.

Paula Deffand took a long puff of her cigarette as she saw the flush reflected in the mirror above her mantel. That intuitive sense of whitehood trembled again through her being and she straightened to it, like a broken fire horse who hears the bell in the distance and doubts his ability to bring the life-saving aids in time.
fought for her poise like a lagged swimmer
then, shrieked to be broken. At the open window, a humming bird fluttered.

You must see the truth. It isn’t as if there were children—"

A thrill of pure fear swept Paula Deffand, forming a tidal wave of emotion such as she had never dreamed could be, that bore her up and left her without warning at her husband’s feet. The sea wall of her passionate reserve, the last stronghold of her crucified pride, fell crashing before her suffering.

"I can’t, Bill, I can’t. If I could—oh, how I want to. The peace of it, for me. The quiet. Just my roses, my home, missing you—

"I've felt like that a long time. Bill, you know. Don’t lie to yourself. There’s just you and me—no gallery. No children? I believe God didn’t send them because I didn’t have time or strength to be their mother, with you. Why do I stick and stick? I guess it’s because love is bigger than self-respect.

"I’ve never said all this before. I couldn’t. But now I say it—say it for me and all the other women they call that name—that ‘dog in the manger’ so carelessly. You won’t admit it, no man ever does. But I know if I gave you up, if I let you go to this—this wanton, in a year, two years, you wouldn’t be the wonderful Morgan Deffand any more to me. You’re no fit custodian for your genius. You never were. Where would your work be without me to nag and drive and jack you up—you, whose every movement was created full of laziness that this sun has fed and fed?

"Even with me to stand between and stem the tide of your self-indulgence, your terrible extravagance, your egotism, your recklessness—look, look how you’ve drifted down. If you don’t believe me, you’ve got to believe your work. It’s in black and white for you to see how it’s gone back—lost its soul and its purpose. You’re so changed—I look back to the man I knew, my sweet, fine, honorable, loving—loving boy—and I can’t. My God, it’s not for me—it’s for him I’m fighting!"

"Paul, Paul, don’t! Don’t, dear. You mustn’t look like that. He expects me to look like Daphne Cheltenham when I’m staring straight into a whirlpool that is sucking down the only thing in the world I love. Not much, it seems, what I’ve done. Not a good wife, nagging, petty, cold. But I’ve been countering everything in the world and eating my heart out between times, too strained to be natural for a moment.

"I can’t, I can’t. No, wait, wait. Let me say it. You think you’ve been unhappy. You have been restless, seeking in the shallows of sense for the real things, that’s all. And now you want to put that all on my shoulders. Say I’m making you unhappy, and being unhappy is making you do things. I’m making your home a hell"

---

Dog in the Manger

(Continued)

---

All Races are learning a new way to clean teeth

This new way to clean teeth is spreading all the world over. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. To millions of people it is daily bringing whiter, safer teeth.

Everyone should make this ten-day test. See and feel the benefits it brings. Compare the new way with the old.

To fight film

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their chief enemy. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. It dims the luster, spoils the beauty and causes most tooth troubles.

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

We supply a pleasant ten-day test to everyone who asks. That test is most convincing. The results are a revelation. Each use fights film in two effective ways. It also brings three other effects which authorities deem essential. It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digesitant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

This pleasant ten-day test

Thus every use immensely aids the natural forces designed to protect the teeth.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Much stays intact

The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat film. The tooth brush, therefore, leaves much of it intact. So teeth discolor and decay despite the daily brushing. Very few people escape.

Dental science has long sought ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. High authorities advise them. Many careful tests have proved them.

Both are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this modern tooth paste, nearly all the world over, is bringing a new dental era.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPHAY MAGAZINE.
and so you go—outside. Well, you can't do it—you can't say it and get away with it, because it's a lie, a lie."

"You mustn't talk so, Paula. You're getting all wrought up. You exaggerate—"

"Oh, no, I don't. I'm just the only one that doesn't exaggerate. I'm the only person in the world that tells you the truth. A wife usually is. The rest of the world—what it's to get married. They're all just to lie, to cheat, to be mean and toady and flatter. It would be easier for me, but I'm not made that way."

"No, no, wait. Please. I want to finish. I'm so tired. I must say it all now, because I'll never be able to talk like this again."

"There is a bond between us, dear. We—why, we've been married! We've belonged. We have been—"

"I'm your wife. You feel this sense of having a home, a basis. It's a real thing."

"As for this other woman—that's nothing. Oh, my dear, can you look me in the face! No, it's Daphne Cheverton. Last year it was little Betsy Lee and Mrs. Grifiths. And before that Madame Ordensky. Where would you be if I'd flown off and left you to marry one of those? That's the life you would have had if you'd married Mrs. Grifiths—think how you hate and despise everything about her now. I knew while it wasn't quite on my honor—must be.

"Don't you suppose I can see ahead to the time when this Daphne will go the same way? I can't see you free to the horror that lies ahead to the depths to which you would find your way together. There's hope for you with me, at least. You respect me. And I'm fighting for you.

"But, Bill, if I had a son—a baby boy," a drop of blood spurted out where her teeth closed, "a drop of blood spurted out where her teeth caught her lip, but she wiped it away with twisting hands, but she smiled.

"Oh, no, it isn't." Morgan Deffand stopped his tortured walk to look at her. The hot blood—"

"There is a bond between us, dear. We—"

"Am I as helpless as all that?"

"As helpless as that You don't know."

"If this woman was a good woman—if there was ever a really good woman among them—but there couldn't be. I never worried about that. Too much of the best part of you is mine—whether you know it or not. It was the cheap women always. I would have let you go gladly, to a good woman, whom you really loved and who loved you. Gladly—gladly."

"You're all—I've all got. I—"

"Paul, my poor old girl, I didn't know. I didn't understand. I didn't know you felt like this. You were always so stern and cold. You never said, I didn't know."

"But his wife was silent, her hand closed against her eyes, her head sagging back."

"Listen, Paul, don't look like that. I'm a dirty, bloody, cheap woman. All I stick. Of course I'd stick. Maybe I'll get sense some day. I'm all wrong, You're right. You're all I've got in the world I could count on. We need Daphne—anybody."

"I—I guess you're right. You are my wife. There ought to be something—I'll try."

"Some way. Help me, dear."

Hesitating, his eyes fearful and strangely tender, he went to her and kneeling by her side, put her back in the chair and with his arms about her rested his head on her breast.

And at the feeling of her heart, laboring, struggling, beneath his cheek, he held her close, desperately, and the tears that fell on the crushed blue gingham were his tears, too.

They stayed so, these two, strangely bound, in the lovely quiet of the room, where the hot, thrilling sunshine came drifting through the bright chintzes, their hands locked, their bodies very still.

The man's eyes were closed.

But the woman's were open—looking, looking into the future. This was over. She had won. Without planning, she had played her trump card. She rested, but a woman rests between the pains of labor. The first step toward victory—that was all. He had said, "Help me." Her eyes closed down the long vista of years."

"If you should die the first time you played her—I don't care."

And impishly enough a flicker of sheer laughter came into her eyes—laughter like the play of a summer sun on a sea of deadly sea green. For a time it lasted. A woman, whose sweetness and sanity had been saved by laughing.

"I guess I can stand more punishment than a woman should. I'll be back in the matrimonial ring today," she said.

The hot blood—the wild recklessness of successful youth spent, this man of genius her own, her own as surely as though she had borne him. Years of real things, high things—to offset the years of anguish.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Dog in the Manger

(Concluded)

"Dog in the manger," she thought bitterly.

Looking up, her eyes fell on an exquisite head of the Christ child, framed in ivory, between her windows.

"In the manger," she thought softly, "in the manger.

The scent of orange blossoms and baby roses and hot, enticing sun filled the room.

Time hung suspended in the yellow splendor.

The woman, too, closed her eyes.

Through the Little Door

(Continued from page 86)

thoughtfully, "I don't know that I care so much, for," — triumphantly, "Dan McGlynn's ten-dollar bill saved my baby's life. My boy is well and strong now."

IV

A NOETHER day had passed; another night had come—the final one for the two who had eaten their last dinner and sat together in the death-cell. Between an endless succession of cigarettes, Jerry McWilliams studied the faces on the photographs he drew again and again from his bosom.

The governor was strangely quiescent, strangely apathetic.

The prison chaplain entered the cell.

He spoke kindly and with encouragement, then kneeled and offered a prayer. The condemned men kneeled with him, but, as the governor bowed his head and closed his eyes, the minister's words lost all meaning and became merely a droning accompaniment for the persistent vision that tortured him. The chaplain withdrew; the hours slipped away fast—then faster.

With the photographs he treasured propped before him, Jerry McWilliams wrote letters. Two were finished, sealed, and laid aside, to carry a final message to his wife and mother when his lips were silenced forever. He was writing a third—a long letter, for many closely written pages came from beneath his steady pen.

The governor wondered for whose eyes those last words from a man at grips with death were intended. At last, Jerry gathered the sheets and reread them with solemn concentration.

"That ends the hardest task of all," he said as he finished.

"What task, Jerry?"

"That letter. It's to my boy, Jimmy, and he's not to read it until he's old enough to understand. If I could be sure that my boy some day will profit by the lessons I've bought so dearly, it would be a comfort I'd carry with me into the very arms of 'the chair.' I don't want him to believe that his father was a murderer. I want him to understand how it all happened. I, a murderer! Am I that, Jimmy? Tell me the truth."

"You're not," cried the governor, seizing Jerry's hand. "If the governor of this state had a conscience, if he were a human being, even, and knew the truth about you, he'd—"

In the midst of his denunciation of the governor, Jared Huested suddenly remembered that he was the governor—or had been; that he, as governor, had denied Jerry's plea as unbelievable. Now, facing death himself, this was his bitterest regret.

More racing minutes sped away.

The death-house door clanged. The condemned men sprang to their feet, muscles twitching, tense nerves strained to the breaking-point. Their cell door opened and the prison barber entered. He went
Through the Little Door

(Continued from page 31)

about his task quickly, for he dreaded it. At first, the governor did not comprehend what was being done. But when his hair had been clipped and he felt the razor, baring a spot on his head, Swid in readiness for the chair's death-touch, self-control suddenly snapped and, crying out fiercely, he dashed the razor from his head.

"No, no, not that—no, that for God's sake!" he cried. Then wildly: "I'm the governor. I'm Jared Huested. This is murder. You must believe me, you know."

Jerry McWilliams' encircling arm quieted him. The comfort of Jerry's friendly voice nerved him back to sanity and the cruel necessity of doing himself to endure these last hideous moments.

Again, for a few moments, he and Jerry were alone. Then, faintly and from far off, came the sound of moving feet.

"They're taking the witnesses into the execution-room," whispered Jerry, who never for a second left the governor's side. "Steady, Jimmy his bold and hardhearted. He's only a matter of minutes now. I'm praying they'll take you first, for the few last moments alone for the one who's left behind, waiting, will be worse than hell itself." Though he was not conscious that anyone had entered the cell, the governor found the statement comforting. He exhaled the death-varrnen behind him and the chaplain and guards waiting a step behind. One guard stooped and slid each of Jerry's trouser legs from ankle to knee.

"Am I to go first?" Jerry asked. The warden nodded.

"It's time," he said. The chaplain began to intone a prayer.

Jerry caught the governor's hands in his and held them, tight-clasped, through a long silence.

"Good-by, pal," he said, at last. "If I could, I'd like to have spared you the next ten minutes. But hold yourself, Jimmy, for there's nothing to fear. There's something better than we've ever known on the other side of the chair—there must be. Well, good-by, Jimmy."

Jerry drew the two photographs from their resting-place against his heart.

"Good-by, Jerry McWilliams! I've loved you. Will you forgive me for all the grief I've caused you," he whispered very softly.

Then, smiling, as if already he had an answer, he laid the photo in his pocket, seaed a farewell to the governor and was gone.

Jared Huested dropped on his pallet. He heard the sound of feet recede down the corridor. Then silence—a long, terrible silence, in which the governor's eyes, drawn by a fearful and irresistible fascination, were fixed on the glowing indescent lamp.

Suddenly the light grew dim. The governor cried out and covered his face.

Minutes passed.

The cell door reopened. Jared Huested rose to his feet as he felt a knife rip his trouser legs from ankle to knee. He drew the little door open and close. Then silence—a long, terrible silence, in which the governor's eyes, drawn by a fearful and irresistible fascination, were fixed on the glowing indescent lamp.

Sudden light grew dim. The governor cried out and covered his face.

The cell door reopened. Jared Huested rose to his feet as he felt a knife rip his trouser legs. One uncontrollable spasm of terror left him with forcibly clenched teeth. It passed, and in its stead he felt great peace. Pleasant memories, long forgotten, of his boyhood flashed through his mind. An endless chain of trivials, all pleasant and soothing, filled his thoughts.

Everything was ready. Firmly and without a tremor, he stepped out of the cell. He saw his father, opened and three steps beyond it he stood beside the chair itself.

Before him, and dimly, as if through a haze, were a circle of men's faces, white and awed. Some one urged him gently toward the chair. He was in it now, with two guards deftly strapping his arms and legs. Somewhere behind him, the chaplain was praying. He felt the cold electrode pressed down against his shaved head. The black cap was slipped over his face, shutting his eyes and bursting something against his lips. The governor's muscles strained against the straps that bound him as he awaited the death-shock. Suddenly his body stiffened, his fingers locked in sharp jerk. Uncountable specks of dazzling light flashed, not before but through his eyes. His head seemed to soar, to swell inconceivably, to burst in a blank chaos of nothingness.

Through the blackness, the governor became conscious of warmth. He was at last truly at peace. With a shocked sense of utterable surprise, he heard a sound and recognized it. It was the strident honk of an automobile horn. He opened his dimmed eyes and saw he was in a taxicab.

"A horrible dream! My God, could it have been only that?" he questioned, touching his hand to his concealed temple. His fingers touched the naked spot that had been shaved in readiness for the chair.

As the governor shrank, shuddering, against the cushion, there was a moment of movement on the seat beside him and, turning in renewed alarm, he looked into the quiet, kindly eyes of Jerry McWilliams.

"They're taking the witnesses into the Capitol, Governor," Jerry explained. "The death-cell and the electric chair you've just escaped were not a dream, not a phantasy. They were real. For three days you've been in the death-house with me, but not at Lester death-house. You've been in the prison, guarded especially for you here in this city. It was the exact duplicate of the one at Lester. From the moment we anesthetized you—"

Jerry has but one more day to live unless you intervene. You know now what that day will be to him. You know now whether he deserves it."

"But, man, the Jerry McWilliams I've been with during these days— that Jerry was another story. He was as good as a man could be. You never made his acquaintance, you know nothing of this "criminal trick" demanded the executive. "Why have I been made its victim?"" Because the law has decreed that Jerry McWilliams who has known does not deserve death, must die. Because we knew that after the 'close-up' personal experience you've just had, cannot fail to commute the governor of this state?" demanded Huested as he stepped from the auto. "The Gray Brothers," answered his partner.
Through the Little Door  
(Concluded)

"And they are who and what?"

"A secret and invisible power with a long, long arm, Governor—an arm that rates right and justice even above the law of statute-books."

As the governor climbed the Capitol steps and the car whirled round the corner, the chauffeur leaned back toward the man who had been Quigley's confidante.

"Well, Blackie, will the governor save Jerry, do you think?" the driver asked anxiously.

"He will. My cell-partner, Jimmy Holman, is the right sort of governor," answered Boston Blackie, relaxing wearily. "The chauffeur leaned back toward the man who had been Quigley's confidante."

"And they are who and what?"

"A secret and invisible power with a long, long arm, Governor—an arm that rates right and justice even above the law of statute-books."

"I didn't go West. I've been making a personal investigation of some prison matters," Husted replied. "Do you know one of our ward-osses named Newman? Good! Phone him to come down here to my office at once. And you can go for the night, Norris. I sha'n't need you."

Then as a preface, the governor added: "Before you go, fill out a commutation for that condemned man, McWilliams, whose wife and mother were down here to see me. I may decide to sign it before morning."

Movie Appraisal

Two photoplay producers, once friends, even though competitors in the agency business, met in Los Angeles recently. Their coming-together was the first en counter in many years. They were glad to see each other, and Smith wound up an animated conversation by inviting Jones, who lived in New York, to his home for dinner.

Smith has travelled. Jones has not. Smith has made a name for himself with a few exceptionally intelligent pictures. Jones has made a lot of money with a lot of poor pictures. Smith has improved his later pictures. Jones has not.

Last year Smith went to the Orient. On the wall of his drawing room hangs a magnificent painting that he bought in Benares.

"I'm telling you the truth!" affirmed Smith, a bit testily.

"Say!" protested Jones, "I been putting up sets for five years, and I know how much materials cost. This is real pretty, but if it didn't set you back ten thousand dollars."
SITTER—This portrait won’t do, Miss Jenkins. I look like an ape.

Photographer—My dear sir, you should have come to me 2 years ago. —London Opinion.

SAM, on board the transport, had just been issued his first pair of hobnails. "I'm glad to get them, I'll need them when I'm a man!" exclaimed the young soldier.

HITTING through the small French town, an ignoble chicken, unresisting to American darkies, crossed the road in front of a colored detachment. With much zeal a soldier brought forth from the ranks and set out in pursuit. "Ha!" bellowed the officer in charge. Both fowl and negro only accelerated their pace.

"Half! Half!" yelled the driver. The dusky fowl and boy made one plunge, grabbed the chicken by the neck and stuffed it, still struggling, inside his shirt.

"Derel!" he panted. "Ah’ll learn you to halt when de captain says halt, you disobedient nigger!" —The American Legion.

HOTNESS'S Daughter (trying desperately to keep the conversation going). "Have you ever heard the joke about the curio dealer who had two skills of Columbus? One when he was a boy and the other when he was a man?"

"Fitznoodle: "No, I don't think I have. What is it?" —Tie-Belt.

THEY exclaimed, in accents rough. "You on the next settlement? I'm trying to hold the market prices down!" —Washington Star.

NORTH—"I see they're reviving the talk about trial marriages. Do you believe in them?" —New York Sun.

THE old lady sat on the hotel veranda watching the children play. Presently a boy came up to her. His hands were full of walnuts.

"What can you do with those little fellows?" she asked. "I am on my way home, doctor, and I feel very sick. I must have a rest."

"I don't wish to think of it at all, doctor," replied the old lady. "Mam Tammas, I wonder you don't get married. Being a very cautious man, he worded his prayer in this way: —The Watchman-Examiner (New York).

HAMBURG, July 25—"Why, I think it's punk, but my publisher thinks it's better than my last one," said the novelist.

NEW YORK—"But you don’t expect me to call you ma’am!" said the old convict, rudely.

"It's only a scarecrow," said the minister of a church to which he reached home. "I am on my way home, doctor, and I feel very sick. I must have a rest."

"I say, porter, did you find fifty dollars on the street?" —Boston Transcript.

"A man returning home late one night was attacked by a tramp. He had a hundred dollars in his pocket, and he could get no more for it."

"If it's a Cadillac, the driver says: 'How far is it to Kansas City?' "One hundred and forty miles," is the reply. "Gimme twenty gallons of gas and a half-gallon of oil, and he drives on. Along comes a flivver and the driver unceremoniously gets out. It's not a Cadillac."

"How far is it to Kansas City?" "Oh, about one hundred and forty miles. 'Is that all?' Gimme ten gallons of gas and a half-gallon of oil, and he drives on."

"You can't fool all the people all of the time; but then, most of us are alive only part of the time."

"Yes, sub. Thank you, sub." —Brown Jug.

"I say, porter, did you find fifty dollars on the street?"

"Yes, sir. I found it in the gas-meter; 'e thinks it is a mone'-box."

"Well, perhaps you're both right." —Boston Transcript.

"I wonder you don't get married. "—The Watchman-Examiner (New York).

"How can I get through that little hole? I ain't got no money, he might hurt yer."

"You can get it there," he said, "through the booking office."

"Tie-Bliss—When the unfortunate man staggered to his feet he beheld the tramp smiling at his discomfiture. "It would amount to over two hundred now, and he could buy as much for it now as he could have got for the original hundred at the time he began to save." —New York Sun.

"If I'm a man, I'll have to get married."

"I'm afraid I can't," she said, "I lost all my teeth years ago."

"Then lend these while I get some more," said the man.

"If the money should be law, while I should decide all major ones."

"We made a solemn compact on the day we were married that in all minor affairs my wife's word should be law, while I should decide all major ones."

"Has the scheme worked?"

"Yes, I think it may say so. No major affairs happen to have cropped up."

"Did you ever see a 'still' in operation?" —Once, said Mr. Jaggery. "I didn't get an opportunity to study it, however."

"I'm on my way home, doctor, and I feel very sick. I must have a rest."

"Mistress—"What’s your name?"

"Miss Jenkins."

"But you don’t expect me to call you Miss Jenkins, do you?"

"Maid—No, no. Not if you’ve got an alarm clock."

"A MAN returning home late one night was attacked by a tramp, who had just been made a beauty specialist and in this fascinating work with our help."

"We can make you an Authorized Diploma."

"Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

"Weren’t you interested?"

"Very much so, but just as I began my investigation there came a loud, authoritative rapping on the door. —Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Yes—A very cautious man, he worded his prayer in this way: —The Watchman-Examiner (New York).

"Mistress—"What's your name?"

"Miss Jenkins."

"But you don’t expect me to call you Miss Jenkins, do you?"

"Maid—No, no. Not if you’ve got an alarm clock."

"A MAN returning home late one night was attacked by a tramp, who had just been made a beauty specialist and in this fascinating work with our help."

"We can make you an Authorized Diploma."

"Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

"Weren’t you interested?"

"Very much so, but just as I began my investigation there came a loud, authoritative rapping on the door. —Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Yes—A very cautious man, he worded his prayer in this way: —The Watchman-Examiner (New York).

"Mistress—"What’s your name?"

"Miss Jenkins."

"But you don’t expect me to call you Miss Jenkins, do you?"

"Maid—No, no. Not if you’ve got an alarm clock."

"A MAN returning home late one night was attacked by a tramp, who had just been made a beauty specialist and in this fascinating work with our help."

"We can make you an Authorized Diploma."

"Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

"Weren’t you interested?"

"Very much so, but just as I began my investigation there came a loud, authoritative rapping on the door. —Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Yes—A very cautious man, he worded his prayer in this way: —The Watchman-Examiner (New York)."

"Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Secrets

Beauty Parlors

Revealed

Formerly Closely
Guarded Secrets
Now Yours!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—Advertising Section

Free Book—Write Now for Free Illustrated Booklet. Yest must be a Beauty Specialist and make big money. We can make you an Authorized Diploma.

Oriental System of Beauty Culture, Dept. 29, 1560 Bennett Ave., Chicago.

Famous FRENCH Depilator for removing hair

X-BAZIN is a sweet-scented depilatory. Dissolves superfluous hair from arms, limbs and face and leaves the skin fresh and dainty. 50c and $1 in U. & S. Can. and Alaska. Elsewhere 75c and $1.50. Larger sizes complete mixing outfit. Send 10c for Samples and Booklet.

HALL & BUCKEL
112 Wavvey Pla. New York

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Guaranteed Fat Reducer

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Used daily in the privacy of your room, the Reducer will show results within 11 days or money refunded. Convenient and simple—not electrical. Reduces only the parts where you wish to lose. Easily followed instructions enable you to retain your normal weight after the Reducer has eliminated the unhealthful, disfiguring fatty tissue. Without discomfort any stout man or woman can obtain these results, whether 10 or 100 pounds overweight. Dr. Lawton reduced his own weight from 211 to 152 lbs. Send for your Reducer today — only $5 and remember, it is guaranteed.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON
120 West 70th Street
Department 76
NEW YORK

You can reduce quickly and safely, without drugs or diet or strenuous exercise.
Pretty Soft to Be a Star, Eh?
(Concluded from page 44)

"10. You pay $5,000 for clothes which you can never wear again and some of which appear to you to 'look like nothing' on the screen.
"11. You are interviewed—and interviewed until you feel that if you ever had a remote or latent idea that hasn't been wrenched from you, you are lucky.
"12. You read scripts and scripts lest you might 'overlook the bet' of the season and, for the most part, you find each one drearier than the one before.
"13. You 'make up' every morning at an hour when most of the people you know have just turned on their pillows for their real sleep.
"14. You wait—you wait in your dressing room for the call to the stage. You can't go downtown for you don't know when you'll be wanted and there's the makeup and the costume you're wilting in.
"15. The stage is all set—the lights are ready—the scene is opened and one of the members of the company, the one you are going to denounce so grandly, has not appeared and a message comes that he is ill.
"16. You must go to bed early every night to be fit in the morning and you must keep primed in every contortion of the human physiognomy and be an expert in every outdoor sport—for you never know what you'll have to do—from playing golf to diving from a 200-foot board.
"17. And when the picture is finished the parts you liked best are cut. And the cry of 'footage' wins and you drag yourself home to read the next scenario.

"But there is, nevertheless, an eighteenth point, which circumvents all the others and makes the whole thing worthwhile. It is the life, the most interesting, the most distressing, the most engrossing, the most despairing, the most enchanting that I can conceive of."

As an example of the remarkable fact that the busier one is the more he finds time to do, is a brief sketch of some of the things Miss Davies is able to accomplish outside the studio. She not only studies French and keeps up with her singing lessons, but she makes, as well as plans, at least one-half of her clothes. Accompanying this article are sketches and patterns designed by herself for this season's wear.

When Eyes Are Close
Is Your Complexion at Ease

Does your complexion wince under the appraising gaze? Does it fear the verdict—"make-up"—"coarse"—"muddy"? Or is it a complexion of confidence—one that delights in close inspection? It is the latter if you use Carmen! For Carmen gives the beauty, the youthful bloom, the satiny smoothness that craves scrutiny, knowing that the more critical the gaze, the more pronounced the praise.

Carmen, the powder that stays on, is also Carmen the powder whose charming natural effect on the skin is never lessened under dampness or glaring light. It is truly the face powder extraordinary, as a test will show.

---

Griffith Still a "Showman"

On June 25th, Mr. Griffith's "'Way Down East" ended a run of forty-two weeks "on Broadway," New York. True, this was five weeks under the past-time record of his "The Birth of a Nation," which endured forty-seven weeks at the Liberty theater in the same city, but because the Forty-Fourth street theater where "'Way Down East" played, is larger, the screened New England classic has established a world-record for metropolitan attendance. "Hearts of the World," also ran at the latter theater, continuously, from April 4 to Nov. 2, 1918.

These facts are worthy of note in demonstrating that the Griffith mastery of the popular imagination, while not demonstrated in the challenging and spectacular manner of a few seasons ago, seems nevertheless as fundamentally sound and strong as ever.
An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don’t.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
How I Keep in Condition

I ask you, is chocolate without whipped cream and sugar?), eat a cereal, oatmeal preferably, with salt and a little butter, and two or three kinds of fruit, fresh or cooked. For lunch I have fish, coarse bread, a salad with plenty of lettuce and real olive oil, two or three kinds of vegetables, comprising only the following: carrots, spinach, greens, summer squash, lima or string beans, and tomatoes. For dinner, I have soup—either a good strong broth, or a cream soup, meat without trimmings, by that I mean steak, roast beef, lamb, lamb chops, chicken or veal. These are cooked simply—roasted or broiled only. I have toasted bread, any kind of salad I like, a baked potato—the only way they may be cooked—and a glass of milk. For dessert, I have anything that contains no pastry.

Now this of course may be varied, but the ingredients must be the same. About once or twice a year, I go on a milk diet. Every time I feel the slightest pang of hunger I drink milk. That’s all I eat or drink except once a day a big hot baked potato. That I think is also Marjorie Rambeau’s famous receipt for keeping her beauty. It is marvelous how it clears out the system. It lasts about ten days.

I always drink lemon juice in my water. And I drink quite a good deal of water—now. Not with my meals, though, be sure of that.

For my skin, I use a great deal of reliable cream and an occasional steaming with hot water. Use lots of good soap and water on my face—only cleansing it thoroughly with cold cream. In dry climates that is especially necessary and in that case I should recommend practically never washing the face—only cleansing it thoroughly with cold cream and an occasional steaming with hot towels. My mother always taught me to recommend practically never washing the face—only cleansing it thoroughly with cold cream and an occasional steaming with hot towels.

Now this of course may be varied, but the ingredients must be the same. About once or twice a year, I go on a milk diet. Every time I feel the slightest pang of hunger I drink milk. That’s all I eat or drink except once a day a big hot baked potato. That I think is also Marjorie Rambeau’s famous receipt for keeping her beauty. It is marvelous how it clears out the system. It lasts about ten days.

I always drink lemon juice in my water. And I drink quite a good deal of water—now. Not with my meals, though, be sure of that.

For my skin, I use a great deal of reliable cream and an occasional steaming with hot water. Use lots of good soap and water on my face—only cleansing it thoroughly with cold cream. In dry climates that is especially necessary and in that case I should recommend practically never washing the face—only cleansing it thoroughly with cold cream and an occasional steaming with hot towels. My mother always taught me to use lots of good soap and water on my face and neck and ears. Well, it’s all right for the neck and ears, I guess, but it’s death on the skin if you use it much.

I honestly believe that walking is the finest exercise in the world. I hate it—I’d rather take a good licking than walk a block. But I do it just the same. You don’t have to walk far, but you should do some outdoor walking every day—not just the average walking that housework makes you do indoors. I try to walk at least twelve blocks a day—that’s a mile. Not far, but it will do great things for you if you keep at it.

The twentieth century woman feels it her right to smoke a cigarette, drink a cocktail—if she can get it—or a glass of wine with her dinner. I’m a suffragette to that extent myself. But it is one thing you cannot do when you’re working and trying to keep in condition. You simply cannot.

The simple life is a great motto for a woman who wants to look her best, feel her best and act her best.
"Now a fat man can certainly stand more emotional excitement than most men. It has farther to go before it hits any vulnerable point. Scenes, thrills, bills, and various other manifestations of the genius temperamentus feminus rebound from him with all the vigor of a child.

"In fact, it's all rather good for him. And temperamentalis not good for most men. It frays their nerves and upsets their digestion and disrupts their business."

"A fat man has no nerves, no digestion and no business. At least, if he has they need fraying, upsetting and disrupting.

"Some people think fat men may be handsome. I shouldn't like to be quoted on that point.

"But anyway, with all she's got to look after, won't she be bothered with all the grief and agony and care that comes from having a husband running about? He takes too much looking after. A husband—an ordinary husband—requires as much looking after as a child. A handsome husband is like having twins. So she prefers somebody that, when she cure him, always ticks him in the face. "Don't stay awake, dearie, I may be late," won't sneak out and go sleep-walking around the adjoining rooms. Fat men love to sleep.

"Nothing is so humiliating to an efficient woman these days as an unfaithful husband. Fat men are inclined to be faithful. It's often a form of truism, you know. We must, you know, be proud of having a Greek God of her own. But competition is so keen since the war she'd rather accept a good, fat guarantee of fidelity and engrave on her chest the motto 'Beauty is only skin deep.'

"A smart woman wants a husband that will be a husband and stay a husband without too much protest."

"A fat man is a sentimental idiot as a general thing, filled with old-fashioned ideas about home, honor and marriages. But since marriage is a secondary consideration to the woman of today who has equal rights with a man, she will pass up the spinal thrills for untroubled peace.

"Ever hear the old line about 'Love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence'? Bunk. Absolute bunk. Love isn't the entire existence of the female of the species in this year A. D."

"But a fat man doesn't mind that so much. He likes to be let alone a good deal. He can stand a modern wife who has as many interests as he has outside the home. It makes her lot easier to live with if she has something to think about and pick on besides him.

"A fat man is usually brave. He's had to be. It takes a brave man to marry the modern woman. She knows so much. It takes a brave man to marry at all. You walk into the church because some girl wants you to, and the first thing you know you're all over the place, mistress and responsible for the sins of your grandchildren.

"However, I believe in marriage. Life cannot be all sunshine.

"But I'm not sure as to love. Marriage would be safer without love.

"If you fall in love, doesn't things do you any good? It's better, if you know as much about women as Lew Cody says he does, if you really fall for one of them you're gone; take your choice between chloroform and the river.

"If you don't care so awfully much about a girl you show some sense. Instead of treating her nice and jumping around like a trick duck, you can ignore her. Treat her with superb indifference. Display your best traits. But not for her. She can stand a good many of falling mildly in love with every pretty woman he sees. But be reasonable. Love a little and a little while. Find a happy medium.

"My only requirements for a woman are that she be smart, well-dressed and have a lot of pep. I can get along without the blondes. Even if they give me a chance in the fan belt. She ought to be a good fellow. Never pick on a fellow because he's a man's man. If he's got to wander around when they go out together and smoke and talk, it's an innocent diversion. There are a lot worse.

"She doesn't have to be pretty. I can look at the scenery most anywhere from the Hudson to the Golden Gate. And I can contemplate strings of pearls in any jewelry window. If she's smiling and well dressed, she's decorative enough for me.

"Every man starts life with a preconceived notion about women. And love and marriage. Every man, and nine out of ten fat men, cut off their mother.

"A man's ideal is most of the things most men want to come home to—slippers, drawn curtains, a bright fire, peace, praise, and a good, hot dinner. He may take his romance with a dash of bitters, but he wants his matrimonial dreams padded so the sharp corners won't cut.
The Girl Problem and the Pictures

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

EVA RYERSON LUDGATE—although she is an ordained Congregational minister with the legal right to vote, I'll always think of her name—looks more like a motion picture star than an evangelist. Perhaps that is why she has swept like a whirlwind, this year, through the ordinarily cold and not-too-enthusiastic New England States: why she is, at this moment of writing, drawing large and eager crowds to her meetings upon the Harvard Campus (where no one has ever successfully evangelized before). Perhaps that is why she preached, not so many months ago, to most of the A. E. F. in France and Germany—evangelists—are like that!

"Our girls," she said, "are degenerating—fast. They're going downhill. Look at the clothes they wear, look at the places they frequent, look at their manners and their slang! And—" he warmed to his subject, "where do they get the inspiration for their clothes and their amusements and their manners? They get them at the local movie house, watching the latest plays! That's why I want you to speak against the motion picture!"

"It was just then," the Rev. Eva was smiling reminiscently, "that I gave my opinion on the subject!"

"And what?" I questioned—forgetting that we were supposed to be having breakfast, "what was your opinion?"

The Rev. Eva beamed at me, over her coffee cup.

"The pastor of a great church came to me, the other day, with a request. I had an extraordinary question. And usually—with all of them a great deal—and very seriously, of late!"

"Isn't it possible," he questioned, "for you to occasionally speak against the motion pictures?" I asked. "Just how might they be helped—really?"

The Rev. Eva leaned her attractive head upon one pretty hand, and the forefinger of the other traced mystic designs upon the white table cloth.

"The girl of today," she said softly, "desires, above all things, to be beautiful and charming. She wants to wear the prettiest obtainable clothes; to make the most of herself. That is why she sometimes goes to the extreme in the matter of sheer blouses and short skirts and silk stockings—why she sometimes puts too much color on her cheeks and too much powder on her nose. "She wants to be beautiful, with all of her not fully developed young soul. And she thinks that the shine of her skin, through thin Georgette, is pretty, and she's very wonderful and worth while. I was angry—but I managed to conceal my anger, as I answered."

"Just why," I queried sweetly, "do you think that the movies are in any way related to what you call our Girl Problem?"

The minister was a large, ponderous man. He puffed out his chest, importantly.

"Of course," the Rev. Eva was smiling slightly, "I was angry. For I refuse to admit that we have any girl problem. I'm not an enthusiastic about the American girl! I think that..."
Richard Barthelmes

Is his own Boss now, and he's making pictures for First National. His first will be "Tol'ble David," from Joseph Hergesheimer's popular story.

Independent Artists Make Pictures of Highest Quality

THERE'S an inspiration in independent work. The man who is working for himself is sure to do his best, to put every ounce of his energy and ability into his efforts. That's why pictures by independent artists excel.

All First National artists are independent stars or directors producing in their own studios. And First National accepts their pictures for exhibition purposes strictly on their merit at the best in entertainment.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation wide organization of independent theatre owners who foster the production of finer photoplays and who are devoted to the constant betterment of screen entertainment.

With this aim in view it has made arrangements with some of the best artists for their product in the coming year. Watch for the pictures with the First National Trademark. It is a guarantee of exceptional pictures.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The Girl Problem and the Pictures

(Concluded)

that the sheen of silk hose is pretty, and that pink cheeks are pretty. And that is why she does certain things that short-sighted folks condemn her for doing.

"The motion picture has helped to foster this idea of beauty. It has shown lovely women, and charming men, and beautiful homes to many a child who has worked most of her life in a factory—who has lived, for countless years, in a slum. It has raised her ideals, has set her groping after newer, more wonderful vistas. But—"it has stopped there! It has not tried to direct her groping —to set her on the right track. And it might, so easily!"

"If..." I asked.

"If some clever person, in the motion picture business, would start a series of pictures—for girls—he would be doing a very useful thing," the Rev. Eva told me, "not only useful—but profitable to himself. There should be lessons in dressing well, in making the home attractive, in being charming personally, in bringing out one's best points—mental, physical and moral, and in becoming popular and well liked by other people. The motion picture theater that ran such a weekly feature would—I am sure—notice an increase in patronage. Why," the Rev. Eva was large eyed and very serious, "why, the average girl would rather miss her meals than such an opportunity to learn?"

She paused and I filled in the empty space with words.

"Do you think that this plan of yours would be as popular in the cities as it would be in the small towns?" I asked.

The Rev. Eva nodded.

"Yes," she said, "I do. City girls are just as anxious to learn as any other girls."

First of the Immortals

(Concluded from page 55)

But his death brings, too, the compensating knowledge that the deeds and thoughts of men endure. And it also provides for us the knowledge that the art of motion pictures is not only of our short day and generation, but of the long tomorrows and the generations yet to come.

And this knowledge can not help but inspire the efforts and strengthen the ideals of those who still labor in the field where he too dreamed and labored.

George Loane Tucker was born in Chicago of an old theatrical family. He studied law at the University of Chicago law school and later was associated, at various times, with well-known theatrical producing companies. For the screen, he produced the English and European versions of "The Christian," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "Arsene Lupin." Perhaps his most notable picture before he was acknowledged one of the greatest American producing directors was "Virtuous Wives," which starred Anita Stewart. After this came "The Miracle Man"—and with it, Tucker's complete recognition as one of the masters of screencraft. Tucker made only one more picture after "The Miracle Man." It was "Ladies Must Live," which has not yet been released by Paramount Pictures.

Mr. Tucker was critically ill for several months. His recovery had been extremely doubtful for more than a year. With him when he died were his mother, Mrs. Ethel Tucker of Chicago, and his wife, well known on the stage as Elizabeth Risdon.
The Romance of the Third Dimension
(Continued from page 42)

THE MURDERED MAN

The dramatic contrast of tones, the violent chiaroscuro, and the converging lines of diminished lights focusing the attention on the bed, produce the suggestion of the ominous and tragic, which is the emotional motif of this scene. There are no suspended rhythms, no theatricalized movements here; all lines and forms are architectonically static, thus producing a stimulus whose emotional reaction is finally.

WILMETTE, fashionable suburb of Chicago, is all torn out by a question of female beauty as revealed in the movies.

The subject for debate is: "Should a movie theater be permitted to exhibit a film showing bathing beauties silhouetted behind a screen in the act of doffing their street attire?"

A group of blushing citizens, viewing this film, protested that the village needed movie censorship. Accordingly, the offending celluloid was viewed by Edward Gipf, president of the Village Board; Mrs. John C. Baker, president of the Wilmette Woman's Club, and Mrs. Louis W. Crush, president of the Catholic Woman's Club of the city.

"There's nothing objectionable in it," echoed Mrs. Crush.

"Nothing that anyone could take offense at," said Mrs. R. E. Bruns, of 751 Michigan Avenue, Wilmette, the mother of five children, says: "Movie censorship should be imposed by parents, and not by the authorities. Parents should decide what films their children are to see. Most parents send their children to the movies to get rid of them, so they won't be bothered with them" — please accept Photoplay Magazine's applause for the utterance of a great truth, Mrs. Bruns! — "without a thought of what they may see there."

"Perfectly all right," said Mrs. Baker.

If the common sense and practicality of Wilmette could be distributed over these United States, and a little more thickly in Ohio and Pennsylvania than elsewhere, it would be a great thing for art, for family life, for decency and for tolerance.

Forty-Seven Thousand Theaters

ACCORDING to some late statistics that's the number of photoplay houses there are in the world today. Of this total the United States alone has 18,000. Surprisingly, the great territory of South America, with its numerous cities and hundreds of towns, is given a total of only 1200 picture shops, as against 3500 in Bolshevik Russia. Germany has 3731; Great Britain, 3000; France, 2400; and Italy, 2200. Scandinavia seems surprisingly low in the list, with a credit of only 703, while little Belgium has 778—nearly three times as many as fatty prosperous Holland. The Turks don't do much picturing, apparently, for this list finds only thirty-two picture shops in all the Sultan's domain, while starving Austria still has 800. Altogether, Asia and Africa and Australia, with their countless millions, have only 1361 film theaters.
WHO CAN DENY THE CHARM OF BOBBED HAIR?

The NATIONAL Bob gives you all the beauty of bobbed hair, attach it securely—on and off in a jiffy. But keeps your own safe and sound. It falls in lovely little curls.

Ask us about anything in hair goods—we handle everything for our list catalogue.

NATIONAL HAIR GOODS CO.
Dept. F. N. 366 Sixth Avenue  New York

Buy National Nets by the half-dozen in Boudoir Boxes—or send $1.00 and your dealer's name for Box of 6—each net guaranteed extra large size. Same color and style.

Full box free with each order for a Bob.

LABLACH

Face Powder

Ma mere—Vividly I remember the delicate fragrance of her lightly powdered cheek. Lablache—her powder—always suggestive of her complexion, beautiful as wild rose petals. More than ever I appreciate the refreshingly purity of Lablache.

Refuse Substitutes

There was her famous Facial, White, Pastel of Creams, Pink, Rose, Shadow, all made with pure vegetable dye. Lablache has been used in Paris and New York. If you watch my pages in Photoplay, I believe you will find the results will be all that can be desired.

REGINA M., HASTINGS, MINN.—Any and all of the cold creams advertised in Photoplay Magazine are very good. I heartily endorse them and I am sure you will find many helpful suggestions. There is no hard and fast rule which guarantees that a certain style will make a slim woman look plump, and vice versa. With your coloring—light brown hair and blue eyes—it should not be difficult for you to dress becomingly.

HELEN L., ELLENVILLE, N. Y.—For your entertainment, I would suggest you wear a very simple little evening dress. As you are only fifteen years old, it should be very simple indeed. In this issue of Photoplay, I have had sketched two very charming evening dresses. Both are very simple and either would be appropriate. I cannot send you patterns of either dress, but if you study them, you will know what is being worn. Dress your hair very simply. Don't be ashamed of that high forehead in spite of the forehead and ears as much as possible. With your coloring—light brown hair and blue eyes—it should not be difficult for you to dress becomingly.

LILLIAN D. B., INDIANAPOLIS.—I have not established a shopping service for the readers of Photoplay. It is my aim to let you know the latest developments of fashion as seen in the new models from the ateliers of Paris and New York. If you watch my department and the frocks and hats sketched there, as well as all the accessories, you will never be at sea when you go into a shop to buy anything. It is hard to know whether or not advertised articles are authentically in the mode. I am trying to make this easier for you. If you will enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, I will answer you by mail.

MARGARET C. Y., SO. BERKELEY, CAL.—Another bobbed hair question! I would not bob my hair simply because all the other girls you know are doing it. However, I do think bobbed hair very charming for a young lady. If your hair is very long, it would seem rather a shame to cut it. If you do not, be sure always to wear it dressed very simply. An elaborate coiffure is hardly appropriate for a twenty-year-old.

E. D. B., CANTON.—Good health is really the first rule of beauty. If you are feeling fit, your complexion will not have blemishes, your eyes will not lack lustre, your figure will not droop. A woman with commonplace features is often considered pretty simply because she has a wholesomeness, a vivacity which count more than perfect profile. We cannot all be beautiful but we can be charming if we try. Write to me some questions, and ask me some more specific questions.

L. O., NEW YORK CITY.—I will be very glad indeed to see a photograph of your little daughter. I will study it and advise you as to what I think she should wear. I have only one rule of dress which applies to young and old alike: simplicity. Remember that the smartest women do not wear elaborate overdresses. Simplicity, as I remarked on my two pages this month, is usually more expensive than anything else.

M. F., WINTHROP, MASS.—A very tall girl should try to avoid long lines. Wear your skirts as short as fashion dictates. If you will study the sketches on the fashion pages in Photoplay, I believe you will find many helpful suggestions. There is no hard and fast rule which guarantees that a certain style will make a slim woman look plump, and vice versa. With your coloring—light brown hair and blue eyes—it should not be difficult for you to dress becomingly.

RUSSELL M., NEW HAVEN.—We are not going to try to tell folk what the well-dressed man will wear. That is a subject which requires better judgment than I possess. I believe there are magazines which try to do this, but Photoplay is not one of them. In fact, it taxes all my ingenuity to tell what the well-dressed girl will wear!
screen prop, it was Phyllis Haver.

"I don't know exactly what I'm going to do," she told me.

She may remain with Sennett and follow in Mabel Normand's footsteps with another "Mickey"—or she has had an offer to join a big eastern company and become, so they say, a second Connie Talmadge, which is quite an offer.

There is something about Phyllis Haver that makes her something American actresses possess. And that is the spirit of outdoors. Even when you meet her beneath electric lights, or in the artificial atmosphere of the studio, she has a freshness that is like the freshness of a meadow in spring. Her blonde hair is bright and rather like new corn, her face is browned by the sun, her eyes have the quiet, cool look of outdoor people.

Her strength is amazing. Under her soft, satin skin there are long, flexible muscles like silver wire. When she hardens them they bunch and ripple like a prize fighter's.

She went into pictures about five years ago—before she had finished high school. "I was just actually pushed into pictures," she said, with her frank, frequent smile. "I hadn't any desire to go—hadn't any ambition to work."

I had a boy friend who worked out at Lasky's. I was going to Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles. He asked me to come out one Saturday if I wanted to see the studio and how they made motion pictures. I was crazy to go, of course, and I did.

One director working there that day saw me and he offered me a job on the spot. I finally decided to do it. I only had a month more in school and my eyes had never seen such a disposition. From the time I first met her I knew she was a baby she always woke up in the morning and began to sing in her bed. When you meet her beneath electric lights, it is quite an offer.

Anyway, I hope she'll keep that bathing suit put away in moth balls and when her grandchildren gather about her knee she can take it out and say, "Now, my idea the best dressed girl in pictures — on the street."

farewell, Bathing Girl! (Concluded from page 33)

Furnish Fun for the Evening

Be in the center of the gayety and good times! You can quickly learn to play a Washburn mandolin, banjo or guitar because they are built for easy playing.

"The easy feel" of the finger-board, the accurate frets which insures correct scale in all keys (seldom found in inexpensive instruments), the full, round, far-carrying tones, and fine workmanship have made the WASHBURN the standard for 35 years. Ask your dealer.

LYON & HEALY WASHBURN
Mandolins, Banjos, Tenor and Tango Banjos, Guitars

Special Trial Offer

We will arrange for a week's trial of any Washburn instrument you select. This permits you to judge the superiority of the Washburn in your own home. Then pay on easy terms—a little each week. Mention instrument you are interested in. Take advantage of this offer today.

LYON & HEALY
Everything Known in Music
66-84 Jackson Blvd.

Write for this FREE BOOK!

80 pages—describes each model in detail with prices. Send for Book today and we will give you name of nearest dealer.

$18

$20

$500.00

Prize Contest

The famous Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photograph, "Empty Arms," is creating a sensation. It has inspired the sons, "Empty Arms," which contains only one verse and a chorus. A good second verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best new unprinted a prize of $500.00 will be paid. This contest is open to everyone. You simply write the words for a second verse. It is not necessary that you use the photograph before-hand. Send us your name and address and we shall send you a copy of the words of the first verse and chorus. The rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this wonderful photoplay. It will set you nothing to enter the contest.

Furnished Fun for the Evening

Washburn Mandolins as low as 
Washburn Banjos as low as 

Washburn Mandolins & Banjos

LYON & HEALY WASHBURN

Mandolins, Banjos, Tenor and Tango Banjos, Guitars

Special Trial Offer

We will arrange for a week's trial of any Washburn instrument you select. This permits you to judge the superiority of the Washburn in your own home. Then pay on easy terms—a little each week. Mention instrument you are interested in. Take advantage of this offer today.

LYON & HEALY
Everything Known in Music
66-84 Jackson Blvd.

Write for this FREE BOOK!

80 pages—describes each model in detail with prices. Send for Book today and we will give you name of nearest dealer.

Washburn Mandolins as low as $18
Washburn Banjos as low as $20

Washburn Mandolins & Banjos

LYON & HEALY WASHBURN

Mandolins, Banjos, Tenor and Tango Banjos, Guitars

Special Trial Offer

We will arrange for a week's trial of any Washburn instrument you select. This permits you to judge the superiority of the Washburn in your own home. Then pay on easy terms—a little each week. Mention instrument you are interested in. Take advantage of this offer today.

LYON & HEALY
Everything Known in Music
66-84 Jackson Blvd.

Write for this FREE BOOK!

80 pages—describes each model in detail with prices. Send for Book today and we will give you name of nearest dealer.

$18

$20

$500.00

Prize Contest

The famous Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photograph, "Empty Arms," is creating a sensation. It has inspired the song, "Empty Arms," which contains only one verse and a chorus. A good second verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best new unprinted a prize of $500.00 will be paid. This contest is open to everyone. You simply write the words for a second verse. It is not necessary that you use the photograph before-hand. Send us your name and address and we shall send you a copy of the words of the first verse and chorus. The rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this wonderful photoplay. It will set you nothing to enter the contest.

Furnished Fun for the Evening
Vamps of All Times
(Continued from page 59)
aloft with the fatal knife, Artemis changed her whimsical mind and with one of the most remarkable sleight-of-hand tricks ever performed by anyone, substituted a deer for the beautiful girl.

But this did not end the incident. Artemis, taking a liking to Iphigenia, spirited her away to a temple in Tauris, where she installed her in brilliant robes as her chief priestess in charge of all sacrifices. Thus, through her obedience to her father’s will, Iphigenia’s position changed from that of a sacrifice to that of a sacrificer.

As such, it became Iphigenia’s official function to vivisect every foreigner she came across. Thus, through her obedience to her father’s will, Iphigenia’s position changed from that of a sacrifice to that of a sacrificer.

One day two strangers landed from a boat on the shores of Tauris. In accordance with the regular custom, Iphigenia had them brought up to the altar and began her preparations for the ceremony. As she was whetting her knife she held in both of her white hands, and slender hands, she heard them talking about their country. Thus she learned that they had come from Sparta.

That gave her an idea. She suspended the preparations long enough to write an autograph letter to the old folks at home, telling them where she was and that she was doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances. The letter she addressed to her brother, Orestes.

While the two strangers were arguing with each other as to who should have the privilege of carrying out the offering, Iphigenia raised up his life on the altar of a foreign country, one of them happened to look at the address on the envelope. Then, without further conversation, Iphigenia opened the seal, opened the letter and began to read it.

"How dare you!" exclaimed the priestess angrily. "This letter is addressed to me," she explained with affected calm; "I am Orestes." "What—Orestes, the son of Agamemnon!" gasped Iphigenia. "The same," responded the stranger. Then, glancing at the signature and raising his welling eyes to the priestess, he cried out with a choking voice: "And you—you have my long-lost little sister, Iph!"

The upshot of this extraordinary incident was that Artemis and his companion, who happened to be her handsome young cousin Pylades, sailed secretly for home that very night. As a reminder of this experience supplied to Artemis one of the greatest of lovers in the Greek drama, the Calydonian boar.

Artemis was so deeply affected by this evidence of masculine perfidy that she haughtily disdained to sue for an accounting and her share of the gross receipts.

This experience supplied to Artemis one of the best Seven Dramatic Plots in the world. She turned it over to the poor judgment or the misfortune, when
he was sacrificing to all the gods one day, to omit the name of Artemis from the list of beneficiaries. In justice to Oeneus, it should be said that the omission appears to have been the work of his master of the hounds, who was disgusted with the lady game-warden’s prohibition of hunting out of season. This merry gentleman is reported to have said, as he drew his stylus through the name of Artemis in the omnibus list: "Won’t this be a pip of a joke on the old Sour-Face?"

But Artemis could take no joke. With anger at the fancied indignity, she sent a great bear of the most destructive proclivities to ravage King Oeneus’s territory. It took all the heroes of Greece to bag the savage animal, and it was a woman that made the first dent in his bomb-proof hide—but that is another story again.

The Amen Cornerites of the Immortals’ Club were in the habit of whispering with knowing smiles of Artemis’s great ambition. For the achievement of that ambition she tried her hardest to vamp the world. That ambition was to descend into history, like the "Virgin Queen," or rather goddess. The Amen Cornerites were wont to point to Artemis’s goings on in Ephesus as adventures that required an explanation.

As Ares put it one day when the butler had forgotten to put the legal quantity of pepsin in his iced nectar: "You’ve got to show me how Artie can pose as the Queen of Life and put the kibosh on married life at the same time."

"Now just what do you mean by that, old man?" drawled Dionysus, ringing for Gany- mede, the head pepsin mixer.

"I pass," announced Ares after a significant pause, deftly changing the subject.

On this issue the fame of Artemis seems to rest under a Scotch verdict, similar to that brought by the grand jury of History in the case of Elizabeth vs. Riccio et ali.

As her peculiarities developed with the increasing years, there grew up a popular opinion that she was not only a "Sour-face" but also a "grouch," to quote King Oeneus’s waggish master of the hounds once more.

To this growing resentment against "blue" legislation Herodotus, a millionaire sportsman and man-about-town of Ephesus, gave tangible expression by burning down the wonderful temple of Artemis in that town.

The building and its contents happened not to be insured. Smarting under the heavy loss, and suspecting that Herostratus, a millionaire of Ephesus, after a stormy meeting, passed an ordinance forbidding the mention of his name within the fire-limits of the city, the board of aldermen of Ephesus, after a stormy meeting, passed an ordinance forbidding the mention of his name within the fire-limits of the city. But the passing of that ordinance had only one result—and that was to make both Herostratus and Artemis more talked about than they ever had been before the fire.

---

The Vamps of All Times (Concluded)

A Perfect Hat for Fall

That’s the only practical headgear for between seasons—a Tam-o-shanter. Just now when summer is still lingering and autumn hasn’t yet arrived—when the weather is so uncertain—now indeed every girl needs a Tam.

In fact a Tam is just right for any season—it’s the ideal thing for all-around, general wear. And always good-looking! A Tam-o-shanter means to a girl just what a cap means to a man—it’s good taste for all outdoor occasions, easy, comfortable, always smart.

And when you buy your tam be sure it is a genuine Priscilla Dean. You will find the name inside the band—that’s your guarantee of quality.

The Priscilla Dean Tam

TRADE MARK COPYRIGHT

is made of soft, beautiful "Suede Like," so artfully draped that it is a charming frame for any face. And it fits all heads—an inner elastic band at the back takes care of that.

The colors are bright fall shades. Popular ones are Bright Red, Jade Green, Silver Gray, Navy Blue, Tan, African Brown, Orange, Lavender, and Copen- lagen. A neat, grosgrain, ribbon band and bow completes the hat.

You’ll find it the perfect, completing touch in your wardrobe. Leading merchants carry it. Choose the color you prefer, and order now, either from your dealer or direct from us—enclosing $2.50 to pay for the tam. We pay the postage.

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.

Exclusive Makers of Priscilla Dean Tam

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.
906 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed is $2.50 (Canada, $3.00) for which please send me a Priscilla Dean Tam in , postage paid.

Name

Address

If you decide to return tam, money refunded.

---

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like  
"Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you’ll never again use the nuisance heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural. 

Liquid Silmerine

easily applied with brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a daintiest—feel your daintiest. El-Rado removes hair quickly, because it is a liquid ready to use. Do not be afraid to use El-Rado. It is absolutely harmless to any skin. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded. Two Sizes: 6c and 1.0 drug stores and toilet goods counters.

If your dealer is out of El-Rado, send your order for SI.00 size direct to us enclosing money order or stamps. It will be mailed to you promptly.

Wash Away Hair

Rid yourself of undesirable hair from the underarms, face, arms and limbs with El-Rado, that pleasant liquid hair remover. Look your daintiest—feel your daintiest. El-Rado removes hair quickly, because it is a liquid ready to use. Do not be afraid to use El-Rado. It is absolutely harmless to any skin. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded. Two Sizes: 6c and 1.0 drug stores and toilet goods counters.

If your dealer is out of El-Rado, send your order for $1.00 size direct to us enclosing money order or stamps. It will be mailed to you promptly.

SANITARY HAIR REMOVER

When Marriage is a Crime

The man who marries a good, pure woman knowing that he is not physically fit commits the worst Crime known to civilization. Where do you stand? Are you fit to marry? Some people like to read about it but you must not do so yourself. You dare not marry until you are physically fit. Here is the test: line up, and fire ideas—don’t blame. Turn on your idea box—call in the office force, and you’ll have an idea.

FORMED FROM—The modern Science of Health Promotion will aid Nature in restoring your Flagging Powers and Manhood and Fit you for marriage and Parenthood. I guarantee it.

Mention the ailments on which you want special confidential information and send with 10c to help 200 polishers, etc., on my free book. "Manhood and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy. It will save your Life—Save your Life—Send for it Right Now.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

The Perfect Man  
Dept. 463  
Newark, New Jersey

Want to increase your acting? Below is an advertisement for an acting career.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
dressmakers must live. Slowly the mother reached for the bills. Gently she raised later, but now the mother smiled. She had made her daughter happy.

There were letters from Tom, now established but not prospering as a lawyer. The gladness of Kate leaving for the old man looked bitter and savage. Anthon was urging upon the unwilling boy.

"Do you mean to say my son is a thief?" Anthon was humiliated and deeply wounded.

Men and women who have failed by other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. In all essential ways you are in every respect as near to your free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ." and full particulars of your Course and special reduced Tuition offer.

Marcus Lucius Quinn
Conservatory of Music
Studio PH29, 598 Columbia Road, Boston, 25, Mass.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ." and full particulars of your Course and special reduced Tuition offer.

For $1.25

You can obtain the next six numbers of Photoplay Magazine, delivered to your home by registered mail anywhere in the U. S. (Canada $1.50.) This special offer is made as a trial subscription. Also it will avoid the old story of "Sold Out." if you happen to be a little late at the news-stand. Send postal order to Dept. 177.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
350 N. Clark Street
CHICAGO
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—Advertising Section

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

The Old Nest

(Continued)

 Rate 35 cents per word.

PHOTOPLAY TEXT BOOKS

AMBITIOUS WRITERS SEND TODAY FOR FREE COPY. America's leading magazine for writers of Photo-

Jovihouse, 611 Butler Blvd, Cincinnati.

PATENTS

WRITE FOR FREE GUIDE BOOK to learn how to write your First Aid and Beauty Book. Send model of

for opinion of its patentable nature. Published Terms.


POEMS

POEMS WANTED FOR PUBLICATION. Cash paid for those accepted. Send with self-addressed envelop-

of to detach any appearance. The section is read and brings results.

HAD a nest. It was in the cobweb by the front door, and was a great surprise to the children, for they had forgotten all about the nest, but when they saw it, they were very pleased, and so was the mother, as she knew they would like it. The nest was built of leaves and grass, and had a little door opening into the inside, where there was a little bed for the baby birds to sleep on. The nest was so small that only one bird could fit into it at a time, but it was comfortable, and the baby birds were very happy in it. The mother bird was a fine sight, as she perched on the edge of the nest, and looked around to see if any danger was near.

WANTED—FREE WAY TO MAKE MONEY

FOR SPOT CASH—MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SPOT CASH, Mail false teeth, old or unused, gold, silver, platinum, war bonds, war stamps, unused postage, etc. Cash by return mail. Goods returned in 10 days if you're not satisfied. For SPOT CASH.


THE OHIO SMELTING & REFINING CO.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. SMALL CAPITAL starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are paid. We pay $1.00 to $25.00 per set for Old False Teeth, Gold Crowns, and Bridges, unused and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, 469 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

BEAUTY CULTURE TAUGHT THROUGHLY AND COMPLETELY. FREE spot cash to students. FREE BOOK and practical instructions. 100% of the advertisers using this section during the past year have repeated their copy.

HELP WANTED


WOMEN TO SELL. SEW. JOIN BEST PREPARED TO answer your orders. Steadily going business, long-established, send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal company, Dept. 21, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN AMBITIOUS to make money. Writing letters, for sale, French, English, Department, 148 Broadway, New York.

$35.00 WEEK. WOMEN WANTED. BECOME DRESS Designers. Learn while earning. Sample lesson, free. Franklin Institute, Dept. N-142, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED. GIRLS TO WHOM IT WOULD BE worth $1.00 to learn the business of manufacturing, sham- puing, facial under and other services. Good pay, good time. Satisfaction guaranteed. Information, Phone Emu, Beauty Shoppe, 456 Emu Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR SPOT CASH, Mail false teeth, old or unused, gold, silver, platinum, war bonds, war stamps, unused postage, etc. Cash by return mail. Goods returned in 10 days if you're not satisfied.

204 Lenox Blvd. CLEVELAND, OHIO

THE OHIO SMELTING & REFINING CO.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. SMALL CAPITAL starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are paid. We pay $1.00 to $25.00 per set for Old False Teeth, Gold Crowns, and Bridges, unused and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Beautiful Moving Picture Company, 469 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS

TELL THE READERS OF PHOTOPLAY WHAT you have of interest to them. You can reach them at a very small cost through an advertisement in the Classified section. The advertisers using this section during the past year have repeated their copy. The section is read and brings results.

WANTED TO BUY

IN 20 MINUTES. You can raise money quickly by mailing me your discarded Jewelry. Gold Crowns, and Bridges, old or unused, and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Beautiful Moving Picture Company, 469 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free.

TRIAL OFFER. For 20 minutes. Send model of sketch for 5c, not to exceed 10c. Remittance expected.

The W. J. Evans School of Cartooning 850 Leader Blvd., Cleveland, O. I.

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without chords. Short Course. Admission limited. American Piano School, 17 W. Washington Bldg., Chicago.

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without chords. Short Course. Admission limited. American Piano School, 17 W. Washington Bldg., Chicago.

WATERMAN PIANO SCHOOL

240 W. Los Angeles Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

All Advertisements have equal display and same good opportunities for big results.

This Section Pais 85% of the advertisers using this section during the past year have repeated their copy.

Rate 35 cents per word.

AGENTS AND SALESMA N


Your inquiry will be kept confidential.

THE LEWIS SCHOOL. Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

Spare or whole time. No canvassing, good money. Chautauqua Business Builders, Jamestown, N. Y.

Have you of interest to them. You can reach them at a very small cost through an advertisement in the Classified section. The advertisers using this section during the past year have repeated their copy. The section is read and brings results.

WANTED—FREE WAY TO MAKE MONEY

FOR SPOT CASH, Mail false teeth, old or unused, gold, silver, platinum, war bonds, war stamps, unused postage, etc. Cash by return mail. Goods returned in 10 days if you're not satisfied.
The Old Nest (Continued)

flung a farewell after her. The mother lingered at the station until she saw that the train was safely over the drawbridge. She then returned to the house. That bridge had cost her a beloved son.

On the train fate and destiny were at work. In the waiting line of hungry people a young woman who had coincidently met Molly McLeod, a chum of boarding school days. There were greetings, kisses and chatter, then an introduction to Molly’s brother Stephen, a handsome youth, bound for New York and a career. He had no thoughts for New York as his eyes fell on Emily.

Busy in his big office in New York, Brother Tom was in conference with his friend and client, Senator Raeburn. Hurriedly Tom turned over his desk calendar seeking the date of a decision. He came across a forgotten entry to remind him of his mother’s birthday. Tom paused, stung with repentance. He seized the phone and called his sister, Kate.

“Did you send mother a birthday present?”

“No! Well I forgot it, too. Rush out and get something and make up a good excuse and send it off.”

Tom turned to Raeburn apologetically.

This deadly grind—I haven’t been home in a year. I’d…I’d been living I’d...

“...You ought to be ashamed of yourself,” Raeburn was the height of reproachful dignity. “Now if either of my parents were living I’d...

Tom waved his hand. “You’d be as bad as the rest of us.”

“Yes, I suppose so,” Raeburn confessed.

“You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and your young friend Stephen McLeod became a puzzle to her New York relatives. If we don’t get them apart soon, Emily will never go back to mother,” Kate sighed.

“Will never go back to mother,” Kate sighed. “So we are married.”

Stricken with remorse, Tom called his mother.

“Your letter filled me with heartbreak. Tom Anthon was brought up with a start.

“I am making good, Mother. I am cattle ranching in the west. I have got my

Tom blazed up angrily.

“A few cents a day will pay for instrument and complete outfit.

Payments

Wurlitzer will send you any instrument with complete outfit for a week’s Free Trial in your own home. No obligation to buy. Return the instrument at your expense at the end of the week. You decide not to keep it, Trial won’t cost you a penny.

You get with the instrument everything that you need—velvet and plush lined carrying case with lock and key, all accessories, extra parts, self instructor, music, etc., all at direct cost, practically for the cost of instrument alone.

Wurlitzer has made the finest musical instruments more than 200 years.

Wurlitzer will send you any instrument with complete outfit for a week’s Free Trial in your own home. No obligation to buy. Return the instrument at your expense at the end of the week. You decide not to keep it, Trial won’t cost you a penny.

Send for New Book

Every known instrument illustrated with prices, monthly payments and free trial blank. Book is absolutely free. Send the coupon now.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Chicago, 111.
New York, N.Y.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
Dept. 1728
117 East 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
3295 Wabash Ave., Chicago, III.
1209 Elm St., New York, N.Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Burglars Don't Seek The Limelight

DARKNESS is their stock in trade. They work by stealth—unheard and unseen—their movements cloaked in secrecy. It's honest folks that seek the light. They are the only ones who can risk it.

It's the same way in business. The manufacturer who is not sure of his goods does not dare to advertise. Advertising would hasten the end of his business career—put him to a test he could not meet.

The manufacturer who advertises, deliberately invites your inspection. He tells you about his product and then lets it stand on its own merits. You can depend on him. *He knows his product is good.*

That's one reason why it pays you to read the advertisements. It is through advertising that you are able to keep in touch with the good things that progressive business men are spending their money to introduce and to keep before you.

Advertisements are interesting, instructive and profitable. They throw a powerful light on the very things that concern you most. Read them.
The Old Nest

(Continued from page 113)

"You’ll get to Carthage just in time to have Christmas dinner with the old folks," said Dr. Anthon, beaming on his wife. "My son—my son," the mother murmured.

"But it’s a pity your son couldn’t have telegraphed before we read it in the paper."

Then Emily whirled on Frank. "You are always trying to send me home. Why, you haven’t been home in years!"

"The telegraphic attorney is too busy to be sending telegrams to old fogies like us."

Mrs. Anthon was defending and excusing herself. "We have Christmas dinner with the old folks." Frank said it in his matter-of-fact way.

The weeks rolled on, and spring came again. Then one exciting day the local daily paper tossed on the Anthons’ doorstep contained a headline: CARTHAGE MAN HIGHLY HONORED.

President John J. Thomas Anthon Attorney-General of United States.

"I always said my son was a wonder," said Dr. Anthon, beaming on his wife. "My son—my son," the mother murmured.

"But it’s a pity your son couldn’t have telegraphed before we read it in the paper."

The attorney-general was bitter again. Then one exciting day the local paper told him: The attorney-general was bitter again. "Mrs. Anthon, Mary Alden, had a mark of 93 for my first lesson.

"One of the vice-presidents told me today that the first time he really knew I was around the place was when the International Correspondence Schools wrote him a letter, telling him I enrolled and had received a mark of 93 for my first lesson."

"I didn’t know it, then, but they were sizing me up. The reason I was promoted so rapidly after that was because my studies were always fitting me for the job ahead."

"I haven’t missed the spare time I spent in studying at home. The lessons were all so easy to understand—so practical—so helpful in my every-day life."

"Where would I be today if I hadn’t sent in that coupon? Back in the same old job, I guess—always afraid of being dropped whenever business slacked up."

"The folks at the I. C. S. are right, Mary. The trained man always wins!"

Harry Andrews

"They took me into the firm today!"

No matter where you live, the I. C. S. will come to you. No matter what your handicaps are, no matter how small your means, we have a plan to meet your circumstances. No matter how limited your previous education, the simply-written, wonderfully-illustrated I. C. S. textbooks make it easy to learn. No matter what career you may choose, some one of the 300 I. C. S. Courses will surely suit your needs.

All that we ask is this:

Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, put it up to us to prove how we can help you secure the position you want in the work you like best. Just mark and mail this coupon. Today is best.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:

- ELECTRIC ENGINEER
- TELEGRAPH ENGINEER
- ELECTRIC WIRING
- TELEGRAPH ENGINEER
- PHONE WORK
- MECHANICAL ENGR.
- MECHANICAL DRAFTSMAN
- MACHINE SHOP PRACTICE
- FOUNDRY WORK
- CIVIL ENGINEER
- CONTRACT AND BUILDING
- MINE FORMER OR ENGR.
- SURVEYING AND MAPPING
- MARINE ENGINEER
- ARCHITECT
- CONTRACTOR AND BUILDING
- SURVEYORIAL DRAFTSMAN
- CONCRETE BUILDERS
- MECHANICAL ENGINEER
- PLUMBING AND HEATING
-Sheet Metal Work
- TEXTILE OVERSEER OR SUP.
- CHEMIST
- PHARMACY

Name

Street and No.

City State

SAVE 25% to 60%

on slightly used GRAFLEX-KODAK

Camera and Lens of every description. Equal to new. Save money. Write now for FREE Bargain Book and Catalog

Graflex Kodak Co., Scranton, Pa. All goods sold on 10 days’ Free Trial. Mfr. Buys Used. Prices lowered. You can buy as good second-hand equip. as you can buy new. We are liquidating in order to expand. Write for Free Illustrated Catalogue.

CENTRAL CAMERA CO. Dept. 389, 124 S. Wabash Av. Chicago

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
What $1.25 Will Bring You

More than a thousand pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

The truth and nothing but the truth, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photoplay so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

Send a money order or check for $1.25 addressed to

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Dept. 7-J, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago

and receive the October, 1921, issue and five issues thereafter.

The Old Nest

(Concluded)

doors was flung open. Mrs. Anthon sat up in bed. Tom rushed into the room and flung his arms about her.

"Mother—I have a tremendous surprise for you." His voice was like a boy's.

Mother knew what Tom had to say, but like the mother she always had been she pretended a wild curiosity.

"I've been appointed attorney-general of the United States. I hurried home to be the first to tell you."

A shade of doubt came into Tom's eyes. He stood back from his mother to look at her.

"The news leaked out—but you hadn't heard?"

"No, darling baby." Mother lied again—for her son. "I hadn't heard a word of it until this blessed moment."

Tom rushed to his mother and kissed the tears of joy from her eyes.

"You see, Mother, I've made good at last."

"I knew you would." The mother hardly glanced at the jewelry. She was thinking of Jim and his estrangement from his father. She called Anthon. Jim came forward, hesitated a moment, then put his arm on Jim's shoulder.

"Well—my son." And that was all he needed to say.

Mrs. Anthon raised her face to Heaven in gratitude.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 74)

A. W., Rhode Island.—The custom of bottling tears is practiced in Persia, but fortunately not in this country. Fancy bottling all the tears shed by Lilian Gish in "Way Down East"! I have no record of Mary Pickford in "Enoch Arden." However, Lilian Gish and Wallace Reid filmed it for Mutual some years ago, while Linda Arvidson and Wilfred Lucas did it for Biograph. D. W. Griffith directed both, I believe. "The Mother Heart" is Shirley Mason's latest picture. Larry Semon is thirty, Richard Travers in "The White Moll" with Pearl White.

Henrietta, Detroit.—Who fixes that star's hair? Well, do you mean her hairdresser or her druggist? Corinne Griffith is not the wife or the sister of D. W. Griffith. They are not related at all. Corinne's latest appearance is in a Vitagraph picture in which Catherine Calvert also appears. Jack Pickford's real name? Why, John, I suppose, though I've never heard anybody call him that. He was the husband of the late Olive Thomas. Mary's pictures, "Through the Back Door" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" were made under Jack's direction in cooperation with Al Green.

T. H., Baltimore.—I have never heard of an Anetta Harner in pictures. She may have done extra work, and in that case we would have no record of her appearance. I am sorry. If I ever hear of her I'll let you know.
A. NIKI, KOBÉ, JAPAN.—Your letters do not trouble me. On the contrary, you are quite correct when you say that I have sympathy and kindness in my mind—as far as you are concerned. Sorry I couldn’t answer sooner but you should see how much work there is in the charge heaters in New York and other American cities; the program changes once a week. In the smaller houses, twice a week and sometimes every day. Peggy O’Dare is married now, and not playing in pictures. Possibly a letter addressed to her at Universal City would be forwarded to her. Eddie Polo is marriageable; I don’t know how Miss Malveena, who sometimes appears in Universal films.

DOROTHY.—I read somewhere about a thing called the radio-micrometer. It is said to be so sensitive that it will respond when anyone near it blushes. Not much said to be so sensitive that it will respond to oblige you. Jack Dempsey retained his title of “Reputation”: Fay McMillan, latest pictures are “Outside the Law,” Kari Spottiswoode Aitken. Niles Welch; Max Grossman—William Walsh; Karl—Spottswoode Aitken.

MRS. R. C. L.—Happiness is what you make it, not where you take it. Otherwise, your letter is correct. Elaine Hammerstein is still single. Buster Keaton is married, and Dorothy Gish isn’t divorced.

R. DOROTHY, PHILADELPHIA.—I don’t believe in “Early to bed and early to rise.” But, then, I have never tried it. I generally find that when I get up very early in the morning, I feel extraordinarily arrogant in the forenoon—and go to sleep in the afternoon. That doesn’t please me, or my stenographer. You want more males in the good calling-down, for you’re upstage. If all the actors you say sassy things about, are male, perhaps they do need a signal man to direct mob scenes on location. As a rule, the directors do all the wig-wagging necessary—and then some.

EVA MAY.—The “Girl on the Cover” of the July Photoplay was Gloria Swanson. The July Photoplay was also the last issue in which Miss Winchell appeared. You can always find that when I get up very early in the morning, I feel extraordinarily arrogant in the forenoon—and go to sleep in the afternoon. That doesn’t please me, or my stenographer. You want more males in the good calling-down, for you’re upstage. If all the actors you say sassy things about, are male, perhaps they do need a signal man to direct mob scenes on location. As a rule, the directors do all the wig-wagging necessary—and then some.

Mae M., FRESNO.—You enclose a poem, asking me how I like it—“that is, if it is a poem.” That’s the question, Mae—would you call it a poem? However, to our stent: Charles Ray is married, and Albert Ray is his cousin. Mrs. Charlie was a Miss Grant. Mrs. Albert was Roxanna McGowan.

TERENCE C.—If you get your complexion from your father, he must have been a druggist. Thank you for your picture, which you colored so vividly. Here’s the cast of “Pleasure-Seekers”: Mary Winchell—Elaine Hammerstein; Craig Winchell—Webster Campbell; John Winchell—Frank Currier; Rev. Richard Snowden—James A. F. Terry—Marguerite Clayton. Yes—the same Marguerite Clayton who used to be with Essanay.

OEI Tjong Yong, JAVA.—Only too glad to oblige you. Jack Dempsey retained his title as world’s heavyweight champion against Carpentier, July 2, 1921. Winifred Allen is not working at present. Ruth Roland is not married. Pearl White’s husband is Wallace McCutcheon, who has often played opposite her on the screen.

GRACE B., CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.—So you don’t know how to express your admiration for Miss Sweet. Sorry I couldn’t write to him about it? Your school teacher, who rarely goes to pictures, says James Kirkwood is her favorite actor? He’s one of mine, too. He is to be a Constellation soon. He certainly deserves stardom as much as anybody, and I wonder that producers have not realized this before.

A. C., OHIAWA.—Short and Sweet and cousins. Really—Antrim is thus related to Blanche. Miss Sweet is now in Hollywood. She returned from Europe some months ago. I do not know when she will make more pictures, as she has been quite ill and is only just recovering her strength. She’s not married, Neigh. He is one of the leading characters in Vitagraph’s “The Son of Wallingford.”

D. YORKE JARRETT, ENGLAND.—Many thanks for the very kind letters. I appreciate your interest. Pauline Frederick is, I believe, an only child. She resides with her father, Mrs. Lotta Frederick, in Beverly Hills, California. There will be pictures of her home in October Photoplay. I have no record of Mahlon Hamilton’s screen appearance. Miss Gish is not married. Write again; always glad.

LOLA.—I have great fun reading your letters, especially the more sometimes intentionally amusing and often otherwise. So both Lillian and Dorothy Gish sent you personal letters. Yes, indeed, I’ll let you know when I hear that Lillian is engaged. She has never been married.

PRIVATE HOMER L. D., CUBA.—You wish to know if any of the signal men who knows the semaphore code when directing mob scenes on location. As a rule, the directors do all the wig-wagging necessary—and then some.

EVA MAY.—The “Girl on the Cover” of the July Photoplay was Gloria Swanson. The July Photoplay was also the last issue in which Miss Winchell appeared. You can always find that when I get up very early in the morning, I feel extraordinarily arrogant in the forenoon—and go to sleep in the afternoon. That doesn’t please me, or my stenographer. You want more males in the good calling-down, for you’re upstage. If all the actors you say sassy things about, are male, perhaps they do need a signal man to direct mob scenes on location. As a rule, the directors do all the wig-wagging necessary—and then some.

Mae M., FRESNO.—You enclose a poem, asking me how I like it—“that is, if it is a poem.” That’s the question, Mae—would you call it a poem? However, to our stent: Charles Ray is married, and Albert Ray is his cousin. Mrs. Charlie was a Miss Grant. Mrs. Albert was Roxanna McGowan.

TERENCE C.—If you get your complexion from your father, he must have been a druggist. Thank you for your picture, which you colored so vividly. Here’s the cast of “Pleasure-Seekers”: Mary Winchell—Elaine Hammerstein; Craig Winchell—Webster Campbell; John Winchell—Frank Currier; Rev. Richard Snowden—James A. F. Terry—Marguerite Clayton. Yes—the same Marguerite Clayton who used to be with Essanay.

Miss Billie.—I can’t write “awfully cleverly” to order. It’s always an accident, honestly. You say you would promise to send me some fudge, but you know I must get the trick of having you send me candy and then never getting it. What an ingenious excuse! Corinne Griffith and Webster Campbell are married. Vincent Price and Malveena are in “Good References” and Constance Binney in “The Magic Cup.” I have no recent address for Francis Feeney; you might write to him care Universal.

What Do You Owe Your Wife?

Do you remember the promises you made when you wooed the girl who is now your wife? Have you forgotten the scenes your fancy painted—that home of your own—a real yard for the kids—a maid to lighten the house hold burdens—a tidy sum in the bank—wonderful full life every summer? She’s still hasn’t forgotten. She still hopes that you will make true these dreams. She still has faith in you.

You don’t want to disappoint your wife and make her life a burden, do you? You don’t want to put the light of husbandship in her eyes. You have in you the power, the ability and surely the desire to make good your promises, and you can do it easily. If you could only realize how quickly success came to thousands of other husbands, how splendidly they made true the dreams of courtship days, then nothing in the world could stop you from your success and happiness.

After all is said and done, it is money and its right use that promotes contentment. Lack of money makes the cold realities of present day life a bitter trial and constant worry. It is foolish to give in before their time—it brings bitterness into homes where happiness should rule.

A BIG RAISE IN YOUR SALARY is possible for you. Go after it! You can easily double your pay by the PROMOTION PLAN. It is nothing new and untried. The PROMOTION PLAN has helped thousands of men and women for the last quarter of a century. Mark the coupon for the job in which you are interested and we will send you our free book and copies of voluntary letters from some of our students who have made good in the line in which you want to succeed through the PROMOTION PLAN. Send coupon today. You owe it to your wife.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. 6271  Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. 6271  Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me full information on how the PROMOTION PLAN will help me win a promotion in the job checked.


[Address]
Questions and Answers

C. T., Oklahoma. — I am going to send for that cast and will publish it under your initials next month. Constance Talmadge is married to John Dyaloglo, who was born in Greece, but who has been living in New York City for some time. He is a tobacco merchant, which is quite a profitable thing to be. Pearl White is married. Helene Chadwick, Goldwyn. Hazel Daly is Tom Moore’s leading woman in his new picture. Eddie Polo, Universal. Peggy O’Dare, his former leading woman, married and retired from the screen. I’ll let you know when and if she comes back.

Juanita. — Edward Langford opposite Elmer Hammerstein in “The Abduction of Rosalie Byrnes.” Address him care Whitman Bennett Studios, Yonkers, N. Y. He was born in 1890 and I wouldn’t be surprised if he answered your letter.

Billie. — Here’s a poser! Why is Tom Meighan such a wonderful lover? Referred to Mr. Meighan for answer. In-law, Cyril Ring, is to be in a picture for Famous Players, I understand. Mrs. Meighan was Frances Ring before her marriage.

N. H., N. Y. — So you saw Tom Mix in person. He’s a great guy. I saw a lot of Tom while he was in New York. Did you see those paintings that nice little blonde whom you saw with Tom was his wife, Victoria Forde, and the older lady was Eugenie Forde, Tom’s mother-in-law in name only. Victoria’s mother is not a comic section mamba by marriage. Everybody likes her. Write again.

Bright Eyes, Phila. — What kind of eyes has Mary Miles Minter? Very soulful eyes, I’m sure. If but you mean their color, I’ll gladly answer blue. Katherine MacLaren is really Mary MacDonald. Juanita Hansen has been ill, but I believe she will soon return to the screen. A few great men I could name are Aristotle, Huxley, Solomon, Newton, and Ben Turpin. The most famous of these is undoubtedly Ben. He has been made a star by Mack Sennett. I have often admired Mr. Turpin in his wide vision. There is a Mrs. Turpin. Katherine MacLaren hails from Pittsburgh.

Dolly D., Pasadenia.—Service is not servitude. I am the servant of all you people, but I am not humble. It takes a strong disposition to withstand all the rocks and roses I get every month. Bert Lytell is going to marry Gladys Brockwell, his wide vision. There is a Mrs. Turpin. Katherine MacLaren hails from Pittsburgh.

Miss M. D., Louisville. — You did a lot of fishing this summer. I suppose the fish were so greedy that you had to stand behind a tree to bait your hook. Nazimova weighs 125 lbs., although she doesn’t look it. She has not yet announced her future plans. Her last picture for Metro was “Camilla,” in which Rudolph Valentino played Armand. Alla was born in 1879, but don’t tell a soul.

F. K., Geneva, Ohio. — David Graham Phillips did not appear in “The Hungry Heart,” which starred Pauline Frederick. David Graham Phillips has been dead for some time. Howard Hall appeared opposite Polly in that picture which was released in November 1917. Constance Talmadge in “Regeneration Isle.” “The Sign on the Door,” which is fictionalized in the August issue of Photoplay, and “Smilin’ Through,” an adaptation of Jane Cowl’s play.

“A Regular Gibson Good Time”

There is fun every minute if you play a GIBSON. Yes, you can learn to play at home in spare time with your favorite musical friends and you will enjoy every minute for there is no drudgery about learning with a Gibson. It’s simple to play the best music — and from the outset there will be opened up to you the music joys and the “regular Gibson good times” known to every Gibsonist.

Easy to Play

Easy to Pay

The ultimate in instrument construction — guaranteed for life. Exclusive Gibson features such as Stradivarius arching and graduation, tilted neck, adjustable bridge, reinforced, non-warpable neck, elevated guard plate, extension string holder, etc., insure of unequaled quality, great volume, superb violin finish. America’s leading artists prefer Gibson instruments — so select a variety of instruments to choose from. Each exquisite in design, finish and tone. This is the Gibson now, in a few months of diligent study, you can do solo and ensemble playing to the delight of your friends and yourself.

Player Agents Wanted

Men and Women, is it helpful to Territory Officers? Must be intelligent, and courteous. You make the money. You pay for your own expenses. If you are interested, write for information. There is a market everywhere for instruments of distinction.

$10.00 Down; $5.00 a Month Buys a Gibson

On these liberal terms you may select the instrument you want with a fine carrying case. We will send it with instructions, pitch pipe, music, methods, everything. You make the money. You pay for your own expenses. If you are interested, write for information. There is a market everywhere for instruments of distinction.

GIBSON MANDOLIN-GUITAR COMPANY

469 Parsons Street
Kalamaazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

GIVEN TO YOU

as a LARIN FACTORY-TO-SAVING FAMILY

Picture this beautiful big Rocker in your living-room! By buying soaps, pure foods, toilet preparations and other every-day house-living-room ! By buying soaps, pure foods, toilet preparations and other every-day house-supplies direct from Larkin Factories or through a Larkin Club, you can obtain this inviting Rocker or other Premiums.

New Larkin Catalog FREE

Over 1,000 high-grade Larkin Premiums and 900 famous Larkin Pictures and premiums are all fully guaranteed—are illustrated in this big free book. It tells you how to make the family income go farther.

MAIL COUPON TODAY


Please send your new Fall Catalog No. 78

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTORPLAY MAGAZINE.

119
Mellin's Food Babies

All Mellin's Food babies are conspicuous by their fine, robust appearance and happy dispositions.

Write now and ask us to mail you a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

She seems the only one in the world to him. Her lovely color enchant him—her beauty captivates. Best of all, she will always seem young and girlish to him, for she has the secret of instant and permanent beauty. She uses a complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

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

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

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

"Absence Can Not Hearts Divide" Marguerite Clark Art Panel—5 Samples Sent With It

"Absence Can Not Hearts Divide." In dainty colors. Size, 28 x 7 1/2 inches. Price, 10c. Samples of Pompeian Day Cream, Powder and Bloom, Night Cream and Fragrance (a talcum powder) sent with the Art Panel. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now.

Marguerite Clark Art Panel

GARANTEE

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

To mail or for Pompeian shopping-bint in purse.

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

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for the 1921 Marguerite Clark Panel. Also please send the 5 samples.

City.

Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below.
THE secret of trim, lustrous ankles with many well-dressed women is not a matter of what they pay for their hose, but what kind they get.

More and more, women are discovering that Holeproof Hosiery offers all the style, sheerness and lustrous beauty that fashion demands, in combination with a fine-spun strength that gives extraordinarily long service.

Leading stores are now showing the newest ideas in regular and fancy styles in Silk, Silk Faced, Silk and Wool, Wool Mixtures and Lisles, for men, women and children.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
La Toilette Complète d'une Parisienne

ENTER Madame, Mademoiselle—in Paris—le Café de la Paix, L'Hôtel Crillon, le Café des Ambassadeurs! Regardez! Assuredly one sees here the most fashionable women of all the world. And what is the secret of the dressing hour which lends to these demoiselles a charm so individuel? Paris whispers this magic of beauty to the ladies of America:

In the toilette one shall use in each spécialité the same delicate fragrance. In the very words of Paris—"On emploie une seule bonne odeur."

Thus does Madame choose Djer-Kiss—si français, si chic, si complet!

For does not Djer-Kiss, in its spécialités so varied, add the charme suprême from the very beginning of the toilette to the final touch of beauty.

Thus is Madame, and Mademoiselle also, assured of the same enchanting fragrance in each bewitching toilettry. Thus does the French charm of Djer-Kiss help to realize l'ensemble si charmant.

If already you do not use them all, these spécialités de Djer-Kiss, will you not add them all at once, tout d'un coup, or little by little as you may desire, to your toilet table and your dressing hour? The charm of the Parisienne will then be yours.

Par exemple, Talc Djer-Kiss: Soft as star-mist, fragrant as breezes from Fairyland, is this pure French talc. Madame, Mademoiselle will discover for Djer-Kiss Talc so many, many uses. With the other spécialités de Djer-Kiss, Face Powder, Perfume, Rouge, Sachet, Toilet Water and les Crèmes, it adds youthful freshness and fragrance and so helps to achieve that "unity of parfum" which the fashion of Paris so requires!

Special Sample Offer:
Send 20c and receive the dainty "Week-end Specialty Box" containing serviceable samples of Djer-Kiss extract, face powder, cold cream and vanishing cream with dainty satin sachet. Address Alfred H. Smith Co., 26 West 34th Street, New York City.

Djer-Kiss
Made in France
PRONOUNCED "deh-kuhss"
There's lasting satisfaction in owning a Victrola

When the instrument you buy for your home is a Victrola you have the satisfaction of knowing:

that it was specially made to play Victor records;

that the greatest artists make their Victor records to play on Victrola instruments;

that you hear these artists exactly as they expected you to hear them, because they themselves tested and approved their own records on the Victrola.

Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers in Victor products on the 1st of each month.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.
In "Enchantment," an enchanting photodrama, Marion Davies' exquisite natural acting makes her more prominent than ever in the firmament of the screen stars.

"Enchantment" tells a story of that period in an attractive girl's life when she boasts, in her diary, that she is irresistible. She knows she holds the same power to enthrall men that enabled Cleopatra, Helen of Troy and Du Barry to make history. She is a winsome, capricious trial to her family and her friends. Before she emerges from her "attack" she makes history of the most interesting kind—family history.

If you like a love story, if you like a comedy, if you are now or ever were a young girl—if you ever loved a young girl, "Enchantment" will delight you.

Directed by Robert C. Vignola, who directed "The Woman God Changed."
Story from Frank R. Adams' famous serial, "Manhandling Ethel," read by more than two million people in Cosmopolitan Magazine.
Scenario by Luther Reed.
Scenery and settings by the Cosmopolitan Scenic Staff under the direction of Joseph Urban.

For Early Release. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre to play this great picture.
Contents

October, 1921

Cover Design
From a Pastel Portrait by Rolf Armstrong. Agnes Ayres

Rotogravure:
Pauline Starke Gladys Coburn
Betty Blythe Corinne Griffith
Marshall Neilan Norman Kerry
Shannon Day

Imagination Editorial 19
What Caligari Did to the Camera (Photograph) 20
Molly Malone a la Modernistic Photography.
You Never Know Your Luck Ralph Barton 21
A Typewritten Portrait of Alice Terry.
Motion Picture Statistics for 1920 So Everyone Can Understand Them.
She Doubles in Brass 24
The Screen's Newest Woman Producer
A White-Haired Child of Promise
A Highbrow Barnstormer
The Gray Brothers Jack Boyle 26
Second of the new "Boston Blackie" Stories. Illustrated by Lee Conrey
West Is East Tom Mix and the Hayakawas—Informally.
A Portrait of Marilyn Miller Delight Evans 30
She Hasn't Been Filmed—Yet.

(Contents continued on next page)
Contents—Continued

Through the Goldwyn Gate  Ralph Barton 32
Sketches from an Artist’s Notebook.

Close-Ups  Editorial Comment 34

Rotogravure:
Wallace Reid
Their Children
Mary Pickford

How I Keep in Condition  Katherine MacDonald 39
Second of an Interesting Series.

Life in the Films  Willard Huntington Wright 40
I—The Artistic Life.

A Rodeo Romeo  Joan Jordan 42
Buck Jones—a Cowboy Through and Through.

Our Animated News Bulletin
PHOTOPLAY Scoops Them All!

An Impression of Gloria Swanson
Drawing.

Fool’s Paradise (Fiction)  Gladys Hall 45
Told from the Photoplay.

What the Gentleman Should Wear  “Fatty” Arbuckle 49
Fashion Hints—But Don’t Take Them Too Seriously.

“Where Bill Lives” (Photographs) 50
The Reid Home in California.

Carmens
Anthology in Tableau Form.

“With Music By —”  Frederick van Vranken 54
How the Screen and Music Have Merged.

Rotogravure:
Marie Prevost  Gladys Walton
She Hasn’t Changed a Bit! (Photographs) 57
Some Childhood Pictures of Betty Compson.

The Shadow Stage
Tableoid Reviews of the New Photoplays.

Here Are the Heralds of Fashion  Carolyn Van Wyck 62
Announcing the Mode for Fall.

The Perfect Lie  Frederic Arnold Kummer 64
A Contest Fiction Story. Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

Author! Author!
The Home and Family of Rupert Hughes.

Vamps of All Times
IV—FRICCA.

Questions and Answers  The Answer Man 75
Cal. Yorke 78

Plays and Players
News from the Studios.

Why Do They Do It?
Finding the Flaws in the Filmplays.

Miss Van Wyck Says:
Answers to Questions on Fashions Subjects.

The Squirrel Cage  A Gnutt 100
Nuts Queer, Interesting and Funny.

Those Eyes, Those Ears—Those Smile!
A Little Story About Bull Montana.

Movies of 1940?
Lyne S. Metcalfe 113
A Forecast.

For the Purposes of Discussion
When Reformers Get Together.

Northern Lights 119
An Epic Established by the Films.

(Addresses of the Leading Motion Picture Producers appear on page 8)

What’s the Matter with College Women?

ARE women’s colleges “Old-Maids Factories?”

Do they turn out graduates with the permanent degree of P. U.? (Passed Up.)

Do their daughters all look as though they have been cut from the same pattern? Are they prepared for careers in which academic knowledge and athletic aptitude, rather than personal charm, count?

How many college graduates could step into a studio and register their college training—prove, in their close-ups, that they had benefited by it in every way—that they could bring to the screen a poise, a refinement, a sincerity that it seldom sees?

PHOTOPLAY wanted to know and decided to find out.

You’ll find the answer in the November issue. A very definite answer—for PHOTOPLAY has scoured the country and put into its rotogravure section four pages of portraits of college beauties—east and west.

ORDER YOUR NOVEMBER COPY NOW
Two whole weeks I planned for my wedding day. It was to be an elaborate church affair, with arches, bridesmaids and sweet little flower-girls. Bob wanted a simple ceremony—but I insisted on a church wedding.

"We are only married once, you know," I laughed. "And oh, Bob," I whispered, nestling closer, "it will be the happiest day of my life!"

I planned for that happy day and proudly I fondled the shimmering folds of my wedding gown. There were flowers to be ordered, music to be selected and cards to be sent. Each moment was crowded with anticipations. Oh, if I could have only known then the dark cloud that overshadowed my happiness!

After the Ceremony

At last the glorious day of my marriage arrived. The excitement fanned the spark of my happiness into glowing embers and I thrilled with a joy that I had never known before. My wedding day! The happiest day of my life. I just knew that I would remember it forever.

A Day I Will Remember

How can I describe to you the beauty of the church scene as I found it when I arrived? Huge wreaths of flowers swung in graceful fragrance from the ceiling to the wall. Each pew boasted its cluster of lilies, and the altar was a mass of many-hued blossoms. The flowers seemed almost unreal, and the little flower-girls looked like tiny fairies as they scattered flowers along the carpeted aisle. It was superb! I firmly believed that there was nothing left in all the world to desire.

Perhaps it was the beauty of the scene. Perhaps it was the strains of the wedding march. Perhaps it was my overwhelming happiness. At any rate, the days of rehearsal and planning vanished in a blur of happy anticipation. I realized what I was doing, I had made an awful blunder. I had made a mistake right at the beginning of the wedding march, and I had no idea how I could帘 it.

Blunders in Etiquette at the Dance

Bob glanced over the chapter called Etiquette and said, "Why, dear," he exclaimed, "I never knew how to dispose of my dancing partner and return to you without appearing rude—and here it all explained so simply."

"Before I realized what I was doing, I had started the wedding march with an awful blunder in Etiquette," I said to Bob. "It tells us just what to do, what to say, what to write and what to wear at all times. And there are two chapters. I see, on foreign countries that tell all about tips, drinks, calling cards, correspondence, addressing royalty and addressing clergy abroad. Why, look, Bob, it even tells about the dinner etiquette in France, England and Germany. Yes, here is a chapter on wedding etiquette—the very mistake I made is pointed out! Oh, Bob, if I had only had this wonderful book, I never would have made that blunder!"

My Advice to Young Men and Women

The world is a harsh judge. To be admitted to society, to enjoy the company of brilliant minds, and to win admiration and respect for oneself, it is essential for the woman to cultivate charm, and for the man to be polished, impressive. And only by following the law of etiquette is it possible for the woman to be charming and the man to be what the world loves to call a gentleman.

I would rather lose a thousand dollars than live through that awful moment of my wedding again. Even now, when I think of it, I blush. And so, my advice to young men and women who desire to be cultured rather than coarse, who desire to impress by their delicacy of tact and choice of words—"send for the splendid two-volume set of The Book of Etiquette."

Send for it that you may know the correct thing to wear at the dinner, and the correct thing to wear to the ball. Send for it that you know the proper way to remove fruit stones from your mouth, the cultured way to use a finger bowl and the correct way to use napkins. Send for it, in short, that you may always be at all times, cultured, well-bred and refined; that you may do and write and wear in the best of form and utterly in accord with the set of etiquette.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The most fascinating thing in the world!

—learning to write for the Movies! Millions are yearning to do it! Thousands are learning how! Movies are everywhere; everywhere they are taking up! It is a wonderful new idea—exciting, magnetic, full of a thousand new possibilities and opportunities. Everyone is talking about it. You are, too, whenever you have a chance. Are you ready to learn how to do it?

The Wonder Book of Writing

The Wonder Book of Writing

The Authors’ Press, Dept. 297, Auburn, N. Y.

Send me FREE "The Wonder Book for Writers" which does not obligate me in any way. I want job checked—tell me how to get it.

Name

Address

City and State

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; (a) indicates in some cases both at one address.

ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS, INC.,
729 Seventh Ave., N. Y.
(a) Stuart Holbrook, Peerless Studios, Culver City, Cal.
(b) Ida H. Ince, Culver City, Cal.
(c) Frank Rowland, Fox Film Corp., Culver City, Cal.
(d) Charles Brackett, Edendale, Cal.
(e) Marshall Neilan, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
(f) Allan Dwan, Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
(g) Mack Sennett, Edendale, Cal.
(h) King Baggot, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
(i) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.
(j) British Paramount (a) Poste St., Idington, New York; (b) Marshall Studios, 645 Fifth Ave., New York City.
(k) McCay, Hollywood, Cal.

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS’ CIRCUIT,
Inc., 6 Washington St., New York;
(a) A. Vail Bartholomew, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
(b) M. H. A. Cropsey, Rainier, Prod., New York;
(c) Louis B. Mayer, Studios, Los Angeles;
(d) Allinder, 12402 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
(e) Lewis B. Miller, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
(f) Norma and Constance Talmadge, Home Office, Los Angeles, Cal.
(g) Catherine MacDonald, productions, Los Angeles, Cal.
(h) David H. Hartford, Prod., 3274 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
(i) Pathe Film Corp., 111th Ave. and 55th St., New York; (a) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

GARSON STUDIOS, INC., 1618455, Edendale, Cal.

centre of distribution of our magazine. We have found, however, that there are still many who are not yet ready to turn their attention to the new and exciting field of film writing. For this reason, we are glad to offer a free copy of our "Wonder Book of Writing," which contains all the information you need to start writing for the movies.

The Wonder Book of Writing

The Wonder Book of Writing

The Authors’ Press, Dept. 297, Auburn, N. Y.

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

Name

Address

City and State

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
How Many Pounds Would YOU Like to Lose Next Week?

Three pounds, five pounds, seven pounds, ten pounds? How many? One woman lost thirteen the first week through this remarkable new discovery. Thousands lose from three to seven pounds weekly, without inconvenience.

You Too Can Quickly Reduce to Normal

You can begin right away, putting off as much weight as you wish. The secret remained hidden, because of its very simplicity, but now that Christian has made his important discovery, it exceeds even his greatest hopes. He discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain food combinations cause fat; other combinations cause fat. If you eat certain kinds of foods together, not only are you eating fats, but they are converted into fat in the body. But if you eat these very same foods at different times, they are converted into blood and muscle, and the fat you already have is used up in energy.

Eat Off Flesh by New Method

And now people are actually eating off their own flesh! Men who were formerly so stout that they could not walk quickly, who had to defy themselves the flavorful, tasty foods they liked to eat, marvel that this one simple little rule enables them to attain their ideal weight so quickly. And not only have they dropped down to normal, but they enjoy their meals more than ever before, feel reinvigorated, brighter, more animated.

A delighted woman writes: "I now weigh 137 pounds—just what I should weigh. I feel so splendid, and everyone says that Eugene Christian's Course has done for me just what it said it would do. I reduced twenty pounds... of the Course I can do that as fast or as slow as I desire. Many thanks for your interest and the instant refunded."

And one man who reports that he has always been 25 pounds overweight writes an enthusiastic letter in which he says: "I lost 50 pounds and feel so much better." Still another is elated: "I have taken off twenty pounds of my surplus flesh. I find that I am able to reduce just as fast or as slow as I desire. And one man who reports that he has always been 25 pounds overweight writes an enthusiastic letter in which he says: "I lost my weight 25 pounds with discomfort."

Scientists have been searching for this very simple, little natural law that any one can follow with ease. It is not an expensive science of self-sacrifice and denials. It's just a simple little natural law that anyone can follow with ease. It's a godsend to people who suffer from corpulency.

Weight Control the Basis of Health

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable food revelations in 12 simple lessons which he calls, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." And to enable everyone everywhere, to profit by his valuable discovery, he offers to send his complete course on trial to anyone sending for it.

You have always wanted to lose weight, but you couldn't find the right method to help you. Now you can lose weight, at your own pace, at your own expense, without discomfort, without denials or sacrifices! Here is your opportunity to lose flesh, just as you control your speech or the pace at which you walk.

Read What Others Say:

13 Pounds Less in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since Monday, and am feeling fine. I used to lie in bed an hour or so before I could get up, and now I can sleep from eight to nine hours. Before I began losing weight I could not take much exercise, but now I can walk four or five miles a day. I feel better than I have for months."

Mrs. —, New York City.

Loses 34 Pounds Less

"It is with great pleasure that I am able to report that I am losing flesh. Weight Control proved absolutely satisfactory. I have lost forty pounds.

Mrs. —, N.Y.

100 Pounds Lighter

"Weighed 215 pounds when I started, and today I weigh 115. I can safely say that I feel 100 pounds lighter than I did when I was fat, and I am sure that I look much better than ever."

Mrs. —, Detroit, Mich.

13 Pounds Less

"I reduced from 207 to 13 pounds in three months with the greatest of ease, and still retain this weight. I feel just as 'fat' as ever."

Mrs. —, North Dakota.

Weight 34 Pounds Less

"Reduced 207 to 13 pounds in three months with the greatest of ease, and still retain this weight. I feel just as 'fat' as ever."

Mrs. —, Pennsylvania, Texas.

Lost 20 Pounds in One Week

"I have found your Weight Control Course splendid. I lost twenty-five pounds in one week. I am now in great heart, and in order to bring my weight down to normal."

Mrs. —, Tacoma, Washington.

Reduces 6 Pounds in One Week

"This is true. I lost 6 pounds, and I am now in great heart."

Mrs. —,oneksi, Iowa.

45 Pounds Taken

"After studying the lessons carefully, I began to apply them to myself, and as proof of results, will say that I lost 45 pounds."

Mrs. —, Covington, Washington.

49 Pounds Taken

"The marked result. Still, you've taken no medicines, but yourself in no hardship, done no work, would not ordinarily have done. You'll be as happy as the 'crows' are when they get the rest of the corn in the barn. Here is your opportunity to lose flesh as much as you wish, and yet eat as much as you please."

Everyone Can Have the Attractive Grace of a Slender Figure Through the New Discovery of Science.


to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
You, too, can have the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"

If your skin is not just what you want it to be—if it lacks freshness and charm—do not let this fact discourage you.

Remember—every day your skin is changing. Each day old skin dies and new skin takes its place. This is your opportunity!

By giving this new skin the special treatment suited to its needs, you can gain the clear, smooth, attractive complexion you long for.

Skins differ widely—and each type of skin should have the special treatment that meets its special needs. Treatments for all the different types of skin are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and learn from this booklet just the right treatment for your skin. Begin using it tonight.

Use Woodbury's regularly in your toilet to keep your skin in the best possible condition. The same qualities that give Woodbury’s its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury’s lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York and Perth, Ontario.

Copyright, 1921, by The Andrew Jergens Co.
SWEET sobber of the celluloid: Pauline Starke, seen here in a more care-free moment. Poor Pauline has wept her heart out in many pictures, but she manages to remember how to smile. She has just returned to the California studios.
WE WISH Betty Blythe would pose for a whole gallery of famous ladies of history. She has the subtle power to project herself into ancient ages and bring back their fairest women to our silversheet. Facts: she's Mrs. (Director) Paul Scardon.
IT DOESN'T make much difference what we write under this new portrait of Corinne Griffith. You're so busy looking at that lovely languorous lady with her mysterious eyes and her Lucile kimono, you won't have time to read the caption.
NORMAN KERRY is a lot more enthusiastic about golf than you'd think. The photographer made him look like this. Mr. Kerry is adding another volume to his life work, "Beautiful Women Who Have Loved Me—On the Screen, of Course."
SHANNON DAY. The only commonplace thing about her is the fact that she came from the Follies to the films. She's lending her Irish presence, out in Hollywood, to pictures directed by the deMilles. Miss Day is an ingenue in age only.
15 washings—yet this blue silk sweater is like new!

To Wash Silk Sweaters

If the color is not fast, set it before washing. Place 1 or 2 tablespoonsfuls of Ivory Flakes in bowl and add a quart of boiling water. Work up suds, then add three quarts of cold water. Drop sweater into suds and squeeze suds gently through the fabric with the hands. Do not lift garment from the water and do not rub. Put a towel under the sweater to lift it from the suds. Rinse gently in three waters of same temperature as suds. Always use a towel in taking garment from one water to another. Place between cloths and run through loosely adjusted wringer. Lay flat on thick towelling in shade and pull into shape for drying. Turn frequently. Press with iron barely warm.

The sweater in the picture was photographed after a season’s wear and 15 launderings. It is as lustrous, shapely and colorful as new and there is not even one break in the delicate open-work mesh of the weave. It shows that it is possible to keep knitted outerwear as clean and attractive as ordinary wash fabrics.

The owner attributes the present beauty of the sweater—and her success in washing other silks—to Ivory Soap Flakes.

Ivory Flakes makes such thick suds that you do not have to rub the garment; it is cleansed just by soaking and swishing it in the bubbling foam. And, no matter how often the garment is washed with Ivory Flakes, it shows no sign of wear from the soap, because Ivory Flakes is genuine Ivory Soap in flake form and cannot injure any fabric that water alone does not harm.

To keep your sweaters, blouses, silk lingerie and all other fine garments as beautiful as new, and to make them last the longest possible time, use Ivory Flakes. Send for the free sample and directions offered at the left and see for yourself how Ivory Flakes works.
Imagination is the torch which has guided men down the dim paths of the ages. It has ever been the supreme force in the onward gropings of the human race. Imagination has created the dream of progress. It has fashioned and built the world. It has penetrated the hidden secrets of life, and unearthed the glories of inanimate things.

Imagination has given us the enduring beauty of great art, the inspiring splendor of great achievements. In all human aspiration—from the lowliest task to the most majestic enterprise—imagination is the mainspring of success. When the imagination fails, the germs of death and decay creep in.

Often it happens that the brain of man grows tired and complacent; it succumbs to fatigue and laissez faire. And then it is that the mind becomes merely a capable mechanism, performing automatically the tasks to which it long has been accustomed. Man becomes a machine—the imagination, which is the vitalizing spirit of endeavor, has ceased to function.

This apathy is the normal reaction to strain. The mind, like the body, wears down; it loses its resiliency, and weariness sets in. We call it "going stale."

After years of tireless effort and activity the makers of motion pictures have begun to "go stale." Their elan and enthusiasm have diminished. Pictures have become too formal, too orthodox. They follow too severely the paths of tradition; they adhere too closely to the standards of the past.

What motion-picture production needs today is an infiltration of new blood—new thoughts, new dreams, new ideas, new points of view—in short, a new imagination.

It is true that the motion-picture industry has drawn into its ranks many eminent authors and playwrights; and while these men and women have accomplished much that has been significant and worth-while, they have failed to revivify the art of the films as it might have been revivified. Their very popularity in the world of letters—the fact that they were so widely accepted by the public—was, to a certain extent, an argument against their originality and the freshness of their imagination.

On the other hand, there are in America many young creative men, rich in experimental ideas and unspoiled by tradition, who are untrammeled by the demands of a conventional popular following, and who are striving earnestly for a new ideal, for an original means of expression, for a more compelling method of embodying forth their dreams. They are the true harbingers of progress—the apostles of the great new movement in all branches of human thought and activity, which is sweeping over the world today.

These are the men whom the motion pictures need, for these are the men who symbolize imagination.

Imagination!

Without it no enterprise, no work of art, can live for long, for without it the soul of achievement is lacking.
What Caligari Did to the Camera

"MODERN" art is perhaps the least misleading term for the effort that, for the last half century, a certain now world-famous group of painters has been making to save painting from becoming photographic. These painters have succeeded so well that the camera, finding itself spurned by art, turned about and began imitating painting with the astonishingly successful results to be found in photoplays of the "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" type and in the work of a great many photographers. The above impressionistic—or shall we stick to our story and call it modern?—photograph of Molly Malone was made by Clarence Sinclair Bull at the Goldwyn Studios in Culver City.
YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK

Photoplay's artist changes his medium and paints a delightful picture with words.

By
RALPH BARTON

The most insignificant figure in the above group is Alice Terry—one of the extras in an old Triangle production starring Dorothy Dalton.

I

T was my first trip to California and I was disappointed. I saw no flowers and no trees except occasional groups of palms and eucalyptus. Los Angeles I thought we fantastic, squatly bungalows—miles of them—depressed me. The climate was wretched—four seasons every day: spring in the morning, summer at noon, fall in the evening and winter at night. I looked forward to a long siege of nostalgia and bronchitis.

And then I met Alice Terry! Now I rave about California like a Native Son. You have seen her, of course, and know what I mean. Before you saw her you believed yourself safely beyond the Sentimental Age. You felt that you could never again revert to that youthful emotional state when you contemplated suicide because the leading lady of the local stock company had married the stage-manager, and when you clipped photographs of Lillian Russell from magazines and gazed surreptitiously at them during the algebra lesson. The first thousand feet of the picture in which you first saw Miss Terry melted the snows that had drifted round your cardiac plexus since Commencement Day, and the last thousand feet rendered you fifteen and maudlin.

Moreover, Alice Terry can act—she is what they call in Hollywood "a great little trooper"—but it is not altogether her acting which carries you back to your high school days and makes you long to embrace another Hopeless Love. It is the way in which she unconsciously projects her adorable weakness and appealing femininity from the screen into every corner of the house. As you watch her you feel that here is a woman who does not particularly want to vote, or box, or be an aviator, or join a Reform society, or dominate her husband. Her sex appeal is a wholesome and natural one, and yet vastly stronger than that of the dear departed Vampires; and her sweetness is more alluring and infinitely less cloying than that of the Pollyannas. She makes the men in her audience feel as romantic as they did when they first read the King Arthur tales, and there is not a woman in the house who would balk at introducing her to friend husband.

I met California and Alice the same afternoon. Neither of them tallied with my preconceived ideas. But whereas California fell far short of the Californians' descriptions of it, Alice proved far lovelier than the cool, blonde, worried Marguerite Laurier of "The Four Horsemen," whom I expected to see in Hollywood. She had the poise of a patrician and the modesty of a Maud Muller. Her coloring was exquisite, and of the Dresden-doll, pink-and-white tonality. Her dancing blue eyes and the mobile corners of her small, sensitive mouth indicated the presence of a bubbling sense of humor. Her voice, almost contralto, made her pronounced Middle-Western accent seem smooth and melodious.

But the thing which startled me the most—which, in fact, almost dumfounded me—was her hair. It was red-brown and very dark! They had gilded the lily! Marguerite Laurier's golden hair had been a wig! I couldn't forgive them and demanded to know who was responsible. Rex Ingram gave reasons for the change—good reasons, I suppose, since they came from him—and yet there she stood before me twice as lovely in her own hair. I shall never be convinced that the wig was (Continued on page 97)

Alice Terry, present day, one of the most significant figures in the films, as Eugenie Grandet in "The Conquering Power."
DUE to the tremendous progress and growth of the motion picture industry, all information heretofore concerning the films has been too general; it has lacked accuracy and mathematical precision. Therefore, for the benefit of historians and scientists, we present herewith, accompanied by illustrations, all the vital and important facts connected with motion picture production for the year 1920.—Editor.

If all the lorgnettes with which society matrons of the 1920 films haughtily inspected persons to whom they were introduced, were amalgamated into two lorgnettes and placed together, they would form an arch sufficiently large to permit the passage of a load of hay.

The combined weight of the metal cigarette cases carried during 1920 by fashionable leading men in the lower right-hand westcoat pocket would be equal to that of Trinity Church.

The total distance covered by chases in the comedy films of 1920 was 247,816 miles, or the approximate distance between the earth and the moon.

Comparative pictures showing the marked increase in the amount of hair salve used by cinema actors (male) during the past six years. (The figures include vaseline, pomade, bear-grease, gelatine and all the various unguents for making the hair sleek and glossy.)

If all the curls of the 1920 screen ingenues were made into a single volute, they would form a hirsute tunnel large enough to engulf a seven-coach passenger train.

If all the jovial slaps on the back which took place in the gentlemen’s clubs of the 1920 society films were concentrated into a single unit of energy the force of the combustion would be sufficient to fire a twelve-pound cannon ball from New York to San Francisco.
The amount of tears shed in the close-ups of leading ladies during 1920 would be sufficient to extinguish the conflagration of a three-story dwelling.

The number of errors in spelling and grammar appearing in the sub-titles of 1920, as compared with the number of errors in the complete works of Ring Lardner.

If all the heavy black cigars which financiers and plain-clothes officers chewed and rolled about in the corners of their mouths to denote will power and strength of character were merged into one cigar, it would be 554 feet long, or approximately the height of the Washington Monument.

The amount of energy expended in 1920 by wealthy villains in luring pure and innocent working-girls to their luxurious bachelor apartments would be sufficient to hoist the New York Public Library thirty-one feet from its foundation.

The relative amount of "great artistic triumphs" and "supreme masterpieces" produced by D. W. Griffith, and by Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasques, Leonardo and Michelangelo.

Comparative figures showing the number of 1920 film convicts who were innocent (having been unjustly condemned or preferring to serve time in order to shield another), and the number who were actually guilty of some crime.

If all the waxed moustaches of society villains in the pictures of 1920 were placed end to end, they would reach from Wall street to Yonkers, with enough hair left over to stuff eight sofa pillows.

The lingering fade-out kisses used as climaxes in the 1920 film dramas would, if fused into one sustained osculation, last 72 years. That is to say, if a couple should begin this composite caress at the age of six, they would be 78 at the break-away.

Block pyramid of the principle ingredients of motion picture plots, showing both the exact and the relative number of times they were used in the photoplays of 1920.
Helen Ray, the continuity clerk who plays Intoxication in "Experience."

SHE DOUBLES IN BRASS

THERE'S nothing like versatility. There used to be a man out in Montana who ran a pantatorium during the day and engineered a flourishing hot peanut and buttered popcorn wagon on the Main street at night.

Six months ago Helen Ray decided that she would much rather possess a job than to stay home and help mother with the dishes or sew on fugitive buttons for big brothers.

Helen lives in Brooklyn and a mile away shines the dazzling facade of the Famous Players-Lasky studio. So Miss Ray decided that she might manage to obtain employment in the big studio.

She went in and demonstrated to the employment manager that she could extract 75 words a minute from a well-oiled typewriter, and she could spell "receive" correctly (which very few persons can do) and she was diligent.

Being a continuity clerk is not a hard job if you haven't got temperament. It is the most untemperamental job there is in the place. All you have to do is sit on a camp-stool, book and pencil in hand, and as fast as the director barks out changes in the scenario or continuity, you simply dash off a few thousand words, type it on a folding typewriter right on the spot, and hand it to the director within, say, five or ten minutes.

One day the camera-man had a new lens. He desired to try it out.

"Listen, Helen," he said in that frank, familiar way that all cinema photographers have, "listen. Put a little powder on and stand over there under the lights. I want to try out my lens."

Helen did as she was invited and the camera-man shot several hundred feet of film to try out the lens. And when the reel was developed and run off through the projecting machine as a test, what do you suppose happened?

It developed that Helen was an actress.

"She is a wonder," said Hugh Ford, a veteran director.
"She is a find," echoed John Robertson, another director.
"She is a peach," enthused George Fitzmaurice.

George Fitzmaurice cast her for the role of— we hate to say so— "Intoxication," in the big production of "Experience."

But Helen has not forgotten her regular job in spite of her part in the film play. Between whiles, when she is not playing "Intoxication," she soberes down, as one might say, and sits on the little old camp-stool, and with note book in hand jots down continuity changes.

THE SCREEN'S NEWEST WOMAN PRODUCER

The screen now has its second woman producer-director. Lois Weber no longer holds the feminine fort alone. Marion Fairfax—famous playwright and one of the most successful screen writers of the day—has formed her own company and is at present engaged in "shooting" her first picture.

There have been a number of feminine directors—including Frances Marion—but in spite of the fact that Lois Weber has been successfully making her own pictures for four years, no other woman has followed her lead—until Miss Fairfax recently announced that she had become head of the Marion Fairfax Productions and would produce, direct and write her own pictures.

Miss Fairfax has the sort of a career behind her that makes you think you are writing for "Who's Who" when you try to tell about it.

Before she "went into pictures" she was one of the most eminent stage authors in the country. She wrote such New York hits as "The Builders" which had a record run at the Astor, "The Chaperon," in which Maxine Elliott starred and which was chosen to open the Maxine Elliott Theater, "The Talker," "Mr. Crew's Career," in collaboration with the celebrated English author, Mr. Winston Churchill, "Mrs. Boltay's Daughter" and "A Modern Girl."

She has given the screen a number of delightful stories and has written scenarios galore for Marshall Neilan—during the past year and a half those to her credit being "The River's End," "Go and Get It," "Dinty" and "Bop Hampton of Placer"—and before that for Famous Players-Lasky.

She wrote the story herself for the first production to bear her name and the cast includes her husband, Tully Marshall—wouldn't it be funny to be directed by your own wife on the stage?—Marjorie Daw and Pat O'Malley.

Marion Fairfax has been a close student of acting, her husband, Tully Marshall, being one of the best character actors in America.
A WHITE-HAIRED "CHILD OF PROMISE"

I HAD seen her around the Lasky lot any number of times—a little white-haired old lady, simply dressed in gray.

I noticed her particularly because she didn't seem to belong—and thought she must be somebody's grandmother acting as temporary chaperon or something of that sort.

Then one day somebody wanted to introduce me to the author of "One Wild Week"—Bebe Daniels' successful comedy.

I visualized an Elinor Glyn-ish sort of person, sophisticated, worldly, blase, probably with red hair and sparkling eyes.

I was introduced.

And it was my little white-haired old lady!

Immediately I perceived her business-like connection with the work in hand.

For Miss Frances Harmer, whose official title is now literary assistant to William deMille, was a very important part of the enormous set Mr. deMille was staging for his production of "The Stage Door."

She is just four feet, ten inches tall, and she is sixty-three years old, is Miss Frances Harmer. But there is a spring in her step, a twinkle in her eye, and altogether bright, active joy of living in her whole personality, that instantly explains her ability to hold the important position she holds.

So now—at sixty-three—she is a successful scenarioist, and a co-worker with one of the greatest directors.

Her original position was in the readers' department at Lasky's. And she was formerly a teacher.

I asked her how she happened to write "One Wild Week."

"I like a lot of quick action," she said briskly, tapping her pencil on the open script before her and keeping one bright blue eye on the set where Lila Lee, Jack Holt and twenty or thirty lovely young things in tights, etc., were performing.

"So I decided that whatever happened in my story should happen in a week. Then I thought the week needed description, so I stuck in the 'Wild.' That's all."

Miss Harmer assisted Mr. deMille in preparing Edward Knoblock's "The Lost Romance" for the screen and also "The Stage Door" by Rita Weiman.

A HIGHTBROW BARNSTORMER

THEY were making a picture on the old Vitagraph lot.

An actor who was on the pay-roll for $50 a week was acting loudly and laboriously all over the place.

The director—a mild-mannered part with pleasant blue eyes—watched the actor performing and interposed a soft suggestion.

"I believe it would be better if you did it this way," said the director amiably. And he showed the $50 actor how it should be done.

A while afterward the $50 actor sniffed.

"Huh!" he muttered. "That's the way with these directors. They think they know how to act."

The director, John S. Robertson, didn't hear this aside.

For John Robertson knows every barnstorming town in the United States and Canada.

He has played Kankakee and Keokuk. He has knocked 'em off their seats in Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon. He has done low comedy with dramatic troupes which thought nothing of offering "East Lynne" on Tuesday matinees and "The Sidewalks of New York" on Tuesday nights.

It is no exaggeration to aver that John Robertson started at the bottom; that he learned the rudiments of the show business—acting, directing and everything else—in the atmosphere where rudiments are the most conspicuous element in the landscape.

But he emerged from this atmosphere and he admits that he learned a great deal while playing on the Kerosene Oil Circuit. Upon emerging he played for two years in support of Rose Stahl and emerging further he acted upon the platform with Maude Adams and other stars.

Then romance entered his life. He met Josephine Lovett who was writing scenarios for the screen. This was in the old days when a two-reeler was a "super" picture.

Realizing that the silent drama was going to be very big time eventually, John Robertson abandoned the speakies. Left 'em flat, and decided he would be a picture director.

It was a canny decision, but then you'd expect it of John Robertson for although Canadian born, his parents were Scotch. You know him as the director of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "39 East" and "Sentimental Tommy."

No wonder John Robertson would have smiled if he had overheard the bolshevistic actor make that crack:

"What does he know about acting?"
THE GRAY

By
JACK BOYLE

Another of the fascinating "Boston Blackie" stories, relating more about the mysterious underworld organization that fights the causes of men hounded by law.

THE girl turned toward the man who had paused just within the doorway to appraise the dingy little law office in a swift, comprehensive glance.

The man's eyes returned to the girl's face—an oddly winsome face that suggested in its pensive lines the workings of a melancholy mind whose deepest interests lay within itself. Her eyes were on her visitor's face—wide-set, dark eyes that shocked curiously by their blank fixity. At once the man realized that she was blind.

"What may I do for you, sir?" the girl inquired, her slender fingers wandering restlessly over the keys of her typewriter.

"I'm wanting to see the lawyer," the visitor answered, inwardly congratulating himself that the girl's blindness made his task an easy one. "My name's O'Neill and I've a bit of a case I want—"

"Your name is not O'Neill," she interrupted with positive and unruffled calmness. "You are Patrick Conners, upper office detective from police headquarters. An hour ago Police Commissioner McElvoy instructed you to come here for the purpose of finding an opportunity to install a detectaphone. The commissioner's exact words to you were: 'Get a detectaphone into the office of a broken-down, has-been attorney named Caesar Septimus Sills. He's the clearing-house of communication between the outside world and the dangerously shrewd chief of the crook organization that calls itself the Gray Brothers. Three times within ten days attorneys employed by the Gray Brothers have forced us to release men we were holding without warrants for third degree purposes. They're forcing us to conform to the strict letter of the law. Locate this chief crook and I'll put him where he won't interfere with my police methods for the next twenty years.'"

The detective's face had become a ruddy map of stupefaction. Word for word the blind girl had repeated to him his superior's commands given in the supposed sanctity of the police head's private office. No one else had been present; and yet, within an hour, a blind typist in a third-class law office was detailing to him with stenographic accuracy a police secret he had been particularly warned to keep inviolate.

As the officer mopped his brow to cover speechless confusion, a telephone bell rang. The girl reached for one of three phones that stood on her desk. If amazement had not dulled Patrick Conner's innate shrewdness he might have guessed the secret of the solicitude unconsciously betrayed by the tone in which the girl spoke into the phone and listened, then, with a faint hint of color suddenly livening her cheeks. He might have guessed that a Voice had become the secretly nurtured romance of a blind girl's otherwise drab and eventless life. And,
Ian, brusquely. "Here." answered the Gray Brother, white. "Where did you get it?" he demanded.

had he guessed, he would have known with what utter loyalty she served the Voice that illuminated her unlighted days.

The girl spoke into the phone in a soft and strange language that seemed a jumble of purling vowel sounds. A few seconds of attentive listening and she hung up the earpiece and turned again to the detective.

"The Chief Brother asks you to inform the police commissioner that our organization does not commit crime nor concern itself with cases of men guilty of crime," she said, "but it has forced and will continue to force the release of men detained by the police without proper process of law; also of men convicted by error or perjury. The Chief wishes you to tell the

outlaw mind that governed the uncannily prescient power called the Gray Brothers.

While the head of the city's police raged, Caesar Septimus Sills, a shabby, white-haired, little man, returned to his office and found his blind daughter with the tint of color left by the magic of a Voice still on her cheeks. "Maia, Maia, I have it at last," the old man exclaimed rapturously.

"The letter taken from the Governor!" delightedly from the girl in an Indian tongue.

"Yes, the letter, too. But I meant a specimen of the Heliactin Bilopha. It completes our collection of South Amer-
ican humming birds. It's a perfect specimen of the male with the purple, green and golden crests that give it its colloquial name, Sun Gem. Oh, Maia, my dear, I would give half my life if you could see this treasure which is the final achievement of our collection. It's priceless! It's—"

"But the letter, father," interrupted the girl gently. "The Chief Brother has phoned the command that you are to send it up to him at once. He wants it tonight without fail."

"Yes, Maia, I'll start it on at once. Tell the chief I wired the funds to San Francisco to attend to the Lessing matter and that I delivered the $1,000 to send Chauffeur Danny's widow and child to the Colorado sanitarium. Inform him our bank balance this morning is $397,842.16. I think that's all, my dear."

As her father's steps died away down the corridor the phone on the girl's desk tinkled. Maia reached for it with eager fingers and as she began to speak in the soft accents of Indian races now all-but-forgotten, her cheeks again glowed with the magic tint of happiness—happiness that flowed to her from the sound of a Voice that never had been anything more tangible than just a voice over a phone.

"Tell the Chief I delivered the $1,000 to send Chauffeur Danny's widow and child to the Colorado sanitarium. Inform him that our bank balance is $397,842.16. I think that's all, my dear."

Governor Jarid Husted switched on the lights in the library
of his home and waved Police Commissioner McElvoy to a chair.

"Commissioner, I've brought you here tonight to ask your advice in a vital matter—a matter that may decide next week's election. My problem is this." The Governor paused to light a cigar. "I have received through the mail a letter which, if genuine as I believe it to be, insures my re-election as governor of the state. It's conclusive proof that my esteemed opponent is exactly what I have asserted throughout my campaign—a man pledged in advance to serve certain corporate interests I have fought during my four years at the capitol. This letter in his own writing over his own signature convicts him. Evidently it was required by his corporation backers as a guarantee of ultimate performance. Well, Commissioner, I have this letter—but I can conceive of no possible way in which those who sent it to me could have obtained it except through theft. Am I or am I not justified in using it?"

The police commissioner's smile was approval personified. "That's news I'm mighty glad to hear, Governor," he replied. "My advice is to use it the moment you have proved it genuine. Even if it did reach you through devious means you are not responsible. Have you any idea by whom the letter was mailed to you?"

"I have," the Governor answered slowly. "It was accompanied by a brief, typed note which read: 'Make use of this document. It will keep you in the Governor's chair for another four years.' The note was signed, 'The Gray Brothers.'"

The police commissioner sprang to his feet. "The Gray Brothers again!" he exclaimed. "Everything that happens in this town lately can be traced back somehow to that mysterious band of crooks. Is the letter here? May I see it?"

The Governor unlocked a desk drawer and drew out a wallet. "Here is the document," he said, selecting an envelope and tossing it across to his friend. "Read it and tell me whether or not I am right in asserting that it crucifies our friend Hartley."

The commissioner's expectant smile vanished as he drew a typed slip of paper from the envelope.

"The Senator lost no time in phoning McElvoy that I, chief of the Brothers, am in the home of Governor Huested," said Blackie. "They expect to trap me as I leave."

"Good God, Governor, the letter is gone! You've been robbed," he cried.

Governor Huested snatched the typed slip and read:

"The other side offers more for the Hartley letter than we care to refuse so we are retracting our gift to you. With regrets.

The Gray Brothers."

"Stolen—from my own desk—here in my own home," the Governor ejaculated. "There's not a scratch on the desk and it's still locked as I left it. How did they do it?"

"Men capable of obtaining such a letter from the corporation vault from which I judge it came would find your simple desk lock a bit of child's play," the police commissioner explained. "Always the Gray Brothers! There's a master criminal mind, directing that dangerously powerful order of criminals. But even I would not have guessed they would dare this, Governor."

The Governor's fist banged the table. "Dare this!" he exclaimed. "The robbery of a Governor's residence is a triviality to them. Let me tell you one of their real exploits. They kidnapped and drugged me, the Governor of the state. I lost consciousness as I rode in a cab on the streets of our capital. I recovered in a prison cell—a death house cell—bereft of my identity. They told me I was in Lester penitentiary death house, sentenced with my cellmate to execution. They made it so real I actually reached a state of mind in which I believed them. They shaved my head for the electric chair! They sent me through the little door to the chair itself."

Involuntarily the Governor shuddered. "They strapped me in The Chair! A black cap shut the light from my eyes," he continued. "And then—blackness that I thought was death. When I opened my eyes I was in my cab unharmed. Beside me was the man who had been my cell-partner. He explained what had happened and why."

"The explanation, what was it?" demanded the astounded commissioner.

The Gray Brothers! My prison and The Chair had been built expressly for me in one of their (Continued on page 106)
I Went to the Ball-Game.
Tom Mix was There, too.
And Maybe you Think
We didn't Get Fun.
Oh no—not just
Tom and I—but
Tom's Wife, too, and
Her Mother:
Victoria and
Eugenie Forde.
Some of the Cartoonists
Should Meet this Mother-in-Law,
It would Spoil
All their Little Jokes.

Everybody had a Good Time
At this Ball-Game.
The Men
Thoroughly Enjoyed themselves—
None of the Ladies
Asked a Single Question.
Why
Should they Worry
About a Silly Old Ball-Game
When Tom Mix was There?
Tom didn't Want
To be Recognized—so
He Wore his Sombrero.
Babe Ruth walked Right Up
To Tom's Box to Shake Hands—
And Nobody Noticed Babe at all.
Tom and the Babe were
Friends in California.
So Babe Obliged
With a Home Run.
They Say he Only Does That
When there's Somebody he Knows
Out in Front.
You Could Only See
The Top of Tom's Hat
When the Crowd Followed him Out
Afterwards,
Cheering him—
What's the Use
Of Being a King
Or a President, Anyway?
Tom Came East
Just to See the Fight and
Babe Make a Homer and
Play Golf with Bill Fox, his Boss—
Bill Won,
But he Gave Tom
A Beautiful New Golf Set
To Make Up for It. Tom
Can always Use it in Pictures,
Mr. Mix from California
Inspected the White House and
Met the President. He Says

Everything Looks All Right, but
He Will be Glad
To Get Back to Cal.

PRINCESS Fatima
Of Kabul
Came to Town. They Named
The Cigarettes After her.
I will Impress her
As soon
As she Signs her Film Contract.
She hasn't Thought about it Yet,
But I'm sure she will.
She's a Princess, isn't she?
If you are One of those,
Of which I was another,
Who never heard of Kabul—
It's in Afghanistan,
Honestly.
"I Want

The Hyawakawakawas”,
I Told the Hotel Clerk.
"I'm sorry," he said,
"But
We haven't Any
Just Now,
Shall I Order Some
For You?"
Just then,
Sheshue and
Shury Came Up.
I Made Certain Sounds
But Nothing very
Definite, Addressing them,
But
They're Both Clever, and
They Gathered what it was
All About.
He Said he'd
Just Met the President, but
He is Unusual in Many Ways.
It was her First Trip East—
In America. She Looks Like
An Exquisite Japanese Doll
Dressed Up
In French Clothes.
She's The Sweetest Thing I Ever Saw—
only
Sometime Somebody
Is Going to Pick her up
And Take her Home
To his Little Girl.
She's Intelligent, even
For a Movie Actress.
She May Remind you
Of a Doll—but
She can Say Other Things
Besides Papa and Mama.
She Said
They had a Rather Important
Appointment,
And he Grinned.
I Asked them
Where they were Going—it seemed to be
The Thing to Do.
"I give you three guesses," she said,
In her Quaint little Voice.
I Give Up.
So she Whispered:
"To Coney Island!"
I'm Sure you'd Like
Sessue Hayakawa and
Tsuru Aoki.
(I Can Spell it, even if
I Can't Pronounce it.)
We are often asked why Marilynn Miller, the youngest star on Broadway, has never transferred her radiance to the silent drama. (She's singing and dancing now in "Sally" and before that she was a star in Ziegfeld's "Follies." For her services in the current production Miss Miller is said to receive somewhere in the neighborhood of $3500 a week.) Someone put the question to her. "Well," she said, "you know there are so many girls in pictures who look like me." We have never seen any. We wish we would.
THROUGH the GOLDWYN GATE

By
RALPH BARTON

The impressive—and useful—entrance to the Goldwyn acres in Culver City. Besides being a good gate, it occasionally works in a picture as a set. Did you see it in "Doubling for Romeo?"

Lon Chaney is the easiest man on earth to draw. If the sketch doesn't look like him he will deftly make up to look like the sketch. You can't go wrong.

Making a scene in "The Glorious Fool"—E. Mason Hopper directing Richard Dix, three sheets in the wind on histrionic hootch, out of his club and into the scrub-lady's bucket. The portable organ at the left is playing an old American folk-song: "We Won't be Home until Morning."
Sketches from a notebook filled at Culver City.

Will Rogers, while making "Poor Relations," has dropped roping and taken up fiddling as a between-the-scenes amusement. Jimmy Rogers, on the side-lines, asks, "Say, Dad, when are you going to work with me in a picture again?"

Renée being very much adorée by her new husband, Tom Moore.

Molly Malone, in spite of the fact that she is pretty and is in pictures, always reads between scenes.

Droves of eminent American authors scurry to and fro about the Goldwyn Valhalla. A glance in any direction will reveal at least a Rita Weiman, a Rupert Hughes, a Gertrude Atherton, or a Gouverneur Morris, script in hand, on the way to or from the set.
CLOSE-UPS
Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

NOW an "editorial committee" from the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry is to pass on the fitness of the motion pictures produced by its members. This is a part of the promise made in answer to censorship advocates that the motion picture industry would "clean up." Quite without prejudice one can wonder wherein this sort of committee supervision will differ materially in character or effect from the work of the "National Board of Review," which has been in operation a number of years. The National Board was also in turn and in the day of its inception an organization to meet a promise to "clean up." To install another board of review, another voluntary self-censorship, is not to meet the issue squarely. Also to establish such an institution is to make a confession in behalf of a whole industry that is not justified by the facts.

THE most innocent "prop" down on the farm was the homely, comfortable old "dasher" churn. One of Hollywood's actor princes acquired one of these honest old contrivances recently. Does he make butter in it? He does not; he makes cocktails in it for his parties! Thus is the immortal extravaganza of Cleopatra and the classic pearl dissolved in vinegar outdone!

NOW comes the discovery that the principle of "the persistence of vision," which makes the motion picture move by the superimposition of visual images in the mind's eye, was known as early as 65 B. C. Ben J. Lubelschetz in his "The Story of the Motion Picture," states that writing in that day Lucretius recorded his observation that a stone whirled at the end of a string gave the appearance of a solid disc. This observation came about no doubt by watching some hardy hill man hurling stones with his sling. The whirling stone not only conveyed the principle of the motion picture but also made the enemy see stars.

THE New York police have been investigating Greenwich Village—the so-called artistic quarter of New York, inhabited largely by long-haired men and short-haired women—to see if it is as bad as it appears in moving pictures made in Los Angeles by young Californians working under directors from the Middle West.

WORLD-FASHIONS in matrimony are changing. Formerly impecunious foreign noblemen came to Fifth avenue, or Newport, in quest of alliances with rich young New York society girls. Now they are in California, pursuing the diamond-crusted young picture stars.

EVERY comedian and every punster has taken a fall out of the now-famous—or infamous, according to your point of ignorance—list of questions pronounced by Thomas A. Edison. But in our opinion the hand-painted moustache cap for the best single burlesque should go to Baird Leonard of the New York Telegraph, who asked: "Who shot what off whose head?"

PROHIBITION is getting more and more cruel to the photoplay industry. And we don't mean that the sufferer now is the wealthy actor, at his Lucullan feasts; nor the director, intent on punching his big dramatic wallop out of a banned drinking scene. We mean that the fellow hurt most is the manufacturer of the raw film itself. Alcohol is a most important, if not the most important, solvent in the manufacture of film stock, and restrictions upon its manufacture, distribution and use are becoming such that even the biggest makers are being seriously handicapped.

TO hear the talk about the cheapness of feature-making in Europe, one would think that an ancient alchemist had stalked from his forgotten tomb to turn all metals into gold for some kino-koenig of Deutschland. As a matter of fact; no place has yet been discovered on this small round world where one gets a lot for nothing. "Deception"—these figures are established—cost 11,000,000 marks. At the present rate of exchange, this is $200,000. And at that, considering what they got, even in mere material, it is a most economical outlay compared to some of the profligate expenditures in California.

ANOTHER old adage has gone by the board—the spring-board—in Hollywood. It used to be: "What is home without a mother?" Now, in the spacious establishments of the kings and queens of the movies, they ask: "What is home without a swimming-pool?" If you haven't one, in western Los Angeles, you are in the pitiable class of the pencil and shoestring vendors.

CHANNING POLLOCK, in a recent interview, said that it took "ten years and a world-war" to make people believe in the real-life possibility of his old play, "Such a Little Queen." At the rate the world is speeding now, ten years more may make a motion-picture serial seem like everyday life. Then, oh, Destiny, it will be about time to bring on that devastating comet!

MOVIE audiences in New York, says Sherwood in Life, have been educated up to the point where they actually outrank the theatrical audiences in intelligence. He bases this conclusion on the appreciation that has resulted in the wonderful development of the art of presentation of pictures. Did you ever stop to think how few of the great theatrical producers have made a success in motion pictures? Many have tried but most have flopped. It's very easy to view the pictures and criticize, but if you knew the complications and heartaches involved in their making, you would be more tolerant.

INTENT on living our lives for us and on legislating us into heaven, the reformers refuse to credit lovers of motion pictures with intelligence beyond the moron stage. But, with all their deficiencies and violations of good taste, we have never met a producer that was not more human and sincere than the average professional guide to heaven by the legislation route.
YOU may have heard that Wallace Reid came east to play in a picture. But the real reasons for his journey all the way from California are seen here. Wally visited his mother and grandmother in his old home at Atlantic Highlands, N. J.
AND a Few Parents! We didn't particularly intend to include any parents at all, but several of the members of the Junior Sunshine League of Hollywood are either too young or too shy to be photographed without their fathers. Some of these children you'll recognize. They are, you see, growing up. We hesitate to give the ages of the young ladies, because they are the stars of tomorrow, and stars are singularly averse to birthdays. We hesitate—but here they are!

ONE of the most popular of Hollywood's younger set (below): Miss Mary Joanna Desmond. She has just celebrated her first birthday and is feeling very blasé about it. Her father is William Desmond.

THE Rogers kids: Will, Jimmy (the famous moving-pitcher actor), Mary, and Will, Jr., in the sun-parlor of the "The House that Jokes Built." Will is reading from one of his own books. By the way, we hear he is going back to the Follies.

THE two younger children of Jack Holt: two and a few months old respectively. These youngsters, and a girl of nine, are three good reasons why Jack Holt is known in the film colony as a "family man."

THE twenty-one-months-old daughter of Sam Wood (there, we've given her away) is happy because she's a namesake of Gloria Swanson. Little Gloria plays in pictures when her father is directing Big Gloria.

IF THIS were an equine instead of a canine, we could say something about Barbara Flynn's gift horse which gave her Maurice B. ("Lefty") Flynn, former Yale football star, for a father. Barbara is half-past three.
HERE'S Bill. You know Bill. He is probably the most frequently photographed of all film children. William Wallace Reid, to call him by his Sunday name, passed his fourth birthday on June 8th. This is his private ocean.

LITTLE Mary Pickford, the adopted daughter of Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, and the real daughter of Lottie. She makes her film debut in Aunt Mary's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and she is almost certainly a future star.

THE two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn: Sonny—nobody thinks of calling him Bryant, Jr.—and his little brother, Dwight. Sonny is more than just a big brother—he's a pal, a guardian, and a grandfather in responsibility.

CONRAD and Ruth Margaret Nagel: the thousandth portrait of the one and the very first portrait of the other. Ruth Margaret's mother was Ruth Helms, who is pretty enough to be a star herself, but prefers to be simply Mrs. Conrad Nagel.

BELOW: Dorothy Sills, the daughter of Milton Sills. Before he became a prominent leading man, Mr. Sills was a college instructor, and Dorothy is going to follow in his footsteps. She has written stories and recently received a prize for an essay.
QUITE apart from her beauty, her charm, and her dramatic ability, PHOTOPLAY considers Mary Pickford one of the great women of her time. As star and manager of her own company, she has produced pictures of lasting value.
How I Keep in Condition

By KATHERINE MACDONALD

THIS is the second of a series of articles by celebrated beauties of the screen, in which they divulge, for the first time, their secrets of health and charm. Katherine MacDonald has been advertised as "The American Beauty"—and everyone who has ever seen her knows that her press-agents have not exaggerated. She is a fine example of wholesome, athletic young womanhood. Next month, Corinne Griffith, a Southern beauty, who is an entirely different type from Miss MacDonald, will tell you how she keeps fit.

Katherine MacDonald has three rules of health and good-looks: eight hours' sleep, every night, plenty of exercise, and regularity of existence.

THERE are three things which I have found absolutely necessary to keeping in condition.

Sleep, exercise and regularity of existence.

I have placed them in the relative order of their importance.

Sleep is certainly the first. Because it is the foundation of every element of health, beauty, fitness, nerve control, and mental vigor.

I must have eight hours' sleep and nine if I can get it.

I prefer this sleep to cover the same hours—from ten to seven, if possible. No woman can keep fit without at least eight hours' sleep a night—and by that I mean eight hours' sleep every night, not two or three one night and twelve hours the next night. Day time sleep never is the same rest that night sleep is.

I think I can safely say that I am in bed by ten o'clock nine nights out of ten. I never go to parties, theaters or cafes at night when I am working. Perhaps if my call is late the next morning, I will take in a show once every two weeks.

You must sleep with all the windows open—on a sleeping porch, as I do, if possible. With just as few covers as you can be comfortable with, and never any artificial heat of any kind provided even during the day.

For goodness sake, don't sleep with your hair done up in curl papers, or stuff on your face or gloves on your hands or any of those utterly absurd things. Because if you do you won't sleep at all, really. You are always semi-conscious of these trick things and you will wake up to find little lines in your face that you cannot explain.

Many physical culture experts believe that it is a good thing to sleep without even the restriction of night garments.

No one can keep in condition without exercise. That is an absolute "lead pipe cinch," as the slang phrase has it.

Now here is the great difficulty with most women. They simply will not exercise.

I am a large woman, as the American woman goes. I stand five feet seven and a half and weigh around one hundred and thirty or forty pounds. For me exercise is essential, or I get logey, might get stout, and would assuredly lose the elasticity and spring that are essential to an actress who hopes to express emotions.

There are two ways (Continued on page 99)
I — THE ARTISTIC LIFE


By WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

WILLARD Huntington Wright is an editor, novelist, critic, world authority on painting, and one of the foremost living American satirists. Among his numerous books are "Europe after 8:15," "The Man of Promise," "The Creative Will", "Modern Painting", "What Nietzsche Taught", "Misinforming a Nation", etc.

The wealthy artist’s studio in the films.

The aesthetic life, as the average film reveals it to the gaping eye of the uninitiate, is a strange and astonishing existence unlike anything as yet discovered on this drab terrestrial globe.

Just as Jules Verne created a fabulous sub-maritime existence; just as H. G. Wells invented a weird figmental lunar life; just as Dunsany fashioned a fantastic universe of gnomes and trolls and demi-gods—so has the modern motion picture director drawn upon his febrile fancy and given birth to an art world of astonishing and frenzied aspect—an Einsteinian world in which all ordinary laws are suspended, and in which a delirious and bizarre system of ethics and actions obtains—a world unto itself, a microcosmos with its own unearthly codes and manners, its own amazing modes of dress.

Regard, for instance, the manner in which the cinema gentleman of the brush and palette bedecks himself. Upon his head, surmounted with East Aurora hair, we find a tam-o’-shanter—the sine-qua-non of the motion picture artist. He wears it at all times—in and out of the throes of creating, at table and at church, in cafes and in bed. He fails even to remove it when wooing.

Nor is it an ordinary tam-o’-shanter of the familiar Scottish cut, designed primarily as a protective covering for the scalp. Far from it! It resembles a gargantuan mushroom, and is worn on the extreme left side of the head, its bulbous folds depending to the collar-bone. Stuffed with feathers it would make a circular sofa-pillow of extraordinary size. Inflated with gas, and with a basket attached, it would serve as an observation balloon.

But this fungoid head-dress is but one of the sartorial idiosyncrasies of the painter as depicted on the screen. In addition, he wears a snug Eton jacket of black velvet, whose length is barely sufficient to form a junction with the broad sash which encircles his Dardanelles, and which acts as a substitute for the ordinary waistcoat. The style of this girdle is based upon that of the Spanish pirate of olden times, and is similar to the abdominal scart of the modern toreador.

The trousers of these motion picture Rembrandts are, in reality, bloomers à la Turque. They have a circumference at the hips of eight feet, and are drawn in tightly about the ankles. The fabric is always corduroy.

The habits of the screen artist are fully as astounding and rococo as his integuments. Take the practice of kissing, for example. The incipient Leonardo of the films habitually caresses his model when she arrives for work—which is gener-ally about tea time. And he also implants a buss upon her lips when she departs—which is immediately after tea. One would imagine that either all models refuse to pose without a labial pour-boire, or else all painters are aesthetically impotent unless inspired by osculation.

Then there is the question of studio lighting. In the world of the motion pictures all artists invariably paint against the light. They place their easel with its back to the window, which, as a rule, is heavily curtained; and adjust the canvas
so that it is entirely in the shadow. This may account for the fact that the model is always posed within a few inches of the easel.

And this brings up another curious point in the art life of the screen. The subjects of all pictures have to do with ladies au naturel. Deprive the film painter of the nude, and you deprive him of his art. However, only a small portion of a cinema artist's time is spent in the drudgery of painting. He is too busy leading the artistic life to work much at his trade. For instance, his hours are busily occupied with playing childish practical jokes on other artists. For he is nothing if not hilarious and light-hearted. His sans-souci, in fact, is infinite; and, by way of expressing his exuberance, he is constantly waving objects in the air—such as bottles, chairs, and loaves of bread. In addition, he whiles away the time by dancing gaily about the studio and singing chansons.

When the concierge comes to collect the rent (which is every quarter of an hour), he grabs her jovially in his arms, and then they playfully ejects her from the room with a violent coup de pied. He is a boisterous and gregarious bird, with the mind of a half-wit; and he rarely greets a fellow Bohemian without throwing both arms about his neck and hugging him affectionately. Instead of walking, he skips.

His nights are devoted entirely to attending fancy-cloth balls, at which all the girls, dressed as Marion Morgan Greek dancers, do musical-comedy chorus numbers and, during the intermission, sit on the tables drinking free champagne, brandishing their glasses, and chucking gentlemen visitors under the chin.

The climax of these luxurious orgies, which take place nightly in the Latin Quarter of the motion picture art world, is the arrival of a gigantic cake of frosted papier-mâché, from the center of which there leaps—the ‘Queen of the Models’; although why this pastry phenomenon should so flabbergast everyone is difficult to understand, inasmuch as it happens every midnight during the entire life of the cinema artist.

And this brings us to the ‘Queen of the Models’ herself. Without her no motion picture art quarter is complete. She is very much sought after by all the painters, for she alone, it would seem, is capable of inspiring masterpieces by the perfect curves, arcs and parabolas of her ‘altogether.’ And although she is gay and vivacious and given to dancing on tables and emerging from cakes in the scantiest of attire, her purity is almost supernatural. Her soul is as white as the driven snow, and no thought of wrong has ever clouded her virginal mind. With her meagre earnings she supports a phthisical, nonagenarian mother, two invalid sisters, four Belgian war orphans, and a crippled brother who can be cured only if she saves up enough money to have an operation performed by a certain famous specialist.

No description of the art world of the films, however, would be complete without a word concerning the studios themselves. To begin with, the artist of the motion picture director's imagination is either a Croesus or a pauper—there is no middlefinancial ground. If poor, he lives in an attic with sloping walls, a cook stove, a camp cot, a deal table, a kitchen chair, and a candle stuck in a claret bottle. The mise-en-scene never varies. Several windows are broken, the implication being that the poorer the artist, the more windows he breaks. Also, the poor painter is obviously in the habit of knocking down the plaster in large triangular patches; for in no poor artist's studio are the walls intact.

The wealthy artist's studio, on the other hand, is a mad, Helen-gabolian debauch of antiques, Persian rugs from Hoboken, department store tapestries, briar-ware, objets d'art, ottomans, hookas, sconces, sofa pillows, Afghans, tabourettes.

(Continued on page 104)
Buck Jones is the only cowboy-actor who remains completely the cowboy. He breathes the allure of the last touch of western romanticism.

A Rodeo Romeo

"Let sixteen gamblers come handle my coffin,
Let sixteen cowboys come sing me a song,
Take me to the graveyard and lay the sod over me,
For I'm a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

By JOAN JORDAN

It was, I judged, the 79th verse. We had covered miles and miles and miles along the mountain trails back of Chatsworth to its tuneless agony. Buck Jones sang it with due and becoming gravity. His face was expressionless, his voice dolorous. Yet I somehow detected a deep and pensive mirth within him.

Suddenly he turned to me with an engaging and innocent smile.

"Ain't that terrible?" he remarked, in his soft, peculiar way of talking, without moving his lips, that makes it a constant strain to listen to him.

"No," said Windriver Bill. "By the way," I asked, "is his name really Buck Jones?"

"No," said Windriver Bill. "It was easier talking to Windriver Bill—because Buck Jones has a soft, peculiar way of talking, without moving his lips, that makes it a constant strain to listen to him."

"By the way," I asked, "is his name really Buck Jones?"

"No," said Windriver Bill. So you know as much about that as I do.

"Is your wife a professional?" I asked, meaning, of course, an actress.

"Yes, ma'am, I got married quite a while back. Got a little girl playing 'round the house now."

"Is your wife a professional?" I asked, meaning, of course, an actress.

"No, she's not a professional. But she's a marvellous rider. I never see any woman could do as pretty trick riding as she can. She's so graceful on a horse and she don't get nervous no matter what he takes it into his head to do."

"How did you happen to go into motion pictures?"

"Rode in," he said with a grin. "Come clear out here from Oklahoma pretty nigh three years ago to go into pictures. I saw how well some of the fellows were doing and I decided I'd take a chance. So out I come. Never saw a stage from behind in my life. Never knew a thing about acting. Anyway, I rode round extra a while, and then I got a chance to double for Tom Mix, when he was hurt one time."

"I been mighty lucky this year—only got hurt 7 times, and then just little things like busted ribs and a broken foot and leg. Never had to have anybody double for me yet. I'm a tough guy to bust up."

"Anyway, after that I played a part or two. Nothing much, I thought. And when they sent for me over here at Fox—first off I wouldn't come. Thought some of the boys were playing tricks on me. Sho' nuff. My friends are mighty fond of a little practical joke. And there's the camp."

I made the acquaintance of a gentleman named Windriver Bill—the camp cook. He seemed obsessed with two passions—hatred of the purchasing agent who issued his requisition orders at the studio and could never be persuaded of the appetites of cowboys—and adoration of Buck Jones.

From him I learned that Buck is considered the best all-round cowboy and rider in the game, that he can do anything on a horse, that he has more nerve than a congressman and a heart as big as the Texas range—that he takes care of "his gang" with care and devotion and that he has never changed in any detail since Fox starred him a year ago.

It was easier talking to Windriver Bill—because Buck Jones has a soft, peculiar way of talking, without moving his lips, that makes it a constant strain to listen to him.

So you know as much about that as I do.
FOR the benefit of those who have had to leave before the "Current Events" were flashed, or, for some other reason, were unable to gather their knowledge of world affairs from the screen weeklies, we present herewith all the epoch-making happenings of the month, carefully selected from the principal animated news services, and conveniently condensed, so that anyone may, at a glance, become cognizant of all the recent events of vital interest.

Daredevil hanging from airplane above...

Soldiers at Camp doing setting-up exercises.

School Children of dancing in the public park

Elks' Old Fellows' Shriners' Knights of Pythias parade at Utica.

The Yankees in a closely contested game with the Indians. Athletics.

Old Joe Old Bill Old Oscar Old Ned getting his weekly manicure.

Pres. Harding putting on the green.

Old Joe
Old Bill
Old Oscar
Old Ned

Norman Anthony at the Camera

Elks' Old Fellows' Shriners' Knights of Pythias

Tennessee Nebraska Texas Wyoming at target practice.

Dix Travers Punston Grant

Altoona Decatur Schenectady Elmira


Daredevil hanging from airplane above...
An Impression of Gloria Swanson

By Ralph Barton
Arthur bade Rosa come with him. Talat-No. wished her to remain. "This is the appointed hour of your final choice," he said, "make it here and now.

FOOL'S PARADISE

The great awakening of a man who loved a dream.

By

GLADYS HALL

ARThUR PHELPS convalesced successfully from the wound to his eyesight. The military hospital pronounced him a "cure." From Rosa Duchene he did not convalesce so successfully.

He told himself that he was a sentimentalist and a fool, and he answered himself that he did not care. He argued with himself that a kiss from a French dancer, an inconsequential, impartial little kiss can mean nothing, and he argued back to himself that it meant his world and he knew it. The dreams he had never dared to dream—he dared to dream them now, because he must. The sweet pain he had kept under cover—it was in the open, tugging at him, at his heartstrings, at his sensibilities. Women were no longer women—they were so many imperfect manifestations of Rosa Duchene—Memory—but she was memory.

Ah, so this was love! Arthur remembered buddies of his dying with their lips pressed to funny little bits of pasteboard, to scrawled scraps of scented paper. He understood now. Why had he ever laughed? He remembered a rain-gray night and a gaunt man dying with a woman's name twisting his lips. What a futile way to die, Arthur had thought. Now he knew, Curious, one kiss . . . the contour of a face . . . a voice. Men have loved less.

Rosa Duchene went on. She sang at a great many of the military hospitals. She kissed a great many of the men. It was a part of the entertaining, quite a successful part. Rosa did it very well. It was impersonal with her, although she tried to give to each a personal touch. That, she felt, was Art.

Now and then there were come-backs, so to speak. The quick grip of some poor chap's hand on her own, hungry.

46
man's eye's, with a prayer or something akin to it. The man who had told her his name, for instance, Phelps, as she recalled it. How he had looked at her. She had the curious and surely the fantastic notion that he had never looked just so before, that possibly he might never look just so again. Absurd. She was a novice, after a fashion. She would forget him, after awhile. And after awhile she did. As has been said, she went on.

Arthur Phelps went on, too, but not forgetfully. He took Rosa Duchene's face and voice and kiss back with him to America, to the oilfields of the Southwest. That he sunk everything he owned in an oilfield which proved itself to be worthless, bothered him far less than the memory that smote him, awake and asleep. He was, he told himself, one of the fools of love. He was weak, but his weakness was his strength, the greatest strength he knew. He spent his days in ineffectual labor and his nights in the composing of poems to the French dancer. Occasionally, he drifted to the Mexican side of the oil town and watched the dancing in a cantina owned by the Spaniard, Roderiquez.

And so with dreaming and with failure, the days and the nights drifted past him, individually unimportant, compositely a sonnet to the memory of Rosa Duchene, until.

It was a peculiarly arid sort of a night. Overhead the sky was streaked as by a passionately careless hand, with chrome and an uneven scarlet. There was a sultry wind. Following the gritty road to his shack, Phelps kept a bitter pace with his thoughts. They had not been bitter until tonight. Something, it seemed, had happened to him, innerly. He seemed, for the first time since the war, to have a perspective on himself, on his work, on his life. What was he? A drifter of dreams. What was his work? Failure. Miserable toil in some miserable fields that had no more prospect of oil than they had of fourteen karat gold. His life was all of a piece with the rest of him. The only vital thing in it was the vivid memory of a woman's face and a woman's kiss. Both impartial. Both impersonal.

It came to him tonight, stingingly, how many other men must be remembering Rosa Duchene's face and her kiss. Of course they were. Did he, in his silly fool's paradise, suppose himself the sole recipient of the dancer's favors? Would any other man be such a fool as to make his life of this fleeting thing? Memory was not enough. Tonight he wanted response.

He walked into the shack—and found Poll Patchouli awaiting him.

At first he did not recognize her. She was not Rosa and that was the recognition he accorded all women. Then, with scrutiny and some effort, he recalled that he had seen her before—of course they were. Did he, in his silly fool's paradise, suppose himself the sole recipient of the dancer's favors? Would any other man be such a fool as to make his life of this fleeting thing? Memory was not enough. Tonight he wanted response.

"This is a matter of life with me," Poll told Roderiquez. "For you it's
touched her bright eyes with a rare humidity. Life had been hard. For her, sentiment and tenderness were almost done, almost uprooted. Cynicism, cheap because of its environment, was beginning. And then, this man, with the fair face that shone, so it seemed to her, in the gathering dusk, like a great white star, this man whose blue eyes turned unerringly to a woman's repeated face upon the wall. The woman's face was why, no doubt, he was never seen about the town, at the cantina. There were men like that.

DOLL was silent. A transition was taking place in her inner life with the suddenness belonging to her volcanic nature. How she could cherish a man like this; how she would value so splendid a love!

Half an hour passed, touching them with its silence. After awhile Phelps roused himself: "Aren't you going?" he asked. He had just thought of a new sonnet to Rosa. Her kiss was to be the trembling high-note. He felt the creative thrill. In a matter of death, if you interfere. I take it you know better. So this sonnet he would make Rosa Duchene and a woman's kiss simultaneously immortal. In this sonnet he would show the world what a woman's kiss can mean.

POLL'S answer grated back to him. "No," she said, "I'm not going."

"Then I'll turn in on the porch," Arthur said, and stalked out. He wanted to call back to her to make herself comfortable, but he feared the possible lessening of his dignity. Why didn't she go back to her cantina? He composed his sonnet to Rosa on a piece of timbre, writing with chalk. It didn't go so well on the timbre as it had in the mind. The woman's fault. He kept thinking she must be cold. He hadn't told her where the blanket was. Well, what the devil was it to him if she were cold? However, he didn't delude himself into believing that on this particular evening, in this particular sonnet, he had made either Rosa or the kiss immortal.

In the morning he found himself covered with the blanket. At first he was bewildered. Then it came to him—she had found it and had put it on him. In the morning, too, she told him that she was not going back to the cantina. She thought she could get work on the American side of the town. She had rather not go back. She repeated this several times, with significance. Arthur said, "Roderiquez will hit the sky?"

The woman nodded. "He wants me bad," she said, starkly. "So I've heard," Arthur shrugged. The simplicity of her reply had suggested to him another sonnet. Something more primitive than any he had yet attempted. Perhaps he had been too elusive in his versifying. Poll gave him a new angle. It wasn't difficult for Poll Patchouli to find work. The fame of her dancing in the cantina had spread to the American side, and the one hotel seized upon her eagerly. She was to sell the cigars at the counter, she told Arthur with some pride. She also suggested that they go to a movie together. Arthur refused. "I must not be bothered," he said, curtly.

Where were his evenings, with their ritual solemnity? He had dedicated himself to a memory and he would not have it violated—certainly not by a woman with disturbing eyes, a woman named, absurdly, Poll Patchouli.

Then all things great and small were forgotten in the announcement that Rosa Duchene and her Dancers were coming to El Paso, en route to New York.

ARTHUR did not sleep for three nights. At last . . . at last . . . from half across the world the unforgotten woman was coming back to him! He fed upon every least remembered grace. The tint of her hair, the hue of her eyes, the gestures of her hands, the sway and sweep of her body. Someone said they had seen her pictures being pasted up before the theater. Someone else said they thought Poll Patchouli resembled her. Arthur laughed. Poll Patchouli!

The great night came and the town of El Paso turned out in a body. Roderiquez was there. Poll was there. At the entrance of the theater she gave Arthur a cigar. He thanked her abstractedly and walked into the lobby. Roderiquez stared after him and observed that that guy looked "like he hadn't woke up yet." Poll, her laugh bitter, agreed with him. "I've given him something to help him along," she said.

Rosa Duchene and her Dancers were giving the Ice Queen Dance. It wouldn't
He would beg her favor as many times in the past, he had spurned it. Then he would tell her this story—the story of a fool, in a fool's paradise.

have mattered to Arthur what they were giving. A miracle had happened? The desert place had flowered at his feet—for he had called on Rosa Duchene and had, in his arms, carried her through the mud and rain to the theater door.

LIFE had held, in that brief space of time, a sweet, too sweet, almost a brackish taste. He had reminded her of the overseas hospital, and the kiss. She had remembered. Her remembrance was somewhat vague, to be sure, but Arthur held on to the belief. She had been so afraid of the rain and the mud, so childish about her dainty chiffons. Now and then her voice had a plaintive note, like a spoiled baby’s. How sonorous was the voice of Poll Patchouli. He hated a woman with a sonorous voice.

Once inside the theater he stood as in a trance awaiting the rise of the curtain, the gratuity of Rosa’s presence again. In a trance, too, he took from his pocket the cigar Poll had given him, lit it, absently . . . there was a sharp explosion . . . something went smoky and blurry before him . . . an old remembered pain smote his temples, shifted to his eye-balls.

A trick cigar! His eyes! The wound overs as when, for a long time, he had awaited a verdict of perpetual darkness. He reared his head back savagely. It was that woman! What had he ever done to her? Wanted of her? Desired from her? Nothing. Absolutely nothing at all. He was too primitive in his psychology to know that in the nothingness lay her hurt.

Across the aisle he caught a glimpse of her after the smoke had cleared away, away, but not quite away. A mist still hung before his eyes and the curtain behind which Rosa Duchene was soon to appear. A portentous mist that meant . . . why, it meant . . . he didn’t finish the thought. Not as he had intended. He finished it by the prayer that the fateful mist would not deepen, would not thicken until Rosa Duchene had finished her Ice Queen Dance. He prayed that his failing sight might not fail before the dimming of the stage lights, that his last earthly vision might be Rosa as his last memory would be.

Poll shrank back into the shadows, but he didn’t see her. The curtain was rising and Rosa was on the stage, and then, for the next hour, while the light of the world ebbed away from his earthly vision, he fed the light of his mind and soul that they might, in their turn, feed him through the dark years that were to come. Rosa should be the sun of his day, the moon and the stars of his night, the flowers he would not see again, the silver running of rivers, the young green wheat, the chrome and crimson sky. When the final curtain fell both upon the stage and upon his eyes he groped his way from the theater with a smile, such a smile as Poll Patchouli, aching, dared not infringe upon.

Poll, as so many women of her type, was essentially a masquerader. Instinctively she covered a wound with a jest, a tear with a laugh. The next day she covered the gap she felt within by imitating Rosa Duchene for a small and appreciative audience. She did it exceeding well. Applause testified to that. The face of Arthur Phelps testified to that, too, when, entering the hotel, he heard the last whispers of what he believed to be Rosa’s voice. (Continued on page 110)
WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED MAN WILL WEAR

Mr. Arbuckle brings from Paris to the readers of Photoplay an exclusive close-up on what the French designers are about.

By ROSCOE "FATTY" ARBUCKLE

With apologies to Carolyn Van Wyck.

ONE of my favorite bits of literature has always been "What the Young Men Will Wear," the exciting serial that has been running in the New York theater programs for several years. It is a companion piece to "What the Young Women Will Wear," though the plot is not so complicated. These two literary gems, between them, give the sartorial low-down on all the latest styles for both sexes, embracing not only the last-minute creations of Fifth Avenue, but of Paris, London, and Omsk as well. If one will but read either, or both, between the acts, no matter how punk the play, the evening is not profitless and life is still worth while.

Not long ago I asked the proprietor of a large Los Angeles cinema emporium why he did not get in touch with the author of "What the Young Men Will Wear," or the author of "What the Young Women Will Wear"—or perhaps the same person does both—and secure the rights to these brilliant works of fiction for his program. "What," he answered, "would be the use? With such exquisitely costumed ladies as Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, and Elsie Ferguson and such perfectly groomed men as Charles Chaplin, Lawrence Semon, Bull Montana, and yourself appearing on the screen here, why need my audiences go further for information regarding clothes?"

Well, in a way the man is right. On the other hand, the power of the printed word is still strong, and when one has a message to deliver on such an important subject as clothes—for what one of us does not, some time in life, face the question of clothes?—I feel that no medium should be neglected. I, for instance, recently returned from Paris. In the shops on the Champs d'Elysees and the Fromage de Brie I acquired some inside knowledge of the coming developments in men's clothes which I do not feel at liberty any longer to conceal.

Suppose these advance styles should break without warning upon the masculine world. Would I not feel guilty, a traitor to my sex? The Editor of PHOTOLYSE reluctantly agreed that I would, and that it was nothing short of a duty for me to write a screen version of "What the Young Men Will Wear" for him, as follows:

It is reassuring that all the Parisian garment-makers are agreed that men's suits will continue to be divided, like Gaul, into three parts—pants, coat, and vest. The vest will be worn inside the coat, and the trousers will, as in former years, hang from the waist downward. Suspenders are gradually going out—somewhere they lack the snap! However, the ultra-conservatives will probably follow the style set by President Harding and wear both gallsuses and belts, though this seems to be carrying caution a bit too far. "Harding Blue" is the very latest color in suspenders, though red will probably follow the style set by President Harding and wear both galluses and belts, though this seems to be carrying caution a bit too far. "Harding Blue" is the very latest color in suspenders, though red will continue to be the favorite with firemen and motion picture cameramen.

Laundry-sharpened collars that leave the fashionable red line around the neck will continue to be a la mode. These will be worn with two collar buttons and one cravat.

At this point I might announce that I have invented a new style of collar button to be known as the Arbuckle Non-Skid. This information, however, must be held confidential, as I have not as yet secured a patent right. The idea is briefly this: the button would be equipped on the bottom with a rubber suction cup that would force it to adhere to anything on which it was placed. In other words, park it on top of your dresser and, instead of rolling immediately off upon the floor and under the dresser, my new style of button sticks like a spring cold. No more grovelling beneath dressers after the maintenUTOR collar buttons. No more profanity during the dressing hour. Watch for the Arbuckle Non-Skid.—Adv.

Cravats will be worn in front of the collar this year, occupying the opening between the two wings, with their ends thrust jauntily into the top of the vest. The smart set will continue to tie them at home, while ex-actors and Chautauqua lecturers will buy them ready-made at the haberdashers.

(Continued on page 101)
"WHERE BILL LIVES!"

To the adult world, the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid and son. But to the neighborhood fellers, just "Bill's House."

These pictures are your pre-view of the very newly-built California home of Wallace and Dorothy Davenport Reid—oh yes, and Bill! Mrs. Reid herself really designed the house to suit the needs of her two men-folks: Wally and little Bill. Above: a glimpse of the entrance-hall. The little iron stair-rail is very effective in giving charm and distinction to the stairway.

Mrs. Reid in her favorite reading corner. The use of the wicker lends a "boudoir" touch to a room whose keynote is elegance. The enamel is a soft grey, to match the walls and the carpet.

The particular and personal domain of young William Wallace Reid, Jr.: the swimming pool and sand pile. The walk around the pool is in squares of yellow and blue to match the awnings. The first five feet of the pool is a level two and a half feet deep, with a tennis net across the far end, especially designed for Bill and his friends.
The Reid home from the boulevard in the rear. The one-story wing contains garage and billiard room. The grounds have just been laid out. Mrs. Reid never missed a day on the lot while the house was being built. Like so many of the film stars residences, it is in the exclusive Beverly Hills section of Los Angeles.

And here is Bill himself: the most important member of the family, the young man around whom the other two Reids revolve. He's a snappy youngster, despite his gentle demeanor. His father says he's a roughneck! His nursery—of course Bill calls it a play-room—is developed in grey.

The billiard room—Wally's own sanctum and Mrs. Reid's "life-saver." Here Wally can have his men friends and play as much as he likes without injuring the furniture! The floor is cement with all the little squares painted in different colors. The piano is the first one the Reids bought after their marriage. When a fire is crackling on the hearth of this man's room, and the low lamps are lighted, it is the most cheerful place imaginable.

The drawing room is an exceptional room, both because of its size and because, the house being only one room wide, it has French doors down both sides. The walls are a silver-grey brocade and the window draperies are grey linen with hand-sewed designs of blue. The Chinese rug is blue-bordered around a tan center and the chairs are of velvet in many colors. The iron grills above the doorway are very new and give a finish otherwise lacking. Bill doesn't care much for this room.
TO Galli Marie, Pauline Luca, Minnie Hauk, Selina Dolaro, Zelie de Lussan, Calvé, Mary Garden, Marie Roze, Bressler-Granoli, Marie Fay, Alice Gentle, Marguerite Sylva and Geraldine Farrar add—Theda Bara! . . . Well, why not? Was not Carmen a vampire? And is there the slightest doubt about Theda being a

GARDEN

THERE has never been a Carmen like Mary Garden's. In her case a clever artistry entirely dominated her feelings. Her impersonation was necessarily a tour de force, for Garden couldn't possibly be a gypsy, and not even her marvellous acting and her personal lure were sufficient to create the necessary illusion. But, after all, do such things really matter where "the divine Mary" is concerned? She dresses attractively and conventionally—but oh, how modestly!—realizing, no doubt, that voluptuous and vampiric clothes would only accentuate the blondness of her soul and her lack of gypsy blood. At times she managed to be hoydenish, but scarcely seductive; and one felt that her aim was to portray a somewhat primitive type, rather than a specific personality. Consequently her Carmen was more temperamental than emotional, with little in common with Merimee's seductive hussy; and her performance was always repressed in both atmosphere and execution. However, Garden gave this girl of Seville a self-willed nature, although the sensuous, instinctive passion of Carmen, as interpreted by her, never went beyond a subtly calculating coquettishness.

CALVÉ

A LTHOUGH Galli Marie created the role of Carmen in 1874, it was not until twenty years later, when the "adorable Calvé" sang the part, that Bizet's masterpiece became an operatic fixture. Calvé, indeed, is the most famous of the vast army of Carmens. The huge red rose she wore in her raven hair, and the gorgeous red silk petticoat with which she flirted so coyly and alas! so elegantly, are now as much a part of theatrical lore as Marguerite's xanthous curls and Caruso's embonpoint. Calvé overdressed the part of the gypsy tobacconist in all her scenes; but then, she tread the musical boards in a florid era, when the opera was far more artificial than it is to-day, and when there was a grand manner to be upheld at whatever cost. But even so, it was hardly necessary for her to bedeck herself with long gowns a la mode, of the kind worn by eminently respectable senoritas, on Sunday mornings. Calvé was not exactly a hot-blooded, sensual gypsy girl, with spontaneous, untamed instincts. She was capricious and flirtatious, emotional rather than passionate, gesticulatory rather than undulating. But despite her generously proportioned form, with its voluminous curves and hyperboles, she fused the role with abundant energy and personal charm. And this fact, coupled with her marvelous voice, made her memorable for all time.

BARA

vampire? Voilà l'affaire! Madame Bara—as was her prerogative—had her own ideas about Carmen—ideas which, to say the least, gave piquancy to the role. Hers was the most modern Carmen we have had. No tradition for La Bara! No paltry conventions of the operatic stage to cramp her style! She even smoked modern, machine-made Turkish cigarettes, large and oval-shaped, such as Merimee's Carmen never saw. And her amatory technique was of the latest histrionic fashion, with rolling eyes, languishing inhalations, and tense, undulating movements. Theda's Carmen was indeed a vampire, sensuous, passionate, and fairly groggy with emotion. But, scoff as you may, she looked alluring and acted seductively.
SYLVA

A STRANGE and unfamiliar Carmen, somewhat colorless and inconsistent, but with a luscious ocular appeal, was Marguerite Sylva. To say that this voluptuous lady was dull would be unfair; for beauty is never dull; and he who tells you this: Sylva lacks pulchritude is old and unresponsive and soured on the world. Marguerite, too, knew that she was alluring to the senses, and busied herself throughout the film putting that beauty over. The result: her Carmen was a trifle vain and self-conscious—a trifle conventional, and fashioned on the lines of popular tradition. And oh, how beautifully this gypsy girl bedecked herself! What opulent wages the factory girls must have received in those early days! No wonder they never went on strike! Withal, Sylva was very emotional, though always in the most approved manner. In fact, she was too dramatic to be wholly convincing. Hers was a Carmen of the stage, rather than a Carmen of a cut-throat gypsy camp. But where there is beauty, all is forgiven. If you dispute this, ask the Roman senators who tried Phryne!

FARRAR

GERALDINE FARRAR braved the terrors of the Calvé tradition, and followed Marie Fay, the "Carmen of the kitchen." On the operatic stage she was too mild, though always incisive, and one critic remarked that her idea of a gypsy was a sort of transplanted Hottentot. Her performance, however, was not devoid of traditional influences. She was coquettish, hot-blooded and perverse; and, as usual, she dressed far beyond the financial means of a factory girl of old Seville. But on the screen Farrar "turned loose." Only in the closing scenes did she attire herself lavishly; in the earlier parts of the picture she dressed simply, though attractively, in what has been described as "a chemise bodice of an Andalusian female of the people," with her arms entirely bare. And she made of Senorita Carmen a feline—one might almost say, tigerish—creature of violent, boisterous manners, and brutal, elemental nature. There was physical passion in her acting, and at all times one felt that an almost ferocious joy of life was animating her. But, despite her primitive power, she was always graceful and inherently human.

NEGRI

AND then came Pola Negri in "Gypsy Blood"; and for the first time since Galli Marie donned the Carmen mantilla nearly half a century ago, the wayward heroine of Merimée's novelette actually appeared before us—a woman of flesh and blood, of verity and conviction, captivating and unforgettable—a gypsy through and through, passionate, instinctive, hoydenish, perverse—a dirty, tickle, seductive, cruel, wild-blooded creature of uncontrolled desire and primitive ferocity, careless of her personal appearance, shameless and self-sufficient, brazenly independent. Her face and hands and arms were soiled and grimy; her clothes were ragged and unsightly. And yet she was seductive, for her seductiveness went deeper than mere appearances: it sprang from an inner, hidden flame of powerful desire and wantonness. And Pola Negri made this power felt, despite the dirt and the tattered aspect of her garments. Of all the Carmens we have had, hers was the truest, the least artificial, and the nearest to the actuality of Merimée's conception. It took courage and a high capacity to portray so real and unadorned a Carmen; but Negri's art was equal to the task, and her role will live when the others are forgotten, because she subordinated herself—and her beauty even—to the demands of an unlovely but compelling truth.
With Music By—

Being an account of the rapid growth of interpretative music for motion pictures, and of the composer who has done most to develop it.

By

FREDERICK VAN VRANKEN

Music as a means of enhancing the pleasure of certain recreations and pleasures of mankind, is nearly as old as history. The early savages accompanied their ceremonial dances and religious rites with crude musical sounds. The ancient Greeks introduced music into the recitations of poetry and dramatic readings, and thus sowed the seed from which developed grand opera. In the Middle Ages minstrels and peripatetic tellers of tales set their stories to music; and with the advent of the troubadours even the ancient art of wooing was accompanied by the soft playing of instruments. Today we have reached a point where an orchestra is almost necessary to our enjoyment of a meal.

Why should music have become so necessary an accessory to our pleasures and diversions? Simply because it has the power to express and interpret nearly all human moods and emotions; and when these moods and emotions are accompanied by music which exactly harmonizes with them, their effect is heightened and intensified.

It was inevitable, therefore, that the value of interpretative music for motion pictures would in time be recognized; and, although it was only a very few years ago that the first film drama boasted its own incidental music, since then many of the more important pictures have had orchestral scores written especially for them.

A number of capable musicians have arranged music for motion pictures, among them Carl Briel, Victor Schertzinger, Hugo Riesenfeld and Louis Gottschalk. But the first composer to create an individual technique for screen music, and to perfect a new thematic type of instrumental interpretation for both the characters and the actions of a motion picture, was Louis Silvers, who wrote the music for "Way Down East" and "Dream Street."

Mr. Silvers, in fact, is the first man to devote his entire time and energy to this new form of art; and he is also the first composer to serve as a permanent member, with a regular salary, on the production staff of a motion picture organization.

The difficulties attending the writing of a motion picture musical score are tremendous, and little does the spectator realize how complicated is the process by which a composer is able to make the music accord with each step of the picture's action, and at the same time to create a unified and smoothly flowing score.

When writing an opera the composer has the libretto before him, and merely follows the words and the indicated action. The score can be played at any tempo and will still come out correctly, for the singers and actors follow the leader's baton. But for a motion picture the music must be timed to the second, in exact accord with the characters on the screen. Moreover, there are no words or lyrics in a film which merely require an appropriate accompaniment. Every bar of the music must be dramatic and interpretative; and not only must it stand by itself, but it must be related to what came before and to what is to follow.

The method by which Mr. Silvers overcomes the technical difficulties of his work is unique and interesting, and takes many weeks of strenuous, intricate labor.

First, he studies the film, projected at ordinary speed, until he has absorbed the general idea and atmosphere and emotional color of the story. Then, while the film is run as slowly as the projector will turn, he dictates a complete synopsis of every piece of action, every entrance and exit, every change of scene and lighting, every variation of mood and emotion, every bit of atmosphere, so that he will have a script embodying every piece of action, every entrance and exit, every change of scene and lighting, every variation of mood and emotion, every bit of atmosphere, so that he will have a script embodying every minute detail of plot and characterization. Sometimes he has to make as many as eight drafts of this script in order to be sure that nothing is omitted. When completed, it contains more words than the average long novel.

(Continued on page 105)
TO the pure all things are impure—even Marie Prevost in a two-piece bathing suit. Someone once said that “Beauty is God’s hand-writing.” We believe it. Don’t misunderstand: this is not a defense of this water baby. She needs no defense. If this is a “bathing picture” such as the censorsal-minded folks object to so strenuously, then we give them up as hopeless.

Joel Feder
GLADYS WALTON, in spite of the fact that she has all the traditional qualifications—curls, pout and poke bonnet—isn't really a flapper at all. A saving sense of humor makes the Walton comedy-dramas pleasant things to see.
Any baby is adorable according to its fond parents; but personally we prefer the Betty Compson sort, the occasional kind-and-placid infant who looks as though she never cries.

A companion piece to the more celebrated, but no sweeter, "Age of Innocence." No matter how hard-hearted, no one can gaze upon this picture of three-year-old Betty without murmuring, 'Bless her heart' or sounds to that effect.

Even at the age of twelve, she was not so awkward as the average sub-flapper. Later Betty became a vaudeville performer, and then, by easy stages, a screen star.

NOT all young ladies are willing to reveal their pictorial pasts to an eager world, but Betty Compson doesn't mind. She's so young, you see, that to publish a picture of her taken a dozen years ago only brings the comment, "She hasn't changed much." Now has she? Just glance at these pictures: Betty as a baby and Betty as a little girl. We wish our kid pictures were half as cute.

Today she can walk along both Broadways—New York's and Los Angeles—and see her name in letters six feet high; she gets letters from perfect strangers and she owns her own home in California. But—(chorus): she hasn't changed a bit!
FOREVER—Paramount

George Fitzmaurice's picturization of Du Maurier's romance is not a particularly faithful "Peter Ibbetson," but it is a fine "Forever." The spirit is well maintained, the whole leaves a pleasant, gently sad, if mild flavor. Elsie Ferguson is exquisite as Mimse. Wallace Reid, miscast as Gago, almost overcomes this by a splendid performance. It is censor-proof. By all means see it.

AN UNWILLING HERO—Goldwyn

There is a quality in Will Rogers' acting which harmonizes perfectly with O. Henry's stories, and this note of harmony is evident all through "An Unwilling Hero." Whimsical Will impersonates a tramp, "Whistling Dick," who becomes involved in a robbery and a Christmas party. It is a pleasant characterization enabling Rogers to indulge in his quaintly sophisticated wit.

THE SIGN ON THE DOOR—First National

Norma Talmadge is most effective when she is standing at bay, her hair partly down, the left shoulder-strap of her modish evening gown torn from its moorings, and a high powered gun in her hand. "The Sign on the Door" is a drawing-room melodrama which combines all of these features; and so Miss Talmadge appears to advantage. The cast includes Lew Cody and Charles Richman. Herbert Benon directed.

THE NORTHERN TRAIL—Selig-Rork-Educational

The new two-reel feature photoplays are creating a mild sensation in film circles. This is the first of the series, and merits the consideration of your entire family. From a popular Curwood story and with a cast including Lewis S. Stone, it is an intense, actionful drama, equaling more pretentious offerings, and gaining in dramatic tensity because of its brevity. You'll like it.

LITTLE ITALY—Realart

In "Little Italy," Alice Brady has a role eminently suited to her temperament. She portrays an Italo-American girl of cayenne quality, who behaves so mischievously that her irate father decides to get rid of her at any cost. He trots out one suitor after another, but the girl turns them all down flat for one reason or other. Miss Brady, and George Fawcett as the father, are both at their best.
FOOTLIGHTS—Paramount

ELSIE FERGUSON does the best work of her screen career in "Footlights." It is a vivid and richly dramatic story, played at a consistently high pitch by Miss Ferguson and the polished Marc McDermott, and skillfully directed by John S. Robertson. "Footlights" refutes the ancient movie axiom that it is impossible for a picture to combine good taste and artistic merit with box office value.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents reviews of the pictures released during the preceding month in a conscientious effort to be of real service. Our aim is to assist you in saving your motion picture time and money. In patronizing good pictures you encourage deserving producers. It is important for you to discourage insincerity, mediocrity, salaciousness, and bad taste by refusing to patronize pictures with such qualities. The reviewers of PHOTOPLAY are unprejudiced, and are lovers of the motion picture. While it is our belief that motion picture producers should not be expected to make pictures suitable for adults and children alike, we will warn against pictures that children should not see.

AMONG THOSE PRESENT—Pathe

HAROLD LLOYD seldom disappoints us in the comedy field, his latest—a three-reel release—being no exception to the rule. It’s all about a humble bell-boy who impersonates an English lord, and quite successfully, until he loses his dignity and his riding breeches in an unguarded moment. Then the plot thickens, but the fun does not slacken. Mildred Davis is most attractive.

LURING LIPS—Universal

JOHN MOROSO’S story “The Gossamer Web,” entered in the Photoplay Magazine Prize Fiction Contest, proved excellent photoplay material. A human, appealing story of intelligent construction, it has been given a thoughtful interpretation and careful direction. Edith Roberts is the wife, Darrell Foss the husband, and Ramsaye Wallace the banker. Despite the altered title, it is a family film.

THE INNER CHAMBER—Vitagraph

A gloomy background is furnished Alice Joyce this month. Why this sudden vogue of nineteenth century melodrama? Of course, Pedro de Cordoba can die artistically, and Holmes K. Herbert can wear a sad look in a most interesting manner, and Alice is appealing, happy or sad, but her place is in the sun, not the shadows. Here is an excellent cast in an average production. Author! Author!

THE MARCH HARE—Realart

There is evidently a clause in Bebe Daniels’ contract stating that no matter what emotions she may be called upon to register—hate, fear, grief or exaltation—she must not be compelled to disarrange the rosebud contour of her lips. In “The March Hare” she never mussels her mouth once. Aside from that, the picture is a palpable starring vehicle for her, with scant humor and an excessively thin plot.
THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN—Paramount

There is not much to recommend in "The Conquest of Canaan," nor is there much to condemn. It is a pleasant but neutral affair, with many excellent exterior scenes, taken in the Main Street of a real town that might easily have inspired Booth Tarkington’s conception of "Canaan, Ind." Thomas Meighan is miscast as a seventeen-year-old urchin—but he improves as he grows up.

SHORT SKIRTS—Universal

Few ingenue stars would attempt a role as unsympathetic as that which Gladys Walton carries through this story. As a selfish, vain little flapper who upsets a political campaign and deserves a jail sentence rather than the handsome hero, this young woman contributes to the screen an unusual study in human nature, and makes entertaining an unimportant story. Suitable for children’s viewing.

LOVETIME—Fox

We thought that old plot concerning the Marquis in disguise, the beautiful peasant girl, and the villain from Paris and points South, had been laid away to rest. But not so. Here it is again, with Shirley Mason its one excuse for reappearance. We had no idea France so resembled our dear Hollywood! If you’re over sixteen, you’ll probably be bored. Possibly you will be, anyway.

STRAIGHT FROM PARIS—Equity

In "Straight From Paris," Clara Kimball Young portrays a high-born French milliner who becomes engaged to the profligate scion of an aristocratic New York family. The young man’s mother frowns upon the union, and attempts to discredit her son’s fiancee. The latter outwits her, however, thereby demonstrating the triumph of mind over matter. For all that, it is a mediocre picture.

Photoplay’s Selection of the Six Best Pictures of the Preceding Month

MOONLIGHT AND HONEYSUCKLE—Realart

The latest Mary Miles Minter offering is not nearly so offensive as its title would indicate; but that should not be taken as unqualified praise. The story is a laborious attempt at farce comedy, with a few amusing situations, and much boredom. Miss Minter, apparently, has discarded the wistful dream of her childhood, and is trying to become another Dorothy Gish, with none too satisfactory results.
THE revival of D'Annunzio's spectacle, "Cabiria," tends to shatter many of the illusions of youth. Viewed through the smoked glasses of 1921, "Cabiria" shapes up as somewhat of a back number. The acting is grotesquely exaggerated, and most of the scenery fimsily artificial. The vast marble temple bears a striking resemblance to soda fountains.

1. "FOREVER"—(Peter Ibbetson.)
2. AN UNWILLING HERO—(Will Rogers)
3. FOOTLIGHTS—(Elsie Ferguson)
4. AMONG THOSE PRESENT—(Harold Lloyd)
5. THE SIGN ON THE DOOR—(Norma Talmadge)
6. LURING LIPS—(From Photoplay Magazine's Prize Story Contest)

THE KISS—Universal
A RATHER haunting story of early Californian days, not strong, but pleasing and offering fair entertainment. This equals Carmel Myers' recent offerings, though she is not convincing as a Spanish senorita. Don't bar the youngsters.

LIFE'S DARN FUNNY—Metro
THIS photoplay is frivolous, inconsequential but quite entertaining stuff. Viola Dana as a French violinist and Gareth Hughes as a somewhat dazed but all-American artist, whose detached manner ever gives him the appearance of not quite belonging to this earth, serve up Greenwich Village temperament, a la carte, and though the ending is inevitable it's quite satisfying. A family film.

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR WIFE—Goldwyn
THIS renamed picturization of Gertrude Atherton's "Noblesse Oblige" is well told, but—. Pictures like this do no harm, although the scenes of the old Five Points are not for children to see; but neither do they do any particular good. Lewis Stone, a fine actor, is below par in this. Mabel Julianne Scott is miscast. Some of the titles are terrible. Don't neglect your wife to see it.

A VIRGIN PARADISE—Fox
IF the celluloid result is anything like the script version of his story, Hiram Maxim had better put his own silencer on his scenarios. But Pearl White's followers will not be disappointed in her, if you don't mind incongruities. She has never seen a man nor anything as modern as an electric light, nevertheless in a few weeks she is handling a gun like Bill Hart and wallops the villain with Jack Dempsey skill.

Additional Shadow Stage reviews appear on page 93.
HERE ARE THE HERALDS OF FASHION

WHAT exquisite temptations these first crisp cool autumn days are to me! It would be so simple to keep to myself all the treasures I have seen displayed. But I cannot let the first fall month go by without telling you of the things which have pleased me. Fall, I think, is a time of inspiration. Then, if ever, do you feel as though the world were waiting for your Alexandrian efforts. And the general enthusiasm seems to have spread to the coutouriers. They have surpassed themselves providing costumes

A most fascinating chapeau is Gidding's turban of pink rose petals. With a deep blue veil, what could be more demure and interesting? It is most appropriate for a brisk fall day, when one is wearing a suit of dark blue or a dress of black.

Before Miss Pearl White, the cinema star, went to Paris, I persuaded her to promise that she would send me the very latest news from the real center of fashion. She went a step further and sent me this picture of her new black twill riding habit, and her smart white coat of lamb's wool—with herself in them.

MISS Van Wyck's answers to questions will be found on page 98.

If you are golfing these days, or hiking, you really should wear a costume like this. Knickers are very, very popular with ladies of all ages. Of course, they are worn for sports. But—whisper this—I have heard that very soon we shall see formal street suits with knickers! With woolen stockings, and sturdy oxfords, and a trim coat, and a rakish little hat, your sports costume is complete.

There is a sleeve for every mood and fancy, this autumn. You may have the long tight sleeve, or you may have the wide flowing sleeve. As the artist has pictured it here, the graceful blonde prefers one essentially soft and feminine, but the pensive brunette affects the more severely interesting sleeve. It is entirely a matter of choice—as so many difficult things seem to be!
ANNOUNCING THE MODE FOR FALL

to compete with the autumn glory. Here are the expressions of many geniuses of line and fabric and color, whose ambition it is to please you. I wish to call to your particular attention the Smartest Woman on Fifth Avenue, pictured at the right.

Carolyn Van Wyck

There is nothing smarter than the fur shoe. It is something new—but I prophesy that it has come to stay. Alexandre offers this model of natural broadtail fur. It does not lose its original color or prove any more impractical than the leather shoes. I have a pair!

Here is the Smartest Woman I have seen on the Avenue. Her costume may be copied with excellent results, for it is extremely original. The coat-dress of brown duvetyn has bands of chinchilla, a youthful neck line, and wide, graceful sleeves. The young lady graciously permitted herself to be sketched and confided to me that her black satin hat was from Joseph’s, as was her interesting bag of blue gnlith.

Miss White wore, to the races, this very effective costume. It is of black twill, trimmed with a wide ruffle of white crepe, with a cut-steel girdle. Her cape is of black serge with white carrera collar. The hat is a huge pompon of white crepe and black felt. The trimming on the cape is cut-work buttonholed at the edge.

Here are: first, an ingenious gold box which opens to let a little bird—with real feathers—pop out and sing a little song, and pop in again. Next, a little gold clock for the dressing-table. At the lower left, an ornamental contrivance for the commonplace key: of striped gold. Then, a deceitful vanity box, disguised as a book. And last, but not least, an enchanting cigarette case, with a diamond and pearl tassel and top. All of these clever novelties from Udall and Ballou, the Fifth Avenue jewelers.
THE PERFECT LIE

Wherein it is made clear that the Game of Love is a ladies' game. An unusual and, perhaps, daring short story, entered in PHOTOPLAYS prize fiction contest.

By

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

Illustrated by Mary Wilson Preston

"Betty!" exclaimed the girl who was combing her hair before the mirror, turning sharply to her companion. "Yes—although it isn't announced yet."

"But—I don't understand. I thought Bob Otis—"

"Polly—" the girl on the couch drew her shapely legs beneath her and curled up amongst the pillows—"I'm going to tell you something—something nobody else in the world knows, or senior year at Yale, then. I knew your secret. And I wouldn't tell even you, though we have been such good pals all these years, if it weren't for the fact that you half know, already."

"You mean—about Phil?"

"Yes—about Phil. Now I'm going to tell you the whole story, so you'll understand. But you must give me your word of honor you'll never breathe a word of it to a living soul."

"I promise, Betty. You can trust me."

"Then we'll dance in dark corners, having petting parties—trying to see the fruit cup—an awful mixture, but we drank it—nobody cared. I felt full of the devil, like the rest of the crowd. And when I danced with Phil I did everything I could to tantalize him. Pash stuff, we called it, didn't we? I hope I've got better sense, now. The music was that way, too—you know how that jazz stuff sets you going—meant to. I guess—and the words—I kept singing them into Phil's ear, with cheek against his—something about 'I want you, mah jungle—jungle man.' You remember it, don't you? Everybody was singing it, last year."

"When the party broke up—it was about one-thirty, I think—I got into Phil's car. He was to take me home. When I saw that he'd started downtown, of the most attractive places—Washington Square, I didn't say a word. Just kept quiet, as though I didn't know. I wasn't worried, because I had a key to the house, and mother had gone to Lakewood for a couple of days, anyhow. The way I felt that night I didn't care if I never got home."

"There isn't much more to say. I'm not the only girl, I guess, who ever did a thing like that. I thought I could take care of myself, of course. We all did. I imagined it would be simply ripping to see the place where Phil worked, and everything. Well—I saw it—a great dark studio, full of plaster casts and statues and old furniture. Had something more to drink, too—some cordial Phil got out—like bottled fire. We were a mad lot, Polly, weren't we? Thinking we knew it all. When Phil took me in his arms, I felt as though I never wanted to leave them—I was in love with him, of course, madly in love. You and I have been pals a long time, Polly, and I know your secret."

The girl who had been combing her hair tightened her arms about her companion and kissed her.

"You poor kid," she said.

"Of course I couldn't bear to see Phil, after that, although I wanted to, terribly. And he wanted to see me, too, and kept calling up the house, but I wouldn't answer. Phil is a splendid fellow, Polly. He'd been drinking, that night, and then, I'd done my best to appeal to the worst side of him, just like the rest of the crowd did. Don't you remember how Sarah Pope used to boast she could make any man crazy about her? Why shouldn't she—the way she danced with them? If they'd try dancing like that on the stage, somebody would call in the police."

Three weeks after that night Phil went to Europe. I didn't see him again, before he sailed. I just couldn't. But I cried all night, when he left."

"Then Bob Otis came back from college, and started in to have quite an affair with me. Of course I like him—immensely. And then too, I wanted to forget. You know how Bob is—impetuous—high-tempered—one of the most attractive boys I've ever met. We went about everywhere together—that was while you were in Italy, wasn't it?—but I didn't try any of that pash stuff on him, the way I had on Phil. We danced, of course, and everything, but it was—well—different. You know what I mean."

"Before the summer was over, Bob proposed to me. Said I was different from the other girls he knew—that I was finer, better, more honest. Imagine how I felt. Yes—I made him propose, of course. Not because of his money, either. I had another reason. And, as I've told you, I liked him—everything about him. Bob is a peach."
"We were all a little mad last fall, I think—checking our corsets at dances—giving our garters to men as souvenirs and drinking more than was good for us."

"And you accepted him?" the other girl asked.

"No. I didn't accept him. And I didn't refuse him, either. I wouldn't give him a definite answer—just kept him dangling, and of course, that made him more eager and attentive than ever. He sent me flowers every day, and candy—tons of it. Kept begging me over and over to say the word, so that our engagement could be announced at once. And as a matter of fact we weren't engaged at all—just one of those indefinite arrangements where everybody takes it for granted that the thing's settled, and yet nobody can say for sure. Bob kept telling me I was an angel—an angel, Polly—just fancy that, after what had happened, and insisting that I say yes, but I wouldn't. I was waiting for Phil to come back from Europe."

"Betty! What for?"

"You'll see in a minute. Don't forget, Polly, I'd found out
about Bob's and Phil's friendship. Bob told me all about it himself—how they'd sworn, when they were kids, to stand by each other through thick and thin—to be absolutely honest with each other, no matter what happened—even to death. Schoolboy stuff, in a way, but they meant it. So you can see that I had every reason to think that as soon as Phil got back, something would happen. And it did."

"Good Lord!" The girl who was listening widened eyes tightened her arm about her friend. "I—I see."

"No you don't. Not yet. But I knew that the minute Phil got back, he and Bob would have a talk, and I knew, too, that Bob was going to tell him about his love for me. I knew it, Polly, because Bob had said to me the night before that was just what he was going to do."

"And you—you couldn't do a thing! What a situation!"

"I didn't want to do anything. I may be a fool, Polly, but I'm not a liar. You ought to know that. So the two of them had dinner together, and Bob said he had asked me to be his wife."

"Can you imagine, Polly, what that meant to Phil? Just think—just try to put yourself in his place. He didn't want to be a cad—I don't believe Phil could ever be that—and tell Bob about me, and still, he felt himself in duty bound to his friend—too—to keep him from marrying the sort of girl I guess he supposed I was. You see, Polly, there wasn't the least reason why Phil shouldn't have thought my visit to his studio wasn't the only one of that sort I'd ever made. You know. A man would naturally think that. To other studios, perhaps. I'd given him cause."

"What did he do?"

"He just mumbled some congratulations, said some nice things about me he didn't mean, and changed the subject. He was absolutely thunderstruck—unable to decide what to do. I knew, for he came to see me about it the next day."

"He came to see you? About what? Betty?"

"Yes. He called up, first, and asked if he might call. I wasn't expecting it. You see, Polly, I knew what I was about."

"I wasn't acting blindly. So I saw him."

"He was terribly embarrassed, at first, and fenced about a long time before he said what he meant. I didn't help him a bit, either, although I realized perfectly well what was coming."

"Finally he said he knew he was a rotter, and all that, but that Bob had told him about proposing to me, and that as Bob's friend he felt he ought to advise him not to marry me—not to marry anybody right now, in fact, that he was too young, and ought to wait a year or two, before he made up his mind. Then he went on to tell me how he'd promised Bob's mother to look after him, when she died, and that he didn't believe I was the sort of girl to make a fellow like Bob happy, anyway—that he needed a more quiet, serious sort of wife, to—

"Tell Bob about me."

"I listened to all this, feeling mighty sorry for Phil, because of the situation he was in, and trying, too, to make up my mind how much of what had happened was his fault, and how much was mine. It wasn't easy, either, but I guess I gave him the benefit of the doubt. Then I asked him, point blank, to tell me just why he thought Bob and I ought not to marry."

"Betty—what a terribly simple thing—"

"Why? I had to make him say it. He fumbled about a good deal, but at last he came out with the truth. When a man got married, he said, he naturally expected certain things in his wife—was I able to give them? I felt like saying that if I wasn't able to, it was as much his fault as mine, but I didn't. I just asked him, very quietly, what he was going to do."

"He looked like a man about to be executed. 'What do you want me to do, Betty?' he asked. I said there were only two things he could do—either tell Bob the truth, or lie like a gentleman. I left the matter in his hands."

"He got very red, at that, and seemed unable to answer. 'You see, Phil,' I said, 'whatever has happened' between us, never was a part of my life, either before, or since. Except for that one night, I can give Bob everything any other woman could.'"

"He felt terribly, when I said that, and began to walk up and down the room. 'How can I lie, to my best friend?' he asked—the man I've always played square with, and always will."

"'Has he asked you any questions about me?' I said."

"'No,' he said, but he was afraid he would—not that Bob was the sort of fellow who would discuss the woman he loved with any man, but that he always came to him and asked his advice, about important matters. How could a chap lie, he said, if his best friend asked for his approval?"

"I told him I didn't know how he could lie—or whether he ought to lie at all. It was up to him, I said. I left the matter entirely in his hands. But I did say that upon his answer my whole future happiness would depend."

"We had quite a dramatic scene, Polly. I didn't rant, or make speeches, the way they do in the theater. We talked it all over very quietly, but my heart was breaking, just the same, and I cried that day, too, after he left me."

"You poor dear—I don't wonder. Of course he didn't say anything."

"Wait a minute, Polly. There's a lot more to all this than you think. Something else began to happen, just as I expected it would. Before Phil had been back from Europe a week, some of the old crowd began to talk. Not that they could say anything against me, of course, but you see they remembered how attentive Phil had been to me, before he went away, and that we were supposed to be terribly in love with each other. So, of course, now that he was back, they began to gossip, to ask each other which was the lucky man, Bob, or Phil. And of course, the minute this came to Bob's ears, as I knew it would, he went right to Phil and asked him what it meant."

"Betty—how simply awful! I wonder you aren't dead.' The girl among the pillows smiled. There was a strangely happy light in her warm grey eyes."

"I knew it would all come out for the best,' she said. 'But that day Bob went to see Phil, I was afraid, just the same—so afraid that I felt horribly sick. And the funny part about it, was I was just as much afraid on Phil's account, as I was on my own.'"

"But—I don't see—"

"'You will, Polly, when I get through. Bob went to see Phil at this apartment. He wasn't angry, or anything like that, but he just didn't understand. Phil told me all about it, later on. Nothing much happened. Men aren't (Continued on page 95)
To you who have said: “I have always wanted a Stutz,” this announcement of a better car reduced in price from $3,900 and $4,000 to $3,250 and $3,350, may come as the realization of your greatest motoring ambition.

For coupled with the material reduction in price is a car which will bring a new idea of the superlatives in riding comfort, ease of operation and supremacy of the road even to present Stutz owners.

Larger springs and deeper upholstery bring new comfort; a remarkable new clutch and convenient controls bring new ease of operation; and all wonders of sturdy Stutz performance developed through years of refinement make this the greatest car that has ever borne the Stutz name.

The Stutz representative has a new standard of motoring values to show you in this new Stutz at the new price.

**STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. OF AMERICA, INC.: Indianapolis**
Author!

Author!
Fourteen leading makers of fine fabrics tell you how to launder them

Fourteen famous manufacturers of washable fabrics and garments joined with the makers of Lux in giving women the best and safest washing directions for every kind of fine fabric. For their own protection, as well as the satisfaction of their customers, these manufacturers recommend the gentle Lux way of laundering.


Read why the leaders in each industry advise the Lux way of laundering

**SILKS**

Belding Brothers make millions of yards of silk each year. They say: "The use of a harsh soap on pure silk is ruinous to the texture of the fabric. We have found Lux to be ideal for washing silks because of its great purity and gentleness."

Onyx Hosiery—"We advise every woman who buys our silk stockings to launder them in Lux."

Kayser "Italian" Silk Underwear—Kayser says: "To make silk underthings last, launder them the safe Lux way."

Max Held, Inc., maker of Forsythe Waists, makes a million silk blouses each year. He says: "Once in a while a blouse is returned to us as unsatisfactory. If women would wash their blouses in Lux, 90% of our complaints would disappear."

David Crystal, New York's best known maker of silk sport alders, writes: "Washing a garment the safe Lux way actually lengthens its life."

Do you know how to dry clocked stockings?

Our new booklet tells you. Send for it today.

**WOOLENS**

Carter, famous maker of babies' knit underwear, says: "We wish every young mother would wash her baby's shirts in the safe Lux way."

The makers of the famous Ascher's Knit Goods say: "Lux is so pure it cannot injure the sensitive wool fibre."

The North Star Woolen Mill Company make the finest blankets in America. They write: "We are glad that the tests and experiments we have made have demonstrated that Lux is an ideal product for washing blankets."

The makers of Fleisher Yarns say: "We are urging the women who buy our yarns to wash them in Lux. The dirt dissolves in the Lux suds and leaves the garment soft and unshrunked."

Do you know how to dry your sweater so that it will keep its shape?

Our new booklet tells you. Write for it today.

**COTTONS AND LINENS**

Betty Wales Dressmakers say: "Lux preserves the fine texture and color of the most delicate lingerie dresses."

James McCutcheon & Company, "The Linen Store," writes: "Our experience in the laundering of fine lace and embroideries has proved beyond question the value and reliability of Lux. We know of nothing better."

Puritan Mills is one of the largest makers of beautiful drapery fabrics. They say: "Analysis shows Lux to be free from any harmful agent."

Pacific Mills, the largest makers of printed wash goods in the world, say: "We advise the use of Lux."

The maker of Mildred Louise Dresses says: "The Lux way of washing quickly and without rubbing is ideal."

Is Irish Crochet flat after you press it?

Our new 20-page booklet tells you how to "pick-up" the design. Send for it today.

Send today for this booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free

Address Lever Bros. Co.
The mother whose children no longer seemed to want her

One of the outstanding motion pictures of all time is Rupert Hughes’ heart-gripping story of Home

Suddenly they have all grown up and left her—the babies she used to tuck in bed at night. The old house is empty and silent. All have forgotten her. Her birthdays pass unnoticed.

Each child has embarked on a drama of his own. Loves, ambitions, temptations carry them away. There are moments of laughter and comedy, romance, adventure, tragedy. The story of their lives sweeps you along.

Your life—your home—your mother—as they might have been or as they are. “The Old Nest” will awaken deep in your heart memories of the mother to whom you ran with your childish troubles.

Never before has the screen touched with such beauty and such dramatic force a subject which finds an echo in the lives of every one of us. It is a masterpiece of a new type—a presentation of life as it really is with its moments of great joy and flashes of exquisite pain. One of the most heart-gripping dramatic stories ever narrated.

The people in the play—You know them all


Watch your Motion Picture Theatre Announcements

NATION WIDE SHOWING & BEGINNING

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Old Nest
Rupert Hughes' heart-gripping story of Home

Dr. Frank Crane writes:
"Hughes has taken down one wall of the American house of today, and you walk in and know the family. A film story of life—all bitter and sweet, and sad and glad, and majestic and petty, and divine and pitiful."

Fannie Hurst writes:
"Rupert Hughes dipped his pen into his heart when he wrote 'The Old Nest.' Seeing the picture is for all the world like strolling through the family album of America."

Alice Duer Miller writes:
"'The Old Nest' will appeal to anyone who ever had a mother and most people have. It is real and touching and almost incredibly without an atom of false sentiment. I have seen it four times and cried each time."

Sept. 11th
A Goldwyn Picture

To be followed by
"Rupert Hughes' "Dangerous Curve Ahead"

DIRECTED BY
REGINALD BARKER

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
FRICCA was the wife of Wotan, the All-Father. It is recorded that she clung to the old-fashioned custom of taking break-
fast with her husband seven days in the week—that is, when Wotan happened to be staying at the family mansion, Asgard Hall. But Wotan was a good deal of a Wanderer between times. In the Sagas, the Eddas and the Wagner operas he is shown strolling about his kingdom disguised in a long dark cloak and old slouch hat, looking after things.

Wotan's habits as a travelling man must have had an unsettling effect upon Fricca. During these trips she seems to have taken an outing on her own account now and then, passing under the name of Freya. It was on his return from one of these Haroun-al-Raschid expeditions that Wotan found Fricca wearing a beautiful golden necklace.

"Where did you get it?" asked Wotan, somewhat disturbed.

The All-Mother replied with nothing but silence, and very little of that. She also positively refused to give up the bauble.

Becoming more and more suspicious, Wotan called in the famous private detective Loki, the Sherlock Holmes of Asgard. Disguising himself as a fly, Loki buzzed into Madame's chamber through a crack in the roof. He found Fricca fast asleep with the necklace around her milk-white throat. He saw at a glance, however, that he could not get it without waking her, because she was lying on the clasp.

Loki then hurriedly disguised himself as a flea and bit her on the cheek, which caused her to turn in her sleep. Then Loki unsnapped the lock and took the necklace away with him. Pursuing this clue, the great detective traced the necklace to four dwarfs—Alfrig, Dvalin, Berling and Grer—who kept a silversmith's establishment in a cellar in the Main Street of Asgard and up to that time had enjoyed the patronage of all the gods.

The most careful examination of their books under duces tecum proceedings, however, failed to disclose any money entry in payment for the necklace, either from Fricca, alias Freya, or from any of the neighbors.

Loki was about to do the last thing any detective ever does, and admit he was wrong, when his keen eyes fell on a memorandum slip on which was jotted down the tell-tale line:

"For good and sufficient value received ... one sixty-carat gold necklace, to Madame F."

Things now began to look black for Freya; but after a dis-

As seen when a modern spotlight is turned upon ancient legends.

By SVETEZAR TONJOROFF

PASSIONATE weighing of all the evidence in the case, Wotan ordered his counsel to discontinue the proceedings. The impression prevailed in the Valhalla Club that Wotan had been successfully vamp'd.

This mysterious transaction apart, Fricca, when she was not travelling under the name of Freya, appears to have earned the reputation of being a good wife and mother.

Among Fricca's household pets was a German tribe called the Winiler, who were trying to wrest a home-rule measure from the Vandals, the Ambri and the Assy, who were taxing them without granting them representation. Having declared an Easter revolution, the Winiler were about to be attacked by the Vandals and their friends.

In advance of the battle, the chiefs of the Vandals, the Ambri and the Assy, appeared before Wotan as he sat on his throne, his flaxen beard spreading over half the floor of the throne room. They promised all sorts of sacrifices on his altars if he would help them crush the Winiler and put an end to the home-rule movement.

"I am not so sure about that," responded Wotan thoughtfully, tipping back his golden crown and scratching his forehead. "You see, Her Majesty the Queen, our beloved All-Mother is very favorably disposed toward the Winiler."

Then, an idea coming into his massive head, he touched the buzzer on the arm of his throne. It was Brunhild who responded to the summons.

"Mead for the gentlemen," ordered Wotan with true Northern hospitality. When they had been served he announced:

"The battle is going to be won by the army that I first lay eyes on when I wake up tomorrow morning. My bed faces the east windows. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient."

And he dismissed them with a benevolent nod, gathered up his beard and moved with great dignity out of the throne-room.

That night at bedtime Wotan committed the indiscretion of telling Fricca about the arrangement. Fricca at first pretended not to care; but when she heard Wotan snore soundly and had made sure that the snoring was sincere, she got up, crept out of bed, tiptoed to an armchair, sat there for a long time, wringing her hands and weeping silently.

Suddenly she stopped crying, smiled, glanced at the sleeping Wotan, put on a fresh boudoir cap, (Continued on page 84)
When Eyes Are Close

Is Your Complexion at Ease

The Final Touch

Does your complexion wince under the appraising gaze? Does it fear the verdict—"make-up"—"coarse"—"muddy"? Or is it a complexion of confidence—one that delights in close inspection? It is the latter if you use Carmen! For Carmen gives the beauty, the youthful bloom, the satiny smoothness that craves scrutiny, knowing that the more critical the gaze, the more pronounced the praise.

Carmen, the powder that stays on, is also Carmen the powder whose charming natural effect on the skin is never lessened under dampness or glaring light. It is truly the face powder extraordinary, as a test will show.

Sample Offer Send 12¢ to cover postage and packing for purse size box with three weeks' supply—state shade preferred.

STAFFORD-MILLER CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and new Brunette Shade, 50¢ Everywhere

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
How to Keep Your Hair Beautiful

Without Beautiful Well Kept Hair
You can never be Really Attractive

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.
Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.
You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.
Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.
When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.
When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.
That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method
FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly
TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.
When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.
You can easily tell, when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly
THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.
After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.
If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.
You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO

Mae Murray
Ruth Roland
Betty Compson
Viola Dana
Anita Stidward
Priscilla Dean

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
OBEBY E.—You wish my opinion of a girl sixteen years old, wishing to become a movie actress. My dear I am a gentleman. JANET.—Thanks for the gum, but I don’t chew. However, I took it home to my cat. Harold Goodwin, Fox. John Bowers, Goldwyn. John is married; Harold isn’t.

CONSEULO, L. G.—You say your heart is broken. What did you do with the pieces? Carol Dempster is not related to D. W. Griffith, or Mr. Griffith’s brother, Albert Grey. But she went abroad with Mr. and Mrs. Grey. She uses her own name on the screen and was a well-known Denishawn dancer before entering films. Her first appearance was as a dancer in “Intolerance.” She is in New York now, but is not working at present. Griffith, for whose organization she acts, is making “The Two Orphans” now, in which neither Carol nor Ralph Graves appears. Lillian and Dorothys Gish and Joseph Schildkraut are the principals in it. Schildkraut is the young Roumanian actor whose performance in the Theater Guild’s production of Franz Molnar’s play, “Liliom,” was the sensation of the past season.

JANE S., Texas.—You wish to know the color of Clara Kimball Young’s hair when she was in Nashville, Tennessee, sometime. It is the same color as it is now, and always has been: dark brown.

MISS O’GRADY.—Perhaps it is because Marguerite Clark makes a picture so seldom that you don’t see much of her. However, Photoplay published several pictures and two stories about her when she was making her latest picture, “Scrambled Wives.” We’d be only too glad if she made more. She is living on her husband’s farm near New Orleans, La., now.

EDWINA.—You are going to start a hairdressing parlor? How nice! May I ask if you are going to advertise “Lips Curled. Doors Banged?” Lew Cody was born in 1885. He is unmarried. Dorothy Dalton was once Mrs. Cody. Lew has been in vaudeville, but he is back in Hollywood now preparing to make more pictures.


R. T., RIDGEWOOD.—It is easier to tell how to be clever than to be clever and not tell it. Gladys Walton is married. She is the widow of director John Collins, and is with Metro, Hollywood, Cal. She has no children. Claire Adams and Robert McKim, B. B. Hampton Productions, Hollywood, Cal.

ROSALTHEA.—Was the original intention to call you Rosalie Theodora? Niles Welch is thirty-three: he is married to Dell Boone. They have no children. Claire Adams and Robert McKim, B. B. Hampton Productions, Hollywood, Cal.


M. S.—John Ruskin said:— “We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts.” The geniuses of the earth are those who put their hearts into it. Earle Williams did not appear in “Ducks and Drakes.” Jack Holt was Bebe Daniels’ leading man in that.

MARY PICKFORD FOREVER.—You are very faithful; but who wouldn’t be faithful to Mary? Here is the cast of “Through the Back Door”: Jeannie Bodarmere, Miss Pickford; Horstine Reeves, Gertrude Astor; Elton Reeves, Wilfred Lucas; Mary, Helen Raymond; Jacques Lamont, Norman Hammond; Margoel Brezner, Elmer Fair; James Brevisner, Adolphe Menjou; Conrad, Peaches Jackson; Constant, Doreen Turner; Billy Boy, John Harron.

Their Bad Habits
Charles.—You want Rudolph Valentino on the cover for a change? I don’t think Rudie would want to be on the cover for anything. Besides, we never have men on the covers. If we ever decide to have men on the covers, I’ll be the first man. Valentino is now playing in “The Sheik,” having been loaned by Rex Ingram to Lasky for one picture. Agnes Ayres plays opposite him. Good team, eh? Dorothy Gish is twenty-three, has fair hair, is five feet two inches tall, has blue eyes. I may deserve sympathy—but do I get it? Occasionally.

K. S. J., West Philadelphia.—The players in “Blind Wives” were Estelle Taylor, Marc McDermott, Harry Sothern, Sally Crute, Robert Schable, and Annett Bracy. Is that all? I am surprised.

Muggins.—Sometimes I wake in the dead hours of the night, pluck at the coverlet, “and moan: ‘Charles Ray’s eyes are brown. Brown, I say! Didn’t you know?’ And his hair, too, although I don’t dream that so often. Ray was born in Jacksonville, Ill., in 1891. He is married to a non-professional. Joe.—I’ve heard a rumor that Barbara Bedford is to star for Fox. I think she is very sweet and pretty, and a good little actress. She is twenty and unmarried. She appears with Florence Lawrence in “The Unfoldment.”

Wallace.—You pain me. I a Miracle Man, indeed! I’m not saying that everybody and anybody can do the work that I do, the way I do it, in the short time I do it, still—Richard Barthelmess is with Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Mrs. J. O.—I think the highest price ever paid for land in America was $8,000 a square foot, or $960,000 for 1,200 square feet of soil at 18 Wall Street. That is why I never have bought a home for myself and my canary. I have never been able to afford really good land, and I won’t have any other kind. Tom Moore was Alice Joyce’s first husband. He is married to Rene Adoree now; and Alice to James Regan. Alice Joyce Moore, daughter of Alice and Tom, is five years old. The Wallace Reids (sounds like a society column) have one son, Bill. Warren Kerrigan isn’t married. He is making a new picture.

Thirteen.—It’s unlucky, but if you can stand it, I can. Agnes Ayres’ real name is Agnes Hinkle. She has one brother, who is married and has a little girl named Agnes Ayres. Address Agnes Ayres—the first—at Lasky studios.

Genevieve.—You want something good to read? I would suggest that you read the rules at the head of my department. It may not be good reading, but there’s a chance that it may be instructive. Of your questions about me, there is only one I can answer. That is, “How old are you?” Answer: I am not old at all. Bryant Washburn and Lois Wilson in “It Pays to Advertise.”

Louise P., Fort Wayne.—Thank you for your nice little letter. You like Lillian Gish and don’t think she is popular enough. I’ll have to look into it right away. I like her well enough to make her awfully popular. Lillian is at the D. W. Griffith studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. I think she’ll answer you. Tell her I asked her to. I don’t know what good it will do, but tell her.

Faye M.—Yes, they are wearing fur shoes now. Miss Van Wyck told me about it. I don’t mind telling you that, but I can’t tell you any more, because the fashions come under her department, not mine; and besides, who am I to discuss fashions? Jackie Coogan will make more pictures. Jewel Carmen in “Nobody.” Ruth Roland was born in 1895; Clara Kimball Young in 1890.

R. G., Manila.—I am deeply grateful for your consideration of me. You say: “I hope that when this reaches you, you will be very well—in order that you may answer my questions.” That’s what makes me cynical. That’s what makes me know that my noble efforts are never appreciated. Of course I’ve known it for some time, but it needs a letter like yours to convince me all over again. Have no information about Agnes Emerson and William Marion. As substitutes I offer, hoping that they will take it good-naturedly: Frances Marion and John Emerson. May Giraci, Metro. Eva Novak, Fox. May McAvoy, Realart. (Continued on page 109)

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN contributes one of the greatest short stories of the year in the November Photoplay. Do not miss it. It’s worth waiting for.

“THE END OF THE ROAD”
A. Earl Kauffman, Secretary to the Manager of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, writes: "I didn’t win the $1,500 prize. The Palmer Plan won it. But I’m going to spend it!"

Anna B. Mezquida, of San Francisco, short story writer and poet, whose photoplay, "The Leopard Lily," won Second Prize of $1,500. Mrs. Mezquida writes:

"I should not have known how to go about preparing an acceptable scenario without the Palmer Plan to show real promise of success. It will you let us test you, free?"
The thirteen Trebaol children, whose mother takes them to their respective studios every morning and calls for them at night. Nine of them appear in pictures regularly to attract the attention of a missing father, who disappeared two years ago. They are: Jeanette, 6; Isabella, 8; Philip, 9; Francois, 10; Maria, 11; Anne, 13; Yves, 14; Edouard, 17; Yvonne, 18; Cecile, 23; Oliver, 21; Irving, 20; and Jean, 25. Little Jeanette has played with Mary Pickford and Will Rogers.

Plays and Players

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

By

CAL. YORK

The engagement of Rex Ingram and Alice Terry, predicted some time ago by Photoplay Magazine for the first time, has been officially announced by the interested parties. The wedding will take place shortly—probably immediately following the completion of the present Rex Ingram production, “Turn to the Right,” in which Miss Terry plays the leading role.

Mr. Ingram then expects to go to Europe to make several pictures—and Miss Terry is to retire from the screen, that being her wish as well as that of her fiancé.

Mr. Ingram and Miss Terry have played as pretty a romance off the screen as they conceived on it. Mr. Ingram chose his future bride from the extra ranks to play in a production of his and later cast her for the leading part in his now famous film, “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.” It was during the making of this picture that a love affair began and ripened.

H. C. WITWER—who does these clever baseball and war yarns—is one eminent author that doesn’t claim to have made a fortune from films.

“I get a wire every now and then from some firm saying, will you take $20,000 for such and such a story? I always wire back ‘yes’ and then I begin to spend the money. But I never hear anything more—so I decide that they’ve read the darn thing and run out on me,” says Mr. Witwer.

GOVERNOR NATHAN MILLER of New York has appointed his censors, and the picture producers are enjoying comparative peace and quiet. Before the three who are to pass upon the Empire State’s future entertainment were named, the industry was more or less uneasy. Now that they know—well, it’s never so bad after that.

They are George H. Cob of Watertown, N. Y., a former Lt. Governor; Mrs. Eli T. Hosmer of Buffalo, vice-chairman of the State Congress of Mothers, and Joseph Levenson, a Republican leader and a director of the Young Men’s Hebrew Association. The appointments are for one, three, and four years, the longest term going to Mr. Cobb, and the short term to Mr. Levenson. The censorship applies to all motion pictures shown in and produced in New York State after August 1.

(Continued on page 80)
To protect your skin, one cream—to cleanse it, an entirely different cream

Every normal skin needs these two: for daytime use, a dry cream that cannot reappear in a shine—at Night, a cream made with the oil necessary to keep the skin soft and pliant.

These two creams are totally different in character and the results they accomplish are separate and distinct. Your skin must have both if it is to keep its original loveliness.

For daytime use—the cream that will not reappear in a shine

You must protect your skin from sun, wind and dust or it will protect itself by developing a tough florid surface.

Make a point of always applying Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out. It is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect on the skin. The cream disappears at once, affording your skin an invisible protection. No matter how much you are outdoors, it will keep your skin smooth and soft.

When you powder, do it to last. The perpetual powdering that most women do is so unnecessary. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—this cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

Furthermore, this protective cream, skin specialists tell us, prevents the tiny grains of powder from working their way into your pores and enlarging them.

At night—the cleansing cream made with oil

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face with the soap you have found best suited to it, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores, and cleanse them thoroughly. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

Start using these two creams today

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair.

They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
PLAYS AND PLAYERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78)

PEARL WHITE has always been persistent in her refusal to permit the public to peek into her affairs. Until she got a divorce from her husband, Wallace McCutcheon. You can keep a marriage out of the papers but you can't always soft-pedal a divorce. So when Pearl appealed to the courts to let her be Miss White again, the greatest part of her public was a bit surprised.

McCutcheon was a major during the war, when Miss White met him. He played in many of her serials and later in her Fox feature dramas. Her first husband was Victor Sutherland, an actor of some prominence. Oh, well—now she can have her big white house at Bayside all to herself. It's a peach of a place, the Pearl White estate—there are acres of it, with a private beach, and kennels, and stables. She's one of the few motion pictures who boasts a butler—a real butler, who doesn't spoil things when important guests are coming.

FLORENCE DESHON, a pretty film villainess who has recently been seen with Goldwyn and Fox productions, has forsaken the silver sheet to become second woman for the Wilkes Stock Company in Los Angeles. Miss Deshon is a member of the rather exclusive—and intellectual—set of which Charles Spencer Chaplin is the chief glory.

THOMAS S. WALSH, the director, was one day this summer walking down Broadway. It was hot and Walsh wore white flannels and spotless shoes. A friend met him and kidded him. "Lily white is the name for you!"

Walsh smiled. Then he shook his head. "There was never a spotted Lily white man on Broadway—except one. And he's gone."

"Who was that?" asked his friend.

"Bobby Harron," replied Walsh. "If there was ever a clean, pure soul in a man, that soul was Bobby Harron's. He had the highest ideals, and he lived up to them. If there is a heaven, and God's on his throne, Bobby Harron will be in the cast, make no mistake about that."

HOPE HAMPTON, in July and August, made personal appearances in the New York theaters. She sang three songs charmingly—she has, really, a beautiful lyric soprano—and the audience had called her back for an encore. She began to talk to them—spontaneously, for all her speeches are impromptu.

"I want to thank you all," she said. "I've had as much fun as you seem to. But—I know you do like my matinees better. I like them because there are always lots of kids in the audience. At night, now, by the time I come on, all the children have gone, it's so late: I".

Just then a small voice piped out from somewhere in the pit. "I'm here, Hope," it said. "I stayed to see you!"

ONE of Conway Tearle's former wives is suing him for more alimony. We forget which one. She says Conway is getting more money from the company for which he is making pictures than he has ever received before in his career—and she wants some of the loot. Mr. Tearle's salary is said to be $1,750. He is said to get it. We dislike to be sordid—but does he really get the money? If he does—$1,750 a week—he is very, very fortunate. Some of the not-so-celebrated are contributing their services to the same company and receiving considerately less, if anything.

THE SIEGEL MARION has left the International studios. She has stopped work for a while, and in her country home at Chappaqua, New York, is taking a complete rest.

It is said by some who should know that it is said Mrs. Marion is preparing her latest picture, "Just Around the Corner," the Fannie Hurst story which she scenarioized and directed, that was the real reason for her leaving. The few who have seen the picture say it is a very fine thing—not a spectacular drama, just a simple story of sweet and simple people. But it will probably not be released as it is; and it is thought Miss Marion, who put all her understanding of human nature, and her expressive pen, and personal direction, into it, feels that her efforts were wasted.

With her husband, Fred Thompson, she has left Manhattan for the summer at least; and it is very probable that a play and a novel from her pen will appear in the fall. She has had offers for both.

PEGGY HYLAND is married to Fred Granville.

We know who she is, but we don't know who he is.

YES, Theda Bara married Charles Brabin. Everybody said she would, sooner or later. Brabin has for some time been Miss Bara's most ardent admirer—both artistically and personally. And he doesn't care who knows it.

(Continued on page 86)
AN OPPORTUNITY

You know that millions have been MADE in every branch of the motion picture industry. Do you know that such a machine exists, which, due to its exclusive features, should soon have the field to itself?

You know that millions have been LOST through investment in fake motion picture enterprises. Do you know that the business of this company is expanding so rapidly that additional financing is necessary to increase its plant capacity, its output and to expand its selling organization?

Do you know that such a machine exists, which, due to its exclusive features, should soon have the field to itself? Do you know that such a machine exists, which, due to its exclusive features, should soon have the field to itself?

Do you know that there is a tremendous demand for a safe, fireproof, foolproof, portable projecting machine? Do you know that such a machine exists, which, due to its exclusive features, should soon have the field to itself?

THE business of the Corporation is the manufacture of portable picture projectors. Paramount projectors produce a picture as efficiently and as clear and flickerless as the large stationary machines used in motion picture theatres. It is built in compact form to give portability and is absolutely safe and most efficient for use in schools, churches, institutions and the home. Its Spherical Reflector Lens are supreme in their field. The Condensing Lens is a special heat-resisting glass designed to give the maximum amount of illumination. The WATER SCREEN, an exclusive feature, assures safety from fire by absorbing the heat rays, yet permits the unobstructed passage of the light rays. The film may be threaded with the light on and may be stopped at any point to project any particular scene of a picture for an indefinite period of time with absolute safety. The machine uses standard film, has a capacity of 1,000 feet, and at 70 feet throws a clear, sharp picture 9 feet by 12 feet in size. The demand for such a portable projector is tremendous and world wide. Estimated on orders and contracts now in hand, the corporation should market not less than 5,000 machines per year, which represents a profit of $250,000. Contracts already closed call for the delivery of 2,500 machines.

---

**Paramount Projector Corporation**

**Registrar,**
Harriman National Bank, N. Y.
**Transfer Agent,**
Central National Corp., N. Y.
**CAPITALIZATION**
Authorized, $500,000
To Be Outstanding $500,000
Spercent cumulative participating preferred stock.
Par value $10 per share.
COMMON STOCK:
1,000,000 par value $10 per share, full paid, non-assessable.

---

**We Recommend the Purchase of This Security for the Following Reasons:**

1. This Corporation manufactures what is claimed to be the only safe, fireproof, portable projecting machine on the market.
2. Its safety features are unique, the most important of which is its water screen which absorbs heat, preventing heat reaching the film and making possible the use of motion picture film for stereopticon purposes.
3. The Corporation has an almost unlimited field for its products.
4. The dividends on the Preferred Stock will be paid quarterly.
5. Its estimated earnings, based on contracts and orders now on hand, approximately three times its dividend requirements for 1921, this without taking into consideration orders to be obtained during the balance of this year.
6. Financial statements, before and after giving effect to this financing, are by W. A. Fleming & Co., Public Accountants, and Byrnes & Baker, Certified Public Accountants, both of New York.
7. Its plant has been favorably reported on by Moses, Pope and Trainer, Consulting Engineers, New York. The plant has also been inspected and favorably reported on by J. Verrier, of Verrier, Eddy Co., and by practical men of the motion picture industry.
8. The original owners are receiving only stock in the Company for the interests they held prior to the organization of this Corporation.
9. The exceptional field for the company's product, the exceptional demand for a machine of this character and the large margin of profit create, in our opinion, exceedingly attractive earning possibilities for the Common Stock.
10. Taken from a report by Byrnes & Baker, Certified Public Accountants, the statement of the Company, after giving effect to this financing, shows

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tangible Assets</th>
<th>$393,483.29</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Total Liabilities</td>
<td>$4,596.81</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

Ferguson-Goodeell & Co., Inc.
28 West 44th Street, New York

Gentlemen:—I am interested in securing, without obligation on my part, further details on Paramount Projector Corporation.

Name ________________________________
Address ____________________________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
SANDERSON, the villain of "Way Down East"—played by sitting room with low shoes on. Going out, he has the high a handsome four-in-hand. At another time, he goes into the farm house wearing high walking boots, and appears in the sitting room with low shoes on. Going out, he has the high boots on again. What a wardrobe Sanderson had! It's Worth Looking At!

KENNETH HARLAN, in the Constance Talmadge picture, "Lessons in Love," has traveled all the way from California to Florida with his sister. Yet only a short time after their arrival, when she tells him she will see him at the hotel later, he shakes hands with her! V. A. CARTER, Denver, Colorado.

Always a Perfect Gentleman

IN "Colorado," while Frank Mayo is trying to save the heroine in the mine, he has his rubber hat swept off. But it is very noticeable later when he removes it while standing at the bedside of Kate. P. V. K., Auburn, Indiana.

The Vanity of Villains

SANDERSON, the villain of "Way Down East"—played by Lowell Sherman—enters the supposed minister's house wearing a cute little bow tie. After the ceremony, he is wearing a handsome four-in-hand. At another time, he goes into the farm house wearing high walking boots, and appears in the sitting room with low shoes on. Going out, he has the high boots on again. What a wardrobe Sanderson had! Albert E. Peters, Jr., Birmingham, Mich.

It's Worth Looking At!

IN Vivian Martin's picture, "Pardon My French," we are invited, in a subtitle, to "have a good look at the rain." We are looking down a small-town street. While rain pours and sweeps across the foreground, a number of large pools of water further down the street are calm and unruflled as plate glass mirrors. Theodore H. Bauer, Los Angeles, Cal.

Not Enough Speed

IT happened in Wally's "Too Much Speed." An old man is seen in the back seat of a car, bouncing up and down from the speed it's going. But look out the side window and you'll see that the windows and the trees are standing perfectly still. A. P. HERSCHLER, JR., St. Paul, Minn.

Why-Do-They Do-It

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.

My Word, Monte!

MAYBE BLUE, whom I like ever so much, was Gloria Swanson's husband in "Something To Think About." Just after hearing good news, Monte picks up the coffee pot and dances around with it in his arms. A few minutes before, Gloria had poured boiling hot coffee from the same pot.

H. A. S., Muncie, Indiana.

Rah Rah Rah!

I'VE seen many foot-ball games, but when a game was over, I never saw the teams with their sweaters and stockings, etc., as spick and span as when they started. That's what happened in "The Golden Trail."

MAX D., Sparta, Ill.

HOT COFFEE!!

I saw the picture, "Lying Lips." In it House Peters and Florence Vidor are supposed to be the only survivors of a ship which has been blown up by a floating mine. They climb on one end of the ship which is still afloat. All the rest has sunk but this one end, and yet House Peters goes to a gas jet on the wall and lights it and also later goes some-where and makes Florence a cup of hot coffee. Some people have all the luck!

G. C. STEVENS, Chicago.
HOW would you like to make $42 an hour?
That is what Martin S. DeMuth did. He
was third prize winner in the Victory Hall
Poster Contest held at New York City. An
unknown artist, this Federal student won fame
overnight. Mr. DeMuth started his poster for
this contest on a Wednesday afternoon. He fin-
ished it Thursday afternoon and delivered it just
before closing time.

Competes With Famous Artists
Imagine his surprise when the newspapers
announced him as winner of the $500.00 prize.
The other prizes were won by artists of interna-
tional repute—men with years of experience in the
work. Overnight this Federal student took his
place in the ranks of prominent artists.

How would you like to have your name placed
side by side with the names of the greatest artists
in the United States as did this Federal student? All
these men were students once just like Mr.
DeMuth. You, too, have the same chances for success.

Learn in Your Spare Time
Every mail brings us letters from some of our
students telling of their advancements and increased
salaries won through spare time study. Don't wait
any longer. Take the step now that will turn your
liking for drawing into money. Turn your wasted
hours and dull moments into profit and pleasure.
You can easily learn in your spare time without
interfering with your regular work. Sixty of
America's leading artists and illustrators will tell
you how. They will guide you step by step to
success and help you solve every problem. These
men teach you the same principles and practices
that have made them such big successes.

Get This Free Book
Send for a copy of the book, "A Road to Bigger Things."
It tells about the opportunities waiting in the world of illus-
trating and cartooning. It tells how many nationally known
artists made the start that made their names famous. Send
for your copy of this free book today. State your name,
address and age. Send 6c in stamps to cover mailing cost.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc.
108 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Girls! Girls!
Clear Your Skin
Save Your Hair
With Cuticura

Make these fragrant super-cream emollients your every-day toilet preparations and have a clear sweet healthy skin and complexion, good hair and soft white hands, with little trouble and trifling expense. Absolutely nothing better, purer, sweeter at any price.

Cuticura Toilet Trio
Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and soften, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume, promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else seems to fail. Everywhere 2¢ each. Sample each free by mail. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. J, Maiden, Mass.

Cuticura Soap without mug.

Slipped on a simple flowered silk kimono, stole out of the bed-chamber and set to work.

Having summoned Gambreka, the queen of the Winiler, Fricca gave her some whispered instructions. Then, tiptoeing back to the royal chamber, Fricca carefully and slowly wheeled the royal bed into such a position that on opening his royal eyes the first thing in the morning the All-Father would gaze, not through the east windows but through the west windows.

When Wotan awoke at break of day he stretched himself, yawned noisily and looked out. There, surely enough, he saw the great army in battle array. But it was not the Vandals and their spiritual kin that Wotan beheld, but the host of the Willner.

Fricca's silvery laugh was the first intimation he had that something had gone wrong.

"The Winiler win!" declared Fricca, clapping her robust German hands.

"H'm," he admitted with a disgusted expression. "But where in the name of the great Ash-Tree did all these bearded warriors come from? I didn't know there were so many men in the entire tribe."

"A little trick of mine," explained the All-Mother proudly. "You see—I sent word to their women to line up with the men, with their long hair draped over their shoulders and chest to look like beards."

"Right idea, Fricca—bright idea," confessed the All-Father with a wry smile.

"Thanks, Wotan," rejoined Fricca sweetly. "After the victory their name shall be Longo-Bardi, or Long-Beards."

Which was an odious idea on the part of Fricca, except for the mere detail that the word Longo-Bardi means Long Spears and not Long-Beards. But what is a little thing like the peculiarity of language between gods? And, besides, the Lombards told the story on themselves.

We are assured by the writers of the Sagas that Fricca was particularly active at the break fast table that morning, although Wotan was not in good humor and spoke rather shortly to Brunhild when she brought in a tankard of mead that lacked the usual tang.

That day Fricca took personal command of the Valkyrie, who had an exceedingly busy time picking up dead and dying Vandals and galloping up to Valhalla with them. Wotan was not in good humor and spoke rather shortly to Brunhild when she brought in a tankard of mead that lacked the usual tang.

"The poor things looked as if they needed a good gallop over the clouds, so I let them all go."

By some accident the purport of this conversation got into the society column of the Asgard Daily Herald the next morning. Greatly as she regretted the unauthorized publication, Fricca was consoled by the reflection that it helped her to establish the reputation she sought to establish—the reputation of sober-minded, motherly matron who was always taking thought of the happiness of others.

It was noticed that Fricca never ordered a statue of herself. In this respect she differed conspicuously from Aphrodite, who had all the sculptors of Athens, and several in Alexandria and Rome, executing her commissions.

Fricca's powers of persuasion were strictly of the domestic, the womanly sort. One of the tribes that worshipped her called her by the name of Frieke, for example—such as "the All-Father." The word is derived from the expression "frou-frou"—suggesting the gentle, soothing, unobtrusive yet almost unfailing influence by which the will of the All-Mother achieved her purpose.

With the sole exception of that trifling incident of the dwarfs and the necklace, Fricca's domestic life was as placid as a summer's day.

No more glowing tribute was ever paid to her than the remark made by one of the ladies-in-waiting of the late Queen Victoria: "How like the home life of our dear Queen!"

Are Women's Colleges Old-Maid Factories?

O you know? How many college graduates can qualify as beauties? How many of whom you could say, "It's her college education that makes her so charming?"

Why is it that among the many beautiful and intelligent women in motion pictures, only two are college graduates? As far as we are able to find out, only Miss Betty Blythe and Miss Mary Thurman came to the screen from college: the former from the University of California; Miss Thurman, from the University of Utah. Why aren't there more?

Read the answer in November Photoplay.

Every advertisement in PHOTOTOY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
You Can Win $1,000.00

Answer This Puzzle — Cash Prizes Given

How many objects in the picture above begin with the letter "P"? For instance there is a pipe, paddle, pig, etc., and all the other objects are equally clear. See who can find the most. Fifteen cash prizes will be paid for the 15 best lists of words submitted to this puzzle. The person sending in the largest and nearest correct list will win first prize; second best, second prize, etc.

Write your list on one side of the paper only and words numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page and note the date on which you purchase the puzzle. No pencil or sheet of paper, and see who can find the most "P- Words." We venture to say you will never have so much fun. You will be surprised to find how large a list of words you can get after a few minutes study. Sit down and try it — then send in your list and try for the big prize.

Costs Nothing to Try—Everybody Join In

You don't need to send in a penny to win. This is an advertising campaign to increase the popularity of our No-Seam Combination Hot Water Bag and Fountain Syringe. As a reward for our good, we are making this special offer, whereby you can win LARGE CASH PRIZES by purchasing ONE or TWO of our Seamless Hot Water Bags.

THE PRIZES

Winning answers will receive prizes as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prize</th>
<th>If no One purchased</th>
<th>If One purchased</th>
<th>If Two purchased</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>$20.00</td>
<td>$100.00</td>
<td>$1,000.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>10.00</td>
<td>15.00</td>
<td>50.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>5.00</td>
<td>7.50</td>
<td>25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th</td>
<td>3.00</td>
<td>5.00</td>
<td>12.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th</td>
<td>2.00</td>
<td>3.00</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6th</td>
<td>1.00</td>
<td>2.00</td>
<td>4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7th</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.00</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8th</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.50</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9th</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.25</td>
<td>0.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10th</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.10</td>
<td>0.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11th</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.05</td>
<td>0.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12th</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.02</td>
<td>0.04</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13th</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.01</td>
<td>0.02</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14th</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.005</td>
<td>0.010</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15th</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.0025</td>
<td>0.0050</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given. NO-SEAM Combination Hot Water bag and Fountain Syringe not to. If the bag leaks, or the fittings become imperfect, we will replace the leak free of charge any time within one year.

W. M. RUBBER CO. 239 SIXTH AVENUE, NORTH MINNEAPOLIS - MINN.
MARY PICKFORD pulled a tooth. One of her own! It happened like this: As Little Lord Fauntleroy, whose life she is now engaged in recording on the screen, Little Mary tied a string to her tooth and then attached it to the big knob of a heavy prop door in "Dorincourt Castle." You get the idea: Director Jack Pickford—in private life Mary's little brother—was supposed to take charge of the scene. But he caused the door to slam at the wrong moment—through some mistake in the signals—and Mary Pickford's tooth was actually pulled. Lucky the director was her own brother. Otherwise he might have found himself out of a job.

EVERYBODY—that is, nearly everybody—who could raise the price of admission and get a leave of absence from the studios long enough, attended the Big Fight, when Jack Dempsey retained the heavyweight championship of the world against Georges Carpentier.

Wallace Reid occupied a ringside seat. So did William Fox and David Belasco. Justine Johnston raced across the Atlantic from London to reach the huge arena in Jersey City in time—and she left the next day for Europe. David Griffith was there, though it's hard to believe. Irvin Cobb, Don Marquis, Christopher Morley and many more literary lights attended.

A great many of the film people arrived at 10:30 in the morning, to give the scores of photographers on the job a good chance to take their pictures.

Watch out for another serial starring Jack Dempsey.

Unless you live in New Jersey you will have to content yourself with the newspaper pictures of the fight. The censors simply won't let them show movies of it.
A Minute A Day Keeps Father Time Away

For a Glowing, Youthful Complexion
Simonson's Complexion Cream, non-greasy and vanishing, gently massaged into the skin with an upward and outward movement—then
A tiny touch of Simonson's Rouge on cheeks and lips to give the piquant, roseate hue of buoyant health—and finally a thin film of Simonson's Face Powder delightfully fragrant and clinging, to lend charming softness to the complexion.

For Invitingly Dainty Fingernails
Remove all excess cuticle with Simonson's Cuticle Remover, a clear liquid which leaves skin at base of nail perfectly smooth—then
Brighten each nail with a mirror-like-waterproof polish, using Simonson's nail polish—and finally
Add a delicate, elusive fragrance to hands and nails with Simonson's Astringent Toilette Water, which completes the perfect manicure.

For Beautiful, Attractive Hair
Shampooing is of first importance in the care of the hair. Cleanse the hair and scalp with a refreshing shampoo, using Simonson's Lemon Blossom, Pine, Tar or Castile Shampoo—then
Glorify the hair with Simonson's, the SAFE Henna Shampoo—which adds the attractive, glinting sheen that charms and flatters even the most beautiful—without changing the natural color of any shade of hair or making it red.

SIMONSON Toilette Products are sold only by the best store in each of the following cities:

ALLENTOWN, PA., Hess Bros.
ALBANY, N. Y., Robinson Drug Store
ANNISTON, ALA., Alabama Drug Co.
ANNE ARUNDEL, OHIO, G. F. Schaeffer
BALTIMORE, MD, Butulier Bros.
BETHEL, PA., Proner's Drug Store
BINGHAMPTON, N. Y., Simon Bros.—Weldon Co.
BRUNSWICK, GA., Collier's Drug Store
CALCUTTA, INDIA, The H. S. Trading Co.
CLEVELAND, OHIO, The May Co.
CORNING, N. Y., Turner-Calkins Drug Co.
DOHAN, Ala., The Hidden
EASTON, PA., Wm. Luebbers & Sons
ELMIRA, N. Y., Sheehan Dean Co.
ERIE, PA., Warner Bros. Co.
GADSDEN, ALA., E. H. Cross
GAINESVILLE, FLA., The Wilson Co.
HAMILTON, PA.,丁. DeWalt Sons
JAMESTOWN, N. Y., The Abrahamson-Bigelow Co.
JERSEY CITY, N. J., Retail Drug Store
LAKE PLACID, FLA., The Boston Store
LIVE OAK, FLA., Wynn Drug Co.
LOCKPORT, N. Y., Relay Bros.
MACON, GA., Burden Smith Co.
MADISON, FLA., Johnson Hay Drug Co.
MERIDIAN, MS., Caver's Drug Store
MONROE, MI., Hagan Drug Co.
NEW ORLEANS, LA, Mallin Brothers
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Niagra Dry Goods Co., Inc.
NEW YORK, N. Y., Wm. Sheehan Drug Co., Inc.
OHIO, Watty Giffey Drug Co., Inc.
OSWEGO, N. Y., Galloway Drug Co.
PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA, G. G. Grant
PLAINFIELD, N. J., G. E. Miller & Co.
RANGELEY, ME., Mrs. E. W. Lee
Rochester, N. Y., Clews & Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Mrs. Clara Palmer Oliver
ROCHESTER, N. Y., 1st Avenue Drug Co.
RICHMOND, VA., The Cohen Co., Inc.
ST. LOUIS, M. L. Morgan & Co.
SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Martindale Drug Co.
Savannah, Ga., Lebouef & Co.
SHEPHERD, W. Va., W. G. Coates
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, Mr. & Mrs. B. J. Reznik
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., Henry Schutz
SAYRE, PA., Paul Reznik
SAWYERSVILLE, PA., G. H. Fitch Co.
SHEEHAN, PA., Frank J. Reedion
TAMPA, FLA., Miss Brown
THOMASVILLE, Ga., T. P. Co.
VALPARAISO, IND., Nummo-Maloney Co.
WASHINGTON, D.C., The T. J. Byrnes Co.
WILMINGTON, Del., W. M. Dwyer Co.
WILKES BARRE, PA., W. D. White & Co.

Your territory may still be open. Write for particulars of exclusive agency offer.

A. SIMONSON, 505 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
To Clean Your Closet Bowl

It is no longer necessary to go through all of the fatiguing distasteful work of dipping out of water and scrubbing in order to clean the closet bowl. Sani-Flush does all of the hard work for you. Sprinkle a little into the bowl, follow the directions on the can and flush. Where there were stains and markings before there is a refreshingly white and shining surface and the hidden trap is as clean as new. Disinfectants are not necessary for Sani-Flush does its work thoroughly.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing, and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25¢ in coin or stamps for a full sized can postpaid. Canadian price, 35¢; foreign price, 50¢.

The Hygienic Products Co.
Canton, O.

Canadian Agents:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

Sani-Flush
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

A Single Drop Lasts a Week

Flower Drops the most exquisite perfume ever produced. Made from flowers and other perfumes. Fragrant like flowers with long lasting properties. Lilac, Gardenia, Daffodil, Jasmine, Rose, Lillies, Jasmine, Pink, Rose, Carnation, Lilac, Peony, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnation, Carnati...
THE other day Mary Pickford was making some kid scenes for "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Just when the camera began to grind, Mary felt a shot from a pea-shooter, and left the set to investigate. There didn't seem to be any small boys around, so work was resumed. But as soon as Little Mary began to act again, she was disturbed by some more peas from the invisible pea-shooter. This time she made a thorough discovery, not her brother Jack, but her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, perched on a rafter above the set, having the time of his life keeping his wife from working.

THE motion picture has captured Paris. You'd think—in fact, always have thought—that the French were fond of their cafes and their Opera Comique to the exclusion of any other form of amusement. But no—during 1920 the cinema theaters had the largest audiences. Nineteen twenty, in fact, is the most prosperous year the amusement halls have had. In 1913, before the war—the gross receipts of all classes of houses was 68,500,000 francs; in 1920, 219,455,194.

MOST of us were surprised to learn that Agnes Ayres was divorced, as we never knew she was married. Her husband was Frank Schucker, a Captain in the army whom Miss Ayres married in Brooklyn about three years ago.

A PROMINENT young celluloid luminairy had, in a moment of madness, consented to be "shown" in a small middle-western city where she was crossing the continent not long ago. She was riding with the Important Citizen and his wife, both of whom had undertaken to tell her a few things about their town. "There, Miss," said the P. C., pointing, "there's the gas-works." "Oh, yes," said the star, "yes, I was aware of the gas-works quite a while back."

HOLLYWOOD has been literally overrun with swimming parties this hot month. Everybody who has a swimming pool—and numerous screen celebrities have—has engaged it for themselves and inviting their friends to do likewise.

Wally Reid's hillside estate sports a very grand pool, with a walled-in sand pile, completely shut in from the road and Mrs. Reid—who was pretty Dorothy Davenport—is to be found in it about eight hours out of every twenty-four. The other afternoon she and Wally were joined by pretty Wanda Hawley—who looks very nice indeed in a blue one piece affair, which she fills to the brim. She is a great fan of Mabel, Mabel, Mabel, and was there ever anybody before or since who could look like Mabel in one of those Italian silk suits of unrelieved black—T. Roy Barnes, and his wife Bessie Crawford, Bill Hart, May All'son, who is just learning to swim and does it with fascinating timidity amid prolific masculine instruction—and wears a modest, stiffening bathing dress that looks very Frenchy and ties in the back. Not to mention young Bill Reid, who at the age of four has learned to swim under water like an enlarged minus, now, but can't swim if his nose gets above water.

Charles Ray has also built a pool—of pale green tile, with a fetching little Japanese tea garden at one end and green tile dressing rooms at the other. Mr. Ray's pool cost $11,000, and is said to be the very nicest one around here.

By the frequency with which the new 1922 Haynes models 55 and 75 are seen on the highways and boulevards, you may know the instant enthusiasm which has greeted them in the few short weeks since their introduction. This is true evidence that these two new Haynes offerings give the motorist the fullest advantage, not only in price, but in obtaining cars which express proved principles of desirability which otherwise would not be available for many months.

The Haynes 55 is a new production possessing many desirable developments and refinements. The body is greatly beautified. A full, five-passenger touring car, with a 121-inch wheelbase and the famous velvety-powered Haynes-built, light-six motor, it surpasses all expectations at the low price—$1785, f. o. b. Kokomo. The utmost in style, economy, durability and performance has been given this light-weight car. Individual fenders and steps fit gracefully into its semi-sporty lines. Exterior cowl lights, cord tires and genuine leather upholstery add to its appearance. Mechanically, the Haynes 55 more than fulfills your expectations for ruggedness, dependability and reserve power.

HAYNES' GREATEST OFFERINGS

THE NEW 1922 $1785

HAYNES 55

F. O. B. FACTORY

Several months in advance of the usual time of presentation of such a car comes this new 1922 Haynes model 75, priced fully a thousand dollars below what you would ordinarily expect it to be.

A newly-developed, big, powerful Haynes-built engine, perfected after many months of careful scientific research, equipped with the Haynes fuelizing system, assures power, flexibility and acceleration even greater than ever before enjoyed with the always popular Haynes power plant. Larger valves, larger intake and exhaust, thermostat engine heat control and other decidedly advanced features emphasize the distinct advantage of the Haynes 75 motor alone.

The new 1922 Haynes 75 has a more rugged chassis and in lines and finish, as well as fittings, is completely a 1922 idea. The seven-passenger touring car offers the extreme of luxury and utility in such a production, and the price—$2485, f. o. b. factory—is in keeping with the Haynes policy of extending to the purchaser every benefit of the organization's manufacturing and distributing methods.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Kokomo, Indiana

EXPORT OFFICE: 1715 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Johnny Harron, the little brother of the beloved Bobby, is a big boy now, and has played in several pictures, most recently with Harry Carey. Here are Harry and Johnny tracing the old Sante Fe train which figures in Carey's new Western.

THE wedding of Lloyd Hughes, rising young Ince star, and Gloria Hope, pretty screen ingenue, took place in Los Angeles during the first week in July.

Thereby hangs a tale. Mr. Hughes certainly hasn't told—but it leaked out somehow, and his friends have been adding insult to injury in the matter of kidding the bridegroom.

Mr. Hughes is working for King Vidor in his forthcoming production. He had had the license for several days, burning a hole in his pocket, waiting and watching anxiously for a chance to use it.

One afternoon Mr. Vidor's assistant director came to him and said, "Mr. Hughes, I don't think we're going to want you for three days anyway. If you want to get away, now's a good time."

Mr. Hughes certainly did want to get away. The wedding was arranged for the next day—took place in the forenoon—and the happy bridal pair left for a delightful and exclusive hotel at Santa Barbara.

That same morning, King Vidor took a look at the script, exercised his masculine prerogative for changing his mind, and declared that he absolutely must have Mr. Hughes on the set the next morning at nine o'clock. After much excitement, the company located him, telephoned him the sad news and "like a sap" as he himself put it, he climbed out of bed at four o'clock in the morning and was on the set ready to work at nine.

CLAIRE WINDSOR, leading woman for Lois Weber productions, was the heroine this week of a sensational disappearance drama that startled all Hollywood and resulted in turning out the entire police department of Los Angeles.

Miss Windsor left her home—where she lives with her mother and her four-year-old son—on the morning of Ju'y 15th at nine o'clock, went to the Hollywood Riding Academy, got her horse, went into the Hollywood foothills and disappeared. At noon her horse was found, riderless, on a lonely hill bridle path.

The alarm was sounded and within a few hours posse composed of friends of the missing beauty, police officers, and citizens of Hollywood were scouring the hills in every direction from the spot where it was discovered she had either fallen or been dragged from her horse. Bloodhounds were put on the trail, but for 35 hours failed to find any trace of the girl.

The police struggled between the theories that she had been assaulted, dragged from her horse and kidnapped, or that she had been thrown and seriously injured and was lying unconscious in the hills.

Late the next afternoon, a woman living in Hollywood Park heard moans near her door and going out found Miss Windsor, dazed and faint from fatigue, her face cut and her habit stained and torn.

Summoning the police, the girl was rushed immediately to a hospital and the next day was able to tell the officers that she fell from her horse, and that after the terrific fall remembered nothing until the time she woke up in the hospital.

One of the posses was led by Charles Chaplin, who also offered $1,000 reward to the person who should find her.

There are those unkind enough to say that Miss Windsor wrote to the woman in whose house she was found—a Mrs. Dodge—some time before the "disappearance" asking if she could put her up for a few days, that Miss Windsor's boots and gloves were absolutely unscathed and that it was strange if she was lying on the hill for thirty-five hours with the bloodhounds, police and searchlights did not find her and that she was never seen except after she was inside Mrs. Dodge's home.

But of course there are always people that would suspect the Angel Gabriel.

If, by any stretch of the imagination, it was a press agent yarn, it was remarkably brilliant both in conception and execution.
JULIE CRUZE—the eight-year-old daughter of director James Cruze and Marguerite Snow—took a trip into the mountains this summer with some friends. Before she left, her mother gave her some stamped and addressed postal cards and said, "Now Julie dear, write a few words on these every day and send them to mamma, so she'll know you are getting along all right."

The first one she received was crowded with writing in the space allotted to correspondence and read as follows:

"Dear mama. We arrived safe. It is grand up here. Coming up here we had a great deal of excitement. While we were walking up the highest trail we heard a woman wildly yelling for help—'Help! Help!' There is not room on this postcard so I will finish telling you about it tomorrow. Kisses and love, Julie."

FAMOUS PLAYERS has secured the rights to "Miss Lulu Bett."

Now let's have a good time wondering who's going to play the Carol McComas part on the screen.

The betting on the film "Peter Pan" is not so spirited as it was. Perhaps the public knows that although it may want Mary Pickford or Marguerite Clark to play it, Paramount holds no such illusions. Neither Mary nor Marguerite has been a Famous Player for some years.

CATHERINE CALVERT is not with Vitagraph any more. She says she is going on the stage as Otis Skinner's leading woman in a Broadway production of Ibanez' "Blood and Sand."

Wonder when she will get married to the gallant Canadian who has been so attentive to her for so long?

WE are at a loss to understand the attitude of Corinne Griffith about her husband, who is also her director.

She has been married to Webster Campbell for quite a while. She loves him, and he loves her—or else they are both extraordinarily fine actors. She likes to have people meet him. But always, after an interview, or anything, she says: "Please don't say that I'm married."

Her excuse is that if the public knows she is married, it will no longer render her homage. The public has known it for a long while, and it hasn't seemed to make any difference. But if the same public discovers that she is continually denying her marriage it may change its mind about her.

If there is one little girl who is popular around her studio, it is Alice Calhoun. She's so young, and so pretty, and so naive, that we hope her future film experience will not spoil her. She's as nice to the property boys as she is to Vitagraph's president. Pete Props and his assistants recently presented her with a wrist-watch, just to show her how much they like her. We don't blame them. And the answer is: Mother Calhoun. Not a stage or screen mother; just a sweet, old-fashioned, unworldly woman, who never objected to her daughter's theatrical ambitions, but who helped her to realize them. That's the kind of a mother to have.

ALMA RUBENS is again a member of the Cosmopolitan forces. She is not a star, but, like Seena Owen, a featured leading woman. Miss Rubens has been away from the screen for some months. She wanted a certain salary from the Hearst company which they did not care to give her at the time. Now, however, she's getting it.

Win Boys to the love of oats

That is important, as you know.

As food for growth and as vim-food the oat holds sovereign place.

Make every dish delightful.

We flake Quaker Oats from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavorful oats.

We get but ten pounds from a bushel, for all the puny grains are discarded.

The result is a flavor which makes Quaker Oats supreme. Among oat lovers all the world over this is the favorite brand.

Millions have been won by its quality.

Yet your grocer supplies it at a little price if you simply say Quaker Oats.

Remember how much that means.

Quaker Oats

With the flavor that won the world

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
You Can Weigh
What You Should

I TEACH you how to sit, stand and walk correctly,
give you grace, abundant vitality — courage to
undertake and do thing.
I build you up or reduce you to normal — all in your
own home.
In a few weeks you can surprise your family and
friends.

You Can Be Well
Without Drugs

It's easier to be well than to be sick when you know how.
If you are troubled with any of the following, or any other
ailments, write me:

- Indigestion
- Neuralgia
- Rheumatism
- Backache
- Headache

My 20 years' work has won the endorsement of leading
physicians.

What I have done for 100,000 women, I can do for you. Write me.

I will gladly send you my illustrated booklet telling how to
dress, sit, stand and walk correctly, free.

Dept. 35
1819 Broadway, New York

Send No Money!

Ladies' Solitaire — Examination Free — 10 Months to Pay

Examine ring FIRST, then if you decide to keep it, pay only $10.00 per month on balance.
Price A Perfectly Genuine Diamond in handsome solid gold setting. Diamond set at $5.00 per month.

Take Advantage of this simple plan and send for No Money Back if you are not satisfied.

SWEET'S SHADE CIGARS
THE GREATEST DIAMOND
A POSTAL BRINGS YOU
WHAT YOU SHOULD HAVE
FREE. EVERYTHING SENT ON FREE EXAMINATION.

ADDRESS DEPT. 591-R
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY
L.W. SWEET INC.

1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BIRD LOVERS

Send for free bird book, "Canary for Pleasure and Profit," gives valuable information about
breeding, training, rearing, feeding, care and full description of canaries. Written by an expert.
Sent free together with samples of West's Quality Bird Foods on receipt of 10 stamps to cover mailing costs.

MAGNESIA PRODUCTS COMPANY
Department 18
Milwaukee, Wis.

West's Quality Bird Foods

Every advertisement in PHOTOCPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
WALLY REID tried his darndest to acquire a wonderful sunburn in the surf—near his home at Rye, New York. In fact, of the films, who recently staged a come-

GEORGE FITZMAURICE went abroad in July.

So did Ouida Bergere—Mrs. Fitzmaurice. “Fitz” will work at the Islington, England, studio of Famous Players. His first production to be made abroad will be “Three Wise Fools.” He finished “Peter Ibbetson” before leaving.

WALLY REID tried his darndest to look pale, wan, and aesthetic as “Peter.” The marcel wave he wore helped a great deal.

Dick and Mary, by the way, are very happy. They are both keen about tennis and swimming and each other.

ACCORDING to newspaper reports, Florence Lawrence, once the First Lady of the films, who recently staged a comeback, has been married to Charles B. Woodring, an automobile salesman.

They met in New York when Miss Lawrence was in retirement. They met again in San Francisco when the actress returned to the screen. Five days later they were married.

Florence Lawrence’s first husband is dead. (Continued on page 112)

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 61)

THE GOLDEN SNARE—First National

THE Canadian Northwest Mounted Po-
lice have a wonderful press agent in James Oliver Curwood; he has advertised their slogan, “get your man,” in every corner of the globe. In “The Golden Snare,” he keeps the publicity campaign up, but adds nothing new to the world’s stock of knowledge. In fact, this picture is exactly the same as every other frozen north exhibit, except that the characters and the Eskimo dogs have different names. There is the usual amount of snow.

A HEART TO LET—Realart

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE’S new picture, “A Heart to Let,” possesses one of the most incredibly foolish plots in history. The heroine is an impoverished Southern belle, in whose home boards a blind young millionaire. For no reason whatsoever, she impersonates her great aunt (deceased)—even going so far as to dress the part—so that she may fool the sightless youth into believing that she is somebody else. The picture should go big in a blind asylum.

THE SPIRIT OF ’76—All-American

OH, propaganda! What crimes are committed in thy name. “The Spirit of ’76” was first designed as German propaganda. But the Germans, after seeing the

And a fragrant scent of incense clings bewitchingly

JUST a tiny bit of incense curling from a Vantine burner on her dressing table, yet wherever she may go tonight the subtle fragrance will surely cling—a rare and exotic perfume.

For the fragrance of Vantine’s Temple Incense is the true and fascinating fragrance of the Orient—bewitching and mysterious in its appeal.

You, too, may know the spell of incense

The burning of incense has been a symbol of welcome—an old world custom for thousands of years—and because of Vantine’s, you, too, may enjoy the same refreshing scents today.

For a little incense burning in your home will charm and please your most fastidious guest.

Or alone tonight in your room, the tiny wisps of fragrance may readily rise to delight you and to refresh you.

But be certain that it is Vantine’s, the True Temple Incense, that you burn.

Which is your choice?

Sandalwood, Wistaria, Rose, Violet and Pine are the five fragrances in which you may buy Vantine’s Incense. Each is as delightful as the other and your choice of one is merely a matter of personal preference. So try, tonight, the fragrance which appeals the most to you.

Vantine’s Temple Incense is sold at druggists, department stores and gift shops in two forms—powder and cones—in 3 packages—25c, 50c and 75c

If you will send 25c to A. A. Vantine & Co., 64 Hunterspoint Avenue, Long Island City, N.Y., and name the fragrance you prefer, we will be glad to send you an Introductory Package.
securely— on and off in a jiffy.

The BOB will be *sent* to you at once, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Artificial eyelashes, $1.50 a pair. Send for our

"k—r'

Send a Strand of Your Hair and $10.00

for it saves the annoyance of curling, burning or

Bns. Reducer. $6.00 353 Fifth Ave., N.Y. ("SSS") Chin Reducer, $2.50 Ent. on 34th St., 3rd Door East

Reducing Rubber Garments

Reduce Your Flesh

Pain is Nature's signal that something is wrong, and unless it is quickly righted it may easily become serious.

If the aches are in the joints, muscles Absorbine Jr. will alay the pain quickly and restore the tissue to its former healthy condition.

Swellings which so commonly accompany pain are quickly reduced by a brisk Absorbine Jr. rub.

$1.25 a bottle at your druggist or postpaid. A liberal trial bottle sent for 10c.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
18 Temple Street
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Reduce Your Flesh—Dr. Walter's Famous Medicated
Reducing Rubber Garments
For Men and Women

Cover the entire body or any for reducing and part. Housed in Amber by leading phy.

Send for illustrated booklet.

DR. JEANNE P. H. WALTER
Butt Reducer, $6.00 353 Fifth Ave., N.Y. ("SSS") Chin Reducer, $2.50 Ent. on 34th St., 3rd Door East.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
When Irene Castle
Bit the Villain

YOU are always asking if those film fights are the real thing. Irene Castle says they are.

She was enacting a scene in her picture when Edward Hollywood, her director, insisted that so much vigor be put into the fight that Mrs. Castle Treman was laid up in a hospital as a result.

The star was "fighting" with Howard Truesdale, who took the director at his word and grappled with the heroine in real pugilistic fashion. Irene became so carried away by the action that, feeling an arm twine about her neck in no gentle manner, she forgot all the rules of the game and sank her pearly teeth into the "villain's" arm. Mr. Truesdale immediately countered with a blow that was like a bolt out of the blue as far as Irene was concerned, because she went right out.

Of course she wasn't hurt much — she was only in the hospital about a week. Perhaps the next time she is called upon to do a Dempsey, she will not insist upon too much realism.

The Perfect Lie

(Continued from page 66)

very dramatic at such times — not real men. Bob just said he's heard a lot of damned lies about me and Phil—that we were in love with each other, and all that—had been, for almost a year, and that I was going to marry him, Bob, on account of his money, but that I really loved Phil, and that he had turned me down. 'Betty may be love with you, Phil, for all I know,' Bob said, 'I shouldn't blame her a bit, old chap, if she were. She hasn't accepted me, yet. But I'd like to know. That Townly girl said some pretty low-down things. Now look here, Phil—is there any reason why I shouldn't marry Betty? Wouldn't you, in my place?'

"It was a pretty hard question to answer, wasn't it? But he was man and was a fair friend. You know, Polly, men are a lot squarer with each other than women are. And Phil didn't want to lie."

"The girl on the edge of the couch gazed at her friend with puzzled eyes.

"What on earth did he say?" she whispered.

"He said, 'Bob—I don't know of any reason why I shouldn't marry Betty, if I were in your place.'"

"Then he did lie.'"

"Yes, I suppose he did, in a way. But it was a perfect lie, because it was the truth. There wasn't any reason why Philip shouldn't have married me—that was true enough—in fact, he was, in that particular sense, the only man in the world who could. And yet, it was a lie, because Bob was perfectly satisfied with his answer, and went away very happy."

"Phil came to see me, that night. He was cold as ice, and only stayed a few minutes. He told me what he had done. 'There isn't anything to prevent your marrying Bob Otis now,' he said. Then he went away. I could have hugged him. And I didn't cry, that time, after he'd gone."

"I laughed, from joy, Polly, and at his right now you haven't an idea why."

"It wasn't fifteen minutes after Phil left, before Bob came. I was expecting him, because he'd telephoned. He was mighty sweet, and after talking for a little while about things that didn't make a bit of difference to either of us, he proposed to me again. 'You see, Betty,' he said, 'a lot of people have been gossiping—saying that it's Phil you're in love with, and not not..."
The Perfect Lie

(Concluded)

me. I don't think, as matters are, that it's fair for you to keep me guessing any longer. Of course, if Phil loves you—

"I stopped him right there. "Phil hasn't asked me to marry him," I said.

"Well, I have," he went on. "And I want you to give me your answer tonight.

We can go to the theater and get the license the first thing in the morning, and be married before noon. Then we'll go to Europe for our honeymoon. My yacht's in commission. Am I going to lose it? Bob is worth at least ten million."

"Attractive! I should say so. And you accepted him?"

"No, Polly—I didn't."

"What? Why, I thought you said—"

"I rejected him, definitely, finally. How could I help it?"

"But—let's get it straight. Let Phil to lie for you—"

"I didn't get Phil to lie for me. I left it entirely to him. But oh, Polly, you'll never know how much I hoped he would, not on my account, but on his own. I was testing him—trying to find out the sort of a man he was. But you don't suppose for a moment I had any idea of taking advantage of him. Who thought you didn't see, I was a perfect lie, myself. So far as Bob was concerned. So although he begged and begged, I told him there wasn't a bit of use—that I didn't love him, at least not enough to marry him. Just let him think me a mean, shameless little flirt. It was a hard thing to do, for Bob is a splendid fellow, and I didn't want to hurt him, but there wasn't any other way, for me."

"I don't know, Polly, how many bad women there are in the world, and perhaps they might not all have felt just as I did, but I was sorry, because it hurt him."

"Yes, that's why I went abroad.""

"I hope you were right in getting away where he could forget. I hope he has. Men usually do—at twenty-four."

"And how about you? What about your broken heart?"

"Oh, Polly," the girl amongst the pillows laughed a golden laugh. "My heart wasn't broken! I was just—waiting—waiting for something I thought there was just one chance in a thousand might happen. And I'd taken that chance, from the beginning, because I knew it was the only one, or happiness, I had."

"Betty, you're too deep for me. What on earth were you waiting for?"

"You silly boy for Phil! I hoped he might come, sooner or later. Do you imagine for a moment that I would ever have married any other man? Haven't you ever seen, from what I've told you, that I loved him from the start? So I just waited, hoping that when he heard about my refusing Bob, he might come back. And he did. He said that just—waiting—waiting for something I thought there was just one chance in a thousand might happen. And I'd taken that chance, from the beginning, because I knew it was the only one, or happiness, I had."

"And still he wasn't sure."

"When he said that, I simply couldn't hold back any longer. 'Oh Phil—Phil!' I told him, 'don't you know?' Then I just fell into his arms and stayed there. I don't remember what we said—I was too happy."

"We're going to be married next month."

"The girl who was listening turned to her friend and kissed her rapturously."

"Betty!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it just splendid! To think you're going to marry Phil after all! I can scarcely believe it. And all the thought he's been having about New York and me. To think Phil is out of it. I'm glad, dear—mighty glad, even though Phil hasn't any money. It's all come out for the best. But what can I understand is, why you let him go when you knew you Bob the way you did. We all thought you were crazy about him."

"The girl amongst the cushions rose, and looked at herself in the glass. A faint smile hovered about the corners of her beautiful mouth."

"Polly," she cried, "do you really mean to say you don't know? After all I've told you why—you don't know? I've ranged everything, from the start. Bob was Phil's best friend. So I—I let him fall in love with me, of course. It was a terrible task, because Phil might have failed me, but it was the only one in the world I had to get him back, so I took it. And it worked, Polly—it worked! I'm the happiest woman in New York!"

How to Tell the Truth

SPEAKING of moving-picture actors, a good story is told of one who was suing a company for breach of contract. When asked by the court why he claimed so large a sum, he replied because I am the greatest actor in the world."

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
necesssary and earnestly hope that in her future pictures she will be allowed to appear in her own natural beauty.

Alice and Ingram and I had dinner that night at the Garden Court on Hollywood Boulevard, and, by carefully concealing from Ingram the fact that I was head-over-heels about her myself, I managed to have many other dinners with them. I even succeeded in getting Alice to talk about herself. Her over-night rise to fame had, like most over-night rises to fame, been preceded by years of strenuous and disheartening work. She had moved to Los Angeles with her mother when she was fourteen, from Vincennes, Indiana, where she was born in 1901; and shortly after her arrival had been attracted to motion pictures while visiting a studio with a girl friend.

Under her real name—yes, they changed that too—which is Alice Frances Taaffe (she is Welsh and pronounces it Taffa) she worked as an extra at Vitagraph, Triangle and other studios. If you are shy, there is not much chance of having your work as an extra noticed by directors; and poor little Alice was shy and made no progress.

"Anyway," she said, "there were a few kind-hearted people—William S. Hart and Milton Sills among them—who used to tell me that I ought to have parts, but somehow no one ever dared give me one. I felt so small and miserable, always looking over stars' shoulders so that the camera would pick me up and the company would get its seven-dollars-and-fifty-cents' worth of me every day, that I gave it up and went into the cutting-room at Lasky's. That was even worse, but I stuck at it for two years. The confining work began to tell on me and I worked again as extra for Metro.

"One day, when I was feeling completely cowed and unusually wretched, Mr. Ingram walked across the lot, turned his head, straightened out his eyebrows, and looked right through me. I thought he was going to have me arrested for trespassing. But he didn't. He gave me a part!"

The part was in "Shore Acres," and it was little more than a "bit." But one cannot have authority on an Ingram set and go unnoticed for long. Mr. Ingram gave her a bigger part in his next picture, "Hearts Are Trumps," and she saved a bad story from being a bad picture. Then, despite the fact that she was always frightened by the dread disease "staritis," for she is enjoying life so fully that she gives little thought to the success that makes the enjoyment possible.

"You see," says Mr. Ingram, who is Irish and superstitious, "there's no luck in the world.

"Anyway," she said, "there were a few kind-hearted people—William S. Hart and Milton Sills among them—who used to tell me that I ought to have parts, but somehow no one ever dared give me one. I felt so small and miserable, always looking over stars' shoulders so that the camera would pick me up and the company would get its seven-dollars-and-fifty-cents' worth of me every day, that I gave it up and went into the cutting-room at Lasky's. That was even worse, but I stuck at it for two years. The confining work began to tell on me and I worked again as extra for Metro.

"One day, when I was feeling completely cowed and unusually wretched, Mr. Ingram walked across the lot, turned his head, straightened out his eyebrows, and looked right through me. I thought he was going to have me arrested for trespassing. But he didn't. He gave me a part!"

The part was in "Shore Acres," and it was little more than a "bit." But one cannot have authority on an Ingram set and go unnoticed for long. Mr. Ingram gave her a bigger part in his next picture, "Hearts Are Trumps," and she saved a bad story from being a bad picture. Then, despite the fact that she was always frightened by the dread disease "staritis," for she is enjoying life so fully that she gives little thought to the success that makes the enjoyment possible.

"Oh, yes! The hero gets his reward, too. Rex Ingram is going to marry the heroine as soon as they can both get away from Hollywood at the same time. They will probably be married in New York (Alice has never been east of Vincennes) or in Europe, if Mr. Ingram's plans work out.

"You see," says Mr. Ingram, who is Irish and superstitious, "there's no luck in Hollywood marriages. They don't last!"
Resinol

Destroys Superfluous Hair Roots

"ZIP is indeed the only actual hair destroyer."

Lydig Hoyt, upon her return from the French fashion center, told us that Paris decrees that the short skirts are no longer a la mode. Little by little, the little blonde, who has played the part of an actress, brought back many frocks from Paris—but she has had them all shortened, as she doesn't care for long skirts. Neither, I must confess, do I. With Betty Compson, I say: "What do we care what Paris says about skirts? They may know a lot about clothes—I’ll admit they do—but this is one matter in which I am defying them. Short skirts are more comfortable, healthful, and pretty than long skirts, and I, for one, am going to continue to wear them!" Bravo!

Mrs. Norman—Yours is a letter I will keep and read again. I am so glad you consider my advice about your little daughter’s dresses worth while. I will tell you now that I am having, in my next month’s pages, frocks and hats for little girls just your little girl’s age! I wish you would wait and look at these and then, if you want to buy, you know, it depends upon the woman as to what age she should discontinue bobbed hair. I do not care for it on an older woman. As to the banded style affected by Mary Thurman, which is most becoming to that delightful film star, it is not suitable for every girl. The Irene Castle bob is more generally popular. Yes, Mrs. Castle was the pioneer in the bobbed hair movement.

Ray Pullman, Wash.—For the girl of seventeen, an organdie dress is quite all right for informal wear. It may be worn in the morning and afternoon, but hardly for the evening, particularly if you are going to a party.

L. F. M., Texas.—Why don’t you bob your hair? Gingham dresses were much worn during the past summer. For winter, a dress of serge and tricotine made in the simplest possible style are the thing for a fourteen-year-old.

Curlv Locks.—So the hair-dresser told you bobbed hair was out of style! She doubtless meant that women of all sizes and ages are no longer pushing their hair to “get bobbed.” But for young girls I shall always think that bobbed hair is the best. When you get tired of it that way, let it grow. While it is at the awkward length, pin it under.

M. B., Binscarth, Canada.—It is perfectly all right to darken your lashes and eyebrows. I have not heard of the powder you mention but I will try to find out about it. I know it is not being sold in New York. Perfume is permissible, I think, if you do not use too much of it, although many women I know do not approve of it. Much depends upon the perfume you use.

Chaplin’s Unfinished Scenario

A MONG the papers found in the cabinet of the late Edmond Rostand, premier dramatic poet of modern France, were preliminary sketches for an extraordinary satiric play upon manners. It seems that Rostand had heard, somewhere, the tragic-comic story of the Englishman who invented the derby hat—or, as our British cousins call it, the bowler. According to this grotesque narrative, when he appeared on the street with his hard headgear the unfortunate inventor was clapped into an asylum. Emerging, ten years later, he saw men of good taste wearing the very headpiece for which he had been put away. Rostand found such sad and universal humor in this quaint fable of human frailty that he was created for them: that graceful, round line. You should have a lace fan, rather than a feather fan. Instead of carrying a bag about with you, you should make one of those silk arm bands, to match your gown, in which there is room for a powder-puff quite large enough for any pretty girl?

D. D., Illinois.—You wish to know if your sister should bob her hair. I do not flatter myself that I am competent to settle this family question, but if you must know, I approve of the bob and think she should try it. She can always let her hair grow again, you know. It depends upon the woman as to what age she should discontinue bobbed hair. I do not care for it on an older woman. As to the banded style affected by Mary Thurman, which is most becoming to that delightful film star, it is not suitable for every girl. The Irene Castle bob is more generally popular. Yes, Mrs. Castle was the pioneer in the bobbed hair movement.

Ray Pullman, Wash.—For the girl of seventeen, an organdie dress is quite all right for informal wear. It may be worn in the morning and afternoon, but hardly for the evening, particularly if you are going to a party.

L. F. M., Texas.—Why don’t you bob your hair? Gingham dresses were much worn during the past summer. For winter, a dress of serge and tricotine made in the simplest possible style are the thing for a fourteen-year-old.

Curlv Locks.—So the hair-dresser told you bobbed hair was out of style! She doubtless meant that women of all sizes and ages are no longer pushing their hair to “get bobbed.” But for young girls I shall always think that bobbed hair is the best. When you get tired of it that way, let it grow. While it is at the awkward length, pin it under.

M. B., Binscarth, Canada.—It is perfectly all right to darken your lashes and eyebrows. I have not heard of the powder you mention but I will try to find out about it. I know it is not being sold in New York. Perfume is permissible, I think, if you do not use too much of it, although many women I know do not approve of it. Much depends upon the perfume you use.
How I Keep In Condition

(Continued from page 39)

to make the American woman exercise, and only, as far as I can see. I do both.

One is to sugar-coat her exercise with enjoyment, the other is to give it to her without any exertion on her part, which is the new way coming into vogue so rapidly from Sweden and Norway.

The first includes, of course, horse-back riding, tennis, swimming, and golf. I am a confirmed golf bend. Some day when I am through making pictures I am going to become a golf champion or something like that. Yet I find that golf is too strenuous for me when I am working eight hours a day in the studio.

I will sometimes walk around nine holes with my sister or a friend without playing, if I have time. But that is enough.

Otherwise, at least four and sometimes five times a week, I have home exercise given me by a masseuse.

The Swedish girl who does this for me is an expert. She understands every muscle in the body. She places me on a table or bed, and taking my ankles, makes me walk or run two or three or four miles. She can give me the same amount of actual exercise while I am resting, relaxing comfortably there as though I wore myself out on the golf course. Then she hardens the muscles and refashions the skin with an alcohol rub, which is also an excellent astringent, and actually I am in a reposeful and vitalizing sleep before she gets out of the room.

On Saturday—every Saturday for almost a year—my sister Mary and I visit friends who have a home in the Pasadena foothills. Saturday afternoon when I arrive I walk over nine holes of the golf course, take a plunge in the swimming pool, have dinner and go to bed.

On Sunday I play eighteen holes of golf, at the Annandale club, which is within walking distance of my friends' home, have another swim, and spend the evening playing bridge.

Between pictures, when I am not working, I play from nine to eighteen holes of golf every day.

That is the program of my exercise, and it is one that almost any woman can follow. I advise it for any professional woman. Regularity of existence—I think I am a bit of a crank about that. The Scotch crop it out in me, I guess.

No one can keep fit, no woman can keep her beauty, who does not lead the majority of the time a regular, wholesome and more or less systematic life.

Eat regularly and you will not need to pay a great deal of attention to your diet because old methods failed to combat film effectively.

Pepsodent removes the film. Then it leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

It also multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva—the factor which digests starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva—the factor which neutralizes acids.

Every application brings these five effects. The film is combated, Nature's forces are multiplied. The benefits are quickly apparent.

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

Compare the new way with the old, then decide for yourself which is best. Cut out the coupon now. This is too important to forget.

Prettier teeth—safer teeth—in a week

We will send for the asking a new-method tooth paste. Modern authorities advise it. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

To millions of people it has brought whiter, safer, cleaner teeth. It will bring them to you and yours. See and feel the delightful results and judge what they mean to you.

Removes the film

It removes the film—that viscid film you feel. No old method ever did that effectively. Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It dims the teeth and leads to attacks on them. It is the cause of most tooth troubles. Those troubles have been constantly increasing, because old methods failed to combat film effectively.

Ways to combat it

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Able authorities have amply proved them. Now dentists the world over are urging their adoption.

These methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste which meets every modern requirement. And a ten-day test is now supplied to everyone who asks.

These effects will delight you

Pepsodent removes the film. Then it leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

It also multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva—the factor which digests starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva—the factor which neutralizes acids.

Every application brings these five effects. The film is combated, Nature's forces are multiplied. The benefits are quickly apparent.

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

Compare the new way with the old, then decide for yourself which is best. Cut out the coupon now. This is too important to forget.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSONDENT COMPANY, Dept. 14, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combattant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOLAY MAGAZINE.
The Perfect Hair Remover

De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid, is called the perfect hair remover because it devitalizes hair, which is the only common sense way to remove it. It acts immediately and with absolute certainty. De Miracle requires no mixing, it is clean, convenient and most simple. De Miracle is called the sanitary liquid, is called the only complete hair remover.

At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in Dept. E-23, Park Ave. and 129th St. Minneapolis, Minn.

AN American politician, who at one time served his country in a very high legislative position, passed away, and a number of newspaper men were collaborating, rating an obituary notice. "What shall we say of him?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, just put down that he was always faithful to his trust.

"Well, answered another of the group, "that’s all right, but are you going to give the name of the trust?" The American politician, who at one time served his country in a very high legislative position, passed away, and a number of newspaper men were collaborating, rating an obituary notice. "What shall we say of him?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, just put down that he was always faithful to his trust.

"Well, answered another of the group, "that’s all right, but are you going to give the name of the trust?" The American politician, who at one time served his country in a very high legislative position, passed away, and a number of newspaper men were collaborating, rating an obituary notice. "What shall we say of him?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, just put down that he was always faithful to his trust.

"Well, answered another of the group, "that’s all right, but are you going to give the name of the trust?" The American politician, who at one time served his country in a very high legislative position, passed away, and a number of newspaper men were collaborating, rating an obituary notice. "What shall we say of him?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, just put down that he was always faithful to his trust.

"Well, answered another of the group, "that’s all right, but are you going to give the name of the trust?" The American politician, who at one time served his country in a very high legislative position, passed away, and a number of newspaper men were collaborating, rating an obituary notice. "What shall we say of him?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, just put down that he was always faithful to his trust.

"Well, answered another of the group, "that’s all right, but are you going to give the name of the trust?"
How the movies gave to shoes new charm and daintiness

D AINTY feminine feet, always smartly shod, always trim and shapely—a charming picture indeed! And now the movies have visualized it in the Red Cross Shoe—the shoe made to fit the foot in action.

Red Cross Shoe designers base their measurements upon a study of the moving foot, as shown by hundreds of movie photographs. Then they test each style on living models. The use of this principle, accurately revealed by moving pictures, gives to the Red Cross Shoe snug, clinging lines that move with the foot, not against it. No premature appearance of ugly bulges and wrinkles in the Red Cross Shoe; it holds its lines of shapely slenderness; it stays smart and trim and gives complete comfort always.

The favored modes for autumn

One of the high class shoe stores in your community is now showing the smart new Red Cross models for autumn and winter. Among this complete selection you will find the shoes to give your feet that chic daintiness, that satisfying comfort you desire. Red Cross Shoes for fall and winter wear moderately priced at $8 to $12.50 with many stylish models at $10.

Write for the new Footwear Style Guide—sent without charge. With it we will send the name of your Red Cross Shoe dealer or tell you how to order direct. Address the Krohn-Fechheimer Company, 310 Dandridge St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A study of the foot in action as shown by moving pictures, and used by Red Cross shoe designers.

Model No. MS—"The Shift." Always smart, always comfortable. Red Cross Shoe in black kid, green kid, and patent leather with silver trim. $10.

Model No. 493—"The Beauty." Always smart, always correct. Red Cross Shoe in dark kid, with silver trim, $10.

Model No. 460—"The Designer." Always smart, always correct. Red Cross Shoe in dark kid, with silver trim, $10.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Pretty Mae Busch, Universal Film star, adores Garda Face Powder

A smooth, clinging quality, truly unusual — a dainty new odor distinctly Garda — delight you in

WATKINS

GARDA

FACE POWDER

Garda toilet necessaries — and 130 other Watkins products — are delivered direct to your home, city or country, by over 4,000 Watkins Retailers. Watkins service, and Watkins Quality (known over 50 years), are responsible for twenty million satisfied users today. If a Watkins Retailer has not called recently, write us and we will see you are supplied.

How to Get a Sample

Send 2c. stamp and re-

ceive a liberal supply of Garda Face Powder, perfumed with dainty new Garda odor, also an attractive booklet about Garda, the mysterious Spirit of Health and Beauty.

THE J. R. WATKINS CO., Dept. 207
Winona, Minn.

Est. 1876. The Original

A New Perfume!

JUST will be delighted to hear of the newest creation of the Riegler laboratory, known formerly a half-century as makers of the choicest perfumes that can be produced. The new odor is Honolulu Bouquet

Lovers of good perfumery who are charmed with its fragrances, an exquisitely indescribable mingling of the rarest odors. It is unlike anything you have ever seen before.

To introduce it to you, we make this Special Offer

Half Ounce Bottle on Trial

Try it with our positive guarantee that if you are not delighted, or if the perfume does not exactly suit your taste, the trial will not cost you one cent.

Send No Money — Simply send your name and address. We will send you this popular half-ounce bottle. When you receive it — and this you will love — if you are not delighted, just return the bottle and money is refunded. Your satisfaction is our guarantee. Send no money.

RUTH TAF
our beauty expert, gladly will answer your questions on beauty problems. Write to her care of the J. R. Watkins Company.

WANTED
Desirable territories, city and country, open for responsible men and women to sell Watkins 15¢ products. A real opportunity. Write today for plan.

141 First Street
San Francisco, Cal.

His looks brought him money in the bank, diamonds on the hand, and automobiles in the repair shop.

Those Eyes—Those Ears—Those Smile!

THERE isn't any use trying to get away from facts. Looks do count in the movies. Every once in a while somebody says they aren't going to any more. But — there's Wally. There's Tommy. There's Tony. And there's our hero — Luis Montagna, by popular acclaim. "Bull Montana," to hear him tell it. Now where would any of them be without their looks?

Very early in life, Luis shook the dust of Italy from his feet and left the spaghetti fields behind him, while he set sail for the land of the free. That was before prohibition. He sailed, he told me, because he was born of poor-but-honest parents. He knows they were poor and he thinks they were honest.

Today he has money in the bank, diamonds on the hand, and automobiles in the repair shop and monograms on his silk shirt. And his looks did it all for him. Bull — who is called the Italian ray of sunshine around the Lasky lot — started with, but after our hero had grappled with numerous Russians from Iowa, Swedes from Indiana and Turks from the Ghetto, not even Mama Montagna would have known her little Bull. Those eyes. Those ears. That mug.

Douglas Fairbanks was the papa of Bull's screen career. The energetic Doug needed an athletic trainer and court jester at the Lasky lot. Bull was not hired as an actor. But if a man has the looks, you can't keep him away from a camera.

Soon Bull was on the road to fame, fortune and silk shirts. For two years he stayed with Fairbanks at the Lasky studio. Then he played with Blanch Sweet in the "Unpardonable Sin," with May Allison, Bert Lytell, Tourneur and Neilan. But if a man has the looks, you can't keep him away from a camera.

When they needed a 100 per cent crook to support Roscoe Arbuckle in "Crazy to Marry," they brought Bull Montana back home.

He came like a conquering hero — some different from the lad who had entered the same portals four years before. He had his large, red automobile and he had a chauffeur. He wore a shirt that suggested battle,
Those Eyes—Those Ears
Those Smile!
(Concluded)
murder and sudden death. He wore yellow gloves, and he smoked a cigar which a bank president need not have hesitated to inhale.
He arrived like a loud noise.
But he was a bit sad. Only the day before he had sought to pass the examination for American citizenship.

"The Mister Judge talk ver' nice," he admitted, "but he ask too many fool question. He say to me, 'Your name, please.' I look him and laugh. 'Ev'rybody know me, Judge, your Honor,' I say, 'Look me over, you see here Bool Montana', great actor.'

"I answer all question ver' good. Twice I guess and I guess bad. He say, 'How many judges on Supreme Court?' I think quick, say 'One.' That wrong. I lose."

"Then he say, 'Who wrote the constitution of Unit' States?' I say, 'Mister Volstead.'

"He say, 'Bool, you know too much. You study more, I make you citizen some-
day, maybe."

"I say, 'Goo' by,' and walk out fast to go find out who Mist' Volstead get to write dat Constitution for him."

Bull Montana is getting on in the world. He has a sense of humor. He lets a lot of people think they are kidding him when he is kidding them. He is an absolutely invaluable member of the screen actors. He gets a lot of fun out of life and makes a lot of fun for others.

And he swears he carries that cane to fight off the ladies since he became popular.

It’s the looks does it.

Charter Granted
For Safe And Sane Sundays

T
HE Anti-blue Law League of America is the imposing name of an organization recently granted a charter by the State of Delaware. Its aim is to exploit, throughout the United States, propaganda that will work toward safe and sane interpretations of the institution of Sunday.

Andrew G. Smith is treasurer and general counsel of the League, whose principal office is in New Castle County, Delaware. Any person having reached the age of twenty-one years, and who is a citizen of the United States and not a member of any organization favoring overthrow of constitutional governments or the destruction of private property, is eligible to membership.

The objects and purposes for which this corporation is formed are:

"(a) Particularly to promote and protect the American Sunday as a day of rest, religion and recreation; opposed alike to the open Continental Sunday and to the austere Puritanic Sunday of the Seventeenth Century; both being foreign and unAmerican.

"(b) Generally to voice conservation against the extreme of present propaganda which would destroy liberty with libertinism on the one hand, and with purgatorial repression on the other.

"(c) To stand uncompromisingly for constitutional government, obedience to law and respect for those in authority."

Polar Cub Electric Vibrator
$5

At last, a wonderful electric vibrator with a sturdy, long-lived Polar Cub Electric Motor for $5.00. Built like a fine watch. Every moving part automatically oiled. Weight, only 24 ounces. Gives circular vibration, the only true form of Electric Massage.

Vibratory massage is the greatest agent for beautifying the complexion known to the world today. The wrinkles and ravages of time are ironed out by its magic power. The circulation is stimulated and the skin left in a glowing, youthful condition. A vibrator is an indispensable requisite of every woman’s dressing table. For the relief of pain and to allay local congestion, its effects are truly marvelous.

To make it possible for you to have one of these wonderful vibrators, we are going to make an offer that no one can refuse. Merely sign the enclosed coupon and the vibrator will be sent you immediately. When it arrives, you pay for it.

Send No Money
Just write your name and address on the coupon. When you receive the Vibrator you pay the postman $5.00—we pay the postage. Thousands of people will immediately take advantage of this offer. In order to be one of the lucky ones, fill out and mail the coupon today, right now.

THE A.C. GILBERT COMPANY
444 Blatchley Ave., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

In Canada: The A. C. Gilbert-Mensies Co., Limited, Toronto
In England: The A. C. Gilbert Co.,
125 High Holborn, London, W. C. 1

Polar Cub Features
1. Circular vibration—the only true form of massage. (No tapping)
2. Weight, only 25 oz. Ideal for women’s use.
3. Automatic oiling system.
4. Socket Rotator.
5. Spring Tension Friction Relief.
6. The only Electrical Rotary Motor Vibrator at $5.00.
7. Cardboard container for keeping Vibrator.
8. Fully guaranteed.

YOURS as a Larkin Factory-to-Family Saving
This big, comfortable, Highback Rocker is one of 1900 valuable Premiums given with purchases of Larkin Products. Buy your everyday necessities—pure foods, soaps, toilet preparations, wearing apparel, etc.—direct from the great Larkin Factories or through a Larkin Club and get this fine Rocker and other beautiful Premiums as your Factory-to-Family Saving.

New Larkin Catalog FREE
Our new Catalog pictures and describes 900 Larkin Products and 1900 Premiums, all offered under our iron-clad guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. Hundreds of lower prices increase the buying power of your dollars. This attractive book also tells all about the popular Larkin Club plan.

MAIL COUPON TODAY
Larkin Co. Inc., Buffalo, N.Y. Chicago, Ill. Peoria, III.
Please send your new Fall Catalog No. 78.

Name.
Address.
The
G. P. 444.
ANITA STEWART  
who has just completed  
her newest production  

"The Invisible Fear"

ASSOCIATED First National Pictures, Inc., believes that only through independent stars and directors can the best pictures be obtained. The very fact of their independence is an assurance that they will give their best efforts to working out their own ideals. He does the best work who is his own boss, unhampered by outside influences.

First National accepts the work of these independent artists for exhibition purposes strictly on its merit as the best in entertainment. Foster the production of more artistic pictures and who are striving for the constant betterment of screen entertainment. First National pictures are the work of independent artists distributed by independent theatre owners. Watch for its trademark on the screen at your theatre — the trademark that stands for quality and entertainment.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

Ask Your Theatre Owner if He Has a First National Franchise.

Life in the Films  
(Continued from page 41)

Venetian chairs, Japanese vases, Jacobean what-nots, bird cages, marble pedestals, tea wagons, lithographs, plaster casts, Paisley shawls, boudoir screens, brass lanterns, ancient cutlasses, medieval armor, coats-of-arms, incense burners, bronze pots, cedar chests, bowls of gold-fish, Copley prints of the Pre-Raphaelites, piano lamps, ivory elephants, and numerous other decorations from which any sane artist in real life would flee in horror.

These opulent studios of the film resemble nothing so closely as a Fourth Avenue auction room on Monday morning. There is no space in them to move about in, much less to paint. But then, the motion picture artist of wealth rarely paints. His days are spent in luring innocent models to their ruin, ordering his butler about, and serving tea. At night—in common with all the painters of the Quartier—he attends masked balls and scatters confetti until dawn.

In direct contrast to the wealthy painter of the films cannot be distinguished from the impecunious painter. They both buy their tam-o'-shanter, their velvet waiter's jacket and the corduroy blazer from the same gents' furnishing house. Only in the matter of hirsute adornment can they be dissociated. The poor painter is clean shaven; the rich painter wears a small waxed moustache, and is, therefore, a man of low character and loose morals, with whom no honest working-girl is safe.

Suggesting Bad Manners

While the professional citizens are blaming every unsolved crime on the "influence of the movies" it may be well—amid the smiles that intelligence must give these busybodies—to remember that there is a very real "influence of the movies which the calamity howlers, busy predicting the damnation of the adolescent, have seldom given thought to.

The power of optical suggestion to a child of very tender years is tremendous. It is far greater than later in life; it is greater than to boys and girls of twelve or fifteen, simply because a very young child's mind is perfectly plastic, and willing to receive any impressions.

The child does not understand much about crime and malice and evil intent. That comes a little later, with the dawning of a sense of right and wrong. But even a baby understands manners: not to yell, or slap or pinch are among the very first things he learns. He will learn from some films that the very things that have been drilled into his dawning consciousness at home are not ill-bred, but funny and even clever.

There is the instance of the little girl who had seen her father and mother laugh at the child does not understand much about crime and malice and evil intent. That comes a little later, with the dawning of a sense of right and wrong. But even a baby understands manners: not to yell, or slap or pinch are among the very first things he learns. He will learn from some films that the very things that have been drilled into his dawning consciousness at home are not ill-bred, but funny and even clever.

There is the instance of the little girl who had seen her father and mother laugh at the
"With Music By"

(Concluded from page 54)

All the changes of action, character and mood are then blocked off and set down in tabulated form, one under the other. The film is supplied, and as with a stop-watch (accurate to one-fifth of a second), he times the length of each change, and makes a notation of it.

With the ugly interlude that is checked off and timed, he begins to jot down suggestions for the themes of the different characters, the quality of music for each scene, the type of melody which will fit the various moods, and the harmonic development demanded by each bit of action. From his extensive knowledge of classical, operatic and concert music, he suggests those themes as are best adapted to his needs, and spends days on original themes, paraphrases and transcriptions with which to intersperse these situations.

Then comes the process of welding and moulding them into a compact and consecutive whole. This is a gigantic and difficult task, for changes are constantly being made in the picture; scenes are being transposed; footage is being altered, interpolations made, and "shots" omitted. Again and again that picture means that played at every performance the score must be recast, the sequence altered, and new modulations introduced. The final score is rarely ready until a few days before completion.

The most important part of the work on the music for a picture is the orchestration. One of the secrets of the effectiveness of Mr. Silver's scores is his resourceful manipulation of the various instruments. He builds up his orchestration in such a way that the instrumentation, as well as the music itself, interprets the picture.

For instance, he uses different instruments to symbolize different types of people; and for comedy scenes he makes comic interludes. He has a "character" theme which he can call on, and a "story" theme which he can call on, by which he can indicate a connection with the art of the cinema. And he always sends several musicians on the road with each of his pictures to augment the local house orchestras; and in order to make sure that the composer and the orchestra are the same in the performance of "Way Down East" in Los Angeles, he had Mr. Silver make a special trip across the continent merely to conduct the orchestra.

It was Mr. Griffith who saw and recognized the genius of Mr. Silver, and who gave him his present unique position as the first composer permanently allied with the motion picture industry. Mr. Silver, though only thirty-one, has been an orchestra conductor and composer for sixteen years. To him, more than to any other man, is due the credit for perfecting the motion picture industry. Mr. Silvers uses all their different themes as counter-melodies, as in a fugue; and the theme which dominates in the polyphony is the one which belongs to the character who is dominating the action.

The first important film to have its own musical score was "The Birth of a Nation," and since then every D. W. Griffith picture has had its special music, which has been in many cases the inspiration of the picture. Indeed, considerable credit is due Mr. Griffith for sensing the value of music for motion pictures, and for giving the impetus to its development. He always sends several musicians on the road with each of his pictures to augment the local house orchestras; and in order to make sure that the composer and the orchestra are the same in the performance of "Way Down East" in Los Angeles, he had Mr. Silver make a special trip across the continent merely to conduct the orchestra.

The first important film to have its own musical score was "The Birth of a Nation," and since then every D. W. Griffith picture has had its special music, which has been in many cases the inspiration of the picture. Indeed, considerable credit is due Mr. Griffith for sensing the value of music for motion pictures, and for giving the impetus to its development. He always sends several musicians on the road with each of his pictures to augment the local house orchestras; and in order to make sure that the composer and the orchestra are the same in the performance of "Way Down East" in Los Angeles, he had Mr. Silver make a special trip across the continent merely to conduct the orchestra.

The first important film to have its own musical score was "The Birth of a Nation," and since then every D. W. Griffith picture has had its special music, which has been in many cases the inspiration of the picture. Indeed, considerable credit is due Mr. Griffith for sensing the value of music for motion pictures, and for giving the impetus to its development. He always sends several musicians on the road with each of his pictures to augment the local house orchestras; and in order to make sure that the composer and the orchestra are the same in the performance of "Way Down East" in Los Angeles, he had Mr. Silver make a special trip across the continent merely to conduct the orchestra.

The first important film to have its own musical score was "The Birth of a Nation," and since then every D. W. Griffith picture has had its special music, which has been in many cases the inspiration of the picture. Indeed, considerable credit is due Mr. Griffith for sensing the value of music for motion pictures, and for giving the impetus to its development. He always sends several musicians on the road with each of his pictures to augment the local house orchestras; and in order to make sure that the composer and the orchestra are the same in the performance of "Way Down East" in Los Angeles, he had Mr. Silver make a special trip across the continent merely to conduct the orchestra.

The first important film to have its own musical score was "The Birth of a Nation," and since then every D. W. Griffith picture has had its special music, which has been in many cases the inspiration of the picture. Indeed, considerable credit is due Mr. Griffith for sensing the value of music for motion pictures, and for giving the impetus to its development. He always sends several musicians on the road with each of his pictures to augment the local house orchestras; and in order to make sure that the composer and the orchestra are the same in the performance of "Way Down East" in Los Angeles, he had Mr. Silver make a special trip across the continent merely to conduct the orchestra.

The first important film to have its own musical score was "The Birth of a Nation," and since then every D. W. Griffith picture has had its special music, which has been in many cases the inspiration of the picture. Indeed, considerable credit is due Mr. Griffith for sensing the value of music for motion pictures, and for giving the impetus to its development. He always sends several musicians on the road with each of his pictures to augment the local house orchestras; and in order to make sure that the composer and the orchestra are the same in the performance of "Way Down East" in Los Angeles, he had Mr. Silver make a special trip across the continent merely to conduct the orchestra.

The first important film to have its own musical score was "The Birth of a Nation," and since then every D. W. Griffith picture has had its special music, which has been in many cases the inspiration of the picture. Indeed, considerable credit is due Mr. Griffith for sensing the value of music for motion pictures, and for giving the impetus to its development. He always sends several musicians on the road with each of his pictures to augment the local house orchestras; and in order to make sure that the composer and the orchestra are the same in the performance of "Way Down East" in Los Angeles, he had Mr. Silver make a special trip across the continent merely to conduct the orchestra.

The first important film to have its own musical score was "The Birth of a Nation," and since then every D. W. Griffith picture has had its special music, which has been in many cases the inspiration of the picture. Indeed, considerable credit is due Mr. Griffith for sensing the value of music for motion pictures, and for giving the impetus to its development. He always sends several musicians on the road with each of his pictures to augment the local house orchestras; and in order to make sure that the composer and the orchestra are the same in the performance of "Way Down East" in Los Angeles, he had Mr. Silver make a special trip across the continent merely to conduct the orchestra.

The first important film to have its own musical score was "The Birth of a Nation," and since then every D. W. Griffith picture has had its special music, which has been in many cases the inspiration of the picture. Indeed, considerable credit is due Mr. Griffith for sensing the value of music for motion pictures, and for giving the impetus to its development. He always sends several musicians on the road with each of his pictures to augment the local house orchestras; and in order to make sure that the composer and the orchestra are the same in the performance of "Way Down East" in Los Angeles, he had Mr. Silver make a special trip across the continent merely to conduct the orchestra.

The first important film to have its own musical score was "The Birth of a Nation," and since then every D. W. Griffith picture has had its special music, which has been in many cases the inspiration of the picture. Indeed, considerable credit is due Mr. Griffith for sensing the value of music for motion pictures, and for giving the impetus to its development. He always sends several musicians on the road with each of his pictures to augment the local house orchestras; and in order to make sure that the composer and the orchestra are the same in the performance of "Way Down East" in Los Angeles, he had Mr. Silver make a special trip across the continent merely to conduct the orchestra.
The Gray Brothers

(Continued from page 29)

The Governor paused, troubled perplexity in his eyes. "I am surprised. From my judgment of them and their chief, based on a three days' personal experience in his company, I wouldn't have pronounced him capable of this."

"You spent three days in the company of the Gray Brothers' chief?" echoed the legislator in amazement."

"I did, and it was the strangest experience of my life, Senator. Come into the library and hear it."

The Governor pressed a light button within the darkened library and found himself facing a masked man.

"Don't be alarmed," said the intruder quickly. "I am Commissioner McElvoy, Jimmy—beg pardon, Governor, but you'll always be Jimmy Holman, my cellmate, to me.

Senator Whelan made a backward step toward the door he had just entered. Instantly the masked man sprang behind him and turned the key in the lock.

"Now we three need not fear intrusion—nor a premature breaking up of our conference," he said. Then to the Governor: "What may I have the pleasure of doing for you today?"

"Why are you here?" demanded the Governor.

"In your conversation in this room today with Police Commissioner McElvoy you said this, Governor, if my memory serves: 'Find the man who was my cell-partner in the death-house. When you locate a Gray Brother chieftain with a hair-cut like mine bring him here.' And so, here I am."

The Governor sagged back weakly in his chair.

"Are you man or devil? Do you know everything that is said behind every wall in this city?" he gasped.

"Only those things which seem worth while overhearing. But let's get to business. You want to know how and why the Hartley letter was stolen from your desk. Also who stole it."

"I do."

"Well, Governor, before I leave I contract to answer those questions. But first let us run over the facts—when you received the letter, what you did with it, what was present when you last saw it."

"Keep together with a note from the Gray Brothers, with which I judge you are familiar, reached me in the morning mail," the Governor replied. "I phoned for my adviser, Senator Whelan, at once and dis-tributed him the propriety of utilizing such a document obtained under such circumstances."

"He advised against using it," the masked man interjected.

"He did," continued the Governor. "Being somewhat in doubt on the question I locked the letter in my desk and spent the day with Commissioner McElvoy in witnessing political engagements. Early this evening when I returned with Police Commissioner McElvoy my desk was as I left it but the letter was gone. In its place I found a note signed by the Gray Brothers—a note with which, also, you are doubtless familiar. That was the end of it."

"Not all of them," corrected the visitor. "You have neglected to state that before you locked the letter in your desk you were received from this room for ten minutes while the Senator personally was typing at your request his confidential estimate of your probable pluralities in the several boroughs of New York."
"The Senator is the thief."

Whelan is my friend and confidant," insisted Governor Huested.

"What we want to know from you is, where is that Hartley letter now?" interjected Whelan brusquely.

"You lie," shouted Whelan furiously.

"Do I? We'll see. Produce that wallet!"

It was taken from YOUR pocket, Senator, at my direction by the two pickpockets who jostled you and the Governor rather roughly, you will remember, as you were leaving this afternoon's meeting in Brooklyn.

"You lie," shouted Whelan furiously.

"Do I? We'll see. Produce that wallet!"

The Governor's troubled eyes looked straight into his friend's. "I can't. I don't," he answered.

"Do you give us final and undeniable proof that the Senator robbed you," interposed the Brother. "He has been the creature of his faith in the last suggestion is absurd. Senator Whelan is my friend and confidant," insisted Governor Huested.

"Your last suggestion is absurd. Senator Whelan is my friend and confidant," insisted Governor Huested.

"I'll do nothing of the kind.

"Produce that wallet, quick!"

On the heels of his command the masked man rolled back his coat, revealing a gun slung beneath his arm. Slowly the Senator drew out the wallet.

"Now read the slip you will find inside the sheets my men substituted for the Hartley letter."

Obeving, Whelan read:

"Robbing a sneak thief like you who has stolen from the Governor, his friend, is a pleasure for which we acknowledge our indebtedness.

The Gray Brothers."

"Governor, these crooks have 'framed' this on me, the Senator protested indignantly. "Do you credit this wild yarn?"

The Governor's troubled eyes looked straight into his friend's. "I can't. I don't," he answered.

"Do you give us final and undeniable proof that the Senator robbed you," interposed the Brother. "He has been the creature of the toilet. Sold in tubes, 12c, 30c, 60c. In jars, 40c, 60c. $1.00, $1.65. Daily massage with it will make your skin dainty, fair and alluring. Fastidious women the world over look upon D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream as the most vital accessory of the toilet. Sold in tubes, 12c, 30c, 60c. In jars, 40c, 60c. $1.00, $1.65."

"Try it free—Write for free tube of this perfect skin cleanser and beautifier. Address DAGGETT & RAMSDELL Dept. 1021, D. & R. Building, New York"

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM "The Kind That Keeps"

Wash Away Hair

Don't use a razor to remove undesirable hair. It pulls, cuts, scrapes and is messy. Use El-Rado, the true womanly way to remove hair. No bother—easy, quick and dainty. El-Rado will not harm the tenderest skin. Enjoy the comfort of clean, hair-free underarms. Guaranteed Satisfied or Money Refunded. Two Sizes: 60c and $1.00, at drug stores and toilet goods counters.

El-Rado will not harm the tenderest skin. Enjoy the comfort of clean, hair-free underarms. Guaranteed Satisfied or Money Refunded. Two Sizes: 60c and $1.00, at drug stores and toilet goods counters.

The Burlington

21 Jewels

See it first. We send it for you to look at and examine carefully. You are under no obligation to buy. A 21-jewel watch, sold to you at a price a good deal lower than that of other high-grade watches.

$500 a month

The 21-Jewel Burlington is sold to you at a very low price, but it is the very finest lover. Free examination of every detail. Write for free illustrated catalog which will make you an expert. Write for illustrated catalog which will make you an expert.

El-Rado

Whether in spots or over the entire surface use WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

The result is pleasing and permanent, there will be no kicks

Send for Illustrated Literature

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO., Boston, U.S.A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over 112 Years and Largest in the World

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Gray Brothers

Concluded

"Why did you take the risk of obtaining the Hartley letter and present it to me without a price-tag?"

The safe-cracker smiled across the table at the Governor—a queer, quizzical smile characteristic of the man known the country over in police records as Boston Blackie, mastermind of all the most ingenious of crimes.

"Our primary purpose was selfish," he replied. "Hartley has agreed, if elected, to make Com. Kennedy warden of Lester prison. Knowing a politician and a prison reactionary. He would make Lester the sort of prison the Gray Brothers know to be a public menace as well as a bar-barem. Also, a boy of 21, you have kept square with a square conscience and we believe in such Governors. So I myself opened the Interborough vault and took the letter that will return you to the capitol for another term."

"But the risk, man!" the Governor persisted with frank curiosity.

Again the confessed safe-robber smiled.

"The risks are what make this game worth playing and life worth living," he answered.

The Governor's eyes wandered to his telephone.

"I'll never be content until I learn the secret of the magic that enables you to overhear whatever is said in my home, in the office of the police commissioner, wherever you choose," he said.

"The greater the mystery, the stranger the apparent facts, the simpler the solution always is," the Governor replied with frank curiosity. "I'd gladly give my death cell partner, Jimmy Holman, the details. But my pal Jimmy is also a Governor, and as Governor there are some things he can't afford to know. Which reminds me that if you'll allow me five minutes alone in this room I'll guarantee the secret of said method within itself, henceforth."

As the door closed behind Governor Huested, Boston Blackie took the telephone and unscrewed from it what was seemingly a patented sanitary mouthpiece. The disk that covered the mouth of this apparently common transmitter was selenium, most sensitive of all sound receivers. Within the mouthpiece and hidden by the disk were tiny wires that hooked into the phone and earpiece connection, thus establishing a permanent circuit from the selenium transmitter irrespective of whether the earpiece of the phone were on or off. Being whipped off the wires and screwed into place a commonly used sanitary transmitter that seemed the exact duplicate of the delicate mechanism that had preceded it.

"The battery and wireless projecting apparatus there will return you to the capitol for many an hour of boyish enjoyment."

"How my friend, the Senator, would envy seeing me in stripes," he chuckled. "Well, Governor, if you'll show me to a rear exit I'll say goodnight."

There was real friendliness in the Governor's eyes as he gripped Blackie's hand.

"Goodnight and good luck, Jerry, old pal," he said.

Maia stood before the open window of her room. From the street far below, though the hour was after midnight, there floated up the usual confused agglomeration of night traffic. She could see a smile on her parted lips and the quiet peace of fulfilled happiness lighted her face.

"He called me on the phone just to say, 'All is well, thanks to you, little pal,'" she whispered softly. And then even more softly: "Dear, dear Voice."

Slender Threads

SOME carping critic of the metropolis objects to the fact that there wasn't enough material in Will Carlton's poem "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" to furnish even a basis for the William Fox picture, "Over the Hills." But even greater pictures will yet be made with even slenderer threads to hang the story on. What a wonderful picture might be made with Thomas Hood's poem "The Song of a Shirt" for a foundation, and what a quaint and charming comedy photoplay might be the result of a thoughtful consideration of "The One Hoss Shay." Simple verses have already furnished the theme of successful plays, notably "Barbara Fritchie," in which Julia Marlowe attained the first dramatic triumph of her career. True, some rather astonishing liberties were taken, but the germ idea was found in the poem.
CAST of Cecil deMille's new production, a drama. Mildred Harris is a member of that all, really? is now William Duncan's permanent leading woman. By that I mean that she will go to bed. Then I put them on again in the morning when pictures do not prosper fittingly. The market for poor pictures is poor indeed. But the better theaters are bidding for the better pictures. There is progress in the present situation.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 76)

LORETTA.—Confidentially, Loretta, I have always thought Miss Priscilla Dean perfectly adorable, but I have hesitated to say so because I have heard that Miss Dean's husband, Wheeler Oakman, is a reasonably athletic young man. However, I don't mind telling you that Priscilla is one of my favorites. Address her Universal City, Cal. Her latest release is "Laurels and the Lady," which is an adaptation of Leonard Merrick's "Sue-E-Like." Up to date they have not changed the title, but don't blame me if they change it later on. Dorothy Dalton and Conrad Nagel are also in the cast. Nagel is married to Ruth Helms. Is that all, really?

O. G. B., CORNELL, Wis.—Edith Johnson is now William Duncan's permanent leading woman. By that I mean that she will always play opposite him in pictures as well as private life. The Duncans are making a feature film for Vitagraph. Now you can see six reels of them at one sitting instead of being obliged to return next Tuesday. Niles Welch and Pauline Starke in "The Courage of Marge O'Doone." Welch is married. Miss Starke is still Miss Starke. (Continued on page 120)

Of Course You're Admired

When you wear a Priscilla Dean Tam. Every girl is—she looks so chic and lovely. No matter what your type may be, a Priscilla Dean Tam, in the color you choose, will become you. The soft, light "Sue-E-Like" of which it is made is so cleverly draped that there are no harsh lines anywhere—a charming frame for any face.

Attractive and serviceable, too, is the Priscilla Dean Tam—and there's something ultra-smart about it. The beautiful material, the art style it's fashioned, the grosgrain ribbon band and bow—the cleverly inserted elastic at the back, that enables the tam to fit any head size—all combine to produce the most attractive little hat you've ever seen.

If you love the movies, here's a great new novel you'll want to read.

The FLAMING FOREST

By James Oliver Curwood

Author of "The River's End" and "The Valley of Silent Men"

To read a wonderful new novel when it first comes out in book form—before it is "screened"—while everybody is talking about it—is the way to know more than the person in the next seat, about the photoplay later made from that novel. And that is the way to get the utmost out of both fiction and movies.

James Oliver Curwood, whose books have sold to nearly 2,000,000, and broken all attendance records when turned into photoplays, has now written the greatest mystery, romance, and adventure story of our time.

Read—and you'll spend breathless hours with—this modern epic of the North woods and the great souls and strong who live there.

Order today, and you'll enjoy it for years.
Wherever books are sold—$2.00.

COSMOPOLITAN BOOK CORPORATION
119 West 46th Street, New York
Home Study

Business Courses

The urgent need of business today is for highly trained men and women in management and departmental specialists. Under the LaSalle Problem Booklet you can get, in your spare time at home or in your place of business, a parallel actual business practice. The University's staff of experts includes 400 business authorities, educators and assistants ready at all times to give prompt counsel and advice to enrolled members on any business question or problem. This is a service not obtainable from any other educational institution.

Write your name and address at the bottom and mail today. We will send full information and book of remarkable records of advancement made by LaSalle trained men; also our interesting book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." Low cost and convenient monthly terms which anyone can afford. Money refunded if dissatisfied upon completion of course. Nearly 500,000 have enrolled. Find out what LaSalle training can do for you. Check and mail the coupon NOW.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
The Largest Business Training Institution in the World
Dept. 10302-R Chicago, Ill.

Name
Present Position
Address

B E A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

MANY OPPORTUNITIES for trained men to earn up to $250 a month. Excellent position in a fascinating work: travel if desired. Meet big railway authorities, travel, earn a living. Prepare in 3 months spare time home study. Position GUARANTEED at $110 a month. Write for free booklet.

Standard Business Training Institute
Buffalo, N.Y.

Standard Underwoods

5-Year Guarantee

Yes, this genuine Standard Visible Writing Paper is 5 Year Guaranteed new, much less cost, cheaper prices, years of use, and then easy disposal. See the difference today.

10 Days Free Trial

Gentlemen: Send without obligation to me information training can do for you. Check and mail the coupon NOW.

Address

FREE AMBITIOUS WRITERS, send sample writing to THE FREE AMBITIOUS WRITERS' LEADING MAGAZINE. FREE AMBITIOUS WRITERS' lead magazine for writers of Plays, Stories, Poems. Information, helpful. WRITE'S DIGEST

611-D Butler Bldg. CINCINNATI

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Poll never missed an opportunity. She didn't miss this one. With a pang at her heart she realized that one being she was the woman Arthur loved. She would more time to keep it up. She will belong to him out of doors or to the open road.

"Are your eyes bad?" her voice was gentle, silken, Rosa's voice.

"Pretty bad. In France, you see..." he answered, "Do you care so much?" It was little more than a whisper.

"It's all I have. Do you care so much?"

She had stolen Paradise just then, of bitter tenderness and regret, smote his tenderly; as a woman might, as passionately, as deeply. She was not afraid to love him. She was not afraid to do for me — if you would."

"Yes?"

"We could come into my shack with me for one moment, so that, afterwards, your presence will remain. You could...as if you would, my dear, kiss me — goodbye."

They were inside now. There was a stillness. Then, as a mother might, as tenderly; as a woman might, as passionately, Poll opened wide her mouth and kissed his mouth. The compound of pain and tears, of bitter tenderness and regret, smote his spirit to acknowledgment. He tried to speak, to throw himself upon a chair. She had not said a word. The unutterable sweetness of the theft was still upon her. Why, why not prolong the theft? It was a matter that he thought her Rosa Duchene, Rosa Duchene who never, in her silly little life, had experienced the reality. To taste the sweetness of the wine, to do for me — if you would."

"Arthur," she told him, "for you it's a matter of death if you interfere."

"What did this portend to Poll! Poll, who had shown him that she was the woman Arthur loved. To pretend and pretend while her spirit ached for more. How your white face must steal, glowy as saimite! Sacrifice. Ah, now she had it. Sacrifice. That was the heart of him in the beautiful body. Poll.

Call on the great surgeon. He stayed over another day. When he left Poll was assured that when the bandages were removed at the end of the week Arthur would see again."

He did. He saw Poll Patchouli, the ridiculous Poll Patchouli. Roderiquez had brought him a magnificent dance. The giver of the trick cigar. The intruder. Poll Patchouli.

El Paso had almost forgotten Arthur Phelps and the whole affair. If they remembered him at all it was because his oil wells had suddenly spouted oil two years ago and sent him across the world, a wealthy man. Now and then when they talked with Poll Patchouli they remembered that for a little space of time she had been Arthur Phelps' wife in the fantastic sense of masquerade. They had told her she had got what she deserved, but there wasn't much fun in telling spiteful things to Poll."

Then, abruptly, Arthur Phelps came back. To El Paso. To Poll Patchouli. He went straight to the hotel where they thought he might be working. She had turned up and returned to him the substantial check he had sent her when their marriage had been decreed null and void and he had gone abroad to sell in search of Paradise.

At the hotel they told him she was again in the cantina.

The cantina! Roderiquez with his sneer and his burning eyes. What did this portend to Poll? Poll, who had shown him that he, he alone, had been the fool in the Paradise of his earth. She had stolen Paradise just then, of bitter tenderness and regret, smote his tenderly; as a woman might, as passionately, as deeply. She was not afraid to love him. She was not afraid to do for me — if you would."

"It doesn't matter then anyway," said Poll, dull at her own Paradise! How often the words came from Poll's heart to her lips in the weeks that followed. To learn, bit by bit, day by day, of Arthur's great love for Rosa Duchene, of the moment when he had cared, the dancer's eyes poetized, the dancer's mouth kissed, and kissed again. To learn that she had his soul, his senses, his life's desire, that was only what he had ever loved. To pretend and pretend while her spirit ached for more. How your white face must steal, glowy as saimite! Sacrifice. Ah, now she had it. Sacrifice. That was the heart of him in the beautiful body. Poll.

Well, he must see her, if only once. From the illimitable depths of her tender heart she would not refuse him a hearing. He would go very cautiously, very softly.
He would beg her favor as, many times in the past, he had spurned it. Then he would tell her his story—the story of a fool, in a fool's paradise. She would understand.

Like a badly constructed plot he told his story—but as the denouement rather than as the climax.

At the cantina Rosa received him, but Roderiquez was by her side. "She is to marry me this night," he told Arthur, and the gazes of the two men riveted, locked.

"Why, in the past two years, had this not come with his arrival in El Paso?" Pride was urging her to this step.

"Why, Arthur asked himself, had her decision come with his arrival in El Paso?" Pride was a paltry thing as against the fool's paradise she had given.

Roderiquez thrust his hand into his blouse. Poll screamed again. There was a rush of intervention. Roderiquez' knife found Poll's breast, interposed between them. Over the blood gushing from the sacrificial wound the two men stared at one another, their faces breaking into comprehensive pity.

And so they were married again before Arthur told his story, on his knees, beside her convalescent chair.

"I found her in Siam," he said, as though ashamed, reluctant, to tell of his stubborn quest. "She was there collecting material for some Oriental dances and also, as I discovered, collecting suitors, notable among them Prince Talat-Noi, a weird chap with inquisitive qualities appeal to sound judgment.

Nature's Laws are not to make you weak, ill, vindictive, depressed, oppressed or otherwise miserable. Innocently and ignorantly you bring unhappiness upon yourself.

There's a book which can show you how to develop the greatest treasure of your whole life. This should mean longer life, better health, happiness and joy for yourself and others.

It is a book that fascinates—simple reading you'll easily understand, entitled "Concentration Its Mentology and Psychology." This book has a message for you. It is a message you have been waiting for. You desire success in life. This is your opportunity will you but realize it. The price of the book "Concentration" is 50 cents.

We also have a valuable book by the same master writer, entitled "How to Conquer Fear," which gives you the practical rule for using your soul power to make you feel easy, calm, confident and harmoniously contented even when your greatest worries are on. This book is also 50 cents. Both books, $1.

Money back if not satisfied.
Send for this rich looking gold filled Combination Watch Bracelet today. You will find it to be a $10.00 value. Has adjusted 7-jewel movement, the case being gold filled and warranted to wear 10 years. The bracelet is flexible and will fit any wrist, so wear 10 years. It is a stem-wind and stem-get. You are not entirely pleased after examination, return to order. Send no money. Just rush your name and address. Your watch will be sent by return of post and we will refund your money, every cent of it.

Send No Money
Pay Postman $4.95 on Arrival
Gold Filled Watch Bracelet

Don't Hesitate! Our Money-Back Guarantee Protects You!

RUTH ROLAND was dragged into court the other day on the losing end of a subpoena—ואת because she hadn't cut her lawn. Seems Miss Roland—who by the way is reputed to be one of the wealthiest women in pictures—owned some lots in a fast-growing part of Los Angeles and before due date she had failed to have the grass trimmed to comply with fire regulations. So she was forced to say "Good morning, judge. I'll be to cut it my self."
Movies in 1940?

by LYNE S. METCALFE

PICTURE theater patrons best know the illuminated screen as a means of entertainment, of thrills, of heart-beats, of tears and of laughter. They have witnessed the development of the topical weekly, the traveling and the occasional educational reel until each has become an integral part of nearly every theater program; each a novelty at the time of its introduction and each marking a step forward in the progress of the visual art.

But, there is rapidly developing what might rightfully be termed the great “unseen movie world”—the world that the general public knows little, if anything about; it is a world in which labor the employer of men and women and what pert.

Some of these productions rival in photo-

ing forth in America which has as its basis the almost endless possibilities of the motion picture art. Little is known of these unusual productions for the reason that they never see the screen of a moving picture theater. They are seen, as a matter of fact, but by few people; they are produced for the eye of course a few, but the one who is interested in the movies is always glad to read about them. There are a few who are only too glad to attend these productions, but the few is the majority.

One day, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man who, through spare-time study, lifted himself from $25 to $75 a week. This story frightened me. I don’t think I could ever earn that much. But this story told me that I could do as well as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fasci-

nating a home-study course could be. In the past I have seen so many of my friends reading my every move, I had to do something. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What have I done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training.

To every man who is earning less than $75 a week, I say simply this:—Find out what the I.C.S. can do for you.

It will take only a minute of your time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course I have marked can come back by return mail. I found it wasn’t too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy. Some of these productions rival in photo-

graphic quality the best of our star dramatic productions. They run from one reel to another in the progress of the visual art.

One man, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man who, through spare-time study, lifted himself from $25 to $75 a week. This story frightened me. I don’t think I could ever earn that much. But this story told me that I could do as well as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fasci-

nating a home-study course could be. In the past I have seen so many of my friends reading my every move, I had to do something. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What have I done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training.

To every man who is earning less than $75 a week, I say simply this:—Find out what the I.C.S. can do for you.

It will take only a minute of your time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course I have marked can come back by return mail. I found it wasn’t too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy. Some of these productions rival in photo-

graphic quality the best of our star dramatic productions. They run from one reel to another in the progress of the visual art.

One man, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man who, through spare-time study, lifted himself from $25 to $75 a week. This story frightened me. I don’t think I could ever earn that much. But this story told me that I could do as well as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fasci-

nating a home-study course could be. In the past I have seen so many of my friends reading my every move, I had to do something. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What have I done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training.

To every man who is earning less than $75 a week, I say simply this:—Find out what the I.C.S. can do for you.

It will take only a minute of your time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course I have marked can come back by return mail. I found it wasn’t too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy. Some of these productions rival in photo-

graphic quality the best of our star dramatic productions. They run from one reel to another in the progress of the visual art.

One man, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man who, through spare-time study, lifted himself from $25 to $75 a week. This story frightened me. I don’t think I could ever earn that much. But this story told me that I could do as well as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fasci-

nating a home-study course could be. In the past I have seen so many of my friends reading my every move, I had to do something. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What have I done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training.

To every man who is earning less than $75 a week, I say simply this:—Find out what the I.C.S. can do for you.
Genuine Bayer Aspirin

Always say "Bayer"

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions. Directions in package.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monostearic Anhydride of Salicylic Acid.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

California Bungalow Books

"Home Kraft" and "Draughtsman" each contain Bungalows and Two Stories. "Plan Kraft" Two Stories. "Kozy Homes" Bungalows. $1.00 each, all four for $3.00. De Luxe Flats $1.00.

DE LUXE BUILDING CO.
524 Union League Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

In 1940, moving pictures will be the greatest power ever known in propaganda. The man who can circulate a subtle built film before the greatest number of people will win the world the way what it's like for a reel on a train.

A half million homes in the United States will be saving dimes for new movie reels to project from their own homes. Such machines and the phonograph will find a truly serious rival.

Every factory will have its movie show at noon hour where instruction will be sandwiched in between the 1940 successor to Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford.

Domestic science will be taught quickly by means of animated cross section diagrams, for the benefit of prospective investors of capital.

The tongs of tables, statistics, which nobody reads, will be vitalized by animation and the railway cars on our best trains will entertain travelers with the best reels on the market.

There will be fewer pictures produced but better ones and the public taste will no longer patronize trash but will demand pictures with literary quality.

Surgery, which has already benefited by over 100 feet of minor and major operations, performed before the camera by the world's greatest surgeons, will simplify the work of the clinic by reproducing many hundreds of times the single operation performed before the camera by the surgeon, best qualified in all the world to perform it.

Dentistry, which has already benefited that even the illiterate can quickly understand.

In 1940, the bedridden hospital patient will lie in his bed and watch the unfolding of an interesting comedy on the ceiling, thrown there by inverted projectors, and the subject of lives, film now in the Government Laboratory at Washington Barracks, being edited and titled for West Point, Annapolis and the various training camps.

In 1940, every convention will be "told" in movies, with a liberal sprinkling of cartoons. A dozen firms already have made "announcements" of one reel or more, delineating the firm's past year and predicting for the future.

Twenty years from now, stock market fluctuations will be projected on a huge screen from a movie machine, showing by means of the animated table the rise and fall of stocks and bonds, graphically and quickly.

The immigrant of 1940 will get his ideas on America from an illuminated screen—possibly at Ellis Island.

The productivity of the farms of the United States will be increased because of the teaching value of films in the hands of county agents, with portable units, showing special Government Pictures at granges, fairs, school houses and agricultural college stations as is now even being done on an ever-increasing scale.

In 1940, criminology will movieize every crook, and graphs in motion, etc., for the modern rogue's gallery.

Tiles in moving picture dramas will be written in good English, with no misspelled words or typographical errors. Material for a half reel will not be padded out to five reels; undesirable and cheap advertising will not mar the screens.
Movies in 1940?

(Concluded)

Moving picture operators will be able to descend a mile or more under the sea, with huge lights (they now descend several hundred feet) and show, in brilliant colors, the flora and fauna of the deep in action so that the scientist can study specimens at leisure and determine from the geological features, many important facts concerning the earth's age and stages of its growth.

Astronomy will benefit because of the further development of the animated drawing, already perfected to high degree by J. R. Bray has already produced an amazing picture that startles the onlooker by weird views, scientifically correct, of the surface of Mars and Flammari&n's radium-driven torpedo which he believes would reach that planet.

Movements of stars may be shown by these diagrams, for study.

There is nothing mentioned in the foregoing which has not already been accomplished to some degree or, which is not now in the serious experimental stage, with idealization as a future consideration.

By 1940 all of these ideas and more will have been made entirely practical and may be commonplace.

No invention since Guttenberg's printing press has done as much for the development of the human race as has the moving picture. For a decade it has been considered a branch of the "show business," but it is more than that. Many of the most serious minds in the country have seized upon it as a powerful medium for communication of information to the untutored and others, as every human being can understand more of what he sees than of what he hears or reads.

It Might Come to This

The Great Author was about to witness the first showing of the motion picture adapted from his greatest novel. It was a very private showing—held in the film company's own projection room with nobody present except the Great Author, the president of the movie concern, the man who directed the picture, and a flock of publicity people.

The room was darkened, and the presentation flashed on the screen. (The Great Author's name was in nearly as large type as the assistant art director's. Which was a concession!) The first title was a concession! From the first title the Great Author was obviously tickled to death. The film producer, who had glanced uneasily at the Great Author in the seat beside him several times during the first hundred feet, sighed with relief. The choice of the director took advantage of the darkness to swell with pride. The publicists, noting the G. A.'s satisfaction, wrote mental headlines, "Famous Author Delighted With Film Version of Novel."

Eventually "The End" came, and the lights were snapped on in the projection room.

The Great Author turned with eager eyes to the film producer.

"How much do you want for the fiction rights of this picture?" he asked hoarsely.

"It's your story already," protested the movie man.

"No, it isn't," said the G. A. "Nobody would recognize it. But that picture, as I just saw it, would make a great novel. And I want to write it! What do you say?"

New Easy Way to Become An Artist

This wonderful new method makes it possible for anyone to learn Illustrating, Cartooning, or Commercial Art. Hundreds of our students are now making splendid incomes. And most of them never touched a drawing pencil before they studied with us.

The simplicity of this method will astound you. You will be amazed at your own rapid progress. You learn by personal instruction from one of America's foremost Commercial Artists—Will H. Candless. Get into this fascinating game NOW. You can easily qualify. A few minutes' study each day is all that is needed.

Crying Demand for Trained Artists

Newspapers, advertising agencies, business concerns—all are looking for men and women to handle their art work. There are hundreds of vacancies right this minute! A trained commercial artist can command almost any salary he wants. Cartoonists and designers are at a premium. Dozens of our students started work at a high salary. Many earn more than the cost of the course while they are learning! YOU—with a little spare time study in your own home—can easily and quickly get one of these big-paying artists' jobs.

No Talent Needed

This amazing method has exploded the old idea that talent is an absolute necessity in art. Just as you have learned to write, this new method teaches you to draw. We start you with straight lines, then curves. Then you learn how to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective, and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making pictures that bring you from $50 to $500 or more! Many artists get as high as $1,000 for a single drawing!

Write for Interesting Free Book

Mail coupon now for this interesting free book, "How to Become an Artist." Tells of our students and their wonderful progress—and how we can qualify you for a high-salaried artist's position. Also tells of our Free Artist's Outfit to new students and special low offer to a limited number of new students.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
Room 1669 Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FREE COUPON

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Inc.
Room 1669, Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your free book, "How to Become an Artist."

Name:

State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

Address:

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Have the Voice You Want

Your voice can be rich, full and vibrant. Its overtones can be greatly multiplied. You can add many notes to its range, and have them round, rolling and compelling, and so strong and magnetic that it will be the marvel of your friends.

100% Improvement Guaranteed

By the Feuchtinger System. You can develop your voice by simple, silent, agreeable methods during your spare time, and in your own home.

Professor Feuchtinger, the eminent Maestro, will direct your efforts—and an Improvement of 100% is absolutely guaranteed. This is of being trained by one of the great masters of Voice Culture, in your own home, at a mere fraction of the usual cost, under a positive guarantee. You owe it to yourself to learn how a beautiful voice can be yours.

FREE

Find out about the marvelously Feuchtinger Method. Send for the hand-book, description of full particulars of special price now being made to the readers of this publication for a limited time, and act at once before offer is withdrawn. Write today.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE

Studio 1257, 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL TERMS—Ten months' credit on any article selected from the SWEET catalogue. NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. Shipment made by the time of your examination. First payment to be made only after you have convinced yourself that SWEET values cannot be equaled, if not what you wish return at our expense.

No Red Tape—No Delay

Every transaction CONFIDENTIAL. You may do justice to yourself and our dollars without our dollars sacrificing your sense of honor. Every catalogue return instantly paid. SPECIAL VALUE

Sweet's Cluster: 7 Fine Diamonds, set in Platinum. Looks like 1 4 of expenditure. Only $3.80 a month

SPECIAL VALUE

Eugene Feuchtinger, A.M. Master of Voice

Feuchtinger, A.M. Master of Voice

Reputation of being the world's greatest voice culture maestro is based on the foundation of his imparting to the world a science incomparably superior to all others.

DOLLARS IN HARES

We pay 50 to 818 50 and up a pair and every single thing you buy, guaranteed in exact grade and color, and we make no exception. We other dealers. We charge you name, address, etc. Standard Catalogue.
For the Purposes of Discussion
(Continued)

I have always hated the “masses.” It has a snobbish sound that irritates me. But there was something humorous, rather than irritating, in the way that the small man used it. As I looked from him to his three associates I could not help thinking how important they were — how futile, when dealing with a great majority. And yet — even as I laughed to myself — the thought struck me that many a law had been formulated and passed by the efforts of just such an important appearing handful of men. It’s the organized few, usually, that come out on top.

“Do you think,” I asked suddenly, “that God can be legislated into the hearts of people? Do you?”

The middle-sized man looked at me. His look trickled coldly over my face, like ice water.

“Imagine that the question is not in order!” he said.

Quite without paying heed to the interruption, the small man went on.

“Of course,” he said, “we shall in time do away with amusement parks, and motion pictures. We shall, in time, eliminate trolley cars and subways. We shall close public grounds and beaches. In time we shall do all this — for the present.”

The stout man was sitting forward, fingers tips together.

“For the present,” he said, “we will only do those things —”

I interrupted for a second time.

“How do you know?” I questioned hotly.

“That you can do those things — anything?”

The thin man spoke. And again I had the feeling that he was almost a regular person.

“My dear young lady,” he said soberly, “you’d be surprised to know how many of these plans are actually laws — some states have already passed them. They need only be enforced! Did I imagine that he sighed?

The small man was going on, calmly.

“There will be churches open all day. We will have public services.”

“Of course,” I interrupted.

“The masses will have many extra services,” he said, “the masses shall be well taken care of! When there are no services to attend they can sit at home, in prayerful meditation —”

The small man stared at me virtuously. But it was the stout man who answered.

“I,” he told me, “have always enjoyed staying at home — help?”

I smiled, with a child-like innocence, into his round babby face.

“You have a nice home?” I questioned.

The stout man, in some former incarnation, must have been a real estate agent.

“Fourteen rooms,” he chanted in short line vers libre.

“And three baths!
Modern light and heating.
And all electrical appliances...”

Which?

Streaked, Gray, or Becomingly Natural Hair?

Would you knowingly, uselessly sacrifice your youth? Would you lose the companionship of men and women of your own age and become old before your time? Unnecessary — those secret hours of longing, when, in the intimacy of your boudoir, you recall those days of your radiantly beautiful tresses.

BROWNATONE

Guaranteed harmless to hair, scalp or skin. Odorless and greaseless. Instantly tints streaky, gray, or bleached hair to its original color, whether raven black or any shade of brown. Will not rub off or wash out. Cannot be detected; easily applied at home in a few moments. A clean, one-bottle liquid. Sold everywhere at drug and toilet counters or direct — 50c and $1.50. Two colors: “Golden to Medium Brown” and “Dark Brown to Black.”

For a trial bottle, with easy, complete directions, send 11c for postage, packing and war tax.

The KENTON PHARMACAL CO.
758 Coppin Building, Covington, Ky.
Canada Address: Windsor, Ont.
WANTED—WOMEN. BECOME DRESS DESIGNERS.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREPAID TO AGENTS WANTED TO ADVERTISE OUR GOODS. WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR. SOAPS, AGENTS, $60 TO $200 A WEEK, FREE SAMPLES.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY OWNER

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? QUICK-EASY-ABSTRACT. No trans. no fuss. At photo

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

HUTCH was a masterpiece. Outside

For the Purposes of Discussion (Concluded)

I DID not make any comment. But I could not help thinking of one Sarah Klein who "lives in Essex Street," with her five children and the gardener. Sarah works in a sweatshop, making buttons for six days a week. And on the seventh day she goes, with the five children, to the beach, or to the movies, or to Coney Island or in a darkened Avenue A picture theatre. I wonder if staying at home in the two rooms would make Sarah Klein—and the other thousands of women—find their souls? I wondered, and as I wondered I felt, suddenly, that the air of the narrow, austere room was stifling. All at once I was longing for the crowded streets, the noise of the traffic, the yellow sunshine of God's making. I rose quietly from my seat at the table—hurried on tiptoe, toward the door. The four, deep in conversation, did not hear me.

When the Tailor Won the Suit

LEADING Los Angeles tailor was recently sued for refusing to put his name and label in a suit of clothes which he had made according to the blueprints and specifications of aavour Brummet of the screen. His refusal was based on the contention that he be identified as the collaborator in so bizarre and startling a sartorial creation would irrevocably injure his artistic reputation by inspiring suspicion and distrust in the minds of his clientele. His only defense in court was to exhibit the masterpiece in question. But the jury took one look at the suit of clothes, and brought in a unanimous verdict in the tailor's favor. There are, alas, some actors who try to throw suspicion upon their fellowmen by the weird originality of their dress; and so long as they keep within the law, we, for one, shall not protest. But they certainly should not expect hard-working and respectable tailor—a man of family, perhaps, and a deacon in the church—to shoulder the responsibility.

"Tad" Drops Us a Line

TAD" of the cartoons, T. A. Dorgan without a make-up, is a moving picture devotee and he is strong in his likes and dislikes. He writes to the Editor:

"Just grabbed your magazine and notice a contest that you're running. You have a large number of pictures a tumble but failed on a star.

"In my opinion Will Rogers in OLD HUTCH was a masterpiece. Outside of Chaplin it's the standout. I ever snickered at and I've seen many an alleged comic.

"The director of that picture deserves a medal. Most of the others deserve a medal.
The dance-hall is an unequaled trellis up which to train the red vine of screen melodrama. But why not picture it as it often was: a hut of light and laughter, memory of music?

NORTHERN LIGHTS

IT'S a photoplay of Alaska—there's a dance-hall, of course—equally of course the heroine "works" in it—and it's certain that she's a pearl among pigs, an icle in hell, the only "good" girl in the place—the cigar-chewing proprietor is probably after her, or after her claim, or after her—then the "big action" centers here—he takes her away—and usually they burn the terraces up which to train the red vine of melodrama.

D HOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Rupert Hughes, Samuel Merwin, Edward Knoblock, Rita Weiman and Montague Glass appear in a motion picture entitled "The Non-sense of Censorship," considered one of the most effective arguments against legalized supervision of motion pictures that has yet been used in the anti-censorship campaign of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry.

This picture, a short-reel, is being shown throughout the United States. It is the story of a photoplay of Alaska and the heroine "works" in it—and it's certain that she's a pearl among pigs, an icle in hell, the only "good" girl in the place—the cigar-chewing proprietor is probably after her, or after her claim, or after her—then the "big action" centers here—he takes her away—and usually they burn the terraces up which to train the red vine of melodrama.

Do You Want
A Better Job?

THE only difference between success and failure is a matter of training. Edison and Steinmetz, Longfellow and Thayer and Wanamaker—these men did not reach their present success through luck or chance. They got into the work for which they were best fitted—and then trained themselves to know more about their jobs than anyone else. When opportunity came—these men were ready to grasp it and turn it into fame and dollars.

You have just as good a chance to succeed as these men had—but perhaps better! Good positions are always waiting for trained men—positions that you can get if you train yourself to deserve them.

You can secure this training easily and quickly at home through spare-time study with the International Correspondence Schools, just as so many other men have done. The I. C. S. way is the practical way—the fascinating way—the profitable way.

Do You Want a Better Job? Fill out the coupon printed below and mail it to Scranton. This does not obligate you in any way—but it will bring you full information about the I. C. S. Today is the day to send in that coupon. "Tomorrow never comes."

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Do You Want a Better Job?

Opposing

Censorship

There is shown his contribution to the censorship controversy. It reads:

"This censorship, if applied to literature, would destroy Shakespeare, Dickens, the Bible itself. It is stupid, ignorant, vulgar. It puts an intolerable limitation on workers in the new art of the screen. Carried only a little further, it will abolish free speech in America. I will fight it as long as I live."

Thomas Buchanan is shown at his desk writing this letter to Penrhyn Stanlaws:

"The censor will not permit an unmarried woman to bear a child. Therefore in filming "The Scarlet Letter," please place Hester Prynne as a pure woman and not a siren born by Arthur Dimmesdale. This should be a decided novelty and also would serve him right anyhow.

There is more satire; including Doug, who is floored by a tough guy without hitting back.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOToplay Magazine.

Don't Ignore MASCARO!

PANAFIEU MASCARO

is the only genuine MASCARO

Panafieu Mascaro is a simple and safe means of darkening the eyelashes so they look long, luxurious and enduring. It darkens the lashes, the brows or the hair without injury to them. There is only one Mascaro—Panafieu's, the original. Instant upon Mascaro.

L. Panafieu, Paris, France

At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere

Park & Tilford 59 West 40th St. New York

Use Only Genuine MASCARO
Censored

By BLAINE C. BIGLER

O H, gee, but I'm unlucky, for I heard the writer's call And I wrote a play of Eden when the leaves began to fall But the damned old censor killed it, said it wouldn't do at all,

For things were bare in Eden when the leaves began to fall.

Then I wrote a tale of train life, and I tried to make it plain; I strove to show its humor, its pathos and its pain; But the censor wouldn't pass it, so I told him to explain, "Well," he said, "you should be careful, there's a red light on your train."

So I wrote a circus story that had quite a gala air, But I couldn't find a market though I tried 'most everywhere; For the censor's eye was on it, and he said, "My son, beware, You'll corrupt the people's morals, you've a bare-back rider there!"

I wrote a book called "August Days"—of ripening fields of corn, Bright with hill and vale and woodland and of meadows newly sown; But my hopes were dashed to pieces, now I'm lonely and forlorn.

The censor said, " Suppress it, it's too near September Morn!"

DOT E. G., ST. LOUIS—The Answer Man is a little older than he was when you last wrote, but he is still susceptible. Your good wishes and commendation mean a lot to me. Now the thing is to deserve them. Beatrice Dominguez died in February, 1921, in Los Angeles. Hobby Agnew is about eighteen. He played with Norma Talmadge in "The Passion Flower" and "The Sign on the Door". James Kirkwood, Lasky. Earle Fox opposite Norma in "Panthiac"

WIN, WINNIPEG,—You win the marble bicycle. You say, other than the question about James Kirkwood—which, by the way, is answered above—you have nothing else to ask me except one little thing which, though not directly in my line, I might be able to answer. "Last season," you say, "a gentleman played in our local stock company but is not coming back next season and I believe he will be playing in an eastern city. Could you advise me where I might locate him?" He must have made a very deep impression on you indeed,—you don't remember his name, by any chance, do you?

HELEN HAMMOND.—Are you any relation to Harriett? If so, I'd like to meet you. I think I would, anyway. If you are only fifteen I am five. Write to Tom Meighan. I have so many favorites it would take us all the book list to list them. I am not small and wiry, neither am I fat and ponderous. I am just right. Mr. Harriet and the Piper" with Anita Stewart, has been released. Anita is married to Rudolph Cameran. Priscilla Dean is Mrs. Wheeler Oakman. She was born in 1896. "Reputation" and "Conflict" are her two latest pictures. Mahlon Hamilton is married.

V. L., PANAMA.—More about Kirkwood. He entered the studios in 1909 as a director for Biograph, and has been directing or acting ever since. His most recent release is "The Great Impersonation", Yes—like him personally and also consider him one of the best actors on the screen.

MERELY Marge.—There are no ladies six feet tall in pictures. Katherine Mac-Donald, five feet eight inches tall, and Betty Blythe, five feet eight and a half inches—come nearest to it. Now I suppose you'll go right out and station your six feet no inches outside the nearest film studio.

V. J., TORONTO.—Madame Alla Nazimova has completed her Metro contract. Write to her here and it will be forwarded. She is still married to Charles Bryant, her leading man in many of her pictures. Marguerite Courtot, Pathe; Norma Talmadge, Talmadge studio; Anita Stewart, Mayer studio.

MILDRED, MAYWOOD.—Our United States Patent Office has issued more than a million patents and there is a total of only three million for the entire world. Looks like we're an inventive nation. Kenneth Harlan in "Dangerous Business" and "Mama's Affair" with Constance Talmadge. Harlan is not married. He was divorced from Salome Jane Harlan some time ago.

JUST EIGHTEEN.—You like Miss Cotton and think she should be starred. She was on the screen since 1918, but was on the stage before that. Miss Cotton is still Miss Cotton.
"I Don't Enjoy Society Because This Hair On My Face Is So Unbecoming"

If you are miserable because your face is made ugly and unsightly by a growth of superfluous hair don’t give up hope and let yourself grow biter. There is a method that will permanently relieve your trouble.

It kills the root so that it is impossible for the hair to grow again.

There are depilatories which temporarily remove superfluous hair from the skin, but it grows again thicker and stronger than ever.

There is one method which kills the root of the hair, making it impossible for it ever to reappear. It does not injure the skin, and is comparatively inexpensive. You can use it in the privacy of your own home. This is the MAHLER Method. Send three stamps for information sent in plain sealed envelope. We Teach Beauty Culture. 25 years in business.

Write today.

D. J. MAHLER CO., 190 F, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.
Wrinkles Gone! New Wonderful Way—Charm of Youth Restored

Wonderful results! Wrinkles and acne lines erased. Yes, this one secret method works marvels. You should learn about it right now. It makes the skin as smooth, clear and lustrous as a child's, and業s a permanent correction of the most stubborn, deep-set, frowning lines. Our skin has never been so soft, so satiny and so fine. We have received hundreds of testimonials from those whom this method has benefited. Just a few of them: "From the moment I turned it over to you I have had a new life. It has given me a new vitality of spirit which has carried me through the years as a woman perhaps 10 years younger."

A FEW DAYS
And All Your Wrinkles Gone

Guaranteed
Your Wrinkles Gone in a few days. Send us your name and address and we will send you our Free Book: "How to Remove Wrinkles at Home Without Surgery."

Mary Pickford Never Went to College
YET she is the Queen of the Movies, America's Sweetheart; she has accomplished more, been a greater success, than any other woman of modern times. If Mary Pickford had gone to college, would she have been a better actress, a more popular personality, a more gracious human being? What do you think? You'll find the question answered in the November issue of PHOTOPLAY.

RICO G., MANILA.—Your letter was not too long. But your name was, so I've abbreviated it considerably. Don't mind, do you? Doris May married Wallace MacDonald on May 5, 1921. A serial called "The Whirlwind" was made by the Allgood Pictures Corp. of 1472 Broadway, N.Y.C. That company must have confused her address Edith Thornton there. I have no recent information regarding her.

Eda Hunter
Famous "Movie" Star, Royalty of the Princess Tokio Treatment:
In six days you will see the picture of a younger-looking face before you. You will have a new back ground; a face without frown lines, without deep-set, heavy lines. Every wrinkle will be gone. And every trace of the facial discoloration will be removed. The complexion, too, will be clear and smooth. It will be a complexion that a younger woman would have been proud of. If you wish to use this treatment, write to us for our free booklet, Younger-looking Face, and get the secret method that works.

Guaranteed
Or money back. Satisfaction guaranteed. No obligation. We will not send you a single word, unless you ask for it. Write for your copy of Princess Tokio Beauty Book, free, by return mail. Printed on fine paper, 100 pages, 8x11 inches, written in large type. Mail coupon today.

Eda Hunter
Famous "Movie" Star

Guaranteed
Princess Tokio Co.,
233 W. Erie St., Dept. A-2
CHICAGO, ILL.

Chairman, Lasky, Selznick,

R. S., OKLAHOMA.—Eva Novak was a star for Universal, but only had a six months contract from the company and did not renew. She is now playing leads at Fox. It's Jane, not Eva, to whom Bill Hart is engaged. The "Last Trail" was Eva's final U.S. picture. Jane was former Mrs. Frank Newbury, but is now divorced. She has a small daughter.

SYLVIA.—I am one of the commending swains. I haven't one of those long-suffering dispositions you speak of, I do tell the truth, and I deny that all my correspondents are foolish. Not at all of them. Eugene O'Brien deserves better stories than Selznick gives him—I agree with you. He is used to be great opposite Norma Talmadge.

Questions and Answers
(Continued)

RAY W., ST. LOUIS.—Surely—come right in, there's plenty of room. For improvement, is Edith Wharton Owen, playing the leading role in Cosmopolitan's new production of Arthur Somers Roche's story, "Find the Woman." Betty Compson, Lasky. Eugene O'Brien, Selznick.

KATHERINE B., REDWOOD CITY, CA.—Confiscus died at the age of seventy-two. He believed that man should "sight nothing, forget nothing, leave nothing to chance; nor should he say, 'this is good enough.'" What do you think? You'll find the question answered in the November issue of PHOTOPLAY.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Physical Scientist
Dept. 474
Newark, New Jersey

WON'T YOU MARRY?

WILL YOU MARRY ME?

WILL YOU MARRY ME?

Would The Law
Let You Marry?

More and more past years, especially the years of World War and subsequent machinery, have become a marriage. Because can be issued. Those who are not physically fit will be forbidden to marry. Where do you stand? Can you meet the requirements of this law? Are you a clean, healthy, vigorous physical specimen? Or, do you have a defective, born and reared by youth, evil end; or, are you? Will you be forbidden to marry the woman's, marriage is the art of a lifetime of respect and long- ing. It is limited by your health and age.

STRONGFORT—The Modern Science of Health, Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy, for 20 years in which I am sure you will not shortly. I have marked (X) where the collection in which I am interested.

Tours and Expositions
Prize Contest

Music Lessons

SECRETS

BEAUTY

PARLORS

Revealed

A Complete Conservatory Course
By Mail

Any Instrument or Voice

A Wonderful Opportunity to Become a Musical Specialist
A National System of Conservatory Education

\$40 to \$75 a Week. Experience not necessary.

A full line of Educational Courses in all instruments and voices for all ages. Full length of time at home. Full time with no instruction, 8 months, 15 weeks. In full time classes, 

Dept. 474
Newark, New Jersey

FITTED TO MARRY

Copyright 1921

By Mail

MURINE

You Cannot Buy

New Eyes
But you can promote a Clear, Healthy Condition
Use Murine Eye Remedy

Keep your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy

For Free Eye Care Course

Murine Eye Remedy Co., 10 East Ohio Street, Chicago

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Questions and Answers
(Continued)

LODINE.—What is Wally Reid's speaking voice? Why, it's a—a voice. You know, and I think that is what it sounds so to me. But then, perhaps I am not properly appreciative. You should meet Mr. Reid and find out. How can you meet him? Don’t ask me.

T. E. P., CINCINNATI.—You want to see me. Well, if you did see me you wouldn’t know what to say. I am Adam. Eva W., maybe, that I will be wearing more. I can’t tell you the names of all the photo plays in which Dick Barthelness has appeared—not that I don’t know them, but because we will have to get out a special edition for your answer, and that isn’t being done right now. However, his first work was with Nazimova in "War Brides," and his later releases were with Marjorie. Cell. He present has his own company, making "TolableDavid." Married to Mary Hay, the little dancer.

PEG H., PITTSBURG.—So you think I am very wise and very patient to answer all those letters. I am very wise to answer all those letters, if that’s what you mean. I would find myself sitting on the cold hard pavement if I didn’t. But I really liked your question. I will appreciate your kind thoughts of me and my wife. As I haven’t any wife, I have taken all the kind thoughts home with me, where they are piled up in the corners of my hall-bedroom. Write again.

M. C. F., FL.—Most of us like to talk and write about ourselves, but few of us will admit it. I am one of the few exceptions. The others are the twenty thousand who write in to me. 'The Kid' marked Jackie Coogan's initial screen appearance. This picture was made in 1920. Norma and Constance Talmadge, Talmadge studios. Conrad Nagel, Lasky, Hollywood. All three are married.

PAULINE.—You address me "Dear air or whoever reads this letter." I regret to say that I read it; if I hadn’t, it might not have answered. Ralph Kellard, not Robert. I admit it. I am one of the few exceptions. At present he has his own company, making "TolableDavid." Married to Mary Hay, the little dancer.

A FUTURE CORRESPONDENT.—I don’t quite see how you can be a future correspondent when you are among those present, but I suppose it’s all right. Florence Lawrence was born in 1896, has golden hair and blue eyes, was married in May, 1912, to Charles W. Hendricks, was the first movie queen. Her first picture since her return to film activity is "The Unfolding," not yet released. Mae McAvoy is probably the "newest" star, she was elevated to stella position in 1921.

ROSE.—The favorite roll of most actors is the one he gets on pay-day. Dorothy Davenport, Wallace Reid's wife, was born, in 1895. Hope Hampton is twenty-two. Eva Novak is twenty; Jane twenty-five.

ELSA, FORT WAYNE.—There is a story about Buck Jones ‘fully repaid of what I played" We are always only too glad to have stories about the stars you want. Mr. Jones is married. Thanks for all your bouquets.

B. B., MASS.—It was really too bad of you to send me a picture of your garden without the letters. There you are standing between the sun-dial and the fountain. I can’t even see the sun-dial. "Smiling Billy" Parsons died of heart trouble. He isn’t dead; he has merely retired. And at that they say it’s only a Bernhardt, as he plans to come back in February. Not that we won’t all be glad to see him back—but why the retirement stuff?

ALBERTA J.—John Robertson is in England now conforming with Sir James Barrie about "Peter Pan" and who will play it. If Mary Pickford can’t, I’d vote for Mae McAvoy to play "Tommy" which Robertson directed. Jack Pickford will make "A Tailor-Made Man" for his own company. Ethel Hammerstein is here; she is the daughter of Arthur and the grand-daughter of Oscar of the same house.

F. M. E., K., JERSEY CITY.—You say the foot that used to rock the cradle is now stepping on the accelerator. I suppose there is some truth in the Griszel of "Sentimental Stein" is her real name; she is the daughter of James and I’m afraid of further hair growth. And entirely lacking "after odor" it will be found a toilet accessory without the discouragements of the depilatory.

TOMMY.—I don’t blame you. Hope Hampton. I don’t mind telling you that I don’t blame you. I don’t blame you. She made a personal appearance in your city. Robert Gordon is married to Alma Francis. Gordon is now playing the leading role in "The Rosary," for Selig-Rork. Douglas McLean’s wife is a non-professional. Wallace Reid was playing in "Just Married." Vivian's latest dialect was "Out of Mr. Reid and find out. How can you meet him? Don’t ask me.

L. M. V., KANSAS.—I didn’t take a vacation, because I don’t believe in them. You should have picked the mountains or the seashore. That I should prefer the seashore, but I have never had a chance to find out. Address Vivian Martin at the Shubert Theater, New York City, where she is playing in "Just Married." Vivian’s latest picture is "Pardon my French." She is married and has a little daughter. Mary Miles Minter’s engagement has been denied by Mary’s grandmother, who ought to know.

LAZY LUKE.—I wouldn’t say you were lazy, looking at your letter. A lazy man couldn’t think of so many questions. Gladly Leslie appeared recently in "Jim the Penitent," and I am "God’s Country and the Law," in which she is starred. She is married.

Note this New and Amazingly Different Way!

Unsavory Depilatories, the Razor, or any harsh method now unnecessary!

At last, correct scientific principles have been applied to the depilatory. The result is a snow white, sweet cold cream with the peculiar property of dissolving hair wherever it touches. It is called DOT; and it’s as easy to use as powdering your nose; as quick and harmless.

You apply a bit of this cold cream where there is a hair growth. Then whisk across it with a dampened wash cloth. And that’s all. The hair will be gone. The cream absorbs it. And then it dries out and with the cool sense of cleanliness, A. gentle method and as amazingly effective, as thorough. In contrast with the unfinanceable razor, DOT definitely discourages further hair growth. Thus making the removal of hair, easier and easier to handle as time goes on. And entirely lacking "afterodor" it will be found a toilet accessory without the discouragements of the depilatory.

You are urged to try this delicate cream dissolvent. Well groomed women everywhere have adopted it. If your favorite toilet goods counter, Department Store or Drug Store hasn’t DOT, send one direct to the Laboratory - under guarantee of satisfaction or return. Price (the regular rate), or $1.00 for the large - for a supply by return mail, in plain wrapper.

Address, Charles Dot & Co.

1101 Eighth & Olive. St. Louis, Mo.

Remove hair with Cold Cream!

Cold Cream

Powder Puff

Already filled with Exquisite Powder

A real sensation! Just take skin with CHARMANT POWDER PUFF and cor- ret amount of exquisite "CHARMANT" beautifying complexion powder sieves through this remarkable puff. No waste! No waste! Finest material, finest workmanship. Perfectly unsavory and delightful.

Each puffed sealed—contains sufficient fascinating "CHARMANT" for several weeks' use. 10c. postpaid. Dealers charge $2.00 to $5.00 for this beauty enabling you to buy your own and delightful.

Send only 30 cents (three dimes or one dollar) for pure CHARMANT. CHARMANT Powder Puff, in White. It is neatly packed in wire dressing table box. Mention whether white, flesh or rachel.

CHARMANT CO.

101-L, East Ave. Long Island City, N. Y.
Questions and Answers (Continued)

FLUFFY, MELBOURNE, ENGLAND—I don’t mind your writing a bit—either in chiro-
graphy or sentiment. Particularly the sen-
timent. I like to be told I’m liked. Ann
Little, Berwilla studios, Hollywood, Cal.

The Bat.—When you come to New
York, look me up. I am singular, not
plural. I have no assistance in answering
my letters, although I may need it. Madge
Kennedy may return to the screen in the
fall; at present she is vacationing. She
is married to Harold Bolster, a business
man. Martha Mansfield was introduced as
a Selznick star in “The Fourth Sin.” Martha
is appearing in vaudeville in New York this
summer. Louise Huff is in the cast of
“Disraeli” which George Arliss is making
for United Artists release. If you can’t
come in, write.

C. W. R., OTTAWA.—The reason, my
friend, that you never received a reply
was that you did not favor me with your
address. I am sorry. Tom Mix, Fox
western. George Walsh appears in “Scren-
side,” under Paul L. Promise’s direction
and opposite Miriam Cooper, who in private
life is Mrs. R. A. Walsh.

MARY E. SMITH, NEWPORT.—A few
wonders of the modern world are the air-
plane, radium, telephone, wireless, and
motion pictures. Of the medieval world,
the Great Wall of China, the leaning tower
of Pisa, the Catacombs of Alexander, and
the Colosseum of Rome. Of the ancient
world: the Hanging Gardens of Babylon,
the Colossus of Rhodes, the pyramids of
Egypt. The class is now dismissed. I
suppose you know that the motion picture
is able to reproduce many of these wonders
of all times for you and me to see, safe
in the comfort of a photoplay palace. Earle
Rodney, Christie. Nell Shipman Productions,
17 West 44th Street, New York.

HELEN.—Norman Kerry’s picture will
go into our next rotogravure section just to
please you (and several hundred other
girls). Kerry plays Blackie Daw in Cos-
mopolitan’s production of “Get-Rich-Quick
Vallingford,” under direction of Frank
Borzage. Sam Hardy plays the title role,
with Doris Kenyon and Billie Dove as the
girls. Address Rupert Hughes, Goldwyn
studios, Culver City, Cal. Hughes is
writing the original stories and scenarios of
his pictures for Goldwyn, and he is going
to direct too. Recent Hughes films are
“The Old New”—the fiction version of
which appeared in September Photoplay—
and “Dangerous Curve Ahead.”

LOUIS S., NEW YORK CITY.—I can’t tell
you how much I liked your letter, for fear
you would accuse me of sarcasm, flattery,
or what have you. But—I enjoyed it and
hope you’ll write much and often. Your
question is answered elsewhere.

PHILIP R. D.—May Allison’s home
address is not known to us, but her age is.
This does not sound probable, but I assure
you it is. She was born in 1895, and may
be addressed at the Metro studios, Hollywood.
It is rumored Miss Allison is leaving Metro,
but I have not heard confirmation as yet.

BEATRICE.—You are evidently looking
for a Dante to immortalize you. But Jack
Dziolt is not a Dante, but Address him
Lasky, Hollywood. Ethel Clayton has no
children; she was born in 1890. Miss Clay-
ton in “The Thirteenth Commandment”.
You bet I like her.

You can reduce
quickly and safely, without drugs or
diet or strenuous exercise.
Guaranteed
Fat Reducer
FOR MEN AND WOMEN
Used daily in the privacy of your room, the
Reducer will show results within 11 days
or money refunded. Convenient and
simple—not electrical. Reduces only the
parts where you wish to lose. Easily fol-
lowed instructions enable you to retain your
normal weight after the Reducer has elimi-
nated the unhealthy, disfiguring fatty tissue.
Without discomfort any stout man or woman
can obtain these results, whether 10 or 100
pounds overweight. Dr. Lawton reduced
his own weight from 211 to 152 lbs. Send
for your Reducer today—only $5 and
remember, it is guaranteed.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON
120 West 70th Street
Department 78 NEW YORK

10 MONTHS TO PAY
For this
Portable Typewriter

Now you can buy the
famous, 9-
pound National Typewriter on time—direct from
the factory. Sold by thousands of doc-
tors, lawyers, bankers, salesmen, students, writers
and business men in 31 countries. Every feature
Offer and 10 Months’ Easy Payment Plan.

You Can Now Use at home, safely and
with effective forces of Violet Rays and Ozone—
to normalize vitiated nerves, improve
nutritive processes, rebuild impoverished
blood. These basic causes of many ills re-
spond remarkably to self treatment with
Kolor-Bak
High Frequency
RENU LIFE
Kolor-Bak is not a dye or stain. It is color-
ing without bliol, 0, 4, showing anywhere!” It
produces the natural color to gray hair simply by putting hair and
scalp in a healthy condition.

Kolor-Bak
HYGIENIC LABORATORIES
3334-3338 West 39th Street, Dept.150, Chicago

HOW TO BECOME A
PROFESSIONAL
PHOTOGRAPHER
EARNING $15 TO $125 A WEEK
An interesting illustrated book-let (free) on choosing a voca-
tion, the exceptional opportuni-
ties in Photography offers you
and how to avail yourself of these advantages.

MOTION PICTURE — COMMERCIAL — PORTRAITURE

Four months course. Perfect equipment. Modern training.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Questions and Answers
(Continued)

A Fan, Idaho.—You tell me a riddle, and then answer it in the same letter. You told me the reason why a girl is like an automobile is that both have to have the old paint scraped off before the new paint can be put on. I don’t know that—about girls, I mean. I guess you must be a mechanic or something. I heard the cast of “A Damself in Distress,” in which June Caprice and Creighton Hale appeared.

Mrs. E. P., Nevada.—The cast of Goldwyn’s “The Branding Iron,” which, by the way, was a good, strong picture, follows; and sometimes you do it. Pan Castleton: Pierre Landis—James Kirkwood; John Carver—Russell Simpson; Prosper Garet—Richard Tucker; Jasper Moreno—Fred Olenchi; Martha Prine—Maudie Turner; Rev. Holliswell—Albert Roscoe; Maudie Upper—Joan Standing; Wen Ho—Louie Cheung.

Persistent Percy.—You say you have a painting which is quite a new departure. Well—let me see you do it. I am really sorry that I cannot accept—and pay for landscapes in four colors, but I am not the Editor, and he doesn’t use landscapes any way.

H. D. C.—Bessie Love enrolled as a member of the Froshman school at University of Southern California. Mary Anderson is Charles Ray’s leading woman in “Two Minutes To Go.” Mr. and Mrs. House Peters had a boy and a girl. Charles Chaplin’s new picture is “The Idle Class.” Cullen Landis is with Metro playing with Alice Lake in “The Infamous Miss Revell.”

H. E. R.—Your grammar isn’t so good. The latest interview in Photoplay with Tom Meighan was September, 1920. Tom’s a very good friend of mine and I believe him immensely. He always drops in to see me when he’s in town. He is married to Frances King, sister of Blanche; was born in Pittsburgh in 1887; went on the stage after leaving college (his parents wanted him to be a physician but young Tom didn’t see it that way). He first appeared with Henrietta Crosman in “Mistress Nell.” Later he appeared in stock for two years, toured with Elise d’ Wolfe, William Collier, David Warfield and others. His first film work was for Lasky, where he is today as a star in “The Fighting Hope.”

Erminie.—Aren’t you fancy! By the way, I saw the revival of “Erminie” in New York some months ago and enjoyed it hugely. Francis Wilson, Madge Lessing and De Wolf Hopper were in it, and a good time was enjoyed by everybody. I don’t know what became of “that cute little Howard Roberts will, I am sure, send you a picture to print only your initials because you request to print only your initials because you request to print only your initials because. I have thousands of letters from women in every walk of life, among these women, women of middle age, in country, town and city—happy, grateful letters. One lady who married a means exception, Forty. When on my farm there’s not a truce left. I think it is wondrous. My complexion is as smooth and clear as when a girl and I was a child and I told you I was doing it now. M. Glass and I have one barbershop who should walk in but two young ladies—both with bobbed hair! Apparently not. I understand all the girls are doing it now. M. Glass and I have one thing in common—neither of us is married.

Fluffy of Melbourne.—Thanks for your good wishes. Nice of you not to want to bother me, but if you don’t bother me occasionally I won’t have any job. The reason costs the merrier, you know. Ann Little, Berwilla Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Ann is not married.

Lola.—You are faithful to Photoplay, the Gish sisters and me. I must say you have a good taste. Harrison Ford was married to Beatrice Prentice, but he is now separated. Constance Talmadge is twenty-two. Her latest picture is “Good-for-Nothing” written by the Emersons, John and Anita. If you mean Buck Jones when you say “that brute you see him with Fox, in Hollywood. I agree that Lilian Gish is a perfect dear, even if she never sent me her picture with “All my love” written on it.

Mrs. Ben.—I agree with you. Even if I didn’t, I would say so. You do not seem to be a lady one can disagree with. Nothing— which means getting away with it. Bebe Daniels is not married. She has had a variety of screen leading men: Jack Dempsey, Charles Chaplin, and others. Her latest picture is “Good-for-Nothing” written by the Emersons, John and Anita. If you mean Buck Jones when you say “that brute you see him with Fox, in Hollywood. I agree that Lilian Gish is a perfect dear, even if she never sent me her picture with “All my love” written on it.

Elda.—I’ve read that the Emperor of Japan has twenty men to carry his umbrella. At least thirty men have carried mine. Mary Anderson in Morosco’s “The Half Breed.” Mary is Mrs. Pliny Goodfriend. Charlotte Walker did “The Trail of the Lonesome Pine” for the films some years ago. Ethel Grandin with Gareth Hughes in Metro’s “The Hunch.”

R. B. I., Germantown, Pa.—Bless your heart—I had no intention of not answering you. How do you know what you are talking about? I would be almost happy. Theodore Roberts will, I am sure, send you a picture to address him care the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Miss A. T.—Marriage may not be a failure, but the bride gets the best man. And the good news is yours. You know I’m glad you are going to be married. Congratulations and all that sort of thing. Gladys Walton is married; address her care Univer Cinema, Idaho. Harlan Turner, c/o the same company. The Mack Sennett company is at Edendale, Cal.

(Concluded on page 127)
COMMERCE lives through the interchange of products. California fruits are sold in Maine. Shoes made in New England are worn on the Pacific slope. Automobiles from Detroit traverse the Florida sands; the North smokes Southern tobacco. And so it goes.

Advertising has played an all important part in fostering business growth. Without it we would retrograde half a century, or more. Business would stagnate; large institutions which build cheaply by large production would fade into oblivion; we would live in total ignorance of many things which might add to our wealth, health and happiness.

The bread and butter of business depend on advertising, and your interest in it.

Read the advertisements. They will be as productive of results to you as to the companies that pay for them. In half an hour, or less, you can learn much of many things that go to make life what it is.

Read the advertising. It enables you to get more for your money by telling you what to buy. It is your guide to what's good to get.

Read it—reflect on it—it pays
Questions and Answers
(Concluded from page 125)

S. L., STAMFORD.—So you wish vacation were over. You do? All you have to do, you say, is eat, drink, and be merry. I wish that was all I had to do. Bert Lytell was born in New York City, but he doesn’t divulge. He’s five feet ten tall. Lucy Cotton and Virginia Valli are all the latest lovely ladies. Evelyn Vaughn is bisexual.

ELLIS B., OMABA.—You envy me all the work I do, getting to see and speak to all the film people? My dear, with all the work I do, I don’t get time to see and speak to all the people. Catherine MacDonald has her own studio in Los Angeles. Cecil de Mille’s new picture is a filmization of Leonard Merrick’s “Laurels and the Lady, retitled The Three Lheroes.” The story appears in this issue of Photoplay. It features Dorothy Dalton, Mildred Harris, and Conrad Nagel. Julia Faye is in the cast.

CURIOUS, HARTFORD.—Well, I wish you weren’t so curious. Here, however, is the cast of “Scarlet Days”—which is so long I’ve saved your other questions for next month. Al Àver, Richard Barthelmess; Quiotta, Clarey Seymour; Rosy Neil, Eugenie Besserer’s “Daughter,” Caro Desktop; John Randolph, Ralph Graves; King Bagley, Walter Long.

Florence J., St. Louis.—You wonder why, your three letters were never answered? Because you declined to give your real name and address. Don’t malign me because you don’t ask much of you; merely your identification as an evidence of good faith; but evidently there was too much for you. Your latest epistle gave all the details which I do not ask for: the color of your hair and eyes. Nevertheless: James Kirkwood, Ann Forrest and Virginia Valli are all the details which I do not ask: the color of your hair and eyes. Nevertheless: James Kirkwood, Ann Forrest and Virginia Valli are all the details which I do not ask: the color of your hair and eyes.

L. L. C., PENNSYLVANIA.—Arthur Johnston, who co-starred with Lottie Briscoe in the old Lubin days, has been dead some years. He was a fine actor. Miss Briscoe is in vaudeville now. She made a great team, didn’t they?

M. MAX L.—Rolf Armstrong paints all of Photoplay’s covers. He is noted for his fine color work. He has a studio in downtown Manhattan. Carlyle Blackwell is in vaudeville now. He is divorced from Mrs. Blackwell, who is a sister of Gretchen Hartman—Mrs. Alan Hale. By the way, the Hale’s have a baby son.

Billy, Texas.—I cannot read Chinese writing but I can read yours which is almost as interesting. Gladys Walton is in Portland, Oregon, and played in Universal comedies with Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons, the new extant comedy team, before that company scared her. She is married to Frank Riddell.

Vivia Genevieve.—You sound as if you’d just stepped out of a novel by George Joseph McChambers. Joyce Moore is not real. Miss Joyce was in real life Mrs. James Regan, Jr., has retired for a while to await an event of unusual importance in the Regan, Jr. household. Miss Joyce McLoslon married—nothing so alliterative. She’s not married or engaged. Mary is very young—about twenty, I think. Frank Mayo in “The Magnificent Brute” and “The Fighting Lover.” What virile titles!
"It was just wonderful—the way everyone complimented my complexion!"

"It taught me how important it is to have a clear, wholesome skin."

The beauty of a clear, flawless complexion—how much a woman’s charm depends upon it. A radiant, wholesome skin—how important it is to her attractiveness. Yet how many, many women have failed to keep their complexions fresh and clear. How often it is that a sallow skin lessens a woman’s charm in the eyes of others—that a face blemished by blackheads or tiny eruptions counts against her popularity.

Do you realize what a big part your complexion can play in creating for you a new attractiveness—in winning the admiration of friends? A complexion that will bring you compliments is easy to achieve. You can attain the beauty of a fresh, dainty complexion, just as thousands of attractive women have, if you begin today to use Ingram’s Milkweed Cream regularly.

Ingram’s Milkweed Cream does more than the ordinary face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually “tones-up”—revitalizes—the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly it heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections. Used faithfully, it will bring to you a beauty of complexion that will mean new charm and attractiveness.

Begin today to gain new charm

When you get your first jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream you will find in the package a booklet of Health Hints. This booklet tells you the most effective way in which to use Ingram’s Milkweed Cream—tells you how to use it in treating blackheads, eruptions and other common troubles of the skin. Read this booklet carefully. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram’s Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one-dollar size. Begin at once to gain the beauty of a fresh, glowing, wholesome complexion—it will add so much to your charm.
To prolong the charm of her freshly-dressed hair, the fastidious woman slips on her Lorraine Hair Net and adds that final touch to the immaculate air of her entire appearance.

In Lorraine Hair Nets you obtain a net so generous in size that you can adjust it to a simple or an elaborate coiffure. Strands of human hair so fine, so natural in color, you cannot tell them from your own hair. Lorraine Hair Nets are distinguished by their quality—yet they are only 10¢!

Drop in at the nearest Woolworth store and buy a supply of Lorraine Hair Nets. Keep a half dozen or so in your dresser drawer.

Sold Exclusively at and Guaranteed by
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. Stores
SPREAD it over the nails lightly. In the space of a minute, without buffing—a jewel-like sheen which preserves the results of a Cutex manicure for several days.

Formulated by the same authority who gave you Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Liquid Polish can be relied upon for equally wonderful results. Get it at any drug or department store in the United States or Canada. Price 35 cents.

Sample offer

Five cents in stamps or coin will bring you a generous sample, enough for two weeks. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 710, 114 West 17th St., New York City, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. 710, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.
Are Women's Colleges Old Maid Factories?

A remarkable story of a search for Beauty — Page 50
Even White Gloved Hands
are safe from ink stains when you use a Sheaffer

REMOVE the cap of the famous SHEAFFER fountain pen anytime—anywhere—and you will find your pen grip always desert dry, but the point moist. Joggle the pen in your handbag, carry it upside down for weeks—when you uncap it you will find the grip as it should be, desert dry, and the tip moist. That is why the SHEAFFER is such an ideal pen for women. Never stains white, dainty fingers and soft, silky purse and handbag linings. Its positive leakproofness is due to a perfected vacuum principle in the cap.

And for poise, balance, beauty and writing and filling precision, the SHEAFFER is unsurpassed. In purchasing a pen for yourself, or as a gift, be sure you get a SHEAFFER.

The pen illustrated is the famous SHEAFFER chattalaine model 29MC, price $6.50. Other Sheaffer styles, $2.50 to $50.

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
Fort Madison, Iowa
Chicago    New York    Kansas City    Denver    San Francisco

SHEAFFER'S
PEN—PENCIL
AT THE BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE
Contents

November, 1921

Cover Design Marion Davies
From a Pastel Portrait by Rolf Armstrong.

Rotogravure:
Mae Murray Dorothy Gish
Mary Carr Anita Stewart
Jane and Catherine Lee Vivian Martin
Marie Prevost

The "Don't" Men Editorial 19
Getting Back at Friend Husband Mrs. Wallace Reid 20
What a Movie Idol's Wife Thinks About.

The Future Great Actor Delight Evans 22
Joseph Schildkraut, a New Griffith Protege.

Romance from Moth-Balls 24
D. W. Griffith Revives "The Two Orphans."

West Is East Delight Evans 25
A Strolling Down Broadway.

The End of the Road (Fiction) Octavus Roy Cohen 26
One of the Greatest Stories of the Year. Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore.

Pro bono Bobbed Hair (Photograph) 29
Anita Loos Has Gone and Done It!

The Memoirs of M. 30
Douglas Fairbanks' Valet Tells Some Inside Stuff.

It's a Mad World! 32
If the Habits of Mankind Were Gauged by Some Films.

(Contents continued on next page)
How I Keep in Condition               Corinne Griffith  33
Third in an Interesting Series.

Peter Pan's Sister                     34
May McAvoy and Her Greatest Ambition.

A Poor Relation (Fiction)              Gladys Hall  35
The Story of Will Rogers' Great New Picture.

How to Sell a Hat                      (Photographs) 39
As Bebe Daniels Would Do It.

If There Were Only Some Brains in the Movies! 40
The Unbeliever's Wish Come True.

A Broadway Farmerette                  Delight Evans  42
Hope Hampton, Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway.

Fashions in Furs and Frills            Carolyn Van Wyck  44
Introducing Photoplay's Own Designer.

Through a Frenchman's Eyes             Joan Jordon  47
What Paris Thinks of Our Stars.

Love and Co.                           Doris May and Her New Affiliation.

A Week with the Stars                  How They Spend Their Time.

Are Girls' Colleges Old Maid Factories? James R. Quirk  50
The Results of an Interesting Investigation.

Rotogravure:                           Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger
College Beauty—West and East.

Honeymoon Shanty                       Frank R. Adams  55
A Contest Fiction Entry.

The Shadow Stage                       60
Reviews of the New Filmplays.

Life in the Films                      Willard Huntington Wright  58
Second of a Series.

Closeups                               Editorial Comment  64

The Sheik                              69
Rudolph Valentino's New Picture.

Why the Smile? Well, He's Going Home   70
Chaplin Just as He Sailed.

Questions and Answers                  The Answer Man  73

Chaplin's New Picture                  74
Scenes from "The Idle Class."

Plays and Players                      Cal. Yorke  76
News from the Studios.

Vamps of All Times                     Svetzar Tonjoroff  91
No. V—Isis.

Miss Van Wyck Says:                    98
Answers by Our Fashion Editor.

Soothing the Censors                   100
Bringing the Enemy Into Camp.

The Squirrel Cage                      A. Gnutt  102
Little About Everything.

Why Do They Do It?                    121
Criticisms by Our Readers.

(Addresses of the Leading Motion Picture Producers appear on page 112)
The Oliver Typewriter Company announces a further reduction in price of the latest and improved Oliver No. 9—formerly $100—lately $64. The price alone is changed—not the standard model that has won such fame. Over 900,000 have been sold.

This offer is based on the fact that the Oliver has proven that it sells itself. We ship it direct from the factory to you, saving you the cost of selling.

If any typewriter is worth $100, it is this sturdy, proven Oliver, the finest, the costliest Oliver ever built.

A sensational offer

The new reduction is due solely to our simplified method of selling. It created a sensation in 1917. To abandon the standard price of $100 won the approval of the public. We now make a further reduction, anticipating lowered costs of production.

We now reduce the price to $49.50 for cash or $55 on installments, with over a year to pay.

The coupon brings the Oliver to you for five days' free trial. Be your own salesman. If you agree that it is the finest typewriter that any price can buy, you can save yourself half the usual price.

When it arrives, put it through every test and comparison with other $100 standard typewriters. Then if you want to buy it, send $49.50 in cash. Or if you wish to take advantage of the installment plan, send us $3, then $4 per month until the $55 is paid.

If you decide against it, ship it back at our expense. You do not risk a penny.

Remember, this is a brand new Oliver, fresh from the factory—not second-hand, not rebuilt. Do not let the remarkably low price confuse you.

Finest Oliver ever built

This is the standard $100 typewriter, but it is sold direct from the factory to the user. You do not have to pay for an enormous army of salesmen nor for a costly chain of branch houses in 50 cities.

You get exactly what $100 or more brings the usual way. And you keep what otherwise would be spent in selling you a typewriter.

Merely mail the coupon below for a Free Trial Oliver or for further information. Check which.

This method has been in use for 4 years. Thousands have taken advantage of it. Why should you pay double—when double cannot bring more. This announcement is bound to bring a flood of orders. Mail the coupon NOW, so your order can be filled promptly.

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
1479 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

You can save $45 on our time payment plan. It costs us $5.50 to carry your account for 14 months. You pay cash you cost us $5.50 to carry your account for 14 months, if you pay cash you save $45.

The OLIVER Typewriter Company.

1479 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Mail me a new Oliver No. 3 Typewriter for five days' inspection. If I keep it I will pay $15 as follows: $2 at the end of trial period and then at the rate of $4 per month. If I return it I get back $15 plus. If I decide not to keep it, 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 deluxe catalog and further information.

Name:
Street Address:
City:
State:
Occupation or Business:

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Only Sure Way to Avoid Embarrassment

Do you know the correct thing to say in the embarrassing situation?

Every day, in our business and social life, puzzling little questions may arise. We wonder how to react in certain situations; we wish that we had not done certain things; we want to do and say certain things and we cannot do so without feeling embarrassed or foolish; and we often feel that we have not been correctly introduced, accepted, or introduced again.

The Only Way

There is only one sure way to be calm and well-poised at all times—to be respected, honored and admired wherever you happen to be. And that is by knowing definitely, positively, the correct thing to do on all occasions. Whether you are dining in the most exclusive restaurant, or at the most humble barn-dance; whether you are at the most elaborate ball or the most simple barn-dance, whether you are in the company of brilliant celebrities or ordinary people, you will be immune to all embarrassment, you will be safe from all blundering mistakes—if you know the simple rules of etiquette.

What Is Etiquette?

Etiquette is not a fad. It is not a principle or theory or belief. It is not merely for the very wealthy, or for the extremely well-educated. It is meant for all people, who, in the course of their everyday life, find it necessary to keep themselves well in hand; to impress by their culture, their dignity; to know how to be treated and respected in business, and admired in the social world; and for women, who wish to be considered at all times cultured and charming.

It is embarrassing to overturn a cup of coffee and not know just what to say to the hostess. It is embarrassing to arrive late at an entertainment, and not know the correct way to excuse yourself. It is embarrassing to be introduced to some brilliant celebrity, and not know how to acknowledge the introduction and lead subtly to channels of interesting conversation.

The man who is polished, impressive, and the woman who is cultured, will find the doors of the most exclusive society opened to admit them. But the world is a harsh judge, and he who does not know what to do and say and wear on all occasions will find himself barred, ignored.

You have often wondered how to write invitations, how to acknowledge introductions, how to ask a lady to dance, how to act at the wedding, the funeral, the theatre, the opera. There is your opportunity to find out the absolutely correct thing to do on all occasions, to act, say, write and wear on all occasions.

The Book of Etiquette, in two large volumes, covers every detail of everyday etiquette. It tells you how to act at the dinner table, how to excuse yourself if you drop a fork, how to accept and refuse a dance, how to write and answer invitations, how to make and acknowledge introductions. It tells you what to say at the dinner, the dance, the party, what to take on week-end trips and on extended summer trips.

You cannot do without the Book of Etiquette. You need it to refer to whenever some important event is pending. You need it to refer to whenever you are in doubt, whenever you are puzzled, anxious. It corrects the blunders you have perhaps unknowingly been making; helps you to avoid all embarrassment; shows you the way to be always, at all times, cultured, impressed and charming.

Send No Money Five-Day FREE Examination

The complete two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette will be sent free to you for 5 days. Glance through the books. Read a page here and there. See for yourself some of the blunders you have been making.

You will immediately realize what the Book of Etiquette is a wonderful help to you.

Just mail the coupon below, filled in with your name and address. Don't send any money—just the coupon. The two-volume Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once—FREE to read, examine and study. After 5 days, you have the privilege of returning the books without obligation, or keeping them and sending $3.50 in full payment.

Do It NOW!

Send off the coupon today—now—before you forget. You've often wondered what you would or say or do in a certain embarrassing situation. You've often wished you had some authoritative information regarding right conduct.

Don't overlook this opportunity to examine for yourself the famous Book of Etiquette. Don't wait until some very embarrassing incident makes you regret that you never knew the right thing to do or say. Here's your opportunity to examine the Book of Etiquette in your own home without cost. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity. Mail the coupon NOW.

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, INC., Dept. S10, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, send me the Two Volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you $3.50 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obliged to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.

Name _____________________________

Address ___________________________

Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full leather binding at $5.00 with 5 days examination privilege.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
As the focus of hundreds of critical eyes
— are you at perfect ease?

Can you be sure that your complexion is all that it should be?

It may happen to you at any time—an entrance into the brilliantly lighted theater, where you suddenly find yourself unavoidably the center of all eyes.

How satisfying then if you can be absolutely confident of your fresh, clear complexion. How reassuring if you can be certain that your skin is free from unsightly blemishes, that it glows with radiant health. How truly do you realize at such a time that a wonderful complexion, after all, is the one thing that contributes most to charm and attractiveness.

You can attain the radiance and bloom of a clear, wholesome skin. You can gain the confidence that comes from a charming complexion, just as thousands of attractive women have, if you begin today to use Ingram's Milweed Cream regularly.

Ingram's Milweed Cream does more than the ordinary face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones up"—revitalizes—the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly, it heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections. Used faithfully it will help you to gain and retain a complexion that is beyond reproach.

Begin today to gain new charm

When you get your first jar of Ingram's Milweed Cream, you will find in the package a booklet of Health Hints. This booklet tells you the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milweed Cream—tells you how to use it in treating the common troubles of the skin. Read this booklet carefully. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one-dollar size. Begin at once to make your complexion as beautiful as it should be. It will mean so much to you.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

Ingram's Velveta Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flush, Brunelette—50c.

Ingram's Beauty Purse—an attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Send us a dime, with the coupon below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., 102 Tenth St., Detroit, Michigan.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find one penny, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse, containing an eider-down powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velveta Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name
Street
City
State

In every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
HUMAN beings are of two kinds, creators and destroyers.

You can't be neutral. If you seem to do neither, you really destroy, for you consume, like a parasite, that which has been created by others. Man cannot live the life of a cocoon, wrapped in silky seclusion. That is death. So long as he lives he must either make or unmake, must build up or tear down, must increase or deplete the world's total of wealth and happiness.

He whose existence is guided by the word "Don't" is a destroyer. If he does happen to do a thing, it is half-heartedly, imperfectly, with fear of failure inviting failure to attend his efforts. But worse than that, he is a drag upon the creators. He holds them back, with all his strength, which, pitiful though it may be, impedes progress just so much.

The average censor is a "Don't" man. He is a destroyer. He is a coward, afraid of life, afraid of truth, afraid of his own shadow. He has a nasty mind, which can find in the purest kiss the germs of the lowest passions, and in the loftiest tragedy only a smutty yarn. He measures life by rule of thumb, forgetting the saying of the Teacher, "I am come that ye shall have life, and that ye shall have it more abundantly." The censor does not want more abundant life. He wants life cramped between the narrow parallels of his own insignificant mind.

Thus, lacking manhood and womanhood, they become timorous, pitiful creatures. Whatever is virile, whatever is upstanding and full of the zest of life, whatever transcends the milk-and-water philosophy of the old-fashioned copy-book, throws them into a panic, and they scream "Don't!"

Yet, spineless as they are, they do not trust the public to choose for itself. They pretend that their weakness is strength, and their fear is courage. With all the fanatical intolerance of witch-burners, they strive to impale ideas upon the tridents in their self-made hells. And so they destroy, destroy, destroy.

Recently Governor Miller of New York appointed a state commission of three State censors, politicians every one of them. Not content with following a prescribed set of rules, these people go beyond and condemn a picture because it "lacks artistic merit."

Could anything be more ridiculous?

How can we hope for better pictures when producers are harassed by the supervision of petty minds so overcrowded with cheap politics, prejudices and ignorance? Can you imagine the man or woman with a really great mind becoming a moving picture censor?

Away with these censors, these "Don't" men. The world needs elbow room for the creators.
NOT so long ago my husband undertook to tell the readers of Photoplay Magazine how to hold a wife. He didn't say whose, but let that pass.

It has taken me sometime to digest his remarks. Besides, it's one of my matrimonial rules never to answer my husband without counting ten, especially if I somewhat disagree with him.

My theory is that wives are not held at all. Man has no more to do with terminating a marriage than he has with continuing it. Wives either decide to stay married or to try Reno for their indigestion. It is often not so difficult to hold a husband as to want to hold him.

Now I am a firm advocate of marriage. I have been married—to my first and only husband—for eight years. I do not believe in tooting the trumpet of connubial bliss too vociferously. I always distrust a married woman who talks without fear of contradiction that Wally and I don't insult each other in public and have kept out of the Sunday Supplements.

Our marriage has been what is called successful—and when I say that I'm handing myself the cut-glass bathing suit because I honestly consider that marriage rests entirely with the woman.

Marriage—with a few modifications perhaps—will continue to toddle along, statistics and prophecies aside. Because while there may be only one happy marriage in a hundred, that one is a supreme happiness that nothing else can furnish. Inconstancy in love may give some passing thrills, but constancy furnishes the only real happiness.

In the last analysis, it is all purely an individual problem. Old men marry chicks as men who cannot read buy books, for their friends to enjoy—beautiful women continue to be universalists in spite of iron-clad contracts—and all other cases have their own peculiarities.

But those of us who have survived the first line trenches have gathered some general truths by way of ammunition and have discovered where some of the mines lying hidden may be of assistance to our fellow sufferers. Ignorance is the mother of most matrimonial ailments.

Therefore, while Elinor Glyn has suggested a Charm School for young ladies, I should like to suggest a School of Pre-Marital Training, an educational branch that is being overlooked. Where every bride-to-be could study dependable works on child psychology and rearing of infants, apt to taking a child to raise and marriage are identical in most respects.

If anything ever happens to Wally, I shall apply for a position as matron of an orphan asylum.

For, being married to a man who has been fortunate enough to become a popular screen favorite, has certainly had its merits as an eye-opener on men and women and marriage. I hate to hear a woman brag about her own husband, but it would be but false modesty to deny that other women besides myself have admired Wally on the screen. Which is a business and personal asset I should be the last to deny.

Also, I have been told that he is considered quite handsome. Personally, I like my son Bill's looks much better. Mothers are that way.

However, all this being true, and stated with as much modesty as I have at my command, let me tell you that it has kept "Mama"—as Wally always has and always will call me—reading her little book in order to work out a happy home for the three of us.

The few remarks which I am about to make are not personal in any sense of the word. They are gleaned from my eight years of experience as Mrs. Wallace Reid. I have had some unique experiences in those eight years. Many of them, Wally himself does not know. I have found girls hidden in almost every conceivable place in my house. I have been mother confessor to women who began with the idea of being my successor to the position (without consulting Mr. Reid). I have occasionally had an unpleasant experience.

Girls—I have stumbled across many of you in these last eight years. I do think I understand a lot about you. I've only just hit the quarter-century mark myself. It is love—not man—that you are seeking, that all girls are seeking. You dream dreams and you see visions, and your heart seeks something to hang them on. You find this in some man who looks and acts as you hope your Prince Charming will look and act when he comes.

That's great. I'm tickled to death when you find it in Wally. Really, he's very nice. He's a lot of bother and a great deal of care, and he's intensely human and young and he will play the saxophone. He has a bad habit of making plans and forgetting them, and leaving me holding the sack. But outside of that, he's a pretty good husband—if there is such a thing.
And I know from experience that a husband is the universal panacea for girlhood's troubles.

But remember—not about Wally, nor about screen stars in general—but about your own man when he comes. The duration of a love affair is nearly always in proportion to the length of a woman's resistance. I refused Wally three times. The first time I meant comes. The second time I had to be consistent. The third time I meant—yes.

The great trouble with the modern girl—the modern woman—is that her equality has made her too easy to obtain, too easy of access. Thus she interferes not only with her own business but with that of a lot of women. Make them win you if they want you. Don't fall into their arms the first time they shake the tree.

And remember a pretty table heaped with goodies looks a lot more alluring before you've eaten than afterwards.

God endowed me so far as I am able to judge with only three requisites for my job—red hair, a sense of humor and the desire to mother everything in the world from my nine stray dogs and three stray cats, to my husband. With these few advantages, so often ignored by the woman who cannot see any charm except that concealed in the Rue de la Paix and executed in the boudoir, I have managed to stagger along and be darn happy.

So here goes.

This young man—Mr. Wallace Reid—says in his recent article in Photoplay that if you can get your wife to go on record as believing it's a wife's duty to give her husband a large helping of freedom, she will gladly live up to that. Maybe! But gentlemen, take it from my husband's wife that it might be only because she had fish of her own to fry. A lot of smart men go through married life wearing blinders. Many nice little scenes such as my husband seems to think are conducted by wives merely as emotional exhausts, are staged by the weaker sex with a definite purpose in view.

Anyway, to me, such an idea suggests a mother who lets her child play with a buttonhook because it amuses him and she's too busy reading a novel to take it away from him. I'm always afraid of a wife who is too nice. I like to see a self-respecting woman who can speak her little piece if she isn't properly treated. There's always something wrong somewhere with a woman who takes too much "program" from her husband.

The feminine secret of success lies in never letting a man know how obvious he is. Heaven bless 'em, how obvious they are. But never let them know you don't find them subtle as a Tallyrand. The means by which Wally and Billy attain their ends are so similar it is to giggle.

Dot and Wally, having a little harmony in the music stream of their new Beverly Hills home. Mrs. Reid says, in her story: "I have been married to my first and only husband for eighty years, and I can say without fear of contradiction that Wally and I don't insult each other in public and have kept out of the Sunday Supplements."

Yet neither of them has a suspicion that "Mama" is not completely fooled by their deep masculine sagacity.

Ladies, ladies, just one word I pray thee note. Just one word that blocks nearly every complaint a man has to make of a good wife. Just one word that if adhered to will give you the whip hand on every occasion. Tact. TACT. And its twin, good taste.

DORIAN does not grow tired of love. It is an appetite that grows with gratifying feeding. WOMAN is still pagan enough to want her love-life symbolized. The little daily attention, the simple flattery of small gifts, of amusements arranged with an eye to her tastes, or remembrances of her desires are, to her, "outward signs of an inward grace." She is more capable of getting joy from small things.

A MAN actually desires above all things to be sure of his wife's faithfulness. A WOMAN wants you to love her because she is beautiful, not think her beautiful because you love her.

THE tree of marriage needs a lot of pruning. A HUSBAND must be prepared for a certain number of scenes. The uncivilized feminine nature revels in scenes and the wise husband must help his wife to enjoy herself as much as possible.

TREAT her advice and opinions with infinite respect. A woman loves to believe she is responsible for a man's success. (Especially, says Mrs. Reid, if it happens to be true.)

Extracts from an article on "How to Hold a Wife," by Wallace Reid, in the January issue of PhotoPlay Magazine:

THERE may be a lot of ways to make a man happy, but there's just one way to make a woman happy and that's to love her.

If you can get your wife publicly to go on record that she "believes it a wife's duty to give her husband all the freedom he desires," you'll find she'll stay put and consequently manage to be happy about a lot of things that would otherwise open the tear ducts.

WOMEN do not grow tired of love. It is an appetite that grows with gratifying feeding. WOMAN is still pagan enough to want her love-life symbolized. The little daily attention, the simple flattery of small gifts, of amusements arranged with an eye to her tastes, or remembrances of her desires are, to her, "outward signs of an inward grace." She is more capable of getting joy from small things.

A MAN actually desires above all things to be sure of his wife's faithfulness.

If a man is unfortunate enough to find that he has frozen his wife into the arms of another man, he shouldn't run for a gun; he should run for another woman.

A WOMAN wants you to love her because she is beautiful, not think her beautiful because you love her.

THE tree of marriage needs a lot of pruning.

A HUSBAND must be prepared for a certain number of scenes. The uncivilized feminine nature revels in scenes and the wise husband must help his wife to enjoy herself as much as possible.

TREAT her advice and opinions with infinite respect. A woman loves to believe she is responsible for a man's success. (Especially, says Mrs. Reid, if it happens to be true.)
The Chevalier Maurice de Vaudrey, the romantic, hard-working young hero of "The Two Orphans"—played by Joseph Schildkraut. Mr. Schildkraut unbuttoned the diamond buttons of his beautiful brocaded coat. Then he took off his wig. Then he sat down.

I had to interview him. I began.

 Aren’t the costumes charming?” I said tactfully.

 "Yes, charming,” he replied, smiling a rather forced, but still a willing smile, “charming. Of course, they’re rather—er—warm, still—”

 I had seen him in "Liliom.” He plays the Hungarian roughneck, the title role of Franz Molnár’s play, produced by the Theater Guild. He gives a superb characterization of the young man who goes to Heaven and then to Hell at the Garrick. People all around you say, “Oh, yes, that’s Joseph Schildkraut. He’s from Europe, you know. Aren’t those Continentals charming?”

 And you watch him and think how easy it must be to be a Continental, whatever that means. And you recall that Max Reinhardt called him “the handsomest man in Europe.” And you think, “Ah—and in America, too.”

 "Oh, yes, I like it.” Schildkraut was saying; “it means getting up at an unearthly hour in the morning, to get to Mamaroneck from New York by nine, and then of course I’m busy every minute of the day, until six, and it is a rush to get to the theater in time for the evening performance. But I like it very much.”

 He looks, when he isn’t in action on the set, like a young man from a fine family who has dropped into the studio and has had someone say to him, “How’d you like to be an actor? Well, slap on some makeup and get in this scene.”

 He has been on the stage for years, and years. He’s twenty-six now. He played in every capital in Europe, in every play perhaps ever produced in the leading theaters. He made some pictures over there, too. He says they were terrible. Of course he didn’t really say terrible; he talks just like a play, or something.

 "I may give up the stage for a year, to make pictures,” he went on. “I could never give up the stage altogether, but I find the films fascinating. It is my dream, you know, to establish a repertory theater conducted along the lines of those abroad; and give there only the finest plays of the finest playwrights. The Theater Guild is an American organization which embodies my ideals. I have a contract with them, and will soon do Franz Molnár’s new play, 'The Swan,’ which is a satire on European royalty, or what was once European royalty.”

 “Yes,” I said. I had noticed that everyone was staring at me. After adjusting my hat and looking around to see if Lillian Gish or some other celebrity wasn’t the object of attention I discovered that I was the cynosure of all those eyes because any young lady who talks with Mr. Schildkraut more than ten minutes around the studio is positively disliked. Disliked is a mild word. The extras count their day lost, even their $7.50, if they aren’t in a scene with him. Francis X. Bushman was never like this.

 And yet his indifference is amazing. It is almost insolent. He has an extraordinary apathy as to publicity, close-ups, and screen credit. He has none of those little tricks by which...
GREAT ACTOR

By DELIGHT EVANS

you can almost always recognize the actor. He cannot understand adulation—American brand.

“What difference does it make to the public where an actor lives, what he eats and wears, with whom he lives? So long as he does justice to his roles? It is a great mystery to me. In Europe, the actor has no private life as far as his audiences know. Here, an actor’s private life seems to matter more than his ability.”

Only several thousand persons have seen “Liliom.” Considerably more will see “The Two Orphans.” Griffith’s new picture. (The figures will all be published in due time.) The New Yorker knows Schildkraut as Liliom. The rest of the world will know him as the Chevalier Maurice de Vaudrey, a delightful young man with a marvelous profile and interesting eyes who goes about rescuing Lillian Gish from the perils of the plot. Miss Gish was the young lady he was rescuing up in the first paragraphs. His first audience went home and talked about him. His new audience will go home and write letters to him. I shall take great pleasure in interviewing Mr. Schildkraut again when his first American picture has been released.

I hope he won’t be spoiled. He is, of course, no novice; he has had his share of press notices and verbal bouquets. But he still regards acting as his business. His screen work is a business proposition. He doesn’t believe it himself, if you know what I’m driving at.

His ideas on pictures are by no means epoch-making, but his viewpoint is that of the Continental, and therefore of some interest.

Above, the lovely Lillian Gish, who does the best work of her career as Henriette, the elder of the two orphans. To the left, Schildkraut, as he looks in those rare moments when he is not working.

"Three pictures I have seen which rouse my interest," said Schildkraut, "They were ‘The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari,’ ‘Sentimental Tommy,’ and ‘Broken Blossoms.’ The German pictures shown in this country have not, to my mind, been as good as American products. ‘The Cabinet’ had a definite idea; it attempted and achieved it. The others—I cannot honestly praise. Pola Negri, I understand, has made an amazing success here. It is because of her vivid personality rather than her acting, I think. Henny Porten is the leading screen actress abroad." He likes Mr. Griffith. He would, I have a feeling that the genial D. W. G. didn’t engage him for the role of the Chevalier because he is a great actor. The Chevalier doesn’t have to do a great deal of acting. A part that would be impossible and insipid in the hands of two-thirds of our matinee idols becomes a real, thrilling, and truly romantic role as Schildkraut (Continued on page 109)
ROMANCE FROM MOTH-BALLS

D. W. Griffith has revived "The Two Orphans."

THERE was a moon. It shone upon the women in their high white wigs and their widespread skirts of silk or satin and their shining shoulders; upon the men, in their gorgeous brocaded coats and curled wigs. It shone upon the three silvery fountains, and the marble statues, and upon the trees, which were after Corot. To the tinkling strains of an old minuet, they danced.

It was France, of the last Louis. They were curtsying and bowing, their tiny toes twinkling and the silver buckles on their slippers gleaming—

"Just a little more life, boys and girls," came a voice from somewhere. "Just a little more life, children!"

It was Mr. Griffith speaking.

He was on top of a very high platform, with a megaphone—yes, they do use them once in a while—and three cameramen and six assistants. He was enjoying himself. He was watching the lovely, lighted scene with as much pleasure as though he hadn't directed it all himself.

In fact, Griffith is going to do it again. He is, once more, making a costume picture. And if he doesn't beat the Germans at their own game—making old-time romance live again—quite a few people will be very much surprised. He is resurrecting that noble old story "The Two Orphans," by Adolphe d'Ennery, with a cast that includes Lillian and Dorothy Gish as Henriette and Louise, the title roles; Joseph Schildkraut, the great young European actor, as the Chevalier Maurice de Vaudrey; Creighton Hale as Picard; Lucille La Verne as Madame Frochard; Sheldon Lewis as Jacques; and Frank Puglia as Pierre. It ought to make a pretty good picture!

And Theda Bara.

Yes, Theda was there to see "The Two Orphans" being done right. You know she did it for Fox some time ago. And she asked to meet Lillian Gish, who was an adorable Little Orphan in a rose-and-lavender costume—one of those demure things that only Lillian can wear—and she asked Lillian how on earth she ever made up that way. You see Miss Gish uses very little makeup. Theda couldn't understand it, because she always, if you remember, blacks her eyes and—oh, well, you remember.

They say that Dorothy Gish is doing her finest work as Louise, the little blind girl. Everybody is glad that she has left her black-wig comedies and is playing a part that will give her an opportunity to do something besides pout. And she's doing it. Hers is really the fat part of the picture, and nobody feels better about it than Lillian.
WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

G LORIA SWANSON
Was All Curled Up
In a Big Chair,
With the Sun Streaming
On her Reddish Hair,
Are you shocked?
I Thought So.
You Didn’t Know
That Gloria
Could Curl Up; and as For
Red Hair, you Didn’t Know
She had Any—that it was
Red, I Mean.
She wasn’t Wearing
A Pearl Gown and
Her Hair
Wasn’t Fixed like a Fiji-Islander’s.
The Only Thing
I Recognized
Was her Nose.
I Love that Nose.
Without it, Gloria
Wouldn’t Have
Conquered the World—even if
Cecil de Mille did
Want to Change it before he
Engaged her.
She
Hasn’t an Accent—unless
It’s Middle-Western, and
I didn’t Notice it.
“Now did you Like
“The Great Moment?”
“Not very Well,” said Gloria.
“You Should See
My Baby. She has
Several Teeth. She—”
“What
Do You Think
of Elinor Glyn?”
“We’re
Very Good Friends.
I Admire her
Because she has Brains.
I Haven’t Any.
I
Have More Fun
With Gloria. Mother Says
She Looks Exactly Like Me
When I was a Baby.
She has my Nose.
Adela Rogers St. Johns and I
Got Together
And Talk about Babies. She
Has Two, you Know;
Would You Like to See
Little Gloria’s Pictures?
I Don’t Show them to Everybody.”
It is a Darling Baby—even if
It didn’t Belong
To Gloria Swanson,
—You’d Think So.
I Wanted you to See the pictures.
I Asked her,
“I’m Sorry,” she Said Seriously;
“But I Can’t. I Feel
That my Baby
Is the Greatest of All Gifts.
Her Little Life
Is her Own, and
If she Wants to be an Actress
When she is Older, I
Won’t Try to Stop her.
But
I Want her Childhood
To be Unprofessional.
I’ve Made Up my Mind about it.”
You Can’t Blame Her,
And
You’ll Have to Take
My Word for it.
It’s a Sweet Baby and it Looks
Just Like her.

T HE Telephone Rang. It had
Been Ringing All the Time
But I Haven’t Mentioned it,
Because
It wasn’t anybody
Important:
Just
Personal Friends and

The Home Office and
Interviewers
“Hello,” said Gloria.
“Why, June Walker!
Wherever
Have you Been?
It’s been
Five Years—
Come Right Up!”
She Turned to Me.
“I Used to Know her
At Essanay,
In Chicago. I
Was Playing Small Parts, and
I Met June, and
Took her Home with Me.
She Stayed with
Us—my Mother and Aunts—
For Quite a While and Then
I Went to California and
She Went to New York. I
Saw her Name in the Papers and
Knew she Made Good; but
I Never Heard from her—I thought
She had Forgotten me.”
June is on the Stage—
She Made one Picture—
She’s a Tiny Thing with
Wonderful Eyes and Smile—
She Looks Like May McAvoy.
She and Gloria
Behaved
Just Like any Two School-Girls
At a Class Reunion.
I’m Strong for Gloria, Personal.
If she Ever Decides to Make
Personal Appearances,
You’ll Agree with Me.

T HE Nice Thing
About New York
Is that you Can Walk Along any Street
And See Stars.
I Went to “The Golem”—that’s at the
Criterion on
Broadway and 44th Street—opposite
The Claridge Hotel, where
Celebrities Stay—
And I Saw Edgar Selwyn and
I Came Out Behind
A Slim Lady who Looked
Like Drian’s Drawings.
She Walked Beautifully.
Her Gown was Good.
Her Voice was Throaty,
I Hurried Around and
Looked Back.
It was Irene Castle, and
Ward Crane was With her.
You Know he is her Leading man
In “French Heels.”
They Turned in at
The Algonquin, where
They Probably Saw
Eugene O’Brien and
Richard Barthelmess and
Mary Hay.
Dick has finished
“Tol’able David”—
He Worked Day and Night
To Get it Done.
THE END OF THE ROAD

A story of the theater and of a sublime friendship surpassing love of man for woman.

By

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

The curtain dropped upon the final tableau of the musical comedy, "A Pair of Spades," in which Brannon and Craig were starred. The capacity audience, aching with the after-effects of excessive laughter, applauded tumultuously. The curtain sped upward and the two veteran blackface comedians bowed acknowledgment; bowed first to the audience, then to each other, then to the audience again. Once again the curtain dropped, concealing from the company the exodus out front.

Backstage there was a wild scurrying. Chorus girls crowded like ants up the narrow stairway leading to the second floor dressing rooms, unlooking scanty costumes as they went and chattering ceaselessly. Minor members of the cast proceeded more leisurely. Stagehands, working swiftly, placed the first set for the morrow's matinee. Then the curtain was raised again, disclosing a house ghistly empty. And on the stage, hand in hand, as they had taken the curtain call, stood Brannon and Craig.

Here they stood, dignifying the black makeup and the comedy costumes through which they had become a byword from Portland to Portland, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. They said nothing for awhile; nor did they see the rows of motheaten, empty chairs out front. In the eyes of both men was the soft light of tender reminiscence. It was Dave Brannon who broke the silence, and he spoke without looking at his partner.

"Forty years ago tonight, Tom: right here in Birmingham."

The other nodded slowly. "And from that day to this, Dave—there's always been a team of Brannon and Craig: Not a split-up, nary a quarrel . . ."

He unclasped his hand and placed his arm gently around the other's shoulder. "Getting old—like we are—it feels good to think about that."

"They'll remember the name, Tom—when we're gone. No one else has ever done it—in all the history of the theater . . ."

They were thinking of a recent criticism in the Atlanta Constitution:

"Brannon and Craig are not merely blackface comedians: they are artists of the first rank. Their hold upon the affections of the theater-going public will become a tradition."

They walked from the stage together; walked slowly and heavily, as old men walk. They were unmindful of the stark drabness of the old Jefferson theater. They recalled their first engagement in this house when it shone in pristine glory. And too, forty years had imbued them to the vicissitudes and wrack of the theatrical-road. The bare brick walls, the battered scenery, the musty odor peculiar to decaying theaters, the reek of cheap greasepaint: it was as vital to their lives as food, air, water.

Dave Brannon entered the star's dressing room: Tom had always insisted that his partner take the best of the poor accommodations backstage. And Craig closed the door of his own cubbyhole. And then, because the theater was an old one and did not have running water—even for the stars—they washed off their black makeup in buckets of water which had been made tepid over an electric heater.

Only the doorkeeper remained when they stepped from the stage door into the noseme little alley and thence into the grim darkness of Second Avenue. To the right stretched the black void of laundry buildings, ramshackle stables, a negro undertaking establishment. They turned the other way, crossed Eighteenth street and so continued to Nineteenth, passing a half dozen ornate picture houses, now dark; a couple of all night lunch counters, a drug store a-seethe with last-moment trade.

As they turned northward on Twentieth street Tom Craig made a single comment: "When we blossomed out in Birmingham forty years ago—it was a pretty cheesy burg, wasn't it?"

"Awful." Dave Brannon was never loquacious. "Empty tent that night. We slept in a barn"

"Uh-huh! And ate hot dogs for dinner."

"Kinder different from now, eh Tom? Harry says there was twenty-four hundred in the house tonight."

"Big place now. I'm stuck on this town. We started out together here."

Their fortieth anniversary as a blackface team: the end of their fortieth year of partnership and what was more—of friendship. Forty years during which they had shouldered to shoulder, bucked fate and trouble and adversity with managers and public—and not always profiting thereby—until here, tonight, they proudly faced the past as two old men whose names were written in indelible ink in the history of the American stage.

And tonight, in celebration of their anniversary, they did a very strange thing. At the Wiener Palace they obtained six frankfurters, each encased in a crisp Vienna roll. With Tom Craig carrying the package—he being the junior by four years—they walked slowly and heavily up the avenue to pause before a row of sobber boarding houses which had obviously been handsome residences in the era of Birmingham's civic ado-

"Bout a half block down that street yonder was the lot.

"Yes. Tent-show . . . that was the first night they announced the team of Brannon and Craig."

"Eighteen dollars at the box-office that night; remember? Old George Carney divided it up among us for something to eat—all that he didn't have to use to feed the horses—and told us to hustle for shelter."

"Great night; that was the house tonight."

"We each ate three wienies. Golly, I was hungry after they were gone."

Solemnly these two makers of stage history opened their package. With the air of men performing a sacred ritual, each took a sandwich and munched upon it with appetite whetted by memory of the insatiable hunger of the long-gone days.

Things had changed in forty years. From a mere village, Birmingham had developed into the industrial metropolis of.
In the wings stood Tom Craig. He was trembling like a leaf. He felt as though his knees could not support him and he put his weight gratefully upon the encircling arm of Dave Brannon. "It's the night I've dreamed of, Tom." Dave was frankly crying. "You're the greatest actor in America!"
the south: a live, bustling, bustling city of two hundred thousand inhabitants. And the team of youths who had been announced from the makeshift stage as “Brannon and Craig— who will entertain you with jokes and dancing” were now old men: Dave Brannon sixty-four and Tom Craig four years younger. But in that forty years they had endeared themselves to the laugh-loving American public; announcement of their names assured capacity wherever they played regardless of the vehicle in which they appeared. “Twenty thousand a week you’ve averaged for the past eight years,” they had been told recently by a producing-manager friend. “Two thousand of that money was paid to see the show. The rest of it was shelled out to see Brannon and Craig!”

And the producing manager was right. Not to have seen Brannon and Craig was inexcusable from the standpoint of the habitual theater-goer. And there were more who could honestly lay claim to having seen them in all of their historic vehicles than there were those who had never seen them at all.

To the eye of the casual passer-by, they were not worth a second glance. With the shedding of their makeup and costumes, twenty years was added to the age of each. They showed their years now as they stood on the dark corner—two aged men seriously munching away on frankfurters and rolls. Two old men slightly bent of shoulder, slightly watery of eye, slightly—Oh! very slightly—tired. Tired after forty years of the work upon which they had started as a tent-show minstrel team. But the road was their life; they loved it, they knew it understood them. As minstrels, as comedians—and then as scintillating stars—they travelled the theatrical road year after year . . . idolized by their public, welcomed eagerly now by old men who had seen them first thirty or forty years ago and who counted it a bad season when prevented from seeing them again.

And finally the frankfurter sandwiches were consumed. They turned quietly westward, walking slowly down the wide, tree-lined street toward the huge illuminated bulk of the Tutwiler Hotel. They separated at the door of Dave Brannon’s room: right hands clasped tightly, the left hand of each resting on the other’s shoulder.

“Great anniversary, Tom . . . ”

“You bet. Good night, Tom.”

“Good night, Dave. God bless you!”

THE telegram puzzled Dave Brannon by the very peremptoriness of its tone, and he shook his whitening head as he re-read it meticulously:

| Dave Brannon |
| Care “Fair of Spades” Company Theater |
| Baltimore, Md, yland |

See me as soon as your season ends. Very important. Also urgent.

MOE BLUMENTHAL.

“What you reckon he’s got up his sleeve?” queried the senior member of the team.

Tom Craig frowned over the message. “New show for us next season?”

“Uh-uh! He’d have wired the team.”

“Hmm! Don’t know what he wants, but when Moe Blumenthal sends a telegram like that it means something.”

There was something inexplicably portentous in the apparently innocent wire and during the closing fortnight of the signal successful season Dave Brannon found himself unable to rid his mind of the summons. Nor did he again broach the subject to his partner; yet, with the understanding bred of forty years of troup ing together, each knew that it was uppermost in the mind of the other.

They were to have closed in Cincinnati, but were hurled into Philadelphia to fill out an empty week caused by the rank failure of a new show. On Monday morning at eleven o’clock Dave Brannon entered Moe Blumenthal’s office.

Moe Blumenthal was a picturesque figure in the world of theatrical producers. He was known as sure-fire, with a record of one hundred and forty-seven productions on Broadway of which only nine were outright failures. Eleven of his shows had set records of two consecutive seasons in New York. One had run for ten months in Chicago.

He was a small man and very dark, inclined to rotundity. His hair was crinkly, his eyes close-set and he had a nervous扑克ish immobility of countenance which he had assiduously cultivated. Starting out twelve years before as a program boy, he was rated now many times a millionaire: a man known to be nobody’s fool in the matter of finance—yet charitable and bighearted and with an almost too eager willingness to amply recompense those who helped him.

The office was significant of the man: austere in its handsome plainness with here and there a bit of bric-a-brac or a cheap lithograph which shrieked at the sedate surroundings.

He shook Dave Brannon’s hand: “Great season! Wonderful! Brannon and Craig—best box-office card in the game! (Continued on page 114)
PORTRAIT of a young lady who couldn’t get a job at Marshall Field’s. And Anita Loos doesn’t want to. She has her hands full writing stories for Constance Talmadge and thinking up new ways to fix her beautiful, smooth, black bobbed hair. She is the world’s tiniest—and cleverest—scenario writer; and she’s youthful enough and pretty enough to be one of her own heroines.
"Mr. Fairbanks is inclined to 'slap-on' his makeup, being always in such a violent hurry. He insists upon calling the pomade used to wash his D'Artagnan mustache, 'cream of celery soup.' This is the makeup box Mrs. Fairbanks gave us."

"It is my duty to keep track of everything worn by Mr. Fairbanks in every scene. I know just what shade of velvet costume, just what plummed hat, go with every sequence."

"It is not my purpose in this manuscript to set forth any of the vital historical events that future generations will desire to consider when contemplating the extraordinary lives and popularity of the first really great and famous motion picture stars. That, I must leave to more important individuals, such as business managers, press agents and relatives.

But it has occurred to me, as a student in an humble way of the best literature which the Fairbanks-Pickford library affords, that I am fitted by reason of the duties which have for a long time past fallen to my lot, to give posterity the same glimpse of Mr. Fairbanks that Boswell has given us of Johnson—Boswell being, as of course you know, only secretary to Mr. Johnson, but succeeding by this book in making himself nearly as famous as his employer.

There exists, I am convinced, no better way for posterity—and indeed for the present multitudes—to judge of a man, than from details of his intimate personal habits, his exact mode and manner I may say, of meeting the trivial round of everyday living and the thousand annoyances of dressing, eating and sleeping. Where, indeed, should we be concerning the great ones of the past, in regard to their personalities, were it not for the popular habit which was prevalent among ladies-in-waiting, lords of the bedchamber, valets and secretaries to write memoirs, biographies and even letters, dealing familiarly—perhaps here and there too familiarly—with the lives of their illustrious patrons? Can we ever be sufficiently grateful to Madame de Campan for her vivid touches concerning that beautiful and unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette? And how narrow, how limited, might be our conception of England's Virgin Queen, Elizabeth, were it not for the little tales of her private life, that have come to us via the back stairs, if you understand what I mean.

It is, I mean to say, regrettable in the extreme, that this practice seems to have gone completely out of vogue and that in the future we will have so few of these delicious narratives of the great, "sans ceremonie."

Taking our own case for example, fifty years from now—let us go even farther and say a century from now—how will it be possible to gather, let us say, Mr. Fairbanks' method of shaving or his choice as to waistcoats? Literally impossible. In fifty years I may have forgotten, while in one hundred I shall certainly be incompetent to present them as they deserve to be presented. Yet upon such things does a man's place in the annals of fame often rest.
Therefore it has seemed to me wise at this time to set down a few inner secrets concerning the famous and unusual gentleman whom I serve in the time-honored capacity of valet or gentleman's property man. This capacity being one for which Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, by the way, has the highest regard. Since the age of eighteen, he says, he has always had a valet—this, even when it actually took the bread from his mouth, leaving him nevertheless free from such sordid matters as laundry to concentrate upon the necessities of his career.

It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet.

That is, of course, simply another twisting of the still more ancient saying that familiarity breeds contempt.

Such, however, need not be the case, provided of course that the valet is a man of charity, understanding that even the great are human, as of course they are. Naturally, after brushing the hair of a man's head seven or eight times a day for years in order to give the back of the head that well-groomed look which impresive pulsions who regard merely the front of themselves in the glass and brush accordingly are never able to obtain—one is not apt to feel the glow of hero worship or the awe of the devotee, it is true.

Still, such association need not destroy mutual respect and appreciation of each other's good qualities.

To proceed somewhat to the business in hand, let me say that while no one has a higher regard for Mr. Fairbanks than myself, I must state that it is problematical whether there ever lived in this or any other age a gentleman so difficult to valet.

To use a vulgar but illuminating phrase of the day, he is as hard to keep one's finger on as a flea. When one has just thrown one's heart into a massage, for instance, upon the table in our bathroom at the studio, Mr. Fairbanks will arise with all the speed and force of a young bronco and remove himself into a chair on the other side of the room, or dash into the sitting room after a book or paper. In fact, it has so long continued in this fashion, that I am at last quite able to massage one leg while he sits in one chair, and another while he answers the telephone and still another—that is to say, an arm or shoulder—while he shouts out of the window at the property man.

My duties include the complete care of Mr. Fairbanks' wardrobe, both personal and professional, of his person and, owing, if I may say so, to my slight executive ability, to many details of his daily living. I always hold that a good valet should be an underdog of his employer's brain—a subconscious mind. This is particularly true of the valet of a motion picture actor.

For example, Mr. Fairbanks never carries anything. He is always without such necessities of life as money, matches, cigarettes, check-books, handkerchiefs and what not, if you know what I mean.

Upon myself has fallen therefore the duty of being continuously upon the scene when needed to supply any of these things when called for, yet never to be upon the scene when not. A situation upon which Cardinal Richelieu might have exercised his diplomacy.

To cite a concrete instance, we attended the Actors' Fund Fair (a charity bazaar to raise funds for the needy actors, this being the only time when actors are ever mentioned except in connection with salaries of over $1,000 a week). As the limousine drew up before the door of the studio, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks—Mrs. Fairbanks, as I am sure you know, is none other than the most famous motion picture actress in the world, Miss Mary Pickford—Mr. Fairbanks paused with one foot actually upon the running board and said to me, "Joe, have you any money?"

"In a dignified manner I replied, "Only the little change that was left from yesterday, Mr. Fairbanks."

"Well, I expect we will be called upon to scatter some change around the landscape, so go ask John for some," said Mr. Fairbanks.* So I hurried out to locate John.

*Mr. Fairbanks' own words.

John, it might be well to state here, is Mr. John Fairbanks, brother of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, and also his business manager. It is seldom one meets anyone heroic enough to attempt such a combination. However, it being Saturday afternoon, Mr. John had on hand only the canvas sack of current, or petty expense money, amounting to about $500 in silver. This he turned over to me.

It is also well perhaps to say, that Mr. John is an asset of greatest value to Mr. Douglas. For, like many great men, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks cares nothing for money of any kind and is too apt to permit himself generosity and extravagance that while harmless in themselves, are yet not consistent with strict orderliness of existence and the aim of laying by for future years.

However, on this day, I found it most inconvenient to follow my distinguished employers about the vast, hot and dusty grounds, where we met many other notables, hampered as I was by this large sack of silver and having at every moment or two to produce from it some needed piece of silver. Our entrance in fact was entirely spoiled because I could not open the bag—it had been freshly tied—to pay the twenty-five cents for our parking place. I being the only one carrying the money. We therefore held up traffic for several blocks and Mr. Fairbanks expressed himself as somewhat annoyed.

This financial habit makes it likewise necessary for me to visit the small shops and pay up for whatever he may take from them when he desires it, this being understood by all the tradesmen, with whom he is, nevertheless, a great favorite.

(Continued on page 110)
“A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS!”

By ALBERT OTIS

If certain motion pictures constituted our criterion of life, and we were to gauge the habits, actions and conditions of mankind by what we witnessed in these films, we would arrive inevitably at the following conclusions:

THAT any sort of hirsute growth on the face—Galloways, Van Dyke, Dundrearys, Burnsides, goatce, Tolstoy, impertinent, an honest moustache even—is an infallible barrier against the amorous advances of the fair sex.

THAT the telephone is perhaps the most perfect and unfailing scientific device of modern times—an invention from which has been eliminated even the remotest possibility of error, and the immediacy of whose response, when a number is called, approximates almost to simultaneity.

THAT poverty immediately renders a man incapable of combing his hair, and a woman of darning the holes in her stockings.

THAT any woman in an alluring peignoir who throws herself languidly upon a chaise-longue and nonchalantly lights a cigarette, is an unscrupulous adventuress, who frequents cabarets and is not above blackmail.

THAT all mothers of poor young men in their early twenties are helpless and decrepit nonagenarians, with snow-white hair and constitutional lachrymosity.

THAT all the struggles of life, all the forces of nature, all wars and revolutions—in fact, the entire cosmic machinery—has but one object and one goal, namely, the chaste caress of two young lovers.

THAT all the by-laws of all gentlemen’s clubs contain a rigid mandate forbidding anyone to enter save in the most formal of evening dress.

THAT ninety per cent of all people die of a mysterious and nameless disease as yet unknown to pathology, which, though revealing symptoms that infallibly predict the exact hour of demise, nevertheless leaves the victim in full possession of his mental and vocal faculties up to the very moment of death.

THAT all young unmarried girls are completely ignorant of the laws of procreation and all matters pertaining to sex, and have been taught since infancy that they should never sit down except on the floor, on the edge of tables, and on the arms of chairs.

THAT ecstasy is spelled e-c-s-t-a-c-y, and that there are no punctuation marks in English chirography save the period and the dash.

THAT on every desert island in the South Seas there is a barbershop and a ladies’ hair-dressing parlor, maintained exclusively for the benefit of shipwrecked lovers, so that, however long they are necessitated to await rescue, the man may keep shaved and tamed and the woman attractively marcelled.

THAT young wives who, for some ethical reason, leave their wealthy, capably habilimented and live alone in a lower East Side tenement, invariably soil a complete 156-piece set of china at each meal, and consequently spend almost their entire time washing dishes.

THAT all servant girls wear sheer silk stockings and satin pumps, and do a little-girl curtsey whenever spoken to.

THAT in all fashionable cafes, open and unabashed wooing takes place at the majority of the tables, and after each cabaret number—everyone stands up and violently applauds.

THAT any young woman who permits the kiss of a man, however honorable, who has not informed her family of his undying love, bought an engagement ring, and made a formal proposal of marriage, is a hussy and a jade.

THAT doves spend their entire time perched on tree branches with their bills juxtaposed.

THAT the average child at birth weighs thirty pounds, measures twenty-four inches, and has a thick head of nearly curled hair; and that the average child of parents who have been married two years weighs sixty pounds, stands two-feet-nine, walks with perfect equilibrium, and possesses highly developed diplomatic powers as a reconciler of marital misunderstandings.

THAT all servant girls wear sheer silk stockings and satin pumps.

THAT the telephone is perhaps the most perfect and unfailing scientific device of modern times—an invention from which has been eliminated even the remotest possibility of error, and the immediacy of whose response, when a number is called, approximates almost to simultaneity.

THAT any woman in an alluring peignoir who throws herself languidly upon a chaise-longue and nonchalantly lights a cigarette, is an unscrupulous adventuress, who frequents cabarets and is not above blackmail.

THAT all mothers of poor young men in their early twenties are helpless and decrepit nonagenarians, with snow-white hair and constitutional lachrymosity.

THAT all the struggles of life, all the forces of nature, all wars and revolutions—in fact, the entire cosmic machinery—has but one object and one goal, namely, the chaste caress of two young lovers.

THAT the average child at birth weighs thirty pounds, measures twenty-four inches, and has a thick head of nearly curled hair; and that the average child of parents who have been married two years weighs sixty pounds, stands two-feet-nine, walks with perfect equilibrium, and possesses highly developed diplomatic powers as a reconciler of marital misunderstandings.

THAT all young unmarried girls are completely ignorant of the laws of procreation and all matters pertaining to sex, and have been taught since infancy that they should never sit down except on the floor, on the edge of tables, and on the arms of chairs.

THAT ecstasy is spelled e-c-s-t-a-c-y, and that there are no punctuation marks in English chirography save the period and the dash.

THAT on every desert island in the South Seas there is a barbershop and a ladies’ hair-dressing parlor, maintained exclusively for the benefit of shipwrecked lovers, so that, however long they are necessitated to await rescue, the man may keep shaved and tamed and the woman attractively marcelled.

THAT young wives who, for some ethical reason, leave their wealthy, capably habilimented and live alone in a lower East Side tenement, invariably soil a complete 156-piece set of china at each meal, and consequently spend almost their entire time washing dishes.
THIS is the third of a series of articles—not beauty articles, but advice on how to keep fit by women who know: famous beauties of the screen. The film star, more than any other woman of any other time, has to guard her greatest asset: her good looks. She has to keep in perfect condition always—for if she doesn’t, the camera’s cruel eye calls attention to her shortcomings. This month, Corinne Griffith gives you her recipe for health and beauty.

I KEEP in condition by keeping healthy. I keep healthy by eating the right kind of food and getting the right kind of exercise. Dancing is my exercise.

We can’t change the lines of our face or the shape of our nose, although modern surgery may work wonders. We can keep our eyes bright and our mouth from drooping. I think any sane, normal, healthy person is beautiful.

Honestly, I think that the one sure-fire recipe for beauty is happiness. The most beautiful face and body may be unattractive if they have that sullen, dissatisfied expression that comes from a sick mind and sick body. Beauty is a state of mind. That is why you sometimes have a photograph taken in which you look charming and pretty; and at other times, positively plain and ugly. I have heard many women wonder about it. That is the answer.

Beauty is happiness. The eye that reflects happiness, whether that eye is blue or brown or black or gray, is beautiful because it is interesting; the mouth that smiles is beautiful, whether it is large or small. And being happy is largely a question of being healthy. And being healthy is largely a question of keeping fit.

I believe in keeping fit with as little labor, or strenuous exercise, as possible. My principal form of exercise is dancing. After I get all through I find that I have not been conscious of any laborious exercise at all, yet I feel sure that I have reaped the benefits of exercise. I like dancing particularly because it seems to be the one form of real and beneficial exercise which can be taken with music.

And dancing makes me happy. I have been dancing ever since I was a tiny girl. I danced before I knew that the movements I made were called dancing. When I was a little girl I took up “fancy dancing”—that every girl in the world, I guess, has done at one time or another. It was at a dance that I was “discovered.”

I think, accordingly, that dancing is interwoven with the destiny of my success. I should like to dance on the stage.

Exercise, in one sense, is like a gown or a hat. A certain type of dress may be the very last word in smartness, but it may not blend in with your personality. I am afraid that raising and lowering dumb-bells would bore me a trifle, and while I like golf and tennis, I take them as odd-time entertainment instead of a regular exercise diet. But I have found dancing ideal—at least for me. It brings every muscle in the body into play. It develops the limbs. I have never found that it makes them thick and ungainly; but it does make them hard and muscular.

For two years now, I have been taking dancing lessons from Alexis Kosloff. In my opinion, he is the greatest of all teachers. He is an exponent of the severe Russian school of training, and it is a liberal education in various modes of exercise to work with him. The bending over bars and the bending back again, and the arm and leg movements, are just as good as any setting-up exercises. And when you’ve stuck at them long enough, you’re ready to begin to learn how to dance. And for possessing a certain poise and grace of movement, I am afraid there are two, and only two, methods: to be born with it or to acquire it through correct dancing.

Dancing to me is a sure cure for the blues. (All of us have them, you know, and I’m glad to say mine have been more on the azure than the indigo.) I turn on the victrola, slipping on a jazz record or a minuet according to my mood—and dance away my troubles. You may find this helpful—you may not. I don’t know. I only know that, however foolish it seems, it helps me.

I use cold cream regularly to put on and take off my make-up. But I also regularly use a good soap and warm water! I do not believe soap and water injure the complexion.

I am wondering if the alleged “beautifiers” of history’s noted beauties were really responsible for any beauty, after all. Sometimes I think these noted women would have been beautiful anyhow, and that they were beautiful in spite of rather than because of the secret recipes they were supposed to have used. For instance, I have heard that Madame Jeanne de Pompadour, to retain the affection of Louis the Fifteenth, excused herself from the hunt feigning illness, to stay at home and, in the privacy of her own boudoir, adorn her face for twelve (Continued on page 99)
IT is a startling coincidence that May McAvoy made her first appearance on the screen as a little girl in a film that advertised a certain brand of sugar. One could choose no more appropriate article for Miss McAvoy to advertise, not if one scanned every page in every magazine in the world. No wonder the sugar concern gave her a chance when casting directors closed the door in her face.

Of all the screen personalities I have met, I think May McAvoy is the most naturally likable. She neither dazzles nor intrigues you, nor causes you thrills of combined awe and fear as do some more exotic twinklers in the film firmament. But she arouses at once a clean, wholesome liking—the girl you'd want for your roommate at boarding school.

She has the biggest eyes and the tiniest feet I have ever seen.

I remember years ago when I was a sob sister on a yellow journal, there was a beautiful French girl in the county jail—an innocent victim from a strange land and of a strange language—involved in some version of the Mann act, of which she was later entirely exonerated.

She couldn't speak a word of English and she didn't know a soul in the city. But her big, soft violet-blue eyes spoke a universal language irresistibly. They won friends for her of everybody in the jail, everybody in the courthouse, everybody on the press, until we were all battling earnestly and eagerly to secure her release. I have remembered her eyes well—very well—though a great many world-events have flowed under the bridge since then.

I have always compared other eyes with them, for beauty and appeal and sweet innocency. But I have never seen any as eloquent as them until I looked into May McAvoy's the other day.

And the same rule holds good. They have won for this newest star every executive, director, cameraman, publicity man, actor and workman on the Lasky lot, so that they are all daily concerned with her comfort and welfare and square deal.

Little May McAvoy is so new to the screen—so new to real screen fame, since hers dates really from "Sentimental Tommy," in which she scored a knockout—that her story is going to end a thrill through the heart of every little girl who has ambitions to follow in the footsteps of Mary Pickford. May didn't leap to fame overnight—that isn't being done so frequently these days.

But she did rise from extra parts to stardom in less than three years, by a process of steady development and concentrated work and the luck of real opportunities.

Oddly enough, this youngster—who looks corn and cream fed if I ever saw one—is a born-and-bred New Yorker. She went to school on 104th street, played in Central Park and had the life ambition to become a school teacher.

Nobody in the McAvoy family—from the time they lived in Ireland and Scotland, a good many generations ago, had ever been on the stage. And when a school friend of May's who had been doing small parts for a picture concern interested her in the flickering drama, the family held up its hands as families have been known to do from time immemorial.

Even brother—an electrical engineer of some reputation—declared he didn't see why any girl wanted to go on the screen. But May went—and from sugar rose rapidly to extra and through a series of sister parts to stardom.

"I don't know why it was," said she, with a puzzled frown between her pretty brows, "but for a while everybody wanted me to play sisters. After my first extra part—which by the way was in 'To Hell with the Kaiser'—I became a sort of screen sister. Madge Kennedy's Florence Reed's—Marguerite Clark's—most anybody's."

But it is easily explained. She is the sort everybody wants for a sister—until the right man comes along and wants her for a wife.

At present, I am told, she is the most likely candidate for that immortal and exquisite role, "Peter Pan."

"I just can't sleep nights thinking about it," she said to me, earnestly, "I shall never, never get over it if I don't play it. I pray every single night."

George Robertson, who directed her "Grizel," in "Sentimental Tommy," is to film the famous Barrie story, and is, in fact, in England.

(Continued on page 103)
A POOR RELATION

A tale of empty stomachs and high hopes; of poverty and wealth and children and dreams; and an inventor who turns out to be—well, read and learn—

By GLADYS HALL

NOAH VALE learned at an early age that he could poultice his inner wounds with words. "Words with finger-tips," he called them. Healing finger-tips. Words that came from some deep source profoundly a part of, and yet alien, from him.

At a later age he called the words philosophy.

At a still later age he discovered that the one wound his words could not heal was that of hunger—exceedingly juvenile hunger. Glamorous and vociferous hunger of children. The hunger, to be explicit, of Rip and Patch.

Of course they were not really named Rip and Patch. Noah Yale had eased for them the burdens of their somewhat conspicuous cloth amendments by hailing them as Rip and as Patch. There was something quite festive and heart-warming about the little names, thus cheerily employed. It took the sting away from the ridicule of the more plutocratic elements on the streets.

Rather wearily nowadays it seemed to Noah Yale as though the best and the most he did was to endeavor to take stings away from irremediable evils. Sometimes turning the threadbare of tragedy in order to bring to light the motley of humor proved a dreary business.

There were so many practical deterrents to a benignant philosophy. Of course, an empty stomach...empty stomachs...Also, the forcible removal of one's kitchen range necessitating, thereby, the cooking of the precarious victuals on a neighbor's range and "losing all the smell."

There was Rip's falling ill, obviously from lack of the proper nourishment and the extreme difficulty in purchasing the high-priced medicine. There was the fact that Noah Yale was a book agent endeavoring to sell "The Decline and Fall of Rome," for whom, alas, no modern could be induced to fall.

And there was the invention. Which, since this is the story of Noah Vale, deserves a paragraph unto itself.

The invention was the hope of Noah Vale. It was the shining hope with which he made pie and cake of foodless hours for Rip and Patch. It was the gleaming grail toward which, with his seamed face indomitable, he seemed to turn as he made his daily efforts to rise triumphant above "The Fall of Rome." He reared sugar-loaf mountains and gingerbread ships and islands of the blest and cascades of silver and gold from the incoming ship. The day when, to a man, the world would realize the great and lasting good he, Noah Yale, had conferred upon it and would compensate him according to his worth. For of the many things Noah Vale had lost, faith was not one of them. Except in "The Decline and Fall of Rome," He had been threatened by too many "beware of the dog? and anathematized by too many vitriolic housewives to give a tinker's darn whether Rome rose or fell or ever was for the matter of that. He set forth every morning with the tomes of erudition beneath his arms, feeling as though he, personally, were beneath the ruins, and he returned every night to the guttering candle and the foodless larder with "The Decline and Fall of Rome" still with him.

He set forth every morning with the tomes of erudition beneath his arms, and he returned every night to the guttering candle and the foodless larder with "The Decline and Fall of Rome" still with him.
Sometimes Scollips listened. Scollips was called by Yale their "Good Samaritan." She was deserving. Also, she was of the "upper classes," so to speak. She had a job. Quite a good job. She sewed on buttons at a nearby factory and was what is known as a "steady." She got four dollars a week and had a decent room and, almost always, a bit of fish or bologna sausage and, as often as not, some over and to spare. The over and to spare invariably went to Noah Yale and to Rip and Patch. Scollips did better than that, too. She gave of her time. When Noah Yale was away on a Saturday afternoon, Scollips would tell rather painfully-contrived stories to little Rip, stories wrested, with difficulty, from the meagre storehouse of her imagination. Now and again she had two nickels, too, and would buy a lollipop apiece for Rip and Patch. Of course, this was not often. Scollips was versatile. She had still another Samaritan possibility. She was by way of being "a belle." There was the baker boy, who gladly gave her a stale loaf for a fresh kiss. She had a job. Quite a good job. She was wise enough to draw upon this revenue sparingly. There was, more importantly, O'Halley, the janitor. For some time past O'Halley had been on the point of evicting Noah Yale and to Rip and Patch. Scollips would be sewing on buttons and then there would be nothing to save the apostle of the decline of Rome. But with Scollips on the "set," so to speak, eviction was a remote possibility. The scene shot would be something like this... "What'll yer give me for a kiss, O'Halley?"

O'Halley, red, Irish and prone to blarney, would thrust his tongue into his cheek, shoot his cuffs, hitch his trousers and straddle the one chair of the book vender. He would guggle, throatily, "Shure, fer a kiss from you, me darlint, what's there Oi wouldn't do?" Then Scollips, churlily, would peck his veinous cheeks and say, simultaneously, "Be off, thin, yer great booby, and lave Noah Yale alone."

O'Halley, amorous and quelled, would depart, muttering something about "this toime," and the day and the pay would be saved.

But of course," as Noah Vale reminded them nightly, "this cannot go on. The darkest hour is just before the dawn. The cloud is reversing now and underneath I can see..." "A silver lining...?" Scollips would hazard.

"To be sure not," Noah would laugh back, an eye on the small eagernesses which were the faces of Rip and Patch, "to be sure not—the other side of that cloud's a table cloth, white as silver, and on it is silver... to be sure. Silver dishes filled to overflowing with cakes and candies and fruits and pies."

There came a day when all the tales of Noah Yale went flat, failed to bring response from Rip and Patch. A day of misfortunes when the cat ran away with the bit of fish Scollips had brought in to them, leaving in her hand nothing save a backbone. A day when two kisses left O'Halley still glowing and the baker boy had no stale loaves to give.

On that same day Roderick Faye received a letter. Now there was nothing extraordinary in the receiving of a letter by Roderick Faye. Faye was the richest man in town. His factory was the chief industry of the place and he himself the chief man, a fact of which he was complacently and irritably aware. Letters were the largest part of his day and particularly letters of appeal. They had long since ceased to interest him. Letters from poor relations were especially tiresome. They were always a bit more sentimental than the others. They generally managed to have some one thread of personal touch that left one subconscious of them for a brief while. They almost always spoke of "old days" and of one who had succeeded where one had failed. They were maddeningly platitudinous and alike.

The letter from Noah Yale was "different" in that it asked for time rather than money and spoke of "mutual benefit." But Roderick Faye didn't know Noah Yale from Adam, and he suspected a ruse beneath the "mutual benefit." The man wanted to get in on him, that was it.
It takes no great power of deduction to come to the point of Dolly's reading Noah Vale's letter and the freshly dictated and very terse reply:

"Why, Daddy!" she cried out, reading the embryonic dismissal over, very closely over, Johnny Smith's shoulder; "why, Daddy, he's a relation!"

"Most of 'em are," snapped Roderick Faye, "by some hook or crook."

"Oh, but," said Dolly, "this man is. I can feel it. Besides, I remember mother mentioning a 'Noah' somebody or other. The name was so arkish and funny. I think I'll investigate this case, Dad. You never can tell."

Roderick Faye waved her aside. "Aside" proved to be the adjoining office—which happened to be Johnny Smith's. Faye speedily forgot Noah Vale.

Dolly Faye was, happily, without complexes. That is to say, she was not conscious of them. Therefore, she did not ponder whether or not her interest in Noah Vale sprang from purely philanthropic sources or from a more personal reaction—the desire to be with Johnny Smith. For, "I'm going to look Noah Vale up tomorrow," she told Johnny; "he probably lives—poor dear—in some frightful place. I'd—feel safer—if you would come along—"

Johnny Smith came along—but not in the capacity of the great Mr. Faye's secretary. Inopportune, the evening before, he had set forth his desire to be the great Mr. Faye's son-in-law and had been contemptuously dismissed by that gentleman in any capacity whatsoever.

But there was something of Noah Vale in Johnny Smith. Something, he knew not what, sustained him. Not words. He was unawar' of words. But a persistent and not to be suppressed something kept singing in his blood and would not be gainsaid. He told Dolly, somewhat dismayed at the sudden change in her father's office and her own scheme ofays entire, that he would still be rich and famous. It would probably be through the exploitation of someone or something else, but it would be his own insight, foresight and resourcefulness none the less. Neither of them suspected—but I anticipate. At any rate, he might as well have been saying abracadabra for all of Dolly. The sun glinted on his hair and his mouth quirked at the corners and there came from him as he swung along by her side a compelling aroma of fresh air and masculine cigarette smoke. What did it matter what he said . . . ?

They found the Vale menage to be something more than they had bargained for. Instinctively they felt, both of them, that in this room humor was most delicately blended with tragedy, and pride with poverty. Dolly felt her purse to be an insult and her father's reputation a stigma. The facts of the room were obviously humorous. Noah Vale, looking puzzled and awkward, was struggling with what appeared to be a huge rent in a very small pair of trousers. In fact the trousers might be described as mostly rip. In an extreme corner of the room, in a barrel, was a small boy. His face and shoulders accosted the eye, with a mixture of bravado and shame. A girl, a year larger, was leaning out of the window, or the frame where a window should have been. There were one or two chairs. Dolly, fearful lest she be an intruder, began to talk at once. She said that her father had had Mr. Vale's letter; that he had been unable to come himself and that she had acted in his stead. That he would be most pleased to see Mr. Vale at his home in the morning and in the meantime if there was anything immediate she could do. Clumsily, she felt it at once, her fingers felt for her purse.

Noah Vale thanked her. His voice creaked a little with the unaccustomed stirring of his hopes. There was nothing immediate, he said. Patch had ceased hanging from the window frame and was regarding Dolly. She had never seen anything quite like Dolly. What did Dolly remind her of? What did Dolly, so to speak, represent? Patch racked her brain. Suddenly—of course! Dolly represented—Dolly was a fairy godmother. The fairy godmother of Uncle Noah's "eating" stories. Dainty . . . perfumed . . . gracious. Yes! YES! Patch followed up her train of thought. Well, and then, what did fairy godmothers do? What did they always do? And what, just now, had this one said? She had said "if there was anything im'j it she could do!" Dolly Magic word.

"Forget the invention, my dear man," said Johnny Smith, "you're a philosopher!"
Magic wand. Why-ee, fairy godmothers always waved wands. Alwayj. Yes, always waved wands and then there was light—no, that was the Bible—then there was food. Trays 'n trays 'n trays of it. Oodles of it. Buns and pies and cakes and cookies and ice cream and pickles and icio and sausage and fish, backbone and all. Patch crept nearer to Dolly. She refused the warning signals in Uncle Noah's eyes. Maybe he wasn't hungry. He always said he wasn't, 'specially at night. Only last night when he had given Rip and her the half a sausage he had said he wouldn't eat anything for anything. He said eating at night gave him nightmares. He said nightmare was a tumble Mac! Horse that galloped and whinnied through one's dreams. That was why Uncle Noah could be so slicky and polite to the Fairy Godmother. He wasn't rattling 'round inside, like Rip and Patch.

"Please," said Patch, in a still, small voice, "did you bring your wand? If you did, we want ice cream and cake and candy and . . ."

"Patch!"

Uncle Noah's voice was as strong as the voice of Patch's rattlings. It was not to be gainsaid. But Dolly was smiling down on her. "I didn't bring it today, dear," she said, "I am sorry." She cast a look at Uncle Noah, then, furtively, she slipped two coins into Patch's hand and gave her a gentle shove toward the door.

"What I want, Cousin Dolly," Noah Vale was saying in his gentle, significant voice, "is opportunity."

It was arranged that Noah should call on Roderick Faye early the next morning.

"Did you notice," Johnny Smith asked, as they left the tumbledown building, "those bits of paper tucked up all about the room?"

Dolly said no, she had been more interested, if not quite clear, as to the invention Noah wished to show her father.

"These bits of paper, Johnny Smith said again.

"Gee! They said things!"

"What'd they say?" Dolly was abstracted. (Were those children hungry?)

"Oh, all sorts of things. Things that sounded like sunbeams dancing in the rain. Silver lining sort of things with the he-polly-annaism left out. Gritty thing—that sang. I'll keep remembering 'em. I'm glad I went there today."

"Why, Johnny?"

"I needed to. It's made me feel better—different. Given me a saner outlook somehow. This morning—fired and all—I didn't think I was fit for you, sweetheart. But now . . . well, I'm not now . . . but I'm going to have you."

Dolly squeezed his arm. He had summed up the philosophy of life in the last five words. She said, throb-

Noah was handy with his hands. That night he improvised a box for himself and Rip and Patch. He said they were "babes in the box."

Johnny looked at her. Slender and sweet. "Well . . . partly . . ." he said.

"You mustn't mention food." Noah Vale warned Rip and Patch, as, sewed securely into their garments, they approached the Faye mansion in the before-breakfast morning light. Vale admonished them with a raw heart. The morning light is not kind to hunger-pinned little faces. Not kind, either, to a heart that has need of courage. Noah upheld his knees. Drat 'em, how they wobbled! He resumed, mounting the porch steps. "And don't mention fairy godmothers. That always leads you to think of eating. You just wait until Mr. Faye sees this invention and buys it and then—why, then, we'll have the fairy godmother with us all of the time."

"I hope she'll bring her wand," murmured Rip. "Her wand's dimes," hissed Patch, with literal reminiscence. Dolly was awaiting them. It had taken her most of the preceding hour to induce her father to see Noah Vale. He was crustily preparing for "the ordeal" when Dolly, anticipating the butler, admitted them.

"Father'll be right down," she said, "Bring the kiddies in here and they can play with my Polly until he comes. Want to give Polly some crackers, children?"

Noah Vale stiffened. Here was temptation! Could St. Anthony have known a greater? Were these children stuff of heroism—or stomachs? His pride made brittle his bones. He glared at Rip. Rip was glaring at the approaching crackers. Patch, too. Patch, though, was more approachable. Noah Vale managed to convey to Patch that the crackers belonged to Polly. It was years after before Patch could regard a parrot with any degree of equanimity. Patch resisted temptations to the last. Rip resisted it until Polly let fall a half of the cracker bestowed upon her. Then not all of Uncle Noah's ges-

§

tucating could save the situation. Rip's small teeth were set into the discarded morsel. Polly's wide eyes were on Rip. Noah Vale saw her turn quite pale. She wheeled around on him. His face was still set in its stiff pride. "Mr. Yale" she said, too impul
dlessly, "we haven't breakfasted yet. At least I haven't. Won't you join me?"

Noah Vale shook his head. "Thank you, but I couldn't," he said. "We just finished our breakfast before starting out. It is very kind of you."

"Oh, I wish you would . . ."

"I thank you, again, but we couldn't possibly. We ate more than was good for us, as it was. Didn't we, Rip? Didn't we, Patch?"

It was a desperate struggle for the vacillating Polly to smile and say, "Yes, we didn't. You'll have to change your breakfast habits, Mr. Yale."

"Why do you say that, Miss Yale?"

"It's easy—really. I just mean . . ."

"I hope you meant . . ."

"I only meant . . ."

"I understand, Miss Yale . . ."

"I didn't mean . . ."

"I understand, Miss Yale . . ."

Thus it went with Polly. The cricketer had gone out. Noah Vale was in. "The little cricketer leaves me so tired," he said. "But I mustn't show it, Miss Yale."

"Well, Mr. Yale, you don't look tired."

"I'm glad you noticed. Miss Yale . . ."

"I didn't notice . . ."

"I'm glad you didn't notice. Miss Yale . . ."

"I didn't notice the cricketer . . ."

"I understand, Miss Yale . . ."

"I didn't mean . . ."

"I understand, Miss Yale . . ."

Thus it went with Polly. The cricketer had gone out. Noah Vale was in. "The little cricketer leaves me so tired," he said. "But I mustn't show it, Miss Yale."

"Well, Mr. Yale, you don't look tired."

"I'm glad you noticed. Miss Yale . . ."

"I didn't notice . . ."

"I'm glad you didn't notice. Miss Yale . . ."

"I didn't notice the cricketer . . ."

"I understand, Miss Yale . . ."

"I didn't mean . . ."

"I understand, Miss Yale . . ."

Thus it went with Polly. The cricketer had gone out. Noah Vale was in. "The little cricketer leaves me so tired," he said. "But I mustn't show it, Miss Yale."

"Well, Mr. Yale, you don't look tired."

"I'm glad you noticed. Miss Yale . . ."

"I didn't notice . . ."

"I'm glad you didn't notice. Miss Yale . . ."

"I didn't notice the cricketer . . ."

"I understand, Miss Yale . . ."

"I didn't mean . . ."

"I understand, Miss Yale . . ."
1—Customer: "That's a real good shape—girlish and youthful, too."
Saleswoman: "I'm sure it would look wonderful on you, Madame!"
Customer: "Well—I'll try it on!"

2—Customer: "How does it look? Tell me the truth, now. I want to know if it's really becoming, you know!"
Saleswoman: "I give you my word, Madam, that it just suits you grand! A lady was just in and tried it on—and would you believe it, she looked a fright? But on you—!

3—Customer: "But isn't it a little—plain across the front? Doesn't it need a little something right there?"
Saleswoman: "I declare, Madam, if you haven't an eye for chick! That's just what it does need to make it simply a perfect hat!"

4—Saleswoman (to herself): "Watch me fix the old lid with a flower garden in front so the old dear won't know herself in it!"

5—Saleswoman (in ecstasies): "There, Madam—you were right! It did need a little something in front. If all our customers were as easy to suit as you!"
Customer, complacently: "It does look kind of pretty on me, doesn't it? Wonder how George will like it?"
During the past eighteen months the works of twelve world-famous authors were screened in America. Already the writings of many great artists—among them Dickens, D'Annunzio, Shakespeare, Hugo, Poe, Merrimée, Scott, Dante and Maeterlinck—had been transferred to the films. Not only are

Joseph Conrad
Regarded by many as the greatest living English novelist, whose story of the South Seas, Victory, was made into a motion picture by Maurice Tourneur.

Johan Bojer
The leading Norwegian novelist, whose powerful story, "The Face of the World," was recently filmed with Barbara Bedford in the principal feminine role.

Sir James Barrie
Three of whose works have recently been presented as photoplays—"The Admirable Crichton" (called "Male and Female" in the screen version), "Sentimental Tommy," and "What Every Woman Knows."

Vincent Ibanez
Spain's most popular novelist, the screen version of whose "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was one of the most pretentious of modern photoplays.

Honoré Balzac
The greatest of the French novelists, whose "Eugenie Grandet" has just been screened by Rex Ingram, under the title of "The Conquering Power."

Sir Gilbert Parker
The eminent Canadian author, whose "The Right of Way" and "The Money Master" (renamed "A Wise Fool") have both been produced on the screen.
BRAINS IN THE MOVIES

motion pictures rapidly attracting the foremost literary minds of the day, but our directors are turning their attention more and more to the enduring works of the masters. In time nearly all the world classics will have been re-immortalized on the screen.

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER
The greatest of modern Viennese dramatists and short-story writers, whose "Affairs of Anatol" was recently produced in pictures, with Wallace Reid playing the titular role.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
The best beloved of modern storytellers, whose "Treasure Island" inspired Maurice Tourneur, and whose "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was interpreted for the screen by John Barrymore.

MARK TWAIN
Whose immortal satire, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," proved to be one of the most popular of recent screen comedies.

JACINTO BENEVENTE
The eminent Spanish playwright, whose psychological dramatic study, "The Passion Flower," was made into an elaborate motion picture-play by Norma Talmadge.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS
The Father of the French Romanticists, whose deathless classic, "The Three Musketeers," has just been filmed, with Douglas Fairbanks as the swashbuckling D'Artagnan.

RUDYARD KIPLING
The recent screen version of whose famous love-story of India, "Without Benefit of Clergy," marked his debut in motion pictures.
A very formal portrait of Miss Hampton—she isn’t always as serious as this. Her hair is of that reddish-gold so often advertised and so seldom seen. Her eyes are a sapphire blue. Don’t you wish we had color photography?
ROADWAY, to most, means that section of Manhattan between 42nd and 48th Streets. In terms cinematic, it means from the Rialto Theater to the Capitol. That section is always illuminated. On pleasant days, the sunlight seems brighter there and more material than anywhere else. The glass windows of the haberdasheries and the polished shirt-fronts of the actors and the sparkling surfaces of sundry cabs all give back the glare. At night—ah, at night! As some great man, visiting Broadway, said: "If only one could not read, what a street!" The electric signs advertise one is at liberty to believe, encircling the globe. The myriad electrics twinkle messages from the producer to the consumer; and dogs arid fountains, and dogs. She has a garden with nearly as much trouble. Her house is just a simple little place of twelve rooms. On the second floor are Hope's bedroom, Hope's boudoir, and Hope's bubble room. In the latter she keeps all her frocks. To get out of this room she has to put several of the frocks on. She has such simple gowns—just right for the country. Her jewels may not have such value as those advertised in the mail-order catalogues, but what's the difference? They're good enough for Hope.

She says she never can hope to have a real farm, because there isn't room enough, and besides, the house has all the modern conveniences. Once when she was tired out after a hard day's work at the studio, she came home to her farm with a feeling of thankfulness. Here, at last, was peace; here was quiet. Then the telephone rang and the modiste who makes Hope's simple little smocks called up and wanted to fit that new satin evening gown. Hope settled down again—for a second. Her butler came in and said the chauffeur would have to take one of the cars and go to the grocery for some provisions for dinner, as the delivery wouldn't get there on time. Hope told him to take the Packard limousine, as the Rolls-Royce was a little too small for that sort of thing.

Then her huge watch-dog, pictured elsewhere on these pages, began to cry and Hope picked him up and carried him to the third floor, where he—and the other dogs—have a room to themselves, with furniture especially built for them and everything.

The little children of the neighboring farms all love Miss Hampton. In fact, they firmly believe that while there's life there's hope. They are standing at her gate every morning, when she leaves for the studio. At night the same delegation meets her again. They pop out from behind trees and shrubs and look at her. They hide in the flower beds. They plant themselves all over the lawn and shoot up at her. If she were to chase them away, you say? Of course she could. But she doesn't. They bother her and they bore her—she's human even if she is a movie queen; but she wouldn't hurt their feelings for the world.

It is said that there is a certain perfume that one could not find on Hope's dressing table in her silken rose-colored boudoir, but I am unable to discover the name of it.

She loves to lead the simple life advocated by Benjamin Franklin: "early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." That is, she'd probably love it if she ever tried it. As it is, she has to make (Continued on page 104)
FASHIONS IN FUR AND FRILLS

This month M. Raoul Bonart makes his debut before Photoplay's readers. Monsieur Bonart is a young French artist who will devote his talents in the future to my pages in the Magazine. He will design costumes exclusively for you, and they will be unique and original. M. Bonart does not depend entirely on the mode for his inspiration; neither does he indulge in too imaginative designs. You may safely copy any one of his gowns, with the knowledge that you will be correctly and smartly attired. In offering you this service, Photoplay

Above: the first creation of Raoul Bonart. Both figures illustrate the use of fur to a greater extent than ever before. The gown at the left has a skirt of sealskin with a bodice of velvet. This has a satin surplice edged with white georgette. With the dress is worn a short coat of seal. A black satin hat is the finishing touch. It is youthful, simple, and very warm.

This little girl is attempting to describe this little linen frock. She says it is as smart as anything Mother wears; and she is sure you will not see many like it; she—so far—possesses the only one. There will be more!

Young ladies of all ages will be interested in these importations from Bourjois of Paris. 1. is a case in lavent Morocco in any color you choose, containing two flasks of perfume, a gold vanity box with mirror and rouge and powder, and a gold lipstick. 2. is a cut-glass perfume container which is a replica of an antique vase from the Musée du Louvre, Paris, filled with Talis, a flower perfume. 3. a French chased aluminum jar of brilliantine, a perfumed preparation. 4. a pert little bottle with its cut-glass stopper and beaded ribbon—sandalwood. 5. a silk brocade vanity case in colored checks in a variety of colors, containing rouge, powder, mirrors and lipstick. 6. Rosette—blonde or brunette; two shades of rouge in boxes typically Parisian. 7. flat gold lip-stick and eyebrow pencil, both indelible, with jewels denoting colors of contents. 8. a combination pin-cushion and powder box; designed by Tolmer of Paris. 9. leather perfume case for one's bag. 10. a vanity case of rose-colored leather.

Here we have Wanda Hawley, the blonde screen star, in her new fall wrap designed for her by Ethel Chaffin. It is of black lynx and silk cord—an unusual and effective combination. Her silk moire tailored hat is most appropriate. What fashion leaders our cinema women are!
hopes to be of a real and practical service. I must tell you that I enjoy so much your letters. They divulge a delightful dependence upon my judgment which is flattering and at the same time inspiring. I wish, more than anything else, to be of some help to you; and when you tell me so kindly that I have, I am moved to greater efforts in your behalf.

Carolyn Van Wyck

Gloria Swanson is noted for her original costumes. I think this is one of the most charming she has ever starred in. Square-cut sleeves of white chiffon are its most attractive feature. The gown is of satin with pippings on neck, hem, sash and cuffs.

Above, at the left: one of those fascinating sweaters which are worn so much for sports, with a heavy sports coat and sensible shoes: an outdoor ensemble of distinction. Those sweaters are very good right now. At the right: a piquant afternoon frock of midnight blue crepe with panels and pippings of gray georgette. The sleeves and the hem-line are decidedly right.

This is the way every girl would like to look, I am sure. But some of you do not wish actually to bob your hair, so I suggest you use the National Bob which gives a beautiful bobbed effect by simply attaching the “bob” to your own hair! It is comfortable and convenient; and you do not need to worry about the difficulties of letting your hair grow. It’s long and short at the same time!

You know that these two are Parisians. The girl’s tiny gloves worn with short sleeves and the boy’s smart little sweater testify to that. The frock is a simple affair and may easily be made. The coat she is carrying has cunning sleeves and collar of white linen.
THROUGH A FRENCHMAN’S EYES

Translations of critical impressions of our film stars by Louis Delluc, the famous Parisian critic, novelist and playwright.

PEARL WHITE. A heroine so appetizing that she makes the vicissitudes and sufferings of the serials in which she plays seem desirable and even seductive.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA. The most brilliant and unquestionably the most artistic of the cinema’s interpreters, possessing both subtlety and power.

MARY PICKFORD. Intellectual, child-like, ingenuous, exhilarating.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS. Acrobatics, grace of manner, tenderness, emotion—he manages them all with equal ease. At once the most dazzling and the most resourceful of the screen’s comedians.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE. So simple and yet so comical.

FANNIE WARD. A great actress, with passion and, above all, breeding.

BESSIE BARRISCALE. A comedienne in whom intelligence, taste and authority—whether in tense emotion or the broadest of farce—combines with a truly exceptional technique.

ALICE BRADY. Sometimes worse, sometimes better—and there you are!

CHARLES RAY. The triumph of simplicity. A sincere comedian with infinite tact.

MOLLIE KING. A substitute Pearl White.

MARY MILES MINTER. A trifle clumsy, a trifle broad, a trifle vulgar. But she can smile, she is young, and she pleases.

WILLIAM HART. A most human tragedian, with a modernism of art which neither Guitry nor Mounet-Sully have ever approached.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN. He is good-looking—and the fact is not entirely disagreeable to him!

DUSTIN FARNUM. And what a smile!

HELEN HOLMES. The feminine Douglas Fairbanks of the films—minus the smile.

MARY MACLAREN. If her mouth were just the least bit larger, her smile would be truly alluring.

JULIA DEAN. A sincerity almost severe, like our own Suzanne Despres. And a seductiveness which is Latin—with a northern forehead.

LOUISE GLAUM. A forceful tragedian, and a tragic force.

DOROTHY PHILLIPS. A clever artist, with a capacity for throwing herself into any role—and also for feeling the part.

WILLIAM RUSSELL. Good-looking only when nude.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG. Habitually sincere—honestly beautiful—comfor-tably emotional.

NORMA TALMADGE. And a mute countenance which speaks eloquently when necessary.

LILLIAN GISH. She has that subtle, mesmeric quality which makes it imperative that one see her again and again.

MABEL NORMAND. For a long time merely the partner of “Fatty” and “Charlie.” Now she has become “Mabel,” an expert at all the little shades and subtleties of the screen.

MRS. VERNON CASTLE. An excellent dancer turned excellent mime—with taste, esprit, originality of gesture, and all the accessories of histrionic harmony.

CHARLES CHAPLIN. A very great artist—an exquisite comedian, humorist and clown.

BESSIE LOVE. A primitive—who can be both pathetic and modern.

WILLIAM RUSSELL. A most human tragedian, with a modernism of art which neither Guitry nor Mounet-Sully have ever approached.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN. He is good-looking—and the fact is not entirely disagreeable to him!

DUSTIN FARNUM. And what a smile!

HELEN HOLMES. The feminine Douglas Fairbanks of the films—minus the smile.

MARY MACLAREN. If her mouth were just the least bit larger, her smile would be truly alluring.

JULIA DEAN. A sincerity almost severe, like our own Suzanne Despres. And a seductiveness which is Latin—with a northern forehead.

LOUISE GLAUM. A forceful tragedian, and a tragic force.

DOROTHY PHILLIPS. A clever artist, with a capacity for throwing herself into any role—and also for feeling the part.

WILLIAM RUSSELL. Good-looking only when nude.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG. Habitually sincere—honestly beautiful—comfortably emotional.

NORMA TALMADGE. And a mute countenance which speaks eloquently when necessary.

LILLIAN GISH. She has that subtle, mesmeric quality which makes it imperative that one see her again and again.

MABEL NORMAND. For a long time merely the partner of “Fatty” and “Charlie.” Now she has become “Mabel,” an expert at all the little shades and subtleties of the screen.

MRS. VERNON CASTLE. An excellent dancer turned excellent mime—with taste, esprit, originality of gesture, and all the accessories of histrionic harmony.

CHARLES CHAPLIN. A very great artist—an exquisite comedian, humorist and clown.

BESSIE LOVE. A primitive—who can be both pathetic and modern.

WILLIAM RUSSELL. A most human tragedian, with a modernism of art which neither Guitry nor Mounet-Sully have ever approached.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN. He is good-looking—and the fact is not entirely disagreeable to him!

DUSTIN FARNUM. And what a smile!

HELEN HOLMES. The feminine Douglas Fairbanks of the films—minus the smile.

MARY MACLAREN. If her mouth were just the least bit larger, her smile would be truly alluring.

JULIA DEAN. A sincerity almost severe, like our own Suzanne Despres. And a seductiveness which is Latin—with a northern forehead.

MRS. VERNON CASTLE. An excellent dancer turned excellent mime—with taste, esprit, originality of gesture, and all the accessories of histrionic harmony.

CHARLES CHAPLIN. A very great artist—an exquisite comedian, humorist and clown.

BESSIE LOVE. A primitive—who can be both pathetic and modern.

WILLIAM RUSSELL. A most human tragedian, with a modernism of art which neither Guitry nor Mounet-Sully have ever approached.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN. He is good-looking—and the fact is not entirely disagreeable to him!

DUSTIN FARNUM. And what a smile!

HELEN HOLMES. The feminine Douglas Fairbanks of the films—minus the smile.

MARY MACLAREN. If her mouth were just the least bit larger, her smile would be truly alluring.

JULIA DEAN. A sincerity almost severe, like our own Suzanne Despres. And a seductiveness which is Latin—with a northern forehead.

Impression of Charlie Chaplin in "A Dog's Life," by the famous French caricaturist, Petitjean.
LOVE AND CO.

In other words, Doris May and her new contract, which gives the world a chance to fall in love with her by proxy.

By JOAN JORDAN

SHE is a Poster Girl.
You had her portrait, painted by Harrison Fisher or Henry Hutt, above your desk at College.
Her Face is the Shape of a Heart and her Mouth is the Shape of a Kiss.

She is The Girl you loved so madly, so Divinely, so Decently, when she was the Queen of the Campus.

You can find pages and pages devoted to descriptions of her in any of Robert W. Chambers' best sellers—and whatever you may think of Mr. Chambers' novels, his Heroines are adorable beyond belief.

Doris May is—Just Girl.
She isn't marvelously beautiful, or exotic, or perfect.

She's Pretty.
She has soft, glinting brown hair. Big soft brown eyes. Dimples. Tiny Ankles. Golden freckles dusted across her pert little nose.

More than any of the Screen Girls I have met, she completely represents the American Girl that men just naturally fall in love with. You'd never want to be a brother to her and I'll bet no man has ever offered her that supreme proof of indifference—his friendship.

Yet she's the sort of a girl who would be safe in a White Slave De...

Photography by Melville Spur.

She was married only a few months ago to Wallace MacDonald, and they live in a little Hollywood bungalow and are ideally happy. And she's only nineteen and has her own company. Isn't that a real modern fairy tale?

She's the sort of a girl with whom you want to sit in the hammock—not one of those new hammocks that the whole family can use—from baby who has it done up for a crib to granddad who uses it for an invalid chair—but a Regular Hammock built for Two, and a guitar.

She is a snapshot of a man's Second Love.

Now I don't pretend to know why men fall in love. I don't pretend that Doris May is any different than a hundred other girls—or half as pretty as some other Movie Queens. Nor half as clever as some other scenario writers. But, in my humble opinion, the fact remains that she is The Kind of a Girl Men Fall in Love With.

And now she is going to be a star all by herself, a real star, and all the men in America can have the fun of falling in love with her by proxy.

Everybody remembers Doris best I think as a co-star with Douglas MacLean in "23½ Hours Leave" and a series of pictures that followed it. Her opportunities in these were not great, but she furnished the love element to the satisfaction of all, and she exhibited several flashes of real comedy genius.

Now I am going to digress from Doris for a minute, and let you look behind the scenes of Motion Picture Production and witness a very human drama—the kind of a business drama that America is usually fascinated by, such as George M. Cohan has hit us with so many times.

A great many people regretted the split-up of MacLean and May. A good many failed to understand it. Nobody knows just what happened—or even if anything happened—but anyway Douglas MacLean remained with Ince and Miss May did not.

Now down on the Ince lot was a young man who acted for the great producer as director-in-chief of publicity, exploitation and advertising. He was a young gent with all the punch, push and pep of a G. M. C. hero. He began to figure, and as he saw MacLean gaining in popularity and
SUNDAY
By Betty Compson

PLAYA DEL REY! No, it's not the name of a cigar, but a summer resort on the Pacific. Mother and I have a little cottage near the beach, and every week-end we come down from Hollywood.

Sunday is my day of rest, so I awoke at dawn and put on my bathing suit. I took just one quick little dip—enough to make me ravenously hungry for breakfast. Afterward we strolled up to the midway. PLAYA DEL REY boasts a big, new roller coaster. There was a funny little old man selling the tickets.

"Ain't you Betty Compson?" he said to me.

I admitted it. He glanced around cautiously.

"Well," he whispered, "I'll look the other way, and you can slip in without a ticket!"

In the afternoon I went swimming again. This time I did some stunts with a surf board. Dustin Farnum came hurtling by in his new flying boat. He was so close to the water that he recognized me and waved.

I had to deal with my sunburn very carefully. Penrhyn Stanlaws, my director, said it showed through my make-up; 'Bathing suits and evening gowns won't jibe, Miss Compson,' he said. Well, directors always know best. especially Mr. Stanlaws. He's a peach.

MONDAY
By Agnes Ayres

THIS is my last whole day in New York. I leave for Los Angeles tomorrow. I don't know whether I ought to tell you what I did right after breakfast this morning! I have a fatal weakness for Fifth Avenue buses. Three years ago, when I was with Vitagraph, I used to go on 'bus sprees often. But on this last trip to New York I haven't and I made up my mind I was going to do it at least once before I left. So today I did.

I was due at the studio at noon. When I arrived, Tom Forman was in front of the studio with a very pretty lady. Tom introduced us—she was Mrs. Forman. So we had a nice lunchroom party at the studio lunchroom—Tom and Mrs. Tom and Tom Meighan and I.

After luncheon I met a tall, handsome blonde man who looked like the pictures of Carpenter. He was Rolf Armstrong, the artist, and he was there to pose me for a PHOTOPLAY cover. I sat for Mr. Armstrong an hour. I don't wonder he does such wonderful covers. He goes about it so carefully. You don't mind, though, because he's awfully nice.

I had a dinner engagement with Alice Joyce. Alice and I were together at Vitagraph and are great friends. I met Alice and we had an exciting dinner, talking over old times. She is better looking than ever.

We both had after-dinner engagements. Alice's husband, Mr. Regan, met her and an old friend of mine came to take me to a farewell theater party. We saw "The First Year," and I think I enjoyed it best of all the New York plays. I was born in a small town in Illinois, you know. I'm going to stop off at Carbondale on my way to the Coast.

A WEEK WITH

You've heard all sorts of stories about the stars. spend their time? PHOTOPLAY assigned a week
asked them to tell frankly, in the form of

SUN MON TUE

TUESDAY
By Thomas Meighan

TODAY was the day I went to sea and had a fight! The "Cappy Ricks" company reached "farthest North"—Bar Harbor, Maine. Yesterday Tom Forman, my director, who (strangely enough) is also my pal, went out and hired himself a nice five-masted schooner called the "Retriever." This morning I woke at eight. Agnes Ayres, my leading woman in this picture, and Tom Forman and I had a New England breakfast together at the hotel. Then we went down to the dock where the good ship "Retriever" was tied up and met the rest of the company—and the regular crew of the "Retriever" got her under way. Tom Forman and I chinned with the skipper, and finally we persuaded him to let us take a turn each at the steering wheel. The "Retriever" steers by hand, and we both had our troubles keeping her on the course.

"I guess you boys are tryin' to write your names in the water," the skipper opined.

When we were four miles out, we decided to shoot. Ivan Linow and I got set for action, and we dempseyed all over the ship, bare-fisted, while the crew of the "Retriever" squatted around and took a professional interest in the battle. Ivan is a Swede and weighs two hundred and twenty pounds. He plays "All-Hands-and-Feet Peterson" in the picture, and all his hands and feet hit me in the face during some part of the battle. After we'd fought at least half a day, Tom Forman said he thought he might get at least twenty feet of film out of it. So Ivan and I shook hands. We got back to Bar Harbor around nine o'clock, but they had held dinner for us at the hotel. Tom wanted me to play pinochle with him afterward, but I chased him out and went to bed. He hadn't spent the day fighting with Ivan!

WEDNESDAY
By Gloria Swanson

SEVEN o'clock, and I'm up. That's a shock to you, isn't it? For breakfast I just took a horseback ride and a grapefruit. I'm reducing. It was quarter to nine when I reached my dressing room—fifteen minutes to get all fixed. Have you heard about my new dressing room? It's a whole bungalow—blue, with white awnings.
THE STARS

How would you like to know how they actually to seven famous stars—one for each day—and a diary, of the happenings of that day.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WED</th>
<th>THU</th>
<th>FRI</th>
<th>SAT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

On the set. The picture is called “Under the Lash”—whiplash, not eye-lash—and I wear a funny old 1898 gown. We shot a lot of scenes. Once we had to stop because a moth got into the long, detachable beard Russell Simpson wears.

Sam Wood, my director, called lunch at twelve. Betty Compson, in a beautiful Chinese kimono, and Jim Kirkwood, in a gorgeous palm beach suit, were just ahead of me. After lunch a lot of us sat out on the grass a while—Sam Wood, Mahlon Hamilton, Lila Lee, Milton Sills, Betty Compson, and some others. Somebody suggested that we play “imitations.” So Mahlon imitated Betty, and I imitated Cecil de Mille. Sam said he’d imitate me. He wrapped my “Shulamite” shawl around him, and threw back his head and shouted, “Oh, Su-am, isn’t it time for lunch yet?”

Then we started shooting again and worked until five. Madame Elinor Glyn came to tea at my house and then guess where we went? To the movies, to see “The Great Stripes Forever.” I shiver. Not that they made me wear stripes, and it was an awfully nice jail, as jails go, anyway.

On the set. The picture is called “Under the Lash”—whiplash, not eye-lash—and I wear a funny old 1898 gown. We shot a lot of scenes. Once we had to stop because a moth got into the long, detachable beard Russell Simpson wears.

Sam Wood, my director, called lunch at twelve. Betty Compson, in a beautiful Chinese kimono, and Jim Kirkwood, in a gorgeous palm beach suit, were just ahead of me. After lunch a lot of us sat out on the grass a while—Sam Wood, Mahlon Hamilton, Lila Lee, Milton Sills, Betty Compson, and some others. Somebody suggested that we play “imitations.” So Mahlon imitated Betty, and I imitated Cecil de Mille. Sam said he’d imitate me. He wrapped my “Shulamite” shawl around him, and threw back his head and shouted, “Oh, Su-am, isn’t it time for lunch yet?”

Then we started shooting again and worked until five. Madame Elinor Glyn came to tea at my house and then guess where we went? To the movies, to see “The Great Moment!”

THURSDAY

By Wallace Reid

MOTHER, who lives in Highlands, New Jersey, spent the day with me. It was her first visit to a motion picture studio, and she was tickled to death. We looked at Algerian deserts and English baronial halls and San Francisco street scenes.

Later Mother watched Elsie Ferguson and I go through the dream scenes for “Peter Ibbetson.” By the time I was ungreased and ready for the street again, it was time for dinner. I had tickets for the theater, and Mother and I went there later. The show was “The Champion,” which I’m to film.

After I had taken Mother to her hotel and said good-night, I came back to the apartment, donned pajamas and bathrobe and called up the residence of Wallace Reid, in Hollywood. Dorothy (my wife) answered the phone. Our son Bill was having a big birthday party—you know that when it’s midnight in New York, it’s only eight o’clock in Hollywood. Bill was just about to cut his birthday cake, but he came out obediently to the telephone.

“I got your present, dad,” he said. “When you coming home?”

“T’ll be there in a few minutes,” I answered. “What about Mother?”

“T’ll be there in a few minutes,” I answered. “What about Mother?”

Promenade. What a lovely evening that was! We talked and talked and talked.

FRIDAY

By Bebe Daniels

FRIDAY—I’m more suspicious than ever of Fridays—I got pinched on one. When the band plays “The Stars and Stripes Forever,” I shiver. Not that they made me wear stripes, and it was an awfully nice jail, as jails go, anyway.

I had a date at the hospital at ten to run in and see some of my wounded soldiers. I brought the boys flowers and cigarettes. I saw Tony Moreno handing out smokes. Tony’s a trump.

At two I had to go over to the studio and toil—in a beautiful black velvet negligee lined with gold cloth and trimmed in gray squirrel. We worked straight through to dinner time. Mother had a lovely dinner party arranged for me—some old friends we used to know in Texas had blown into town. Lila Lee came, too. Afterwards all of us went to a theater.

SATURDAY

By Lila Lee

NINE o’clock. This is a day of rest for school children and business men—but not for me. We are working just the same. Got up at eight and had a very slight breakfast. I am reducing, you know. Arrived at the studio exactly at 9:15.

Ten o’clock. Working hard on the roof, making a picture with Wally Reid. It’s a little hot. The picture is called “Rent Free,” and is very amusing. It is all great fun, because I like to work with Wally.

Eleven o’clock. Still working—harder and harder. Everybody is in a good humor though. That’s the nice part about this studio; they are the best-natured people in the world.

Twelve o’clock. Lunch.

Two o’clock. Back on the set. The last day up here.

Four o’clock. Took off my makeup and put on my street clothes. My sister, Peggy, called for me and we went home. Put on my riding clothes and met Gloria Swanson. Gloria is a wonderful horse-woman.

Six o’clock. Dinner. While we were dining—just the family—I turned on the phonograph. We have a little high or low-brow music, according to the courses. You always feel spiritual and grand when you are eating a Peach Melba.

Eight o’clock. Reading. It is really study. I am working hard to make up for the college education I didn’t get.

Ten o’clock. Dancing at home. Talk. The best time of the day. Sometimes on Saturdays I go out to dance, but the best kind of an evening that I can imagine is one just doing nothing.
Do institutions for the higher education of women frowned on the cultivation of personal charm? Why are there not more college girls in motion pictures?

By JAMES R. QUIRK

“WHY,” asked the chronic critic of the screen, “do you not encourage producers of pictures to give us women of intelligence as well as beauty? The directors are looking too much to Mr. Ziegfeld’s Follies. All heroines of real life are not beautiful.”

It wasn’t an original question. The editor of this magazine has heard it for years. “Where do you suggest finding the types you would like to see?” I countered.

“Among educated women,” he said. “American colleges for women are full of intelligent women who are just as beautiful as the usual screen actresses.”

In the first place, I do not admit that there is such a problem. My friend confused intelligence with intellect, and was led into error by a constitutional lack of sympathy with pictures, failure to realize the purpose of the new art, and ignorance of its requirements. Higher education is no more necessary to the successful actress than it is to the successful social leader. But intelligence, adaptability and personality are just as necessary to each. And beauty is an asset for both.

The ratio of intelligence among successful motion picture actresses is higher than it is in average women—and this does not exclude college-bred girls. There are mental duds in Wellesley as well as in Hollywood, and I venture to assert that any women’s college would be fulfilling its mission in the greatest measure if it could equip its graduates with sets of brains such as are possessed by Mary Pickford, Olga Petrova, Mabel Normand, Pauline Frederick, Geraldine Farrar, Lillian Gish, or many other screen celebrities.

I am not one of those who think that “woman’s place is in the home,” in its extreme sense. In a broad sense, man’s place is in the home also. Great happiness comes only with a beautiful home life, and most of the men and women of my acquaintance who are not “home folks” are searching in one way or another for a substitute happiness. A happy bachelor or a contented “old maid” is a rare bird.

Marriage is the natural state for man and woman. A happy marriage never marred a great career, and anything—even higher education—that interferes with marriage is not conducive to happiness, which after all is the conscious or unconscious desire of all human beings.

The question of the adaptability of the college-bred girl for motion picture success and the relation of higher education to marriage touch at many points. In our consideration of the problems we must realize that the cultivation of personal charm is a natural instinct in woman.

Nature gave woman beauty to attract man just as it gave flowers glorious colorings and fragrance to attract the bee, and in moderation there is no more reprehensibility in the cold cream massage, the powder puff, well-chosen perfumery, or the lipstick than in the cultivation of roses. It is not necessary to paint the lily, but why not weed the garden? The application of a wave to the hair is just as immoral as garden landscaping.

Which leads right up to the attitude of the faculty of the average women’s college toward the cultivation of personal charm, and the effect in after life, with the result that more high grade perfumes and face powders are sold per capita among the girl operatives of factories in Lowell and Lawrence, Mass., than among the students at Smith or Wellesley.

Man, even the average college man, will fall in love with a beautiful “dumbbell” more quickly than with a spectacled feminine professor of psychology. It is not that he fears the intellectual equality or superiority of the woman. He is following the natural instinct to seek beauty. Nature knew more about the promotion of the birth rate than all the scientists that ever lived.

Woman’s destiny is not only the rearing of children, my erudite critic might contend. But it is, and man’s too, and if the women’s college frowns on physical beauty and concerns itself merely with the ornamentation of the brain is it, not failing in its mission? It is not necessary to convert the colleges into beauty parlors, but it would be well to realize that there is no necessity for animosity between beauty and brains. It is not my desire to criticise the colleges. They are performing a noble work, but it seems instinctive with the faculties of many colleges to minimize the part that physical beauty does play in the progress of humanity.

Read the following extract from a letter addressed to the editor of Photoplay by the secretary of the University of Chicago:

“Personally I think educated women of today have begun to scorn sex appeal. They want to meet men as intellectual equals and attract them through mental comradship. This makes a delightful personality but a poor movie star.”

Mrs. Adelaide L. Burge, acting dean of women, in the State University of Iowa, writes:

“If by ‘personal charm’ is meant a regard for appearance, as expressed by a scrupulous neatness of body, well cared-for teeth and nails, hair carefully and becomingly dressed, and attractive and modish clothes; together with the cultivation of tact, sympathy and understanding—in other words a pleasing personality, we believe the attention to and the cultivation of such charm go hand in hand with intellectual development. The so-called charm of powder, paint, rouge and high heels is rarely found with any very high order of mentality, and the authorities of this university would unite in saying that cultivation of such charm is in every way detrimental to intellectual growth.”

Photoplay has spent many weeks of effort to find the prettiest girls in American colleges, and in the rotogravure section opposite presents the result. Some of these girls were chosen as class beauties by their fellow students, and among them are the girls engaged in dramatic clubs. It must be borne in mind that these photographs were not made especially for reproduction with the same care given professional portraits of screen stars. These are some beautiful girls represented there, and some of the subjects seem to possess personal charm that would do credit to a screen. A few of these girls have come to quite a high point of attainment in college dramatics. Of one of them one of our well-known authors said, “If she is an amateur on the stage I would never care to see a professional.” They have charm and beauty. And surely they all show intelligence of a (Continued on page 122)
It wasn't a wonderful house—and it was located on a funny street where she had never been before—but he proved to her that it was possible to be very happy in it.

Illustrated by H. R. Bollinger

She went to the best hotel and went into cloistered retirement, meaning that she spent as much time as she could spare from crying, in reading magazines.

HONEYMOON SHANTY

By FRANK R. ADAMS

The ceremony was over.

Mrs. Hope Van Huisen, nee Warner, had contracted a misalliance, had married a man not her own kind. She had known that for several weeks past, ever since the time when, in a burst of self-revelation, her fiancé had taken her to the little tumble-down shanty in which he had been born and she had met there a gnarly old man who could not even speak the English language correctly. He was her father-in-law.

Hope was of the social elect in Belle Plain—she had ancestors back at least two generations, which is plenty far enough back in a Middle Western town. In her own right she had been the leader of her set ever since she had been old enough to assume the halter-strap. Everyone had looked up to her, the men to worship and the women to envy and fear a little. No woman could have Hope's beauty and poise without having her sister-kind at least secretly jealous.

And now she had married a man whom nobody knew anything about except that he was an architect who had come to the city a year or so previous and had ridden to success on the crest of a building-boom. No one knew even so much about him as Hope herself, and that was precious little—nothing except that he was really one of the poor boys of the town who had gone away to school and had come back with a veneer of education which, to the casual observer, covered up his lowly origin.

Yes; Hope was suddenly possessed of a new pet, a strange animal, called Martin Van Huisen, her husband. He was more interesting than any other man she had ever known; that may be taken for granted, but he puzzled her more, too. He did not eat out of her hand worth a cent. Every other man in her life, even those much older than herself, had been men of affairs who were accustomed to their own way in everything else.

Hope felt that it would be her pleasurable duty to train her handsome young husband to become an ornament to that society she had always graced. He needed considerable trimming and reorganizing, a new set of ideas and non-skid parlor-tricks all round. Nothing had been said about this post-marriage course in conduct, naturally, but Hope had it in the background of her mind all the time as the first campaign to be entered upon as soon as they had returned from their honeymoon.

The interval that lay between the wedding and the end of the honeymoon was his to plan; that had been settled by his request that she leave all the arrangements to him. She had acquiesced with a secret prayer that he would not choose Niagara Falls.

He had been very efficient about it. No one knew where they were going. Her trunks had been called for by an expressman who refused to divulge their destination even when asked by a curious and wheedling maid servant. Hope herself did not know whether they were to travel by train, boat, or their own automobile. He had told her simply that she would not need any hand-baggage, as her trunks would be available. Hope was rather pleased with the mystery. It gave an added zest to the great adventure.

The last fond relative had been kissed and seasonable tears had been shed by and on her at the parting from her mother. Martin opened the door of the automobile and followed her in. The driver, of course, had been instructed in advance as to where they were going. The car turned at the corner in a direction opposite to that in which the railroad station lay. That did not necessarily mean that they were not to travel by rail. It was perfectly natural to drive to one of the suburbs and take the train from there, thus avoiding curious and practical-joking friends.

Still, the chauffeur had chosen a poor road by which to leave the city. Hope commented upon this when a particularly bad bit of paving had jolted her for five consecutive minutes. The view was not exactly inspiring, either. They were passing the manufacturing portion of the city, and the grimy old buildings...
and high board fences were just as bleak an outlook as one could find in Belle Plain.

Then the factories gave way to tumble-down frame houses, and the paving got worse in some spots and gave up entirely in others.

Hope stole a side glance at her fellow prisoner to see if he was expecting this. There seemed to be no surprise or annoyance on his countenance. He was smiling, but he usually did that.

Hope adored his smile because it wasn't a professional one. He wore it because he wanted to.

As hope started to follow, the sudden acceleration of an automobile motor caused her to look back at the car they had just left.

"Martin," she cried, "he's driving away! Call him back."

"What for? We won't need him any more."

"But—but—" Her vocal cords failed as her mind shot off like a sky rocket on the tangent just opened up to her.

"You don't mean to say that this is the end of our trip—that we're not going any farther."

Now, Martin Van Huisen was not a connoisseur of women. And he was not so cock sure as he appeared, either. He was making an experiment of which he could not foresee the result. His voice was perfectly steady and his eye never wavered, but he had an inner consciousness, which nobody knew about but himself, that was shaking like an apprehensive jellyfish, as he said,

"No; we're not going any farther."

Thus the blow fell. Martin intended to live there. She had had a funny feeling about it when the car stopped in front of the house, but it had not crystallized into a certainty until the car had departed, leaving them stranded together on this horrible desert isle. The automobile was their last tangible connection with Hope's world. Here she was in an environment quite familiar to this strange man, her husband, but absolutely foreign to herself and her limited capabilities. Her experience gave her no guide to conduct. She did not know what to do.

"All my clothes, my own things—" she began.

"Are in there," he finished for her, waving his hand at the automobile motor caused her to look back at the car they had just left.

"I won't; I just won't!" she declared tearfully.

"Won't what?"

"Won't live here," she stated. "I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"No one would ever come to see me here. I couldn't invite Edith Clooney to a pig-pen like this."

Martin winced at the word "pig-pen" as applied to his ancestral halls, but he refrained from a retort in kind.

"Are in there," he finished for her, waving his hand at the automobile motor caused her to look back at the car they had just left.

"Yes; that's my business."

"It isn't as if we had to live here."

"You've got some money, haven't you?" she finished scornfully.

"Yes," he admitted; "I make a very fair living. My income is nothing like your father's, but it is enough for us to be comfortable on."

"And you know something about the way dwellings should be constructed?" Hope persisted.

"Yes; that's my business."

"And yet you bring the woman you are supposed to love to a place like this! I thought you were fine; I thought you were kind and whimsical!—she got angrier as she went on—but now I see that you're just a common yokel with no thoughts above—"

She had not meant to go so far. Her crumbling castle of romance had inspired her to a crudity of speech that was not
She knew when she saw the white spot lashed across his cheek that fire lay just ahead.

But there was no way to retract. He held up his hand to forbid further speech.

"You do not have to live here," he said, marshaling his words against the red incitation of anger in his heart. "You may live where you will. I certainly do not want to force you along a course which you consider a hardship. You will perhaps be more comfortable at home or at one of the hotels. Should you wish to see me, you will find me here."

It was a very proud speech and very youthful. And, in its way, very funny. He could never have made it if she hadn't called him a yokel. From his point of view, she had been unjust, had condemned him without a full hearing. His theory had not received a fair test. Very well; he would stand by his guns.

The decision was arrived at with sickening fear at his elbow coaching him to look at her first, to remember how adorable she was even when angry, to remember how wonderful were her eyes when they looked at him tenderly, and how easy it would be to call back that look by simply giving in on what was really a minor affair. Because, after all, what did he care about having his own way?

But the die was cast. No one had ever spoken to Hope like that before. She looked over from head to foot with eyes that burned him to a very unappetizing cinder. Then she turned her back and walked toward the front gate.

"If you'll wait here a moment, I'll get you a taxi," Martin called after her.

Hope had been stricken suddenly deaf and paid no attention to his hail. She passed the gate and walked down the street briskly, just as if she knew where she was going and what she was going to do—with all the rest of her life.

Probably she wouldn't live long, anyway. That was a consoling thought. When he read the obituary, Martin doubted less be sorry that he had made such a fetish of his own will. The thought of that sad little obituary made Hope cry a little. She had been wanting to for some time and had not been able to think up an excuse. If it had not been dreadfully incompatible with her idea of the dignity of a nee-Warner she would have sat down on the curb and cried a lot. As it was, she squeezed back all but about one handkerchiefful of tears and went on down the street with her chin up, just as she imagined Joan of Arc would have done if she had married the most dreadful tyrant in all the world.

Anyway, Hope had the distinction of having achieved the shortest honeymoon of anyone in Belle Plain. It had lasted just about thirty minutes from the church door to the moment when she found herself hastening away from her tawdry Eden, minus also her Adam, which made her twice as lonely and abused as the original Eve.

She did not go home—she had some pride left. Instead, she went to the best hotel and registered as Miss H. Lancaster—that was a family name—and went into cloistered retirement, meaning by that statement that she had all her meals served in her room and spent as much time as she could spare from crying in reading magazines and books which a bell-boy selected for her from the news-stand in the lobby.

She cried herself to sleep that night.

Hope moped for two solid days, and, because she wasn't used to it, the exertion made her exceedingly tired. It takes a very accomplished sulker to get any pleasure out of it after the first day. She couldn't cry any more and had decided that she wouldn't die right away but that she did want to get outdoors and inhale a little fresh air. This thing of being a hothouse flower palls rapidly upon a healthy normal girl.

So, on the morning of the third day she went out for a walk.

Late that same afternoon, Martin Van Huisen, standing before a drafting-board but not doing a thing because the memory of his wife's arm was against his cheek pulling him away to come and find her, no matter if she was a spoiled child, was annoyed by a telephone-call which interrupted his reverie. That is, he was annoyed at first until he had answered it and found out who was talking.

A voice said, "Do you suppose you could get home in fifteen minutes?"

"I will. I'll be there almost before you can get the door open."

"It is. My biscuits will be done then, and they look as if they were going to be good. It's the third batch I've made this morning."

Martin's whole being was galvanized into instant alertness.

"I can. What's the matter? Is it serious?"

"It is. My biscuits will be done then, and they look as if there were going to be good. I'm the third batch I've made today and the others weren't any use except to cry over. So, will you hurry, please?"

"I will. I'll be there almost before you can get the door open."

But between Hope's early-morning walk and Martin's late-afternoon telephone-call lay the events which culminated in the first victory (constructive) for the eternal masculine in the lifelong domestic struggle for supremacy in the Van Huisen—and every other—household.

(Continued on page 66)
There is something in the meteorological conditions of these film islands which inflames the lady’s phagocytes with Terpsichorean proclivities.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, an English navigator of the seventeenth century, leaped suddenly into fame as a result of his twenty-eight years of enforced existence on an uninhabited island; and it is the consensus of scientific and literary opinion that his experiences were most unusual, and that, as insular residences go, his was somewhat strange and remarkable.

But, to those familiar with the silent drama of today, his nautical adventures were tame and commonplace, if not downright dull and soporific. Neither he, nor the Robinsons of Switzerland, could boast of anything as unique and extraordinary as the island life which modern film directors have conceived and pictured for us.

Of late years the obscure and unknown islands of the South Seas have exerted an irresistible fascination over the directorial mind. No matter where a film romance may begin—whether in the dance-halls of Alaska, the drawing-rooms of Fifth Avenue, the cabarets of Broadway, or on the boulevards of Paris—any director worthy of the name can contrive to get his characters washed ashore on a tropical isle before the end of the first reel. The minute there flashes on the screen a gang-plank, a smoke funnel, a pair of binoculars, or a suit of yachting clothes, you may rest assured that ere the world is fifteen minutes older you will see a palm-lined beach, and a young man in duck trousers staggering through the surf with a limp maiden in his arms.

In considering the island life as depicted on the screen, a word should be said regarding motion-picture shipwrecks; for they, too, have peculiarities and idiosyncrasies which render them unique.

To begin with, only unseaworthy vessels, it would appear, are ever chartered for the purpose of navigating the South Seas. Not only are they without fire protection, but apparently they are saturated with oil or gasoline, for flames spread through them with uncanny rapidity. Their bulkheads are defective and on the point of giving way. Their hulls are of papier-mache or some other brittle material, and spring enormous leaks at the first sign of an approaching storm. Their lifeboats are either riveted to the decks, or else constructed so as to capsize automatically on coming in contact with the water. One wonders how these feeble and dilapidated ships held together long enough to reach the tropics.

Furthermore, once there is an accident, they go down like lumps of lead. They never hover a while, fill with water, and gradually submerge, like ordinary ships. Not at all! One moment they are full afloat: the next, they have been completely swallowed up. You see them lurch forward on their nose and—z-z-ztl they’re gone, like a coot diving for a fish.

Even so, they do not sink with sufficient dispatch to carry all hands down. There are always two young people who, in some unexplained manner, manage to disannex the main-mast, and float ashore. And this feat of dismantling the ship is performed under water, for you plainly see the vessel sink with the masts intact and the main-braces taut.

On all South Sea islands in motion pictures one’s clothes wear out in the most unusual fashion. For example, one’s shirt-sleeves go first. Not only do they give way while the rest of the shirt is still in good condition, but they seem to disappear completely, leaving frayed, tattered ends, as if they had been run through a mangle, or violently curry-combed. Again, the button on the collar-band is invariably the first
IN THE FILMS

to come off, for all island shirts are agape at the neck. (The undershirt has either been left aboard the ill-fated ship or else lost in the surf as its owner swam ashore, for no islander of the films—male or female—has ever been known to possess a chemise.)

Then there are the island trousers. These perhaps are the most distinctive article of investiture worn by shipwrecked screen characters. Their style never varies; they are never modified or remodelled; no innovations are ever introduced. It is almost as if the same pair of trousers served for all motion-picture dramas dealing with island life.

Though at the time their owner scrambles ashore they are of white ducking and are held up by a leather belt bearing a monogrammed silver buckle, they at once transform themselves, beneath the tropical sun, into some coarse, dark material; and the fancy belt is immediately converted into a crude, uniform ceinture resembling a gasket or clothesline. Furthermore, the bottom of each pants' leg is artistically scalloped, the frayed ends hanging in graceful, triangular streamers.

But the most conspicuous characteristic of island trousers is the discrepancy in the length of the legs. The left leg reaches almost to the ankle; but the right leg peters out immediately below the kneecap. No shipwrecked islander of the films has yet been discovered with trousers whose legs were of equal length. In fact, if an islander by accident comes upon a pair of pants of uniform dimensions, he at once rolls up the right leg to the prescribed height, in order to fulfill this basic sartorial tradition of cinema-island history.

The fashion in island trousers is unfailing, absolute, inexorable; and one cursory glance at a gentleman's nether integuments in a motion picture will instantly and invariably inform you whether he is on an island or on the mainland.

The garments of shipwrecked ladies of the films are equally characteristic and a la mode. Their skirts, like the gentlemen's trousers, become attractively frayed and scalloped, until they assume the aspect of a hula-dancer's costume, with overlapping, ribbon-like strips hanging from the waist and fluttering in the breeze.

A reference, too, should be made to the shoes in which screen islanders are washed ashore. Superficially they appear like any ordinary foot-gear. But no! They are of the most fragile and flimsy material—probably cardboard; for they at once wear out and have to be abandoned. An ordinary pair of shoes would hold together at least a year on the loamy soil of a tropical island; but in the films they collapse and go to pieces almost the moment they touch land; and motion-picture islanders, after their first day ashore, are necessitated to go bare-foot.

Another interesting peculiarity noticeable in connection with the island life of the screen, has to do with the masculine beard. As a general rule, no matter how long a man may be stranded on one of these isolated shores, he appears at all times to be freshly shaved and talcumed.

Numerous explanations have been put forward to account for this remarkable hirsute phenomenon. For instance, it has been suggested that a bottle of depilatory may have been brought ashore from the sinking ship, or else that a barber's kit has been washed up by the tide from some previous wreck. Again, the theory has been advanced that all male islanders have had their whiskers electrically removed before starting their cruise among the Southern archipelagos.

But these explanations do not take into account the fact that, as a rule, the cranial hair also is kept neatly trimmed and pomaded. And this latter state of perpetual capillary elegance on the part of the male, discloses another unique condition of motion-picture island life—to wit: that the man's companion is not, as is commonly given out, a (Continued on page 97)
AFTER THE SHOW—Paramount

We feel like saying "Charles Ogle... Charles Ogle... Charles Ogle"... and then concluding the review, so poignantly does he take the picture. After a long screen career, which began at the old Edison, Mr. Ogle has come into his own with a performance of great power and beauty. However, there are worthy supporting factors. There is the story, which is not the infernal triangle, but the contests between the protective love of an old man (Charles Ogle) and the desire of a young man (Jack Holt) for the girl (Lila Lee). The ingredients are not amazingly original, but the adaptation of the Rita Weiman story—by Hazel MacDonald and Vianna Knowlton—is handled to advantage, and the complete whole "gets" you thoroughly—a love thing in pictures. There is pathos, drama, vitality. William deMille, with his directorial talent which amounts almost to genius for making his characters real, does his best work in months.

AT THE END OF THE WORLD—Paramount

Since "The Miracle Man", beautiful Betty Compson has been searching vainly for a picture with which she could duplicate the amazing success that she achieved as Rose. After several indifferent stellar vehicles, she has found it in her first Paramount picture, "At the End of the World," and she may now quality as one of the few very bright stars. It is an unusually well constructed story, with many highly dramatic moments, enacted against vivid backgrounds, from the opium belt in Shanghai and a lone light-house off the Philippine coast. It may not convince you, but it affords an hour of excellent entertainment. Penrhyn Stanlaws, the artist, who directed, proves that he has found a definite place for himself in the movies. Milton Sills and Casson Ferguson are in the cast.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS—United Artists

A GREAT picture: one that the whole world will enjoy—today and tomorrow. Romance, adventure, humor—great direction, great scenario, great acting—it is one of the finest photoplays ever produced, a real classic. You might know that a combination of Dumas and Doug Knobloch and Niblo would be effective, but they exceed your expectations. To be sure, Knobloch has taken a few little liberties with the story of Dumas pere, such as making Constance the niece rather than the wife of Bonacieux, so that Doug may make love to her; and changing the affair of the buckle almost entirely. Some of the street scenes are obviously f. o. b. Hollywood; and Doug is an American D'Artagnan despite his French mustache. But, considering the censors, considering everything—it's great. The continuity is as smooth as any ever written, and Fred Niblo has done justice to it, making the scenes dramatic and, above all, beautiful. There is one shot of Thomas Holding, a business-like Duke of Buckingham, outlined against a great window, that is as effective as anything the Germans have done. Fairbanks has never done better work; his performance is an everlasting credit to him and to the screen. Nigel de Brulier's Cardinal Richelieu is a marvelous piece of work. Mary MacLaren is a youthful, chaste, and exquisite Anne of Austria: a censored queen. Leon Barry, George Siegmann, and Eugene Paulette in the title roles are immense. Adolphe Menjou as the King and Marguerite de la Motte as Constance are good. Don't miss this!
PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION OF THE SIX BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

1. THE THREE MUSKETEERS
2. DISRAELI
3. AFTER THE SHOW
4. THE GREAT IMPERSONATION
5. AT THE END OF THE WORLD
6. WEDDING BELLS

DISRAELI—United Artists

THIS is a thoughtful interpretation of the Louis N. Parker play which George Arliss made famous on the stage several years ago. Its screen success is surprising in view of the fact that it seemed to be reliant upon the spoken word for its value. It seemed too subtle, too epigrammatic, for the screen. George Arliss, however, is one of the most skillful pantomimists since Deburau, and he makes Disraeli, the wily British statesman, the most perfect reproduction of a historical character that has ever been made. The direction, by Henry Kolker, is intelligent, if uninspired. In fact, one might say that the only fault to be found with "Disraeli" is that it is only a fine picture, when it might have been made a very great picture. The sets arc amazingly real; but some of the people who walk through them are most un-English. There is Reginald Denny, very much mis-cast; and E. J. Ratcliffe, as the Governor of the Bank of England, who doesn't look it. Mr. Arliss has a wholly delightful co-star in Mrs. George Arliss, who plays the patient Mrs. Disraeli. She is a charming woman and an accomplished actress. There should be a law against Mr. Arliss ever appearing on the stage or screen without his wife. Louise Huff is a quaint sweet Clarissa; she is perhaps the most modest of all our ingenues; we are glad that she has returned to the films. The Honorable Benjamin Disraeli held the screen for two weeks at the same Broadway theater, which proves that he is considerably more popular now than he was in Victorian England.

THE GREAT IMPERSONATION—Paramount

I' S just that. James Kirkwood is a wonderful actor and he proves it all over again in this thrilling E. Phillips Oppenheim story of German spies and English gentlemen. Those triplets of the perfect photoplay: story, production, and acting, are well represented. Kirkwood is corking in his dual role. He should be starred. He should be starred. (The Kirkwood yell). It is a story of the war: of an English and a German who look alike, and impersonate each other. You don't know who is who until the tail end of the picture. If you didn't know beforehand, you would never think that the same man played both parts. Kirkwood as the Englishman looks nothing at all like Kirkwood as the German. We don't know of another actor who could have done better work. Ann Forrest is pretty and capable as the heroine. Here is a program picture that is ten times more interesting than lots of super-specials. And make no mistake about it: it's James Kirkwood who "makes" it.

WEDDING BELLS—First National

IN "Wedding Bells," Constance Talmadge gives another one of her artfully roguish performances. Moreover, she is supplemented by an amusing story, excellent direction, and a competent foil in the person of Harrison Ford, who seems never so good as when he is acting opposite the sprightlier Talmadge. The plot involves a flirtatious flapper and an equally flirtatious youth who, half an hour after their wedding, quarrel over the subject of her bobbed hair. So the flapper goes to Reno and has her marriage license bobbed as well. The youth is about to be married again, but his ex-wife arrives on the scene, and introduces a few sour notes into his wedding bells. Everything, as is customary in a C. T. picture, ends happily. The star is perhaps our most consistently amusing comedienne.
AN entertaining photoplay for those who enjoy tales of adventure. It's a story of the sea and of the San Francisco waterfront, and of battles waged bare-fisted. Thomas Meighan fits his role well; Agnes Ayres in his support. Suitable for children's viewing. From the Peter B. Kyne story.

DESPITE its saccharine title, "Mother o' Mine" departs from the usual rubber-stamp form. The old mother does not sit at home and exude glycerine when her boy gets into trouble—she goes out and fights for him. The title role is well played by Claire Macdonnell. Lloyd Hughes is the son, and Betty Ross Clarke the girl.

TOPICALLY, this is a South Sea Island tale of love and lotus. Striking sea stuff—and a couple of sharks. (Why the title?) Some spots of photographic and locational beauty. Some atmosphere. Adequate performances by pretty little May Collins and Frank Mayo. Rather better than worse.


WHEN an American producer sets out to depict scenes in the homes of the British aristocracy, he is literally placing his head in the lion's mouth. J. L. Frothingham does this in "Pilgrims of the Night," and gets away with it. It is an excellent mystery melodrama, acted by a well balanced cast, headed by beautiful Rubye de Remer, who is also a good actress.

IF you consider "Thunderclap" as a weird burlesque of a ham melodrama, you will get a good laugh out of it; if you take it seriously, however, you are in for a bad evening. It is appropriately equipped with an incompetent cast, absurd scenery and photography that is reminiscent of the animated daguerreotype era. Mrs. Mary Carr, J. Barney Sherry and Violet Mersereau.
WHERE LIGHTS ARE LOW—Robertson-Cole

ESSUE HAYAKAWA’S new picture, “Where Lights are Low,” concerns a Chinese prince who comes to America, learns to distinguish between “Big Dick” and “Li’l Joe,” and ultimately becomes embroiled in San Francisco’s Chinatown. Hayakawa endows it with a certain interest by the sheer force of his pantomimic genius.

THE CUP OF LIFE—Ince-Associated Producers

A DELIGHTFULLY impossible, exquisitely photographed motion picture whose mystery, romance and adventure you’ll enjoy unless you are extremely practical of mind. The cast includes Hobart Bosworth, Madge Bellamy, Tully Marshall and Niles Welch. Careful handling of a fanciful story has rendered it excellent entertainment.

A MIDNIGHT BELL—First National

IN “A Midnight Bell,” Charles Ray has a typical role, an ambitious youth who clerks in a general store for $6 per week. During his first week he puts the store on its feet, outwits a gang of bogus ghosts, and marries his boss’s daughter. (Which is a lot of work for six dollars.) Doris Pawn is the boss’s daughter.

THE MATCH-BREAKER—Metro

VERY, very light, but pleasing and well suited to Viola Dana’s talents. She’s an amateur adventureress here, tangling and untangling things in her usual light-hearted manner, with Jack Perrin attached to her train. Frivolous stuff for your hour-to-spare. The children may safely see this.

THE HELL-DIGGERS—Paramount

A N average picture, and a family film. The plot requires many explanatory titles, but when the action gets under way it proceeds in brisk manner. There’s a realistic fight aboard a gold-dredger, a dynamite explosion and other typical movie bids for sustained interest. Wallace Reid and Lois Wilson.

PLAY SQUARE—Fox

A GOOD, wholesome photoplay, showing the influence of mother love in bringing a wayward son back into the fold. In places, the mother-stuff is overworked, but otherwise the plot is evenly developed and the suspense well handled. Johnny Walker and Edna Murphy are co-starred.

Additional Shadow Stage Reviews appear on page 112.
Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, the New York society matron whose advent into motion pictures was made much of by the newspapers, has changed her mind and renounced her ambition to be a screen luminary. She was to have appeared in a picture with Norma Talmadge, and the publicity department got the full benefit of the proposal in yards of newspaper space. Then something happened. There are those mean enough to suggest that five or six reels did not constitute enough space for both celebrities to move about in comfortably.

As a general proposition too much fuss was made about Mrs. Hoyt going into pictures. She was not after publicity, but is a beautiful woman and sincerely desired to do something in a line of work she gave every indication of being fitted for. She had much more promise than either Lady Diana Manners, or to be a screen luminary. She was to have appeared in a British picture for Stuart Blackton, or Mrs. Morgan Belmont, whom D. W. Griffith used for Vidor's "Jack Knife Man" were box office failures, and says: "Let's get some of the beauty out of the divorce and criminal courts. The millions of dollars involved in these cases are more than enough to make up for the money spent on pictures."

Representative Manuel Herrick, who is said to have made a fortune in Oklahoma with Herrick's Giant Yellow Corn and Copperfaced Hereford cattle before he came to Washington last year, has gotten himself into a very embarrassing position from which he is trying to explain himself out without much apparent success. He first achieved the limelight at the capitol when he introduced a bill forbidding beauty contests. Now it develops that he had a plan for a little private beauty contest and as a result several irate relatives of Washington girls went looking for the statesman with blood in their eyes. To forty-nine entrants in a contest held by a Washington newspaper he sent letters offering his heart and hand, representing himself as one of the few men in the world who led blameless lives, holding out the hope that the chosen one might some day grace the White House and a lot of similar twaddle. The postoffice department got after Mr. Congressman, and he explained that he was just trying to get evidence to prove "young ladies are very romantic, very impressionable and inclined to bite at any bait that seemed to have temptation tended." Maybe he was, but as a congressman he is a successful corn inventor.

Here is another side of the motion picture art—we mean business. There are some producers who are making a sincere effort to get something into pictures besides gun-play, intrigue and sex. These men have an appreciation of the possibilities for beauty in the new art. They have an abiding faith in the increasing discrimination of the public. They want to give devotees of the motion picture theaters films that no censor can object to, that no writer or artist can criticize. Yet there is a practical side that no producer can ignore and stay in the business very long. "Wid's" is a daily paper in the motion picture trade field. It goes to many thousands of exhibitors and has earned their confidence. It points out that beautiful pictures like "Sentimental Tommy," "Broken Blossoms," and Vidor's "Jack Knife Man" were box office failures, and says: "Let's get some of the beauty out of the divorce and criminal courts. The millions of dollars involved in these cases are more than enough to make up for the money spent on pictures."

And now it is Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen. The handsome Lou is suing for a separation because Mrs. Tellegen changed the lock when he went out on a trip and prevented his return to her New York house. The famous grand opera star is wisely refraining from discussing the affair in the daily papers and leaving the talking to friend husband. She was always a sensible woman. Divorce or separation is deplorable and a bad example to a community, but a public debate never settled a marital difference.

We were riding downtown in a street car the morning the news of the trouble broke in the newspapers. "Isn't it terrible," remarked a smug-looking person with thick eyeglasses and thin, straight lips, "how many divorces there are among stage and screen people. Something ought to be done about it. There should be a law against their marrying."

We should like to see some statistics as to the relative number of divorces among people in these professions compared with small store owners, lawyers, or any of the rest of our population. The contrast might make my bus companion realize that divorce is not restricted to the "profession." It is an even chance that there is one hanging on her own family tree somewhere.

Despite the clearly voiced opinion of the country that Clara Hamon, who figured so prominently and unpleasantly in the divorce and criminal courts of Oklahoma, should not try to capitalize her disgusting notoriety on the screen, she proceeded to make a picture. The National Association of the Motion Picture Industry is fighting to exclude it from the theaters. No decent distributor would handle it, any exhibitor that showed it in his theater should be run out of town, and no man or woman with the least trace of self respect would attend again a theater that slapped public decency in the face by defiling its screen with it.

Close-Ups
Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

We know of one young society woman of unusual beauty and intelligence who is going about it in the right way. She went to Los Angeles several months ago. Instead of using her own name, which is as well known as any of the above, she assumed a very common one and slipped by the "extra route." She is making good in small parts, and gives every promise of being worthy of featuring one of these days. She has had some very interesting experiences, and enjoys the work immensely. Among other talents possessed by this young lady is a decided flair for writing, and she has promised to write an article soon for Photoplay. It will be worth reading.

We were riding downtown in a street car the morning the news of the trouble broke in the newspapers. "Isn't it terrible," remarked a smug-looking person with thick eyeglasses and thin, straight lips, "how many divorces there are among stage and screen people. Something ought to be done about it. There should be a law against their marrying."

We should like to see some statistics as to the relative number of divorces among people in these professions compared with small store owners, lawyers, or any of the rest of our population. The contrast might make my bus companion realize that divorce is not restricted to the "profession." It is an even chance that there is one hanging on her own family tree somewhere.
When you cut off the hard, dry edges about the base of the nail, you cannot help snipping through, in places, to the living skin. You know what always happens to a cut—over the wound there forms a tough little ridge. If cutting is continued, the cuticle will soon be composed entirely of this coarse, unsightly tissue. Surplus cuticle has to be removed; this can be done easily, quickly and harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover.

Your first Cutex manicure will seem like a miracle. It does look like magic to see the hard, dry cuticle disappearing as dirt melts before soap and water. It is a delight, also, to find that you can give your nails that professional grooming that you get from Cutex Nail White and any of the Cutex Polishes. Each Cutex preparation comes separately at 35c or in sets—the Compact Set—60c; the Traveling Set—$1.50; and the Boudoir Set—$3.00; at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

**Introductory Set—now only 15c**

Contains samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White and Cutex Powder Polish—enough for six complete manicures—with orange stick and emery board. Fill out coupon and mail it with 15 cents to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, if you live in Canada, to Dept. 711 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail this coupon with 15c today

Northam Warren
Dept. 711, 114 West 17th Street
New York City

Name

Street

City and State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Hope had not made any concessions—not by any means. She had no more intention of entering her own home when she started out than she had of flying to heaven in a flying basket.

She did go over toward the poorer part of town, where the factories were and the dwellings of the factory-hands, but that was because she did not want to be seen by anyone she knew. They would be sure to ask embarrassing questions. It was a certainty that she would not encounter any acquaintances in Shantytown. Her friends barely knew that such a place existed. It was a region where no one.

(Continued on page 94)
This is an actual photograph of Thomas Meighan's hand holding an OMAR.

© 1921, A.T. Co.

"Regular stuff is an OMAR in Tom Meighan's hand"

Omar Omar spells Aroma
Omar Omar is Aroma
Aroma makes a cigarette;
They've told you that for years
Smoke Omar for Aroma.

Thirteen kinds of choice Turkish
and six kinds of selected Domestic
 tobaccos are blended to give Omar
its delicate and distinctive Aroma.

They always go together—
Pen and Ink
Punch and Judy
Mush and Milk

and

OMAR and AROMA

When you write to advertisers, please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Open to Everybody —

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
$30,000 SCENARIO CONTEST

This contest, at the close of which there will be awarded $30,000 in prizes to the writers of the thirty-one best scenarios entered, is dedicated to the belief, shared by all leading picture makers, that amateur scenario writers, with proper advice and encouragement, can produce quantities of strong, vivid stories, real life scenarios that will give needed stimulus to the work of permanently establishing moving pictures as one of the great American contributions to art. The contest will be national in scope. No one will be excluded except employees of The Chicago Daily News and of the Goldwyn Company.

Prizes Are Offered as Follows:

1st Prize $10,000.00
10 Prizes of $1,000.00 each
20 Prizes of $500.00 each

You don't have to be a trained writer to win one of these prizes—plain human-interest stories told in simple language are what is wanted.

The winner of the contest will not only receive the $10,000 offered as a first prize, but will see his scenario shown on the screen.

Goldwyn Will Produce It

This means that no effort or expense will be spared to make of it a great picture.

The Judges

The judges of The Chicago Daily News contest have been selected from the most prominent American writers, critics, and motion picture authorities. David Wark Griffith, Samuel Goldwyn, Charles Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Rupert Hughes, Gertrude Atherton, Amy Leslie and Gouverneur Morris compose the committee that will pass on all scenarios submitted. All awards will be made on a basis of merit. The judges will not know the writers' names, scenarios being known to them by number only.

To Assist You

Starting Monday, August 22nd, The Chicago Daily News began publishing a series of daily articles by the leading motion picture authorities of the country telling how to write the kind of scenarios the public wants. These articles, by such eminent motion picture figures as D. W. Griffith, Norma Talmadge, Charles Chaplin and Samuel Goldwyn, are authoritative. Scenario writing is discussed from every angle. Each article is not only interesting, but instructive.

Back copies of The Daily News may be had by writing to the Scenario Contest Editor, The Chicago Daily News, 15 N. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois—simply enclose 3 cents in stamps for each issue desired. The Chicago Daily News is published every week day.

Send in your scenario now, as the contest closes November 1st, 1921.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS CO.

Rules and Regulations

1. All manuscripts must be sent to The Scenario Contest Editor of The Chicago Daily News, 15 N. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois.

2. Legal assignment to The Chicago Daily News Co. of all copyrights of the scenario submitted must accompany the manuscript—the assignment of copyright will be waived after the awarding of the prizes on all scenarios that do not win prizes.

3. Manuscripts must be of not more than 5,000 words and may be written in short story form.

4. Manuscripts must be in typewritten form or in legible handwriting, written on one side of paper only.

5. All manuscripts must be in the hands of The Chicago Daily News by 12 o'clock midnight, November 1st, 1921.

6. No manuscripts will be returned. The Chicago Daily News will take every precaution to safeguard all entered scenarios, but will not be responsible for lost manuscripts.

7. No two prizes will be given to a single contestant.
The SHEIK

The popular romance lives again on the screen, with Agnes Ayres and Rudolph Valentino in the leading roles.

Below—A scene from "The Sheik," with Valentino and Agnes Ayres.

HAVE you read it? The chances are that you have. The story of a handsome Arab Sheik, and the English woman whom he kidnaps and holds for his own, is peculiarly adaptable to pictures. For the glamor and the beauty of the desert, the colorful costumes, the real love story lend themselves to the shadows. Rudolph Valentino, the Latin lover of "The Four Horsemen," plays the Sheik. Agnes Ayres is Diana, the heroine. The whole is more or less a tangible version of "Pale hands I love, beside the Shalimar, where are you now, who lies beneath thy spell?" But we wonder what the censors will do to it.
WHY THE SMILE? WELL, HE'S GOING HOME

YOU seldom see the world's greatest comedian as he really looks. So this is perhaps the most interesting photograph ever made of Charles Spencer Chaplin. He was in New York a few days before sailing for Europe. While he is showing streaks of grey in his hair it is not nearly so noticeable as it seems in this picture. Over there Mr. Chaplin will write a series of articles for Photoplay entitled "Charlie Abroad." He intends to visit France, Spain, Germany, and possibly Russia, in addition to his homeland, England, which he has not seen for some years. While he is being acclaimed by thousands who know him as the marvellous little man with the large feet and the tiny mustache, his newest picture, "The Idle Class," is being released in America. It is his first since that classic "The Kid."
The Girl Women Envy and Men Admire

Some girls seem to have all the good times while others look on and wonder how they do it. Yet these popular girls are often not especially endowed with beauty.

Their principal attraction is often the alluring fresh smoothness of skin which all men admire.

There is no reason why you should be content with anything less than a perfect skin, for scientific cleansing will secure it. Your one big problem is the choice of soap.

Select the mildest

If you feel afraid of soap it is because you have been using the wrong kind. You will have no further anxiety after you try Palmolive—the mildest, balmiest facial soap it is possible to produce.

Blended from the palm and olive oils Cleopatra used as cleansers, its smooth, bland, creamy lather cleanses without the slightest hint of harshness.

What Palmolive does

Softly massaged into your skin with your two hands, the fragrant lather enters every tiny pore and skin cell, dissolving the accumulations of dirt, oil secretions and perspiration which otherwise clog and enlarge them. (When this dirt carries infection, blemishes result.)

This thorough cleansing keeps your skin clear and fine in texture. Healthful stimulation of circulation gives you that inimitable and becoming natural color.

After thorough rinsing apply a touch of cold cream. If your skin is unusually dry, rub in cold cream before washing.

10 cents—and the reason

While palm and olive oils are the most expensive soap ingredients, the enormous demand for Palmolive allows us to import them in such enormous quantity that it reduces cost.

This same demand keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. This is another price-reducing factor which gives you this luxurious cleanser at the price of ordinary soap.

Mail the coupon for free trial cake and let the creamy Palmolive lather tell its own story.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY,
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Manufacturers of a Complete Line of Toilet Articles

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for 10c

Copyright 1921 - The Palmolive Co.
The Ideal Hair Net
—for Every Wear—Everywhere

The West Beach and Motor Hair Net is as fine as a fairy web yet so strong that it adapts itself to Every Wear—Everywhere. Thirty-inch strands of hair instead of the usual 18-inch are used in all West Nets and the West process renders them not only invisible but exceptionally strong. Another advantage of the West Net is its shape — each Cap Net is fashioned to give the room needed and yet fit snugly around the edge of the hair. There is a net for every shade of hair, including gray and white.

The West Net is the choice of the elect and universally preferred for dress as well as for business and professional wear.

Ask for, insist on and be sure you get the West Beach and Motor Hair Net.

SPECIAL COUPON OFFER
Fill out the coupon below and take it to your druggist or notion dealer and receive the three articles mentioned, together with our interesting and instructive booklet, "Guide to Hair Dressing at Home." If your dealer cannot supply you, mail coupon to us and articles will be sent direct to you.

Here Are the Two Other Famous WEST Products
The Shampoo Exquisite
Softex preserves the natural oils and will make your hair look thicker, softer and lovelier. An absolutely safe shampoo. With or Without Henna.
One Size Only
10c Package

WEST Curlers are unsurpassed in producing any wavy effect desired. Simply dampen the hair slightly and wind loosely around the curler. This simple little curler cannot catch, cut or injure the hair.

WEST Electric Hair Curler
Guaranteed a Lifetime

This Coupon and 25c Entitles Bearer to
1 WEST Beach and Motor Hair Net
1 CARD (2) WEST Electric Hair Curlers
1 PACKAGE WEST Softex Shampoo

Important: Be sure to state shade of your hair and whether cap or fringe shape is wanted; also if Softex is desired with or without Henna.

WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY
Ph.
NAME
ADDRESS
Street and Number City State

We redeem coupons at 10c each when properly filled out. We suggest that for convenience you accumulate a quantity of them before sending to us for exchange. If you do not have a stock of West Hair Curlers, West Beach and Motor Hair Nets and Softex Shampoo, order from your jobber.

Canadian Distributors: H. B. Holloway & Co., Toronto, Canada
RICARDO, MANILA.—In spite of the fact that you call me Old Man, I enjoyed your letter. I am not very hard to please, more fool I. (I read that somewhere.) I haven't even found out if there is a Manila Martinez. There should be. The principal players in “The Son of Tarzan” are Karla Schramm, Gordon Griffith, Max Gricci, P. Demseey Tabler, Eugenie Burr, Kamuela C. Searle, Frank Morrell and Ray Thompson. Madge Evans was with World, not Paramount.

LOUISE G. WAY, SAN ANTONIO.—I don’t know whether or not Ralph Graves sings, but I am sure that if he does, he sings baritone. Ralph is not married, and he is a mighty fine chap. He is not much over twenty-one and has blue eyes.

A FRENCH caricature of Lillian Gish in “The Great Love.” The title of this picture (which has just reached France) was changed over there to “The Poor Love” (Le Pauvre Amour)—its magnitude having been judged, we presume, by Gallic standards. The caricature is by Becan and was reproduced from our French colleague Cinéa.

G. R., KINGSTON, IND.—I attended the opening of “The Three Musketeers” and it was an impressive occasion. Doug, Mary, Charlie Chaplin and Jack Dempsey were there: each the champion of his particular line. So far as I know, I was the only Answer Man there. It’s a great picture; I am sure everybody is going to like it. Chaplin went abroad soon after the performance. Edna Murphy, who is now Johnny Walker’s co-star in Fox pictures, appeared with Edward Roseman in “Fantomas.”

KRAZY.—I won’t argue with a lady. So you have organized a Lillian Gish Club and want me to be the Honorary President. With pleasure. I am sure that if you write to Miss Gish at the Griffith studios in Mamaroneck, N.Y., she will send you an autographed photograph for your clubroom. She will probably be delighted with the Club. I don’t blame you a bit for liking Lillian. I could almost organize a Club about her myself.

GRACE.—Maude George was the interesting modiste in “The Devil’s Pass-Key.” Eric von Stroheim directed, but did not appear in this picture. He is in “Foolish Wives,” however. Priscilla Dean is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 130 pounds. It’s a mystery to me what difference height and weight makes; but I suppose you have your reasons.

P. STEWART.—Some paintings would be worth more to some people if the price were painted across the top. As Zuleika Dobson would say, “I don’t know anything about art, but I know what I like.” Did you ever read that classic of Max Beerbohm’s, “Zuleika Dobson?” It’s one of Dorothy Gish’s favorite books, which proves Dorothy’s good taste. J. Warren Kerrigan has not been making many pictures during the last few years, but there is a rumor that he is forming his own company. Not a few people will be glad to see him. He is not married.

DORCAS LEE.—Birds of a feather, I am told, flock together, but I have yet to see raven locks with crow’s feet. Have you? Monte Blue was born in 1890; William Farnum in 1876; and D.W. Griffith in 1880. Mr. Blue is married to a non-professional, and Mr. Farnum to Olive White.
K. E. K., PHILADELPHIA.—Paul Helleu’s portrait of Lillian Gish is a very lovely thing. So far as I know it is in his “best manner,” but I wouldn’t let that worry me, if I were you. The point is that it looks like Lillian, which is enough for me. Corray Kirkham is not related to Kathleen Kirkham. Marshall Neilson opposite Mary Pickford in “Madame Butterfly.”

Betty B., Frisco.—Constance Talmadge has blonde hair, but Norma hasn’t. Connie was not in San Francisco during the month of August, 1921 A. D. She was vacationing in Canada. John Pialolo is her husband. Gloria Swanson has a beautiful shade of red-dish-brown hair and blue eyes; Bebe Daniels has black hair and eyes; and Viola Dana has dark brown hair and light green eyes. (Viola herself calls them green, so don’t blame me.)

She is a charming young woman of intelligence and humor. L. S., Detroit.—Reminiscent of the little girl who saw a peacock for the first time. She startled, she said: “Oh, look—the chicken is in bloom!”

FRANCES, Laredo, Mex.—Your letter cheered me so. Your drinking my health in whatever liquor you were drinking it, makes my old heart glad, but did nothing to quench my thirst. It was sweet of you to think of me, even if it doesn’t do me any good, up here in this new Sahara, Manhattan. Write again, just the same.

BERNARDINE, Brisbane, Australia.—I get along pretty well, even if I haven’t a country house and a car and a cook. In fact, I’m downright glad I haven’t a cook. Some platonic friends of mine—that is, they speak to me once in a while—have a cook, and just can’t keep her. After all, there are compensations—and child’s.

W. HEN you become so popular that the world knows and calls you by your first name, then you know you are famous. When we say Charlie, everybody knows who we mean. It’s “Charlie” in France, and other things in other languages; but the little man with the short moustache and huge shoes is universal. Our favorite comedian—whom we generously share with the rest of the world—has just finished a new film. Its title is “The Idle Class,” it is in three reels, and in it, Charlie essays two distinct characterizations: his own familiar and pathetic tramp, and a member of the idle rich. Edna Purviance, above, shares honors, as did Jackie Coogan in “The Kid.”
Your Choice, On Trial

The Wurlitzer plan gives you any instrument with a complete musical outfit for a week’s Free Trial in your own home. No obligation to buy. Return the instrument at our expense at the end of the week, if you decide not to keep it. Trial will not cost you a penny.

Artistic quality of Wurlitzer instruments is known all over the world. Wurlitzer instruments are the favorites of artists and have been used in the finest orchestras and bands for years.

Monthly Payments

Payments are arranged in small monthly sums. A few cents a day will pay for your instrument and complete outfit. The Wurlitzer plan effects a tremendous saving for you as everything is at factory cost. You get the outfit and instrument practically for the cost of the instrument alone.

Complete Outfits

The new plan includes with the instrument everything that you need—velvet and plush lined carrying case with lock and key, all accessories and extra parts, extra strings, picks, tuners, self instructor, book of musical selections. The instruments are genuine Wurlitzer instruments. The house of Wurlitzer has made the finest musical instruments for more than 200 years.

Beautiful New Catalog

Send this Coupon

Every known instrument illustrated and fully described in detail with prices, monthly payments and free trial blank. Book contains much musical history and information about musical instrument making. More pictures of instruments than in any other book published. Also complete stock of accessories, repairs, strings and all needs for replacements for any instrument made. Instant mail service. Book is absolutely free. No obligation. Send coupon now.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1728
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati 700 Jackson Blvd., Chicago 120 W. 42nd St., New York

Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full description of the Wurlitzer Complete Outfits and details of the free trial and easy payment offer.

Name ...........................................

Address ...........................................

(State musical instrument in which you are especially interested)

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Two little girls from school. They are the cousins of Lillian and Dorothy Gish: Ruth Cleaver, of Dayton, Ohio, aged sixteen; and Dorothy MacConnell, seventeen, of Massillon, the home-town of the Gishes. They came east to visit and Griffith engaged them for "The Two Orphans," of which their celebrated cousins are the stars. And when they finish their parts they are going right back to school.

TWO men were lunning in the Algonquin the other day. One was a well-known producer who was looking for a leading woman for his new picture. He glanced around the room and spied a young girl sitting at a near-by table. She was about sixteen, he thought.

"By George!" exclaimed the producer, "look at that little girl over there. She's just what I want: pretty, vivacious, intelligent— Wonder if I could get her?"

His companion laughed. "Yes," he said, "she would be wonderful. The only trouble is that she makes more money than you do and is too busy to bother. She's Anita Loos."

The producer fainted.

JACK JOHNSON is going to do a picture. It will be in five reels. Work has already been started on it, according to report. The theme is based on Jack's life in Europe.

Yes, it will be a comedy. They ought to start a new distributing company to handle this picture and the one made by Clara Hamon of Oklahoma fame.

ALICE CALHOUN is probably the youngest and shiest star in the business. She's only eighteen and as charmingly unsophisticated as some stars are supposed to be.

Vitagraph wanted some new photographs of her—good ones. So they made an appointment for her at the studio of a famous Manhattan photographer, celebrated for his striking studies. Alice went—with her mother. The first blow came when the photographer asked her mother to leave the room and wait outside while he took the pictures. The second when he instructed Alice to pose in a kimono and a bunch of flowers.

The pictures were never released.

IT looks as though that possible reconciliation between Pauline Frederick and her one-time consort, Willard Mack, was all off—all off.

SUCH things as a character in Ingram's picturization of Balzac's "Eugenie Grandet," using a fountain pen; and the landing of the Pilgrims, portrayed in another picture, which shows a pile of rocks, some marked by the holes of a pneumatic drill, don't bother us particularly. What difference does it make, so long as it is good entertainment?

A GREAT deal has been said about the realism of the German pictures. No wonder. Listen to this:

In a Hamburg, Germany, film studio, a fight was staged between a man and a bear. The animal seriously injured the actor, who was a well-known professional wrestler. He had to climb a rope ladder, pursued by the bear. Everything was all right until the actor reached the top of the ladder. Then the bear attacked him in earnest. After an investigation, it was proved that the bear, which was tame enough, had been deprived of food for twenty-four hours before the filming of the scene, to make him ferocious. That is carrying realism a bit too far!
To stay youthful looking
your skin needs two creams

Every normal skin needs a daytime cream to
protect it—and at night an entirely different
cream to cleanse the pores

The daytime cream must be dry—oil would
reappear and make the face shiny. For night
use, only the oil cream can really cleanse the
pores or keep the skin soft and pliant.

For daytime use—the cream
that will not reappear in a shine

You must protect your skin from
wind and dust, or it will protect itself
by developing a tough, florid surface. Then
the soft texture of youth is lost forever.

Wind whips the natural moisture out of
the skin, drying it so that tiny scales appear.
Dust bores deep into the pores, dulling
and blemishing the complexion and forming
blackheads.

Always apply Pond’s Vanishing Cream
before you go out. It is based on an ingre-
dient famous for its softening effect on the
skin. The cream disappears at once, afford-
ing your skin an invisible protection. No
matter how much you are out of doors, it
will keep your skin smooth and soft.

There is not a drop of oil in Pond’s Vanish-
ing Cream to reappear and make your
face shiny.

When you powder, do it to last. First
smooth in a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream.
Now powder. Notice how smoothly the
powder goes on—and it will stay on two or
three times as long as usual. Your skin has
been prepared for it.

This cream is so delicate that it can be
kept on all day without clogging the pores
and there is not a drop of oil in it which
could reappear and make your face shiny.

POND’S
Cold Cream &
Vanishing Cream

At night—the cleansing cream
made with oil

Catch tiny lines before they deepen.
Ward them off by faithful use of Pond’s Cold
Cream at night. This rich cream contains
just the amount of oil needed to supplement
the natural oil—and natural oil is the skin’s
most successful opponent of wrinkles. Rub
in Pond’s Cold Cream where the lines are
beginning to form, under and around the
eyes, at the corners of the mouth, at the base
of the nose, and under the chin. Too vig-
corous manipulation of the skin often increases
instead of lessening wrinkles. Pond’s has
been made extremely light in texture so that
with it only gentlest stroking is necessary.

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every
night if you wish it to retain its clearness
and freshness. Only a cream made with oil
can really cleanse the skin of the dust and
dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing
to reach. At night after washing your face,
smooth Pond’s Cold Cream into the pores.
It contains just enough oil to work well into
the pores and cleanse them thoroughly.
When dirt is allowed to remain in the pores,
the skin becomes dull and blemishes and
blackheads appear.

Start using these two creams today
Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog
the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair.
They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes.
Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire
samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The
Pond’s Extract Company, 128 Hudson St., N. Y.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond’s Extract Co.,
128 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10¢) is enclosed for your special introd-
catory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—
short enough of each cream for two weeks’ ordinary toilet use.

Name
Street
City State
D ADYDIANAMANNERS

likes it. Mrs. Margot Asquith doesn't. Film acting, I mean. Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, to call her by her correct name, is working in pictures now, you know, for J. Stuart Blackton. She says, "I was never happier in my life. I am enjoying every minute of my time, both in the studio and while at work outdoors. But it is more difficult before the camera than before an audience. This silent acting takes every atom of intelligence and dramatic instinct that I have.

Ah! Margot says, "What a dreadful life! Not at any price would I ever go through the monotonous drudgery of acting for the films."

Not at any price, Margot?

ENID BENNETT NIBLO has arrived. She was born at the Good Samaritan Hospital, Los Angeles, and looks like her lovely mother.

DUSTIN FARNUM has come back. He has decided that he can spare a little time from his duties as Commodore of the Los Angeles Yacht Club, to go to Hollywood again in films. He has joined the Fox Company, for which his brother Bill works.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN has issued the statement that the Goldwyn concern is looking for "new faces.

Charley, so are lots of other people, among them thousands of ladies just over forty.

Seriously, Mr. Goldwyn in advocating the cutting of the high cost of picture production, is outlining a policy of discovering new and consequently inexpensive talent, that ought to interest all the young folks that can screen career.

"We want new faces," says Mr. Goldwyn, "the public wants new faces. We are open to consider anyone who has good looks, talent, and willingness to work hard."

DEAR, dearest—Hollywood is having a dreadful time trying to marry off arable friends, and an occasional dinner will be suit Geraldine Farrar for separation, did you? And yet that's exactly what has happened.

CHARLES CLARY, JR., arrived a few weeks ago. He is just about the same age as Enid Bennett Niblo.

DID you see "A Virgin Paradise?" Alan Edwards plays the villain in it. He is now being congratulated by all his friends that he has lived to see the picture. You remember the beating Pearl White gives him. We have always wanted to see a film heroine come right back at 'em.

WHILE sojourning in Hollywood, Madame Elinor Glyn besides writing original stories for the screen to be produced as starring vehicle for Gloria Swanson, has completed a new novel.

It is called "Renaissance" and Madame Glyn declares it to be her best work—or at least her work of most general appeal—since "Three Weeks."

It deals with regeneration after the war, and the hero is a young Englishman who lost an eye and a leg on the battlefields of France.

"Well," said Lila Lee, musingly, "That's a great idea. But I can't see what good a guy with one eye and one leg is going to be as the hero of an Elinor Glyn novel."

IT is possible that following her contract with Paramount, the famous Englishwoman will have her own motion picture organization.

If so, it will be an interesting experiment, and I believe, a successful one.

Madame Glyn recently outlined her belief something like this:

I write my novels. They are tremendously successful. People like them as they are—as I have created them. I should like just once to transfer those books to the screen exactly as I see them—exactly—and see if the things I see and know and that make my books so successful, wouldn't equally delight people on the screen."

We hope she will have a chance to show us what her theory is.

LATEST reports from Germany say that Pola Negri will make "A Doll's House," "Sappho," and on another picture before beginning her contract for the European company who is producing her. Nils Asther has decided. Players-Lasky is interested.

By the way, you will see the beautiful Continental in a new project. "The Bell of Ceylon" is a picture called "One Arabian Night." This was originally titled "Samurnar," and is said that the contract for her was not the stellar part in it, but it has now been edited so that she has the usual number of scenes to herself.

JAMES RENNIE, the handsome husband of Dorothy Gish, is appearing in a new play by Edward Childs Carpenter, called "Pot Luck." In it Mr. Rennie plays an engaging crook. By the way, the much discussed marriage has turned out as an entire success. In fact, there is no news more devoted couple in filmdom than the former Miss Gish and her erstwhile leading man.

IS ex-President Woodrow Wilson going into pictures? There is a rumor that helped him in his plans for "Hearts of the World," and who greatly admired his "Birth of a Nation." It is not known whether or not Mr. Wilson will personally appear in the picture.

DID you know that there is a remote possibility that Theda Bara will appear in a picture directed by Griffith? The former vamp star has a great admiration for D. W. and often comes out to watch him work, so don't be surprised if you hear more about it.

It seems to us that nobody in Hollywood has grown up the way Priscilla Dean has. Only a little while ago, Priscilla was a lively, pretty, care-free kid flying about with her curls loose and a friendly grin on her face.

Now—she's the same Priscilla, but her work has developed and broadened her until she is a woman of the world, poised, fascinating and absolutely charming.

The head of one of the largest releasing concerns in America—and, by the way, not the concern for whom Priscilla works—stated the other day that he considered Priscilla Dean the screen's best feminine bet. Well, somehow you always get a kick out of Priscilla. And I do like her hats. She's a very regular human being.

ELINOR GLYN in "Love." No, she is not, really. That is, not that we have heard. But she is going to get $2,500 a week for talking on love for thirty minutes in vaudeville. And then she is going to make a picture called "Six Days." At this rate, Elinor ought to be able to buy a new tiger skin.

(Continued on page 80)
Suppose I had said “No, I don’t play Auction”.

HERE was the very man I had been trying to see for a year; on the same train, for an eighteen-hour journey, and a mutual friend right at hand to introduce me. Here was the opportunity not only to meet him but to see his real self revealed in a game of cards; also to show him my own mental capacity and incidentally my grasp of his business and certain requirements of that business which my concern was prepared to fill. Suppose I had said, ‘No I don’t play Auction.’”

How often do similar opportunities present themselves to you! Follow this suggestion—

Play cards for wholesome recreation

and you will find the accomplishment a continual help in business and social life. Play cards often—you will improve your mind and you will become the alert kind of player that worth-while people like to play with.

Send for a copy of “The Official Rules of Card Games” giving complete rules for 300 games and hints for better playing. Check this and other books wanted on coupon. Write name and address in margin below and mail with required postage stamps to

Suppose I had said “No, I don’t play Auction”.

The U. S. Playing Card Company, Dept. U-1, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

(Also Congress Playing Cards, Art Backs. Gold Edges.)
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 road to success.

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 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.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

Can You Qualify for a Better Position?

THEDept. H-871  Chicago, U. S. A.

In two years, American School of Correspondence will give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of 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.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

Can You Qualify for a Better Position?

THEpremier of “The Three Musketeers” was the film affair of the month in Manhattan. The curious thing about it was that two-thirds of the first-night audience was made up of “fans”—real, honest-to-goodness ones who had never seen Doug off screen in their lives. They saw him that night in person, for Fairbanks occupied a box with his wife, Mary Pickford, his pal, Charlie Chaplin, and Jack Dempsey. The audience rooted for all four. Mary Pickford herself was in white with a huge ermine cape, her bright curls piled high on her aristocratic little head. Charlie wore himself out lauding. Poor Edward Knobloch, who did all the research work, continuity, and titles, not to mention the spoken prologue, was in the stellar box; but nobody knew it; or if they did, nobody seemed to care. But Knobloch has written one of the most wonderfully smooth scenarios ever for the Dumas classic.

In the audience: Betty Blythe, who attracted almost as much attention in her black lace gown and her vivid Spanish shawl as Mary herself. Conrad Nagel, on a flying visit east to see his mother, was there, too; and he and Betty had a real reunion. Conrad couldn’t bring his beautiful wife, Ruth Helms Nagel, or his beautiful new baby with him, but he had their pictures in his pocket. Anita Loos, wearing a gold brocaded dress of the moyen age, with a gold cap on her straight black bobbed hair, was asking everyone if they didn’t think it was wonderful—the picture, of course. John Emerson was in attendance, and they stopped on their way to see Mary and Doug, to speak to a demure little blonde and a sedate looking business man. They were Louise Huff and her husband. Louise is one of the sweetest girls in pictures. Norma Talmadge, in a tight-fitting hat with a bird of paradise perched in front, was with her mother, Mrs. Peg. Harrison Ford, and a girl I think was Ann Paulette, wife of Eugene Paulette, who plays Aramis in the film.

CAROL DEMPSTER, in an ethereal gown, her beautiful light brown hair dressed like a school girl’s, was pointed out to many of the admiring laymen. Charles Mack, the new Griffith find, was there; not to mention Hiram Abrams, who has a rather personal interest in “The Three Musketeers,” inasmuch as he is the president of United Artists, the company which will release it: Hope Hampton, escorted by her manager, Jules Brulatour; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Case, manager of the Algonquin Hotel, where Mary and Doug used to stop. It was an exciting evening altogether. The police were called to manage the crowds. Doug made a little speech before, in the middle of and after his picture. Mary waved, but kept in the background. After this ovation, in the most blase city of the world, which has never gone very far out of its hard-boiled way to welcome prince or president, no one can doubt that the movies play an enormous part in the life of the public; and that its monarchs can enjoy and acclaim exceeding, in warmth and sincerity, the applause accorded any other celebrities in the history of the world.

(Continued on page 78)
“It’s just like a room in a movie!” gasped Betty, glancing about the little studio. Prudence helped remove her coat and hat.

“I think that you will find it real enough when you look more closely, dear. This is the most comfortable chair.” Betty sank into it with a delicious feeling of relaxation. It was seldom that she had an opportunity to enjoy the luxury of such a restful atmosphere and after the straight little chair at the office, this was a joy to her tired body.

“We’ll have a cup of tea—it’s pleasant to gossip that way, don’t you think?” Prudence was getting out her blue cups and the quaint Japanese tea pot. “When did you see Bob last?”

“Months ago—not for ages,” murmured Betty with a slight catch in her voice.

“Why, Betty!” Prudence exclaimed. “You were such friends!”

“Indeed not! I earned it myself.” Prudence rebuked.

“Yes, Mr. Thompson,” Prudence was saying over the phone. “I quite understand what you want. How much? Well, a poster such as that will be fifty dollars. Yes, it will be ready Wednesday noon. You will call for it? Thanks. Good morning.”

“Prudence! Whatever can you do in two days that will be worth fifty dollars?”

“Oh, that’s a poster for a sale at the Emporium. I do quite a bit of work for them. But you didn’t go to art school!”

“No, I never got to go,” Prudence said cheerfully. “You remember that father was going to send me to art school for three years and then I was to have a year abroad. But the war wrecked my plans and nearly wrecked father’s business. No, Betty, everything that I’ve done has been with my own money.”

“But—but I don’t understand.”

“Well, I was going to study the theory of art and visit famous galleries and travel with never a thought to the practical side of things. Then suddenly I found that I had to earn my own way, that I had to think only of the practical side. I went to work in an office at fifteen dollars a week, an office full of stale cigarette smoke and trouble. I hated it, hated it because I could not forget my plans. Perchance I might have been a little more realistic here yet had not a friend told me the opportunity to take my art course in quite another manner.”

Some relative gave you the money?”

“Indeed not! I earned it myself.”

“But you had only high school training,” complained Betty.

“Then why not do something for which real money will be paid?”

“Some relative gave you the money?”

“Indeed not! I earned it myself.”

“But you had only high school training.”

“Practical training wasn’t necessary. This was a correspondence course conducted by a school which was built up by men who had been in the engraving and illustrating business and who knew what was wanted by the buyers of commercial art. They knew, too, what was the most practical method of teaching that to their students. All they required from me was my spare time, faithful effort and a reasonable fee.”

Betty leaned forward listening eagerly, her tea untasted.

“You mean you studied after hours?” she asked breathlessly.

“As Prudence took up the instrument, Betty noted her smart little dress with the stenciled crash curtains, lacquered furniture, prints and plaques brought a rush of pleasure to her. Then the visitor thought of her dingy bedroom with its bare walls and cheap, severe furnishings. The sharp contrast brought a sob to her throat.

“Yes, Mr. Thompson,” Prudence was saying over the phone. “I quite understand what you want. How much? Well, a poster such as that will be fifty dollars. Yes, it will be ready Wednesday noon. You will call for it? Thanks. Good morning.”

“Prudence! Whatever can you do in two days that will be worth fifty dollars?”

“Oh, that’s a poster for a sale at the Emporium. I do quite a bit of work for them. But you didn’t go to art school!”

“No, I never got to go,” Prudence said cheerfully. “You remember that father was going to send me to art school for three years and then I was to have a year abroad. But the war wrecked my plans and nearly wrecked father’s business. No, Betty, everything that I’ve done has been with my own money.”

“But—but I don’t understand.”

“Well, I was going to study the theory of art and visit famous galleries and travel with never a thought to the practical side of things. Then suddenly I found that I had to earn my own way, that I had to think only of the practical side. I went to work in an office at fifteen dollars a week, an office full of stale cigarette smoke and trouble. I hated it, hated it because I could not forget my plans. Perchance I might have been a little more realistic here yet had not a friend told me the opportunity to take my art course in quite another manner.”

Some relative gave you the money?”

“Indeed not! I earned it myself.”

“But you had only high school training.”

“Practical training wasn’t necessary. This was a correspondence course conducted by a school which was built up by men who had been in the engraving and illustrating business and who knew what was wanted by the buyers of commercial art. They knew, too, what was the most practical method of teaching that to their students. All they required from me was my spare time, faithful effort and a reasonable fee.”

Betty leaned forward listening eagerly, her tea untasted.

“You mean you studied after hours?” she asked breathlessly.

“As if that made any difference!” Prudence rebuked.

“Tell me more about it—about this school.”

“Well, as I said, this engraving company had a wealth of experience and it is this experience with actual conditions and problems which they sell as the course. They found that their own apprentices could be developed into highly paid artists so it was decided that other men and women outside their studios could be helped as well.

“There isn’t a theoretical bit in the entire course. It is built to meet practical problems and the lessons are such as the assignments one would receive if working for an advertising or publishing company—just the same with this important difference, that a staff of experts instructs the student in the handling of every detail of the work. So you see, Betty, it’s not at all surprising that many students sell enough of their work to support themselves while taking the course.

“This valuable experience while learning equips the graduate to go into a commercial firm and command a good salary from the start—he’s already served his apprenticeship.”

“And that’s all the training you had?” demanded Betty incredulously.

“Every bit. I mean to branch out when I have completed the course. It has suggested so many things that I can scarcely wait to try them out. But for the present, I have this little studio, a really comfortable, pleasant place to work, and I’m averaging sixty to seventy-five dollars a week.”

“And I’m slaving in an uncomfortable office for a quarter of that!” sighed Betty. “But we had the same preliminary training—do you suppose I—”

“Certainly you could, dear. You have as much native ability as he but it needs expert direction and coaching. I know that you possess the will to succeed and—oh, Betty, when I think of what commercial artists earn, it makes me dizzy! And I’m going to be earning big money some of these days! Why, Betty, styles in women’s dress change each season and someone has to make the new fashions play the pathway to success for a dear friend and—”

“T’ll do to keep it myself,” said Betty.

“Again Betty glanced about the studio. “Prudence, I’d give anything to have a comfortable place like this to work. It would be play to work here.”

“You can have it, Betty. It just means work and—here, here’s the name of the school. The Federal School of Commercial Designing, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Oh, Betty, do write them! They’ll send you a wonderful book called ‘Your Future.’ It explains the course and will fill you with inspiration and a determination to make the most of yourself.”

“Will I?” cried Betty joyously. “Watch me!”

“I think that this will have put out the pathway to success for a dear friend and—”

“You’d like to keep it myself,” said Betty.

(Continued on next page)

307 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Write your address plainly in the margin.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Pawn Ticket Clue

She was the one woman in all the world he loved—and she was married to another man. She was famous now, and rich—beyond all hope of his attaining. Yet, here in this obscure pawn shop, he found a token—a clue that told him a startling story.

Here is a man who knows that love is the savior of souls—that it levels all ranks—that rich and poor are as one under its magic spell—

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

(First Uniform Edition)
The sharp crack of a rifle—the softness of a woman's arm in the moonlight, the swish of tropic waters against the steamer's side—he has got them all in his stories. This is the man who said, "Romance is not dead!" This is the man who went to Mexico, to Africa, to South America, to England, to Japan—all over the world searching for adventures and romances, and he found them. No other man ever knew so many kinds of life when it is gayer than its gloomiest, as RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. When a man has seen two wars, a Queen's Jubilee, an Inauguration, and the Coronation of a Czar in one year—he has some thrilling stories to tell.

FREE—4 Volumes
Booth Tarkington

Our foremost living American novelist today is Booth Tarkington. Every American sees himself as a boy in "Pampered." The world cannot grow tired of the heartbeats of the American people. He is simple—direct—startlingly real. His humor is the humor of the burlesque, but of that finer, bigger kind—with a deep, underlying purpose.

Booth Tarkington knows how to write about love. Nowhere else can you find romance so delightful—so enthralling. Because of his closeness to real American life, Columbia University's $1,000 prize for the best novel of 1918 went to Booth Tarkington for "The Magnificent Ambersons." This is a remarkable offer and it cannot last long. No American can afford to be without Richard Harding Davis and Booth Tarkington. Sign and mail the coupon at once, and you will get one at low price—

the other free.

Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New YorkSend me, all charges prepaid, complete set of Richard Harding Davis, (First Uniform Edition), 4 volumes: "The Man Without a Country," "The Magnificent Ambersons," "The Teaser," and "Monsieur Beaucaire," with handsome covers and in handsome binding, for $5.00. In case of damage beyond repair from post office or other causes, you will be supplied with replacement copies at the same low price. If this offer is not satisfactory, I will return the books and be under no obligation. If you cannot be at home to receive the books, give the postman's name, and we will send the books to him on your account. Free copies of "Booth Tarkington" in 4 volumes. These books are not returnable. If the books are not delivered within 10 days, the books will be sent to you. Your order will be mailed the day it is received.

Name
Address
Occupation

*11-21

Pho

The Teaser.
We sold her first story to Thomas H. Ince

Yet Elizabeth Thatcher never dreamed she could write for the screen until we tested her story telling ability. Will you send for the same test—FREE?

Elizabeth Thatcher is a Montana housewife. So far as she could see there was nothing that made her different from thousands of other housewives.

But she wrote a successful photoplay. And Thomas H. Ince, the great producer, was glad to buy it—the first she ever tried to write.

"I had never tried to write for publication or the screen," she said in a letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation. "In fact, I had no desire to write until I saw your advertisement."

This is what caught her eye in the advertisement:

"Anyone with imagination and good story ideas can learn to write Photoplays?" She clipped a coupon like the one at the bottom of this page, and received a remarkable questionnaire. Through this test, she indicated that she possessed natural story-telling ability, and proved herself acceptable for the training course of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

And Thomas H. Ince bought her first attempt

Only a few weeks after her enrollment, we sold Mrs. Thatcher's first story to Mr. Ince. With Mr. Ince's check in her hands, Mrs. Thatcher wrote:

"I feel that such success as I have had is directly due to the Palmer Course and your constructive help."

Can you do what Mrs. Thatcher did? Can you, too, write a photoplay that we can sell? Offhand you will be inclined to answer No. But the question is too important to be answered offhand. Will you be fair to your-
**Sani-Flush**

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

The modern housekeeper no longer scrubs the closet bowl. Sani-Flush keeps it spotlessly white for her without any of the unpleasant labor of dipping out of water, scrubbing and scouring. Sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in your closet bowl according to the directions on the can. Flush. All the rust stains, markings and incrustations will disappear, leaving the bowl and hidden trap sparklingly white and so clean after Sani-Flush has been used that disinfectants are unnecessary.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing, and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

The Hygienic Products Co.
Canton, O.

Canadian Agents:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

---

**Bead Your Eyelashes**

No woman is more beautiful than her eyes. Give to yours the fascinating lure that hints of romance. Poirier Eyelash Creme is applied with the patented Poirier Eyelash Header, will appear silky and lustrous and your eyes radiant and lovely. Poirier Eyelash Creme is perfumed and greaseless. Will not smart or burn the eyes or smear. Send $1.00 for Poirier Beauty Set, including one Poirier Eyelash Header, hand-crafted and silver electro-plated, one fine Poirier Eyelash Creme, one extra-handled mirror brush and mirror. Full instructions. Mention color of hair. Money refunded if not satisfied.

POIRIER BEAUTY SPECIALTY CO.
113 Fountain Bldg., Fountain Court, Cleveland, O.

---

**Puzzle:** find Wesley Barry. We might as well tell you that he is the cowboy chap, while the other fellow is his double, Timothy Callaghan, of Riverside, Cal. Timothy has almost as many freckles as Wesley, so he decided he'd be a "movie" too, and left home to visit Marshall Neilan's famous kid star. But his ma and pa had other ideas.

RUTH JENNINGS BRYAN is the daughter of William Jennings Bryan. But don't hold that against her. She is a moving picture director, having produced one feature, and intending to make more. It is said that her father is to be the central figure in one of the future films. He wants to do a reformation subject. Won't that tickle the censors to death?

MAE MARSH is rehearsing for her debut on the spoken stage. Her play is called "Brittie," and she is said to have a part in it that gives her quaint personality ample opportunity to endear itself to Broadway audiences. As a friend of hers said the other day, "Even if the play isn't especially good, Mae is bound to be a success. She has always been a lucky girl."
MAY ALLISON entertained some of the most popular kiddies of the screen social world at a birthday party for her small niece, Zetta May Morgan, of Birmingham, Alabama, who has been visiting her famous aunt at her home in Beverly Hills.

The gardens of the Allison home were gaily decorated and the youngsters played outdoors all afternoon.

Among those present, as my friend the society editor says, were Mary Pickford II, William Wallace Reid, Jr., Marshall Neilan, Jr., Mary Johanna Desmond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Desmond, Guy Edward Price, son of Guy Price of the Los Angeles Herald, and Elaine and Ivan St. Johns, Jr.

Which would you rather do: have your name on a Marshall Neilan picture as its scenario writer, or in the society columns of a Pasadena, California, newspaper? That's what Lucita Squier thought, too; and now, after studying motion picture technique for two years, she has written the script for Neilan's newest drama, "Bits of Life."

UNIVERSAL has paid $100,000 for the Central Theater on Broadway, Manhattan, for a period of one year. In cash. They are going to show "Foolish Wives," the picture that Eric Von Stroheim spent more than $1,000,000 on.

CECIL DE MILLE has been hunting bears—real, live bears, in hitherto unexplored, mountain fastnesses of northern California.

I suppose he took a gun.

If not, he can turn that deadly, directorial gaze of his on them and it will do just as well.

It has stopped just as dangerous critters before now—if Mr. Kipling is right that the "female of the (star) species is more deadly than the male."

THE first Royal Mystery Cake Contest created a countrywide sensation. Here is another cake even more wonderful. Who can give it a name that will do justice to its unusual qualities?

This cake can be made just right only with Royal Baking Powder. Will you make it and name it?

$500 For The Best Names

For the name selected as best, we will pay $250. For the second, third, fourth and fifth choice, we will pay $100, $75, $50 and $25 respectively. Anyone may enter the contest, but only one name from each person will be considered.

All names must be received by December 15th. In case of ties, the full amount of the prize will be given to each typing contestant. Do not send your cake. Simply send the name you suggest, with your own name and address, to the ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY 144 WILLIAM STREET NEW YORK

HOW TO MAKE IT

Use level measurements for all materials

1 cup shortening 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/2 cup sugar
Cream shortening, add sugar and grated orange rind. Add beaten egg yolks. Sift together flour, salt and Royal Baking Powder and add alternately with milk; lastly fold in beaten egg white. Divide batter into two parts. To one part add the chocolate. Put by tablespoonfuls, alternating dark and light batter, into three greased layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

FILLING AND ICING

3 tablespoons melted butter 1 egg white
3 cups confectioner's sugar 3 squares (3 ozs.) unsweetened chocolate
Grate rind of 1/2 orange and pulp of 1 orange
Put butter, sugar, orange juice and rind into bowl. Cut pulp from orange, removing skin and seeds, and add. Beat all together until smooth. Fold in beaten egg white. Spread this icing on layer used for top of cake. While icing is soft, sprinkle with unsweetened chocolate shaved in pieces with sharp knife into small squares. To remaining icing add 2 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate which has been melted. Spread this thickly between layers and on sides of cake.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
“Why, that's the third increase I've had in a year! It just shows what special training will do for a man.”

Every mail brings letters from some of the two million students of the International Correspondence Schools, telling of advancements and increased salaries won through spare time study.

How much longer are you going to wait before taking the step that is bound to bring you more money? Isn't it better to start now than to wait for years and then realize what the delay has cost you?

One hour after supper each night spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

Yes, it will! Put it up to us to prove it. Without cost, without obligation, just mark and mail this coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 5484 SCRANTON, PA.
Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for this position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:

□ ELECTRIC ENGINEER □ WOODWORKING □ MECHANICAL ENGR. □ MECHANICAL DRAFTSMAN □ AUTOMOBILES □ Poultry
□ ELECTRIC WRITING □ ELECTRIC WIRE □ ELECTRICIAN □ MECHANICAL WORK □ CRIMINAL LAW □ SPANISH
□ ELECTRIC TELEPH. □ ELECTRIC TEL. MGR. □ MECH. DRAFTSMAN □ MECH. DRAFTSMAN □ TAXI DRIVER □ BOOKKEEPER
□ DRILLING MACH. □ STEAM SHIP MACH. □ MECH. WIREMAN □ MECH. WIREMAN □ TAXI MGR. □ STENOG. & TYPIST
□ CHEMICAL WORK □ GAS ENGINE OPER. □ ELECTRICAL WORK □ ELECTRICAL WORK □ TRAFFIC MANAGER □ MACHINIST
□ POWER MACH. □ MACHINE SHOP PRACT. □ POWER TOOLS □ POWER TOOLS □ TRAFFIC ENGINEER □ MILL WORKER
□ BUILDING CONSTRUCTION □ REPAIR MACH. □ MACHINIST □ MACHINIST □ TRAFFIC ENGINEER □ CONSTRUCTION WORK
□ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK
□ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK
□ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK
□ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK
□ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK
□ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK
□ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK
□ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK
□ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK
□ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK □ CONSTRUCTION WORK

Without cost, without obligation, please explain how I can qualify for this position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list above.

□ TELEGRAPH ENGINEER □ CONCRETE BUILDER □ PLUMBING & HEAT’G □ ARCHITECT □ GAS ENGINE OPERATING □ CIVIL ENGINEER
□ MECHANICAL ENGINEER □ DELECR. ENGINEER □ TELEPHONE WORK □ MACHINE SHOP PRACTICE

He proved that it was really a splendid tribute to the dead singer.

Remember Florence Turner? If you do, you don't have to be told that the once famous American film star went to England some years ago to make pictures there. She had not been heard from for sometime until a newspaper cable reported that she had been robbed of money and jewels valued at about $5,000. It seems that she made an arrangement with a representative of a firm of house agents to inspect apartment at Hampstead. According to her story, the man suddenly attacked her, and having taken her valuables, left her alone on Hampstead Heath. It would make a good scenario.

We didn't count the candles on the birthday cake, so we don't know which birthday it was, but we do know that Wanda Hawley had a birthday party in January, because that nice young husband of hers, Burton Hawley, gave a birthday party for her at the Hollywood Country Club.

LILA LEE lives in a pretty, old-fashioned house that faces directly upon Western Avenue, one of the main automobile cross streets between Hollywood and Los Angeles.

The front of the house on the second story has two sets of large lattice windows that swing outward, consequently without screens.

The other morning about dawn a young millionaire of the Los Angeles smart set who likewise is well known in film circles was going homeward after an all night session with Dame Fortune, who had failed to smile.

The young man, being an ardent admirer of Lila's, naturally glanced up at her house as his roadster sped by.

He slowed down.

The shade of one of the bedroom windows was up. The curtains were blowing in the breeze. In the room, a pink bed could be seen beyond the window side.

In the bed, peeping from beneath the lacy coverlet, was a set of the cutest little bare pink toes we ever saw.

The young man began to believe that life was not all dust and ashes. He decided the night wasn't wasted. He stopped the chauffeur, explained, plucked a long feathery branch from a eucalyptus tree and with a smile, tip-toed beneath the window and—ticked the little bare toes.

An instant later Griffith now, in the cast of "The Two Orphans."

Monte appeared in several Paramount pictures in which he was prominently featured. Then Paramount let him go. I hope Griffith will keep him under contract; he is a good actor and a charming gentleman.

WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2nd, the world's singles tennis champion, wrote in a recent article called "Tennis Hits Its Stride," published in "The Open Road," a paragraph about the movies. He said:

"The modern player often has his own form of amusement to avoid staleness. Charlie Chapman has pulled many a match out of the fire for me. Norma Talmadge, Bill Hart, Mary Pickford and Dick Borthwalt as regular diet suit my taste. Unfortunately one must be careful not to frequent the movies too regularly owing to the eye strain caused by the flicker of the lights. It is not a wise thing to attend the movies the night before a big match, and it is folly to go the day you play, for you find your eyes will carry the motion of the flicker for some hours after."

There has been no orchestral accompaniment to pictures in the New York theaters.

The organ, the piano, an occasional violin, and a chorus of voices take their place. Or try to.

But this omission of real music only goes to show what a tremendous part music plays in the presentation of pictures. Two photo-plays projected in Broadway houses during the strike mentioned. They were "Experience" and "A Virgin Paradise." These fairly cried for musical interpretation. There wasn't any, and it is almost a certainty that these pictures have not made the success they might have made.

CONRAD NAGEL, leading man for both the deMilles in recent productions, is an usher in one of the large Hollywood churches.

Apparently all the movies don't spend their time breaking the "Blue Laws."

We didn't count the candles on the birthday cake, so we don't know which birthday it was, but we do know that Wanda Hawley had a birthday party for her husband because that nice young husband of hers, Burton Hawley, gave a birthday party for her at the Hollywood Country Club.

Doris May was talking to her husband, Wallace MacDonald, over the telephone.

"Well, Wally has rented a new house for us, but I don't think I'll ever see it until he has the new wallpaper on." That's the kind of a husband to have. I always knew Doris was going to be the most handsome wife in pictures. Imagine a man that would rent a house and then select wallpaper without asking his wife.

And Doris seems so pleased about it. Maybe men are coming into their own after all.
Mildred and the peacock. Miss Harris had to study the gorgeous bird because her part in a recent Cecil deMille picture required that she emulate its vanity. Some people said this wasn’t so hard for Mildred to do. But the same people have to admit that Miss Harris has startled everyone with her beauty and talent in her newest films.

Mrs. Rupert Hughes tells the following on her famous husband and the equally famous English author, Sir Gilbert Parker.

Mr. Hughes and Sir Gilbert spent the afternoon together recently. Both are men of deep culture and a wide range of interests and they discussed, after their own fashion, every subject on earth, from Parliamentary Law to tuna fishing at Catalina.

According to Mrs. Hughes, “Rup” would talk a while—say half an hour or so, and Sir Gilbert would listen with deep and courteous attention.

Then Sir Gilbert would talk a while—covering an equal space of time, and receiving the same polite treatment.

At the end of the afternoon, in bidding each other good-by, Sir Gilbert said, “My dear fellow, I’ve enjoyed my talk this afternoon, extremely, extremely.”

“Well, my dear Sir Gilbert,” said Mr. Hughes, “and I have enjoyed mine.”

Again, a very pretty young motion picture actress who had appeared in one of Mr. Hughes’ pictures, was talking with the son of the house—a Princeton student, now working vacation time in his father’s latest production. Mr. Hughes junior had delicately warned the girl that his father was just a bit hard of hearing, particularly when he was interested in something, and that it was a good idea if she wanted him to pay any attention to you, to speak right up.

“All right,” said the actress, “I’ll shout all my yeses.”

Though this superb car is presented as a distinctly 1922 offering, the advance which it embodies belongs more truly to another era than another year. The subdued elegance and inviting comfort of its interior fittings, the dominant dignity of its exterior beauty—while noteworthy and most appealing in themselves—are still not so significant as that supreme achievement of Haynes engineers and designers, the new, big, more powerful Haynes 75 motor.

There is a delight hitherto unrealized in the flexibility, the subtle, gliding power, the smooth, swift acceleration with which this motor responds to your mood and whim. Because of it, the new 1922 Haynes 75 received the immediate seal of public approval and endorsement.

With its new Haynes fuelizing system, thermostatic engine heat control and numerous other exclusive Haynes refinements of designing excellence, this most recent motor creation sets the new 1922 Haynes 75 Sedan as a car apart—a crystallization of true Haynes character—the utmost in luxury, utility and economy at the exceptional price of $3485, f.o.b. factory.

The Haynes Automobile Company, Kokomo, Indiana

Export Office: 1715 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.
Charlie, Mary and Doug: the great triumvirate of the films. Mary and Douglas Fairbanks came east to be present at the opening of Doug's latest and greatest picture, "The Three Musketeers"; Charles Chaplin, to sail for Europe. These United Artists are friends as well as business associates. The couple have been married for years. The grounds are various, and the action is not a surprise to their friends nor to the public as matrimonial difficulties in that quarter have been rumored for some time. The couple have been married for years. The story is interesting in view of the fact that many intimate friends of both "Jimmie" Young and his first wife, the famous Clara Kimball Young, insist that the whole trouble began with their original separation.

Clara Whipple Young has filed suit for divorce in the California courts against James Young, the director—and formerly the husband of Clara Kimball Young. The grounds are various, and the action is not a surprise to their friends nor to the public as matrimonial difficulties in that quarter have been rumored for some time. The couple have been married for years. The story is interesting in view of the fact that many intimate friends of both "Jimmie" Young and his first wife, the famous Clara Kimball Young, insist that the whole trouble began with their original separation.

Clara Kimball Young has not married again. Jimmie's second venture has ended in the divorce courts.

"Jimmie Young loved Clara Kimball and still does—and she will never care for anyone else. It's just one of those unhappy things where circumstances drove two people apart. But they've never been happy since," said a very old friend of both the other day.

Maybe so, maybe not. But such things do happen.

Poor little Bebe. Just because of those big eyes of hers, and that pouting mouth, and the way she looks in an octopus gown, she can't even walk up the ocean front at Santa Monica without attracting a harmless young man like Jack Dempsey without everybody beginning to couple their names. Los Angeles paper went so far as to print an announcement of their engagement the other day, but Miss Daniels denied it absolutely, and so did several other rich and attractive young men.

The declaration even certainly wasn't engaged to Jack Dempsey.

As a matter of fact, she isn't. She and the World's Champion have been friends—but that's all. Bebe doesn't intend to get married.

It was all almost arranged, when Gloria decided she didn't want her nose cut off. Isn't that good? Imagine Gloria without her nose—any of it.

A DRASTIC step, and one that may prove a bitter blow to a certain class of film fans, has been taken this month by a large number of motion picture stars, following in the footsteps of Mary Pickford.

These stars have decided that there are, so far as they are concerned, no more free fan pictures of themselves, for the mere writing of a postal and a one cent stamp. Declaring that the cost of fan pictures has become a gigantic item, and one in which it is impossible to control large wastage and uselessness, these stars have banded together to follow Miss Pickford's system—that of charging a small price for the pictures and turning over everything above actual cost to some worthy charity.

It is estimated that over a million dollars was spent last year by stars and studios for fan pictures alone.

May Allison showed me actual figures to prove that her fan picture distribution last year cost her over $20,000.

The movement now started, is to concentrate all fan pictures, of whatever company or star, under one organization, which can systematize the distribution, charge a small price to prevent duplication and waste and likewise earn a good sum for charity.

These include Wallace Reid, Thomas Meighan, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, May Allison, Lila Lee, Elliot Dexter and Roscoe Arbuckle, and others unannounced.

SPEAKING of Gloria Swanson's nose—You weren't? Well, so many people do. Anyway, that beautiful nose of Gloria's that always photographs so marvelously and adds that unusual and piquant touch to her striking beauty—that's the nose we mean.

There's story connected with it. It almost wasn't.

Some time ago, when Miss Swanson first began to appear for Mr. Cecil deMille, they decided that Gloria's nose was just a trifle too long—just a shade too curved for perfect beauty.

So they decided on an operation—you know how they fix those things nowadays. A smash—a couple of stitches and there you are.

But, unfortunately, it turned out to be the same one.

However, we haven't heard yet that they are dragging the Camp pool for the corpse.

P LEASE don't try to guess this one. Anyway, it's only fair in speaking of Hollywood in summer to mention Billy Camp's in passing. Because Billy Camp has the 'elegantest' swimming pool in Hollywood. Almost any afternoon, one can find a score of film favorites floating about.

But—the other day a pretty young married woman went out there for a dive.

It was very hot.

As she tripped along the side of the lovely pool, she saw a sweet young thing, in bathing costume, sitting on the spring board, gazing at the water with so melancholy an expression that it seemed almost suicidal.

Said the pretty young wife, "Why all the gloom?"

Said the pretty girl, who had never seen her before but was a friendly creature, "Oh, I'm sad. My sweetie's gone to New York."

Said the young wife, "Well, never mind, so has mine."
The Hunt for Cigarette Supremacy Ends with Murad

MURAD is the World's largest selling high-grade Cigarette—
MURAD is made of 100% Pure Turkish Tobaccos—personally selected, by our own experts, from the finest varieties grown in the justly famous tobacco fields of the Orient.

"Judge for Yourself—!"

MURAD THE TURKISH CIGARETTE

S. ANARGYRiou
CAPITOL STOCK OWNED BY P.L. ORIL

20¢
Do You Look As Young As Your Husband?

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty? Presto! The face is beautified and youth-livened in an instant! (Above 3 preparations may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.)

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

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

Get 1922 Panel—Five Samples Sent With It
“Honeymooning in Venice.” What romance! The golden moonlit balconies! The blue lagoon! The swift-gliding gondolas! The serenading gondoliers! Tinkling mandolins! The sighing winds of evening! Ah, the memories of a thousand Venetian years! Such is the story revealed in the new 1922 Pompeian panel. Size 28 x 71/4 inches. In beautiful colors. Sent for only 10c. This is the most beautiful and expensive panel we have ever offered. Art store value 10c to 81. Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfactory. Samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM, NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream) and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talc), sent with the Art Panel. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.

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

“Don’t Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian” GUARANTEE
The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

TEAR OFF NOW
To mail or to put in purse as shopping-reminder.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1922 Art Panel. Also please send 5 free samples named in offer.

Name:
Address:
City:

State:
Naturel powder sent unless you write another below.
ISIS enjoys the distinction of being a self-made goddess. Born of poor but eminently honest parents on a farm up the Nile, the Egyptian Aphrodite at a tender age developed an astonishingly precocious intelligence. She learned to read and write hieroglyphics in a month. As a little girl with blond pigtails down her back—for she appears to have been very much lighter in complexion than the average Egyptian—she showed a strange passion for the solution of Chinese puzzles. The skill she acquired in this form of self-discipline was destined to be of the greatest use to her in a heart-crisis, when she had grown into a woman.

In her early teens, little Isis began to entertain glittering dreams of becoming a goddess. In a paper roll accidentally dropped by a Phoenician archaeologist, she discovered the legend that the only way any girl could become a goddess was by finding out and learning by heart the real name of the Sun-God Ra, the Egyptian All-Father. The name was so complicated that Ra himself could pronounce it with difficulty. So he had edited it down to plain "Ra." Having decided what was to be done, all that remained for Isis was to find a way of doing it. The means she employed have been the subject of animated wrangling in Egyptian theology ever since.

Isis at first tried to involve Ra in a flirtation. This was the vamping period in her career. For many hours at a time, as the afternoon began to wear away, she would sit on the bank of the Nile near her father's zareba, or homestead, watching Ra as he sailed over the sky in his famous motor yacht, the "Millions of Years," toward the gap that led into Tuat, or the Night.

With what girlish eagerness she hoped and wished that the Sun-God would glance her way, take a liking to her and give her an opportunity to find out in the regular way what his name was. Occasionally—very occasionally—she would even wave a carefully manicured hand at him in an unmanly effort to attract his attention. After several years of watchful waiting, however, she reached the conclusion that Ra was too hard-boiled for such a transaction.

So she decided to adopt a more direct method of attack, affixed to the toy and on which Ra carelessly stepped as he was passing.

It became common gossip after the fact, among the priestesses in her temples, that after having studied magic under the best masters for a half dozen years, she made a serpent of clay, brought this serpent to life by her incantations, and placed it across the path over which the unsuspecting Ra was wont to pass every evening after sunset on his way from the pilot-house of the "Millions of Years" to his home for late dinner.

The priestesses relate that the snake lost no time in biting the Sun-God in the foot, and that in the absence of an antidote, due to the temporary enforcement of a prohibition law, the old man was well on his way to dissolution when Isis appeared and offered to cure him—on one condition. That condition was that he tell his real name. "Do you think you could understand and pronounce a name so awful and so pregnant with power that the other gods recoil in fear from hearing it?" he warned her between groans.

"Just try me—or keep on groaning," she replied boldly.

Ra had only one choice in the embarrassing situation. As the poison had not been administered by one of his own creatures, it lay beyond his power to cope with its effects. So, bowing to the inevitable, he hobbled into a private room with Isis, disclosed his real name in hollow whispers to her alone—and she was installed forthwith as a full-fledged Egyptian goddess.

This version of the attainment of Isis's greatest ambition has been modified in several important details by the latest discoveries by Egyptologists. It has been shown, for instance, that the snake which she placed in the Sun-God's path was not a work of clay brought to life by incantations, but a Christmas toy which her loving mother had bought for her at a rummage sale in Thebes several years earlier, and that the poison did not proceed from venomous fangs but from a rusty nail which Isis had

(Continued on page 118)
Have A Clear, Rosy, Velvety Complexion

ALL THE WORLD ADMires
A PERFECT COMPLEXION

Don't doubt—because I give you a guarantee which dispels doubt. I refer you to women who testify to the most astonishing and gratifying results. Your complexion may be the muddest, it may be hideously disfigured with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, wrinkles and other blemishes. You may have tried a dozen remedies. I do not make an exception of any of these blemishes. I can give you a complexion, soft, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. And I do it in a few days. My statements are sober, serious, conscientious promises. I want you to believe, for I know what my wonderful treatment will do.

YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD OF ANOTHER METHOD LIKE MINE. SCIENTIFIC — DIFFERENT.

My method is absolutely different. It has to be to warrant my statements. You know that. I get away from all known methods of cosmetics, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers, or any other implements. There is nothing to take. No diet, fasting or any interference whatsoever with your accustomed way of life. My treatment is absolutely safe. It cannot injure the most delicate skin. It cannot increase the most delicate skin. It is pleasant, even delightful. No messy, greasy, inconvenient applications. Only a few minutes a day required. Yet, results are astounding.

I want to tell you in detail about this wonderful treatment. So send for my booklet. It is free. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just get the facts, the indisputable proofs. This is the one method that has restored to beauty the complexions of tens of thousands of women. Don't say your case is an exception. You have my unqualified promise. You have nothing to lose — everything to gain. Mail Coupon today!

DOROTHY RAY
14 E. Jackson Blvd. Suite S
CHICAGO, ILL.

Free and without obligation send me your booklet "Complexion Beautiful" telling of your scientific, harmless method of cleansing and beautifying the complexion.

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________

Skin Troubles Soothed — With Cuticura


SAXOPHONE MUSIC Catalog

Just out—complete catalog FREE of latest jazz hits, also standard saxophone solos, duets, trios, quartettes—2000 selections. Largest general dealers of saxophone music and supplies in the world. Expert repasses. Send for free catalog today.

SAXOPHONE SHOP, 425 P. S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

FREE AMBITIOUS WRITERS, send today for FREE copy of America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems. Instructive, helpful.

WRITER'S DIGEST
611-D Butler Bldg.
CINCINNATI

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 88)

There is a celebrated star who has the reputation of unusual frankness. She almost always says what she thinks, with often disastrous results.

One evening she was scheduled for a personal appearance in a popular-priced theater somewhere in Manhattan. The owner of the theater—a young man of marked Hebrew extraction—called her in his car. The star stepped in, in all the glory of her satin-and-sequin evening gown, her gold slippers, and her sables. Her companion looked at her in awe, rubbed a diamonded hand over his patent-leather hair, pulled down his ornate waistcoat, and said proudly: "If I'd a known you was going to doll up, I'd a worn my dress suit."

The star turned to him. Her famous full-lipped mouth drooped; her round eyes grew rounder.

"Goodness," she sighed, "don't you look bad enough as it is?"
DOUGLAS MacLEAN has returned to his Hollywood mansion and the bosom of the Ince studio after a six weeks' tour of the southern cities, making personal appearances. He had a perfectly grand time, was marvellously received, made as many speeches as the president, and was darn glad to get home.

One day at a railroad station in Texas, Doug and Mrs. MacLean, his manager, and his cameraman, arrived with their trunks about twenty minutes before the train was due to leave. It seems, that on some small railroads in the south, getting your trunks on the same train with you so that you may keep a fatherly eye upon them is a matter of diplomacy and persistence.

Doug politely requested the baggage agent to put the trunks on the train. But the baggage agent was hot and disinclined. He remarked carelessly that he didn't believe he had time to get 'em on this one—they could just as well go on the next. He leaned back in his chair and chewed a straw with malevolent unconcern in Doug's face.

Train time drew near. Doug had an inspiration.

"Would $5 do any good, do you suppose," he said to the baggage agent, reposing in the sun.

There was instant response. It seems it wasn't impossible. The trunks were hustled aboard, the train began to ring its bell, the baggage agent pulled the door shut on the trunks and looked expectantly at Doug.

"That's all right," said Doug, grinning, as he swung on the step that began to glide forward, "I didn't say anything. I just asked you if you thought five bucks would do any good. Good-bye."

MARY HAY is going back to the stage sometime soon.

When she married Richard Barthelmess, it was more or less decided that she would retire, but Richard, being a young man of intelligence, soon realized that a talent, such as his wife possesses, should not be wasted on housekeeping, no matter how small and delightful the house. And Mr. Ziegfeld wants Mary to come back in one of his plays any way and it may be that she will be her husband's leading woman in one of his future pictures. I hope so.

SOMEDAY somebody is going to write the reminiscences of a Property Man or the Autobiography of a Purchasing Agent.

In the meantime, here is one recorded at the Thomas H. Ince studio the other day.

King Vidor—who since the public didn't appreciate that artistic gem "The Jack-Knife Man," has gone in for making box-office pictures—was filming a wreck scene on a railroad trestle.

Somebody in the purchasing department discovered that it would cost a hundred dollars a day to rent the big firenets to put under the twelve foot drop, and got foolishly economical. Instead, he substituted piles of straw and mattresses.

The smoke pots got to near the straw, it caught fire, the extra people got scared, there was a regular panic both among those who jumped and those on the bridge and the train who ought to.

But the tragedy—the real, stark tragedy—was that the cameraman forsook his crank and went to help put out the fire! When he should have been getting all that real stuff.

Mr. Vidor calmly the situation, spared the cameraman's life, and the next day they hired the nets and did it all over again right. (Continued on page 99)
Honeymoon Shanty
(Continued from page 66)

As an additional advertisement in PHOTOLPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section
Honeymoon Shanty
(Continued)

for a honeymoon he had provided every modern convenience, so that his stomach would not suffer, even if his wife was forced to live in the wretchedest hovel in the known world. By thinking of that, Hope managed to resist her impulse to take off her hat and begin to get acquainted with that kitchen at once.

No; to preserve her pride, she must get out right away. But when she went to the door, the goat was still there looking hopefully toward the place where she had disappeared. He really was waiting on the long chance that the kind lady would hand out a nice juicy tin can or a little second-hand excursion, but she misunderstood his expression and, with a shudder, drew back into the security of the kitchen.

But she was there under false colors, and she had no intention of being misunderstood. To relieve any misapprehension, she must tell Martin, or whoever happened to be there, how she happened to be in the last place in the world that she cared to enter.

So she raised her voice and shouted:

"Hello, in there! Hello!"

There was no answer—nothing at all. It was such a tiny house that it seemed improbable that anyone could be there and not hear her, but she tried it once more. This time, there could be no mistake. She was alone in the place. Curlylocks in the home of the three bears was really in a less embarrassing predicament. With that menacing goat outside the back door, she simply could not leave that way, and if she stayed, Martin might come any minute, and if he did, he very probably would misinterpret her presence. And glory in her capitulation. And laugh at her weakness. Lord, how she hated him! At least sometimes—kind of.

No; she simply could not stay there even if she got butted into the middle of next week. Perhaps she could jump out of the high and mighty front door while the goat waited at the rear entrance, and, by running as fast as ever she could, perhaps she might gain the sanctuary of a policeman or some other substantial refuge. It was worth trying.

She crossed the threshold of the communicating door into the living-room. There she promptly forgot her reason for going to the front of the house.

For why? Because that living-room was her room, she knew it the minute she set eyes upon it. It fitted her soul like a glove.

It wasn't very large but, then, neither was her soul; so that was perfectly all right. It was a room that had been planned and executed by some one who had been behind Hope's very own eyes and had seen her dreams with them. In her waking-moments she would not have dared to think of anything one-half so charming.

If you care to make a room like it, you must first know a woman very well and yet love her very well. And you must match, not her moods, but her heart to the colors and textures.

But you would not want to make one like Hope's—yours must be Helen's or Lilian's or whatever may be her adored name.

Besides the conventional table and the piano-lamp and the wee grand piano and the hangings, which articles you couldn't copy, they aren't suitable for Lilian or Helen, there was a low, wide fireplace. And in front of it was an easy chair, the only easy chair in the room.

But she pretended to be angry because Martin had provided that chair for himself, not caring whether she ever sat down or not, but she smiled to herself because she really knew right away what he meant. It was such a comfy chair, and it was so very large for just one person.
Honeymoon Shanty

(Concluded)

The entire room was like that chair, and she understood everything it said to her. It was talking to her with its voice, telling her everything she had been wanting to hear for two mortal days. Every inch of it caressed her, and some things about it were very like kisses on the tips of her fingers.

Hope let the room sink into her consciousness, wandering the things with her hands lightly—her own things.

It was while she was thus engaged that she heard the bell for the first time. It wasn’t an electric door-bell or a telephone-bell, nothing shrill or strident like that—just the merest hesitating tinkling, like a fairy ari, far away. She was not sure that she really heard anything at all, because it started and stopped shily, sort of half-way in a melody. Then, when it grew louder and nearer, she was almost frightened. It was right there in the house. It came into the room.

She looked at the door to the kitchen because it seemed to enter from there. But there was nothing—nothing, that is, that she could see.

The reason she could not see it was because she had been looking too high. When her eyes descended to the floor, the mystery was explained.

The bell was on a tiny kitten about seven inches long, a white one, which was chasing a yellow ball across the floor. When it saw her, it stopped doubtfully and then flopped enticingly on its back at her feet.

No matter whose cat you are or how you got in here, you can’t do that to me without being noticed,” Hope declared, getting down on the floor herself and gathering up the little white ball of fuzzi into her lap.

There was a tag as well as the bell fastened on the ribbon around its neck. She fished it out from the long hair and read:

A name of this is Lucy Fur, but she doesn’t know it yet. She’s a fallen angel. Don’t pet her because she has a black heart and is a confirmed catnip fiend!

The kitten was trying strenuously to refute this slander with a twelve-cylinder purr that nearly rocked the building.

“I believe you in spite of this cowardly anonymous letter to the contrary,” Hope assured her, “and to prove it I’ll give you a saucer of cream for dinner tonight. Because you’re my cat.”

This seemed perfectly satisfactory to Lucy Fur; so the agreement was cemented with a romp.

There was one more room in the building. Hope remembered that from her previous visit to the place before it was transformed.

With the kitten under her arm, she started to investigate.

At the door, she paused. There was a tag on the knob which she unfastened and read.

One may not enter here unless it be to stay.

She pondered this a moment and then smiled.

“Cat, this man is trying to make a slave of me, but he certainly does use a wonderful quality of chain.” She read the tag again.

“Come on, cat: I guess we aren’t scared, much.” She turned the knob.

There were twin beds in it.

“Oh!”

There was other furniture, dark walnut, and wall-paper and curtains, all in restful cool colors, but she did not notice the other things at first. She ran away those twin beds. Being alone, she could do that without blushing very much.

She climbed the room steps. There were at least four steps. She admitted that they were beautiful beds with marvelous silk coverlets and Chinese-embroidery spreads. She opened one, the linen was fine and soft.

“His, I suppose,” Hope sneered and turned to the other and threw back the coverlet.

There wasn’t a thing under it but the mattress.

And a tag, right in the middle, printed thus:

This one is only for looks and the cat.

She covered it up hastily.

There were three closets and a bath off from this room. Hope wondered how he had done it, and finally came to the conclusion, for the first time, that her husband really was a very clever architect.

Two of the closets were just closets, but the third one had a heavy padlock on it. There was no key in sight, just one of the inevitable tags!

This door is locked to all save one, who will understand. She will not even need a key.

Now, that was curious. There was a very solid-looking hasp on the door which fitted over a substantial staple in the casing, and the padlock was large and serviceable in appearance.

Still the tag said that she would not need a key.

Hope tried the door. It opened easily as the padlock fell apart. It was wax.

The closet was packed full of toys, dolls, and picture-books. Some of them were old and some of them were new. Hope recognized some of her very favorites dolls in the lot. She picked it up first.

He had known that she would. The tag on it read:

To keep you from being lonely until we come.

Hope found the telephone in the kitchen. But she did not use it until she had tried half the recipes in the cook-book in the cabinet.

She fed her first batch of biscuits to the goat, and he went away at last, not to return for an entire week. His better sense warned him not to come back even then, but he was a game goat.

She was watching behind the curtains of the front window when Martin hurried the gate. She wanted to run away and hide. He looked so big and rough somehow and—Until he grabbed her in his arms.

He proved to be as gentle and comfortable as she could possibly imagine.

And a wonderful person to cry on the shoulder of when he told you how glad he was that you had come home.

This Has Dramatic Possibilities

The latest restaurant fad is to have near-movie stars act as hostesses on certain nights to distract the attention of the guests when the waiter makes out the check.—Variety.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Life in the Films
(Continued from page 59)

dughter of the idle rich, but an ex-lady-barber; for no one can trim one's own hair and feather-edge it in the rear, even with all the requisite tonsorial paraphernalia.

And while we are on the subject of hair, it might be noted further that few cinema islands are sufficiently wild or insulated to interfere to any great extent with the coiffure of the stranded lady herself. Also, she has either brought with her from the founding ship, or else discovered somewhere on the island, a theatrical make-up outfit; for in all the close-ups of her, where we are shown the physiognomic effects of spiritual regeneration, we see evidences of an eye-brow pencil, a lip-stick, a powder-puff and a rouge box. Moreover, in these same close-ups, as she clasps her hands ecstatically just over the larynx to symbolize her esoteric awakening, we perceive that her finger-nails are bleached and polished and filed into long Atlantic—a fact which bears witness to the presence on the island of a manicure set.

The actual life on a South Sea island, as revealed in the silent drama, has certain peculiarities which sooner or later are sure to attract the attention of anthropologists, due to their distinct variation to all observed and recorded habits and usages of mammal existence.

For instance, one can apparently subsist indefinitely without nourishment. At any rate, we never see a shipwrecked couple in the act of eating. As for sleeping: the man erects a hut of dried palm leaves, which acts as a nocturnal shelter for the woman; but this latter domicile evidently exhausts the island's building material, for he rarely, if ever, constructs a hibernaculum for himself, sleeping instead on the ground in the open.

During the day, when not scanning the horizon or going to the spring, the dwellers on film islands race frantically along the beach or in and out of the tide-wash in gay and innocent pursuit of each other; on the whole, the existence of shipwrecked islanders, as portrayed in the wreck film islands, is healthful and pleasant and any-
thing but dangerous. Occasionally a lion or some other wild animal saunters by, but nothing ever comes of it, as these island beasts are always senile and decrepit and apparently on the verge of a complete physical breakdown.

The average sojourn of island castaways in the Tropic of Capricorn, lasts just long enough for the infinite silences, the great spaces, and the elemental forces of nature, to get in their cleansing and purging work, and to show up the tawdriess and littleness of fashionable afternoon teas and other such social activities.

MISS VAN WYCK SAYS:

In this department, Miss Van Wyck will answer all personal problems referred to her. If stamped, addressed, and enclosed, your questions will be answered by mail. This department is supplementary to the fashion pages conducted by Miss Van Wyck, to be found on these pages on pages 44 and 45.

CONSTANCIA—You have a very charming name. You wish to know if gray is too sombre a shade for a girl of twenty. On the contrary; gray may be worn by a very young lady or a very old one. In fact, it has been one of the most popular colors for months. You should have gray blouses and stockings of exactly the same shade to match your gown. Do write to me again.

H. L. O., Port Chester.—Monkey fur is still very good. It is used as a trimming for dark dresses. Canton crepe is an excellent material with which to make your new afternoon frock.

MARY F., Madison, Wis.—Spain has inspired many of the evening gowns; and Spanish hair is now widely worn. Particularly becoming to brunettes are the Spanish gowns, shawls, and combs. If you are a blonde, and a tiny one, I would not affect such styles. You are an ingenue in age and appearance, and you should dress the part. And I don't mean by that, that you should wear only fluffy frocks, but that you should dress simply. Curls are not absolutely necessary for the twentieth-century ingenue, my dear.

CECILIA, San Diego.—I have a sketch in my pages this month which may interest you. You say your hair is long but that you wish it weren't, and yet you haven't the courage to cut it. Turn to Page 45 and look at the young lady pictured there. She has long hair, really, but she is wearing one of the National Bob, simply attaching it to her own hair with two tiny combs—and as it is a perfect match for her coloring, it looks absolutely natural and "bobbed." And if a girl's hair is really bobbed, the National Bob saves her the trouble of curling it.

MARIETTA, New York.—Please follow your mother's advice about your dresses. She knows so much better what is becoming to you than I do. She is very wise in her selection of school things for you: and although at the age of seventeen her restrictions on silk lingerie and lacy stockings may not seem just, I am sure you will sooner or later come round to her way of thinking. In any one respect do I differ with her, and that is in the matter of brightly-colored hats and dresses. I believe that young girls should wear vivid shades as much as possible, because you can't do it when you are older. Of course, colors may be used indiscriminately; but needless to say, their correct use is charming.

JANE, Lima, Ohio.—Feathers are being much used on the new hats. Ostrich feathers, curled and glycerined, and various stiff feathers, are all good. Grosgrain ribbon ribbons are sometimes used, too. Hats may be large or small according to the individual taste of the wearer.

MOTHER, Dallas—I wish you would look at the children's dresses in this issue's fashion pages. These designs are all exclusive, and you are free to copy them. If you do not find what you want, please write to me in detail.

J. K., Alberta, Canada.—The fur dresses are exceedingly smart. They are costly, too. I think you might be able to make your old fur coat into the skirt of a dress, and an undercoat of velvet. Generally speaking, the new fur coats have high collars and narrow shoulders. Some emphasize the outlines, others have a full flare.

MRS. T., Atlanta.—Skirts are, indeed, very much longer. I believe emphatically in the comfortable, charming skirt of medium-length and hope we will not get back to the ground-sweeping styles of other days, except possibly for formal evening wear. The twentieth century is hardly the time for long skirts. Imagine hoop-skirts in the modern motors, or the sub-ways and street cars!

DOROTHY G., Fort Wayne, Indiana.—Remember, any method of reduction is good only as long as you keep at it. And the same applies to skin treatments. You have got to make a habit of it. For instance, a hair-tonic may be very good and highly recommended. You may try it for a month or so and then decide, since there is no noticeable result, that it is ineffectual. And you blame the hair-tonic, don't you? Keep eternally at it.

Gwen.—Why, the only thing I know to keep one's hair in place, is a good hair-net. This is simple enough, goodness knows. I am sure you won't be bothered any longer with refractory locks; they will stay smoothly in place. Do not wear the jeweled pins and combs except in the evening.

MRS. JOHN OGLIVIE.—Thank you so very much for your expressions of interest. I am glad you are depending upon my fashion pages for guidance. I am sure you will be interested in the original and exclusive designs of M. Raoul Bonart, a recent acquisition to PhotoPlay's staff, who will devote his entire time to conceiving and sketching new frocks for you. Do not hesitate to write to me for suggestions.
And, as the guests arrive, the subtle fragrance greets them

FAINT, and at first imperceptible—a fragrance—a new note of beauty—plays upon their senses.

It is incense—the odor of welcome for thousands of years—which greets them and gives an unspoken welcome to the guests as they arrive.

A clever device for hostesses to know

American hostesses are discovering what Oriental hostesses have known always, that a delicate fragrance of burning incense gives a touch of distinction to the most informal party—and a touch of remembrance which lives long in the memory of each guest.

Vantine's—the true Temple Incense

Vantine's Temple Incense is the incense with the true fragrance of the East—a

fragrance rich, subtle, delicate and softly Oriental.

Which fragrance is most charming?

While hostesses agree on Vantine's Temple Incense, there is some debate as to the most charming fragrance. Some hostesses like the rich Oriental fullness of Sandalwood; others choose the sweetness of Wistaria, Rose or Violet, while still others prefer the clear and balmy fragrance of the Pine.

Which ever you prefer, you can get it from your druggist or your gift shop, practically every department store, too, offers it, so swift has been its spread throughout America.

Try tonight, the fragrance which appeals the most to you; or, just name it as suggested below and we will be glad to send it to you as your first acquaintance package.

Vantine's Temple Incense is sold at druggists, department stores and gift shops in two forms—powder and cones—in 3 packages—25c, 50c and 75c.
Send the Coupon Now!

$15.00
an ounce
$8.00
a half ounce

The Most Precious Perfume in the World

RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and in the stage.

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.

Riegler's Flower Drops

20c

Other Offers

Direct from Druggists
Bottle of Flower Drops
with long lasting supply for 20 weeks.
Lily, Crepegrape, $1.80

Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Romanita, Lilac or Crabapple.

Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume.

Soothing the Censors

The ladies and gentlemen of the censorious had a large time in California.

THey may recover, but they'll never look the same. I mean those dear old censors who thought they were Hollywood and especially that little trip down to Sunset Inn.

Censors have been criticized. Censors have been maligned. Censors have been scoffed at and even sworn at. But nobody ever thought of soothing them. Of treating them like human beings. Of entertaining them.

Perhaps because it is impossible to soothe censors. Perhaps their activities in regard to such films as "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" prove that they cannot be treated as human beings. But it was worth trying, anyway.

The Universal Company frankly admits that it invited the members of the various official censorship boards to California, at a cost of many thousands of dollars, for the express purpose of showing them the feature which Von Stroheim made and that cost a lot over a million dollars. Some newspapers, particularly the Kansas City Star, made sharp criticism of the junket, but what's a good newspaper amongst friends. It's too bad, however, that it had to be planned in the summer season. It's so much more pleasant to get away to the California beaches in the winter, not so much in the summer. But that's no fault of Von Stroheim's picture, when the wintry winds are whistling over the home grounds.

Censor may be as heartless as the Fates with his scissors and as impervious to feminine wiles as a tombstone, but even a platter of sweats would be for wax in his ears, blinkers on his eyes and a good stout cook to tie him to the mast if he had Mabel Normand, Priscilla Dean, Clara Kimball Young, May Allison, Bebe Daniels, Nazimova, Mae Busch, Edna Purviance, Phyllis Haver, Colleen Moore, Marie Prevost and Ruby de Remer all turned loose on him at once.

And that, between you and me, is just what happened to fourteen of them the other evening.

To be a bit more chronological, Carl Laemmle, president of Universal, arranged for a "Censors' Expedition"—a sort of a Cook's Tour through Hollywood for fourteen of the most important film revisers from the eastern states. The group came by special train from the east as Mr. Laemmle's guests and spent a week seeing Hollywood.

It might borrow a title from that last picture of Bebe Daniels' and be christened "One Wild Week." If they didn't have a good time, it's because censors can't.

There were no Blue Laws operating while the program arranged for their entertainment was carried into effect. The film colony united in trying to show these scissorial officials that a good time can be had by all without any permanent discomfiture of the commandments.

Monday morning they went to Universal City and were duly welcomed by all the usual peaches and almonds and Hollywood officials. Tuesday they had a dip in the Pacific, and since they don't believe in one piece bathing suits on the screen when they didn't peek and so forth on the sands near Crystal Pier—for the one piece there are very small pieces indeed. In the afternoon they toured through the other big Hollywood studio, thoroughly charmed by the Universal crew, who didn't intend to let anybody other than Hollywood and screen stars, and all the little starlets, turned out to add to the glory of the California scenery. Wednesday they were shown an animal show at Universal and then Mrs. Joe Martin cast a vampish eye upon them. Thursday, Harry Carey had a barbecue at his ranch, accompanied by a few rodeo stars.

Friday they sailed over to Catalina and took a look at the submarine gardens. We hope all the little goldfish had their mackintoshes on.

Wednesday night, which is Photoplayers' Night at Sunset Inn, they were entertained at Sunset Inn by Mr. and Mrs. Eric Von Stroheim. They were almost injured in the mob of stars that turned out to do them honor and to see if they couldn't bat the general Hollywood belief that the only thing that should be cut out of pictures is the censors.

Mabel Normand was there, all dressed in black—Redskirt long as any among her friends. It's too bad, however, that it had to be planned in the summer season. It's so much more pleasant to get away to the California beaches in the winter, not so much in the summer. But that's no fault of Von Stroheim's picture, when the wintry winds are whistling over the home grounds.

I suppose the black was intended as mourning—just dressing down to the censors.

However, Mae Busch broke the monotony of these ladies by a daring creation of flame colored chiffon, with a purple sash hung on with a bunch of purple grapes, and flamed colored slippers and stockings. She wore no hat and Mae, you know, wears her black hair bobbled and banded and straight like Mary Thurman's, and it's quite exciting to see her as a costume designer. Mae, of course, had won the cup—and when somebody suggested that the censors should be the judges instead of the audience, there was a concerted and violent "No" from the assembled crowd.

Miss Busch and Mr. Glass were Tony Moreno and June Elvidge, in black, alas, but hung all over with green beads and a little black hat with an enormous green cockade.

MADAME NAZIMOVA had a big party

—I saw Rudolph Valentino devotedly beside her—and "Nazy" introduced a new fashion by wearing a deep silken fringe beside her—and "Nazy" introduced a new fashion by wearing a deep silken fringe— and when somebody suggested that the censors should be the judges instead of the audience, there was a concerted and violent "No" from the assembled crowd. With Miss Busch and Mr. Glass were Tony Moreno and June Elvidge, in black, alas, but hung all over with green beads and a little black hat with an enormous green cockade.

Every advertisement in PHOTPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Soothing the Censors

(Concluded)

Alan Forrest and Lowell Sherman were at the Arbuckle table also.

Herbert Somborn, who in private life is Mr. Gloria Swanson, had a party. And at another table were Raoul Walsh and his wife, Miriam Cooper, in a sport frock of white piped in red, with a red sport hat. And Colleen Moore, with a young navy officer, all in cerise and silver—Colleen, I mean, not the Navy.

DNA PURVIANCE was with the Mahlon Hamiltons, I think; anyway she was terribly smart and deliciously chic in a sport outfit and let the censors have a view of that dignified and disdainful manner with which she has so completely captured the real "Social Register" crowd of Montecito and Pasadena. While little May Collins—the girl who isn’t engaged to Charlie Chaplin, you know—was a perfect reproduction of a sub-deb that should have melted the heart of a Sunday school superintendent—all in pale pink and rosebuds, with Richard Dix as a background.

May Allison, in orchid chiffon, was perfectly cast as a "Daughter of the South"—they couldn’t have cut a comma on her, and Bebe was—Bebe. Thrilling and gorgeous as ever.

We can only hope that it wasn’t Thursday morning that Mr. Laemmle showed these censors “Foolish Wives.” It has been largely rumored that this picture was likely to be well cut up by the censors, and so Mr. Laemmle had the very good idea of getting them to come out here and see it, so that it could be cut, titled and if necessary, re-shot, on the ground, with an idea of just how far the "don’t men" would permit it to go.

And surely nobody can blame Mr. Laemmle for giving them a good time and getting them in a good humor first, if possible. That’s good business.

We shall all be interested to see what happens to "Foolish Wives."

Raoul Bonart

is now designing costumes exclusively for the readers of Photoplay. You may copy any one of his creations with the knowledge that you will be correctly attired.

His first creations appear this month on pages 44-45

Send It Now

Watch the white teeth it brings

Send the coupon for this ten-day test. The results on your teeth will surprise and delight you.

Millions brush teeth in this new way. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. Half the world over it is bringing whiter, cleaner teeth. See what it brings to you.

The war on film

Dental science has found ways to fight the film on teeth. Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

It dims the teeth, clouds their beauty, causes most tooth troubles. And no tooth paste, until lately, could effectively combat it.

Now we combat it

Now we have ways to combat it. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Modern dentists urge their daily use.

Both are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste. And other factors are used with them to bring five desired effects.

Watch the change in a week

Make this free test and watch how your teeth improve. In a week you will gain a new idea in teeth cleaning.

Pepsodent acts in five ways, including film removal. It multiples the salivary flow—Nature’s great tooth protecting agent. It multiples the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause decay.

These things are essential. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Now we combat it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Watch all the effects, then read the reasons for them in the book we send. It will bring to your home a new era in teeth cleaning. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept 116, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY-MAGAZINE.
PRICE DEFLECTION IN FURS

which is greater than in most other commodities, will result in an increased demand. This is likely to result in advanced prices. Buy now to secure first choice and avoid paying more. The quality of Albrecht Furs is a tradition that has been maintained for 65 years. Money back guarantee.

ALBRECHT FURSTYLE BOOK and Buyers Guide tells you many valuable facts about furs not found elsewhere. Send 10 cents today for catalog No. 151 to A. ALBRECHT & SON, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Albrecht Furs 1855

Plaint Unattractive Eyes Instantly Beautiful with Maybelline

Just a wisp of touch of "MAYBELLINE" will make light, short, thin eyelashes and brows appear naturally dark, long and luxurious, thereby giving charm, beauty and youthfulness to anyone. Used beautifully by women everywhere, from stage star to country girl. It is very safe to use, since the SHADES are analyzed and found pure and harmless. Each dainty box contains mirror and two brushes. Two beautifying effects will delight you. Perfectly harmless. Used by beautifulirls who are wearing it

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
435-21 Grand Boulevard, Chicago

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will mar your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remedy for every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A fourounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Waterhouse Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
ON a St. Patrick's night in Ballarat, Dan Murphy was addressing a big Irish audience, and the applause was frequent and free. We are a fourth of the population of this colony," he declared, and he held up his arm to suspend the torrent of cheers. Then he repeated, impressively: 'We are a fourth of the population of this colony—and, please God, we'll soon be a fifth!' Thunders of acclamation—Tit-Bits.

LITTLE GIRL—"Papa, it's raining.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY (London).

TWO little kids were in swimming. One thrashed

"Well, let it rain.

"Keep straight up this track, laddie, till you come to a war," was the reply. "Then light.

"JIM," she said, as he settled down for his after-

"Good," said her husband; "I'm glad to hear it. Usually you want to talk to me about a lot of things you haven't got."—Tit-Bits.

FIRST DEALER—"What! Fifty pounds for a horse like that?"

SECOND DEALER—"Ah—and cheap, too. This 'e can jump!"

IT has been calculated that no fewer than 460 million meteors drop upon the earth every day. Most people will conclude that all this solid matter must add to the bulk of the earth. And so it does, but it takes a surprisingly long time to make any appreciable difference. No less a period than 185 million years is required for this rain of dust, rock and ashes to increase the size of the earth by half an inch. All of which is very interesting if true!

Peter Pan's Sister

(Continued from page 34)

at present with Sir James Barry.

You know, you can tell a lot about a girl

May McAvoy has a fox terrier—a sassy, ordinary, smart, little fox terrier that she regards as probably the finest dog that ever chased a cat. Apparently she doesn't know a Pekinese from a Chow and doesn't want to. And the chief reason that she likes Hollywood is because there are so many roller coasters at the nearby beaches.

So far her starring vehicles have been "A Private Scandal," "Everything for Sale" and "A Virginia Courtship.

Her ideas concerning pictures are very determined for so young and small a star. She believes in naturalness, good stories and careful direction.

"I was mighty lucky," she said; "I hit pictures just about the time they needed me."

You can have as good a figure as any woman you see. You can do this except by her own hands, either on or off the screen.

John M. V. A.A.S.

"I'm glad, too.

Oh, yes, she has a frightful aversion to hairdressers. Her lovely chestnut hair is naturally curly and has never been dressed except by her own hands, either on or off the screen.

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Bourjois of Paris

whose Marvellous Preparations were used by All the Famous Beauties of the French Courts offers you this

WONDERFUL BEAUTY ASSORTMENT

1 Box Famous Java Powder
1 Box Beauty Spots
1 Box Ashes of Roses Rouge (with puff)
1 French Puff
1 Eye-Brow Pencil
1 Lip Stick
1 Cabbage Buttermilk Soap
1 Box Esmaline for polish and color of the nails

If your Dealer can't supply you

Send $2.50 for the complete assortment to
A. BOURJOIS & CO., Inc., 35 W. 34th St., New York, N.Y.

Perfect Your Figure

DON'T envy a friend who has a beautiful figure; perfect your own. You can have as good a figure as any woman you see. You can do this with just a little time and properly directed effort in the privacy of your room. A simple dress on a well proportioned figure looks better than an expensive gown on a poor figure.

I have helped 100,000 women in the last 20 years and at the same time they regained health, vitality, vivacity, magnetism and self-poise.

You can reduce your weight to normal. You can put on flesh. You can build up thin necks, undeveloped busts, undeveloped chests. I KNOW it because what I have done for other women I can do for you.

Get Well and Stay Well

I have taught women how to Stand Properly, to Walk Gracefully and to Breathe Correctly. I have strengthened every vital organ so that chronic ailments such as Poor Circulation, Inflammation, Auto-intoxication, Mal-assimilation, Icterus, Intestinal troubles, etc., are a thing of the past and my students know how to keep well. Be free from chronic ailments, enjoy life. Be a source of inspiration to your friends. In other words, live. Write me today. I will tell you just how it is done.

Susanna Acomb

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Amazing Method of Learning Art

Easily Quality for this great profession. Read the life-stories of one of America's foremost Artists—Will H. Chandlee. It is just as if this great Artist stood over your shoulder and mail it TODAY! Washington School of Art, Inc.

Big Demand—High Salaries

Newspapers, Magazines, Department Stores, Advertising Agencies—all are eagerly seeking men and women who can handle their Art Work. Splendid salaries are paid these trained Artists—anywhere from $300 to $500 and more. You learn at home by mail, and the work you send us receives the personal attention and criticism of one of America's foremost Artists—Will H. Chandlee. It is just as if this great Artist stood over your shoulder while you worked.

With this instruction and criticism you will be amazed at the rapidity of your progress. First you learn to draw straight lines, then curves. Then you learn how to put them together. Now you are drawing simple pictures. Shading, Action, Perspective and all the rest follow until almost before you realize it, you can be drawing pictures that bring $50 to $100 and more.

A Broadway Farmerette (Continued from page 43)

personal appearances every night in a Broadway theater at ten o'clock. By the time she gets home it is by no means early. It is more than enough time for anyone on the stage. And of course one can't rise early when one gets to bed so late. And yet, do you know, Hope is healthier than anybody I ever saw; she has the clear eyes and skin of perfect health. And if you don't think she's wealthy you should glance at her salary check which buys imported gowns, and her blue-ribbon car and the things like that) — so don't be cross.

As this is written, the camera is being cranked for the first scenes. In America, in the 20th Century, it is always a thrilling thing to see young men with fire and confidence and ability starting a new business venture—a Miss Hampton—and the millionaires of the company aren't much older. Yet they have all grown up with the picture industry. They are trying, too, the business and the life is so much fun in other lines—co-operative percentage of profit.

And I'd like to bet a month's salary that they'll make good, and that perhaps we've witnessed the birth of a new producing organization that will really last. Anyway, it's one of those little business dramas we all enjoy.

Doris May grew up with the business. She was only fourteen when Cecil deMille—who was a friend of her mother's—allowed her to double for Mary Pickford in "The Little American" in the water-and-aviation stuff he could not afford to have his star attempt.

Later, Thomas H. Ince saw her walking up the street past his studio—he was in the old Biograph lot then—and called her in. He had some tests made of her and immediately offered her the part of a little girl in "Mamma's Boy." She played six pictures with Ray, under the name of Doris Lee. Then she went with Maclean. She paid the rent, too. Her friends, Wallace MacDonald, well-known leading a delightful man, and the two live in little Hollywood bungalow and are ideally happy.

"That," she emphasized, "is the most important thing of all. I know that when I'm satisfied with my work, I must be good. I'm my own harshest critic. And I may say that very few times indeed have I ever patted myself on the back."

The first picture starring her, "A Modern Salome", was not what one could call an unqualified success. But her astute manager, Jules Brulatour, knew that it wasn't good, and realizing that, he engaged a director of more taste, skill, and trained Hop Hampton to pull out of it. He did the same thing to "Love's Penalty", and therein lies a tale. It was well told and gave the star an opportunity for emotional acting of which she took full advantage. But it was not, as PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE pointed out in its review, a picture the whole family could see. Mr. Brulatour read the review. And he immediately ordered the picture pulled. The famous independent film editor had cut and retitled it, leaving out all the questionable scenes, after, in fact practically rewriting the story, it was "Love's Penalty", sans sex, plus a more wholesome heart and human interest. There are few producers who have done what Brulatour had the courage and the sense to do. Miss Hampton and such cooperation, she will soon have proved herself one of our most interesting silverscreen personalities.

"Dancing with the Dots." The story, is the new H. H. production. In it the star has wider scope and more human situations than she has ever had. It's a story of some of the people who believe in modern education, and of the things that public—or the better part of it—wants and enjoys. It's too bad the color process hasn't been
A Broadway Farmerette  

(Concluded)

really perfected. Hope has the most gorgeous coloring you ever saw: deep pink cheeks, reddish-gold, curly hair, eyes as blue as her own uncut sapphires, and a white skin with an underlying tint, as the cold cream advertisements put it, of perfect health. I wish she would pose for some pictures in her bathing suit. It's a brief fact. I have known very few women who have ever discussed these things.) But she has a sense of humor, and a keen, quick humor too. And what, I ask you, what do you want?

DeMille Foresees a Shakespeare of the Screen

Declaring himself and a few contemporary motion-picture producers to be the Heywood, Marlowes and Ben Jonsons of the screen, who are making art form darkly contrasted with the old, and in which schools, William deMille looks to the next generation to furnish a Moliere, an Ibsen or Sophocles, he takes the tone of Shakespeare or Moliere, or Sophocles. DeMille did not think these gentlemen were going to turn over in their graves through fear of the competition of my work; but when we considered the motion picture, how different the view! If there were any old masters in motion pictures, they were all old friends of mine. I have never been sure of anything as that a real literature of the screen will come... If Shakespeare had not found the art form created by Marlowe, his own art would have taken much longer to grow. He looked at motion picture production as an art, naively admits that he welcomed an opportunity to be an old master, because "in the drama where I had been working for years, the previous fellows were a little too strong for me. I did not think I could eclipse Shakespeare or Marlowe, or Sophocles."

The Priscilla Dean Tam — the ideal hat for women and girls — popular the country over.

Only $2.50, it represents the best value you ever did see! You can get it in White, Bright Red, Jade Green, Navy, Tan, Dark Brown, Orange and Copenhagen, and other popular Fall shades. Whether your type may be, the Priscilla Dean Tam, in the color you select, will become you! Order yours today — now!

The Charming Priscilla Dean Tam

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE! BUT YOUR NOSE?

In this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks" — therefore, it pays to "look your best" at all times.

For Home Treatment

FRECKLES

Wonder Peel Paste 12.00

For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett's and other First-Class Drug Stores

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.

Exclusive Makers of Priscilla Dean Tams

906 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

The Priscilla Dean Tam, in Lyons Velvet, satin lined, $4.00, now ready.

Charming Women

WIN A Profitable Profession for Women

Qualify to open a Beauty Parlor in your own town, and be independent. Write for our free book "Making Dreams Come True," by Miss Cleve Van Auken. You will enjoy reading it — you will want to keep it.

Women's College of Arts and Sciences

1540 Chestnut Street

BUSTER KEATON
in
"The Playhouse"

WHEN a man is his own boss he stands or falls on his individual efforts. So he puts forth all his energy to make good. His one aim is to make pictures that will please you, his public, and be a credit to himself. And he is free to carry out his own ideals in the way he thinks best.

Believing that the work of independent artists is productive of the highest artistry, First National accepts for exhibition purposes the work of such independent artists, strictly on its merit as the best in entertainment. Its trademark is a guarantee of fascinating pictures made by independent stars and producers.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nationwide organization of independent theatre owners which fosters the production of more artistic pictures and which is striving for the constant betterment of screen entertainment. When a man is his own boss he stands or falls on his individual efforts. So he puts forth all his energy to make good. His one aim is to make pictures that will please you, his public, and be a credit to himself. And he is free to carry out his own ideals in the way he thinks best.

Fool Remedy Co. 2207 Millard Ave., Dept. 33, Chicago

independent artists, strictly on its merit as the best in entertainment. Its trademark is a guarantee of fascinating pictures made by independent stars and producers.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

Ask Your Theatre Owner if He Has a First National Franchise.

Coming Back at Friend Husband

(Continued from page 21)

the arms of another man to run for another woman in place of the traditional heavy artillery. But if the case is reversed and the husband is seeking rest and recreation elsewhere, he should be free to carry out the companion of his lighter hours down his throat for a while. The other woman is often her own best emetic. I execise the kind of women who become other women, generally won't stand the strain of continued companionship. Many beautiful flowers have no scent and many beautiful women have no sense.

Argument never busts up a flirtation. But diplomacy has.

Let me say in passing that the woman who encourages a man's infidelity to his wife encourages his ultimate infidelity to herself. A man will nearly always be unfaithful to the woman he has been unfaithful for. So he puts forth all his energy to make good. His one aim is to make pictures that will please you, his public, and be a credit to himself. And he is free to carry out his own ideals in the way he thinks best.

Believing that the work of independent artists is productive of the highest artistry, First National accepts for exhibition purposes the work of such independent artists, strictly on its merit as the best in entertainment. Its trademark is a guarantee of fascinating pictures made by independent stars and producers.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nationwide organization of independent theatre owners which fosters the production of more artistic pictures and which is striving for the constant betterment of screen entertainment. When a man is his own boss he stands or falls on his individual efforts. So he puts forth all his energy to make good. His one aim is to make pictures that will please you, his public, and be a credit to himself. And he is free to carry out his own ideals in the way he thinks best.

Fool Remedy Co. 2207 Millard Ave., Dept. 33, Chicago

independent artists, strictly on its merit as the best in entertainment. Its trademark is a guarantee of fascinating pictures made by independent stars and producers.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

Ask Your Theatre Owner if He Has a First National Franchise.
Questions and Answers (Continued from page 74)

OLGA.—Wallace MacDonald is co-starring with Carmel Myers in a new Vitagraph serial; but he is still married to Marjorie Daw. So many of you seem to think that a new business combination must necessarily mean a matrimonial one also. Not so, my children. Pauline Fredrick is Bantam-American, which means that she is American, very. Ann Forrest is abroad right now, playing in a picture for Paramount. Zeena Owen is playing the lead in a new Cosmopolitan serial, "Sisters," from Kathleen Norris' story, at the International Studios, 127 Street and 2nd Avenue, N. Y. C.

JACKIE.—The reason I said that Pearl White said she wasn't married was that Pauline Bush has retired. Who am I to contradict a lady? Her husband was Wallace McCutcheon; they are now divorced. Roscoe Arbuckle lives in Hollywood, Cal. He is divorced from Minta Durfee. Pauline Bush has retired from screen acting; but she is now in the Orient gathering material for some future film stories. She is divorcing Allan Dwan when they were working together a few years ago. Dwan is one of the Associated Producers.

C. A., DETROIT.—I have heard that Mary Miles Minter herself titled her picture, "Don't Call Me Little Girl," as it is said that Mary Miles is very much a juvenile. Marjorie Daw is tall, slender, with dark hair and brown eyes and nineteen years, and a bungalow in Hollywood and a sweet disposition. She is doing a picture for Irvin Willat now, and before that was working for Marion Fairfax and before she did a number of photographs always under the direction of Marshall Neilan. She is not married, or engaged, or in love, that I know of. But then, perhaps Marjorie doesn't feel it her duty to confide in me. I have met her, and she sent me a Christmas card last year, and so I like her very much.

Bob, HARTFORD.—Dimples, deep brown eyes, pearly teeth, and nice bobbed hair are very much the thing now. B. B. Hampton has admitted that they all help. Carl Gantvoort, in "The Man of the Forest," His address is the B. B. Hampton Productions. (Continued on page 120)
Once I was gray!

Mail the coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman’s Hair Color Restorer and you can now make this statement yourself. It proves how a clear colorless liquid and a little comb will restore your hair to its original color in 4 to 8 days, whether your gray hairs are many or few.

Test as directed on a single lock. Note its clean daintiness—how soft and fluffy it makes your hair. No streaking, no discoloration, nothing to wash or rub off.

It wouldn’t have made much difference whether he had objected or not, for Dolly, grown wise, and Dolly was Dolly. The children were gone and Dolly was back almost before Noah realized that he had been caught again.

Noah Vale searched for insincerity. But he found nothing but what a dawn of the shining hope was kept, with feet not sagging in with him. He even lost interest in the model. It taunted him now to take it out and finger it. He had explained its intricacies and simplicities to Rip without selling a single one, for he was like his patience, threadbare. He let it alone.

When, two weeks later, the landlord, disregarding the allusions of Scollops, listened only to the protest of his witnesses, it was well.

Noah Vale searched for insincerity. But he found none. What though the invention proved to be a disappointment in the medieval Valley of humiliation, literally into it, representing Mr. Faye, walked in, accompanied by Engineer Jones.

"We have come, Mr. Vale," said Sterrett, "to inspect your model. Mr. Jones here is exceedingly interested"

He found his way to the cupboard, where the shining hope was kept, with feet not quite steady. His hands fumbled with the lock. He felt, suddenly, incongruously perhaps, that he was growing old. That wealth and power had come to him none too soon. He tried to stiffen up his philosophy of life. He felt his invention called for some display on his part. The inventor of the model should not be old Noah Vale, sagging under the fall of Rome. The inventor should be erect, inspired and inspiring.

Rip’s breathing was audible. Rip had a sense of great moments. Scollops could be here and living.

Noah Vale flung wide the sacred shrine. It was empty. Quite empty.

There seemed no particular change in his attitude. His shoulders still slumped a little. He turned about slowly. Heard Sterrett say, “What’s this, Vale?” in silence. Heard the landlord say, “This is no money down. You are a bit o’ fish I got left over. The waste of your name and address for our 128 million of dollars worth of jewelry from which to choose. Your application sent on approval not untempered with condescension. Still . . . He said that he had come in advance if acceptance were forthcoming.

Noah Vale was handy with his hands. He whistled in a sort of a way when, that morning, Noah Vale searched for insincerity. But he found none. What though the invention proved to be a disappointment, it was something.

In the kitchen Dolly and the chef were showing them the flowers and garden. "How splendid of you to care for them!" Dolly said. All at once it seemed to her as if there was nothing beautiful in the whole room, the whole house, the whole valley, save a hungry, sad man and two hungry little children and their hope and their faith and their pride . . . Oh, and Johnny!

Dolly put an arm about each one of the children. "At least," she said to Noah Vale, "you are no longer to my showing them the flowers and garden."

Noah Vale searched for insincerity. But there was nothing to be gained from Dolly’s expression save the entire eagerness of a child. The butcher wheeled in a tea wagon. The aroma of chops and muffins and hot coffee assailed him. Pride goeth before a muffin. Noah Vale fell to. "Five minutes more," he muttered, and the verdict would have been ‘Died from starvation!’

In the kitchen Dolly and the chef were playing fairy godmother and fairy godfather and Rip and Patch, long past delicate considerations, were quite frankly ‘pigg ing’ it.

Roderick Faye was condescending to see Noah Vale. He was enthusiastic about the invention. "It would revolutionize industry," he said, "if it could be proved practicable." He told Noah Vale how he would give him his decision when his engineers had tested the device.

Noah Vale went home, well-fed and in the clouds.

Waiting for the “decision” proved to be the acid test. Roderick Faye had other and weightier matters. The light stomach of an inventor was not among them.

There was a desperate period. “Eating” stories were hailed with whispers of sheer misery. Scollops’ odds and ends of fish were eagerly bought and sold, and the white-capped fairy godfather faded into myths, unrealities, along with the stories. Mouths can water any facts into fiction.

Noah Vale sagged under “The Decline and Fall of Rome.” His invention seemed to be sagging in with him. He even lost interest in the model. It taunted him now to take it out and finger it. He had explained its intricacies and simplicities to Rip without selling a single one, for he was like his patience, threadbare. He let it alone.

In the midst of the scene, Mr. Sterrett, representing Mr. Faye, walked in, accompanied by Engineer Jones.

“‘We have come, Mr. Vale,” said Sterrett, “to inspect your model. Mr. Jones here is exceedingly interested”

Sterrett said, "What's this, Vale?" in silence. Then: "This is no money down. You are a bit o' fish I got left over. The waste of your name and address for our 128 million of dollars worth of jewelry from which to choose. Your application sent on approval not untempered with condescension. Still . . . He said that he had come in advance if acceptance were forthcoming.

In the kitchen Dolly and the chef were showing them the flowers and garden. "How splendid of you to care for them!" Dolly said. All at once it seemed to her as if there was nothing beautiful in the whole room, the whole house, the whole valley, save a hungry, sad man and two hungry little children and their hope and their faith and their pride . . . Oh, and Johnny!

Dolly put an arm about each one of the children. "At least," she said to Noah Vale, "you are no longer to my showing them the flowers and garden."

Noah Vale searched for insincerity. But there was nothing to be gained from Dolly’s expression save the entire eagerness of a child. The butcher wheeled in a tea wagon. The aroma of chops and muffins and hot coffee assailed him. Pride goeth before a muffin. Noah Vale fell to. "Five minutes more," he muttered, and the verdict would have been ‘Died from starvation!’

In the kitchen Dolly and the chef were playing fairy godmother and fairy godfather and Rip and Patch, long past delicate considerations, were quite frankly ‘pigg ing’ it.

Roderick Faye was condescending to see Noah Vale. He was enthusiastic about the invention. "It would revolutionize industry," he said, "if it could be proved practicable." He told Noah Vale how he would give him his decision when his engineers had tested the device.

Noah Vale went home, well-fed and in the clouds.

Waiting for the “decision” proved to be the acid test. Roderick Faye had other and weightier matters. The light stomach of an inventor was not among them.

There was a desperate period. “Eating” stories were hailed with whispers of sheer misery. Scollops’ odds and ends of fish were eagerly bought and sold, and the white-capped fairy godfather faded into myths, unrealities, along with the stories. Mouths can water any facts into fiction.

Noah Vale sagged under “The Decline and Fall of Rome.” His invention seemed to be sagging in with him. He even lost interest in the model. It taunted him now to take it out and finger it. He had explained its intricacies and simplicities to Rip without selling a single one, for he was like his patience, threadbare. He let it alone.

In the midst of the scene, Mr. Sterrett, representing Mr. Faye, walked in, accompanied by Engineer Jones.

“‘We have come, Mr. Vale,” said Sterrett, “to inspect your model. Mr. Jones here is exceedingly interested”

Sterrett said, "What's this, Vale?" in silence. Then: "This is no money down. You are a bit o' fish I got left over. The waste of your name and address for our 128 million of dollars worth of jewelry from which to choose. Your application sent on approval not untempered with condescension. Still . . . He said that he had come in advance if acceptance were forthcoming.
A Poor Relation
(Concluded)

(to him's said it. Well, weren't we all liable to mistakes?

Trays were by way of being rushed in when Dolly and Johnny came in, too. Noah Yale bade them to breakfast—but they didn't hear him.

It wasn't until Rip and Patch and Scroats had eaten and eaten and eaten that Dolly and Johnny stepped down to terra firma and remembered what they had come for.

The model of the invention, they said, had been proven impracticable. Noah Yale never did get quite the rights of the theft of the model. It was returned to him and it was worthless. After all, what more need a philosopher know? Those were the words of the impecunious Mr. Jagger over his signature of Sterrett. But... Johnny Smith was talking now. Dolly was hanging on his words. Words... suddenly it came to Noah Yale what the young man was saying. Suddenly it came to Noah Yale that he had been dreaming a great while and that now, at last, he was thinking. Words... suddenly it came to Noah Yale what the young man was saying. Suddenly it came to Noah Yale that he had been dreaming a great while and that now, at last, he was thinking.

The Future Great Actor
(Concluded from page 23)

plays it. He can't help doing his best because that's all he ever does. He hasn't different speeds.

Lillian Gish, he thinks, is the supreme artiste of the screen. "She has," he said, "a very rare gift. She has intelligence, but she doesn't have to use it when she is acting. That sounds strange to you. But Miss Gish acts by instinct. She is always right. The finest acting I have ever seen in my life is Lillian Gish's in the closet scene in 'Broken Blossoms'."

Joseph's ambitions are by no means small or simple. He would like to see Griffith do all the plays of Shakespeare, and film the Bible! He himself wants to do Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray", a version of which he appeared in abroad; and Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe," which he considers the great novel of the age.

He is a Roumanian. His father and mother are both living—with their son. His father, Rudolph, is a famous old actor, who has retired. He believes, in acted English. It is Rudolph, strangely enough, who advises Joseph to leave the stage for the screen.

Critics say that he is the future great actor of his day. In case you can't get all worked up over that, just look at the pictures accompanying this article.

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Bathasweet
TRADE MARK REG.
Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Bathasweet愿意 your BATH—SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY
Three sizes. 25c, 50c and $1. All at drug and department stores or by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample.

THE C. S. WELCH CO.  Dept. P.P.  NEW YORK CITY

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
My duties as valet are not arduous but extremely delicate—differing of course from those of a private gentleman’s man in that I am obliged to be with him all day and even longer at the studio, instead of seeing him off smartly in the limousine in the morning for business or pleasure as the case may be.

Mr. Fairbanks’ wardrobe is a very large one. At present, he possesses 60 to 70 suits of clothes, 35 overcoats (he has a special fondness for this garment and anyone can sell him any sort of new one), 50 pairs of shoes, to say nothing of outside footgear such as sneakers, slippers and boots, 8 to 10 dozen shirts, 19 dozen handkerchiefs, 300 to 400 pairs of socks, 100 small articles of garments of even more intimate character which it is not necessary to fully describe here.

These are used mostly for pictures. In fact, I may say that all of them, with a very small exception, are used for pictures. An excellent dresser before the camera, with every detail from the tying of his cravat to the order in which he holds his hat, gloves and stick correct, it is nevertheless only right in the interests of truthfulness to state that dressed Mr. Fairbanks is governed too much by personal taste to satisfy the best instincts of a gentleman’s gentleman, if you know what I mean. It is not as he does not know. Not only has he himself an accurate knowledge of what is and still more important what is not vogue, but he has me to look after him. Therefore it cannot be ignorance but intention that rabs the bloom of fashion so often from his personal raiment. “I wear what I like,” is his motto.

His shoes are a great difficulty owing to his nervous inability to hold still—and the fear of what might happen if a barber were compelled to leap and follow him about the room as I do.

He arises at inconceivably early hours. He eats breakfast other than coffee and either a bit of fruit or a slice of toast—never both—which he serves in his room as soon as he has finished his hot and cold baths. Mrs. Fairbanks also eats fruit, so we are generally able to leave the house for the studio by 7:30 and arrive at the course for a valet, but life is a school where one must train oneself to what is best. Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks drive to the studios in their business-like maid and I following in the service car.

As soon as we have entered Mr. Fairbanks’ suite at the studio—which consists of a dressing room and bath—and he has disrobed, he weighs in. It is characteristic of his exactitude that he always keeps a given weight during a picture. He is, for instance playing “D’Artagnan” ten pounds lighter than he did “Zorro.” He weighs in again at night, often to find he has lost a quarter of a pound in the day’s labor which he must put back on that night.

He may consider that I am a trifle overzealous concerning his make-up, which I have never been able to keep to the order in which he holds his hat, gloves and stick. “I wear what I like,” is his motto. Only on occasion when his high moral force is used, can he be brought to wear full evening clothes. This, as any valet knows, is a source of sore trial and disappointment. Mr. Fairbanks speaks of ordinary clothes on the few occasions when he asks Mrs. Fairbanks to go out. He insists that his mind works better thus garbed and that he feels more like a real human being, whatever that may be. Mrs. Fairbanks supports him in this view.

While he owns some 40 hats—I believe I counted 37—he wears only one: which he has “broken in,” to use his quaint phrase, and two or three tops to which he is passionately devoted, and which he keeps behind the scenes. This garb and that he feels more like a real human being, whatever that may be. Mrs. Fairbanks supports him in this view.

His shoes are a great difficulty owing to his nervous inability to hold still—and the fear of what might happen if a barber were compelled to leap and follow him about the room as I do.

His exercises are of a sort of mental concentration and psychological elimination to guess which he will call for. I have failed thus far. It is interesting here to note that Mr. Fairbanks prefers and nearly always does shave himself. This, I believe, is due to his nervous inability to hold still—and the fear of what might happen if a barber were compelled to leap and follow him about the room as I do.

As soon as we have entered Mr. Fairbanks’ suite at the studio—which consists of a dressing room and bath—and he has disrobed, he weighs in. It is characteristic of his exactitude that he always keeps a given weight during a picture. He is, for instance playing “D’Artagnan” ten pounds lighter than he did “Zorro.” He weighs in again at night, often to find he has lost a quarter of a pound in the day’s labor which he must put back on that night.

He may consider that I am a trifle overzealous concerning his make-up, which I have never been able to keep to the order in which he holds his hat, gloves and stick. “I wear what I like,” is his motto. Only on occasion when his high moral force is used, can he be brought to wear full evening clothes. This, as any valet knows, is a source of sore trial and disappointment. Mr. Fairbanks speaks of ordinary clothes on the few occasions when he asks Mrs. Fairbanks to go out. He insists that his mind works better thus garbed and that he feels more like a real human being, whatever that may be. Mrs. Fairbanks supports him in this view.

While he owns some 40 hats—I believe I counted 37—he wears only one: which he has “broken in,” to use his quaint phrase, and two or three tops to which he is passionately devoted, and which he keeps behind the scenes. This garb and that he feels more like a real human being, whatever that may be. Mrs. Fairbanks supports him in this view.

His shoes are a great difficulty owing to his nervous inability to hold still—and the fear of what might happen if a barber were compelled to leap and follow him about the room as I do.

His exercises are of a sort of mental concentration and psychological elimination to guess which he will call for. I have failed thus far. It is interesting here to note that Mr. Fairbanks prefers and nearly always does shave himself. This, I believe, is due to his nervous inability to hold still—and the fear of what might happen if a barber were compelled to leap and follow him about the room as I do.

As soon as we have entered Mr. Fairbanks’ suite at the studio—which consists of a dressing room and bath—and he has disrobed, he weighs in. It is characteristic of his exactitude that he always keeps a given weight during a picture. He is, for instance playing “D’Artagnan” ten pounds lighter than he did “Zorro.” He weighs in again at night, often to find he has lost a quarter of a pound in the day’s labor which he must put back on that night.

He may consider that I am a trifle overzealous concerning his make-up, which I have never been able to keep to the order in which he holds his hat, gloves and stick. “I wear what I like,” is his motto. Only on occasion when his high moral force is used, can he be brought to wear full evening clothes. This, as any valet knows, is a source of sore trial and disappointment. Mr. Fairbanks speaks of ordinary clothes on the few occasions when he asks Mrs. Fairbanks to go out. He insists that his mind works better thus garbed and that he feels more like a real human being, whatever that may be. Mrs. Fairbanks supports him in this view.

While he owns some 40 hats—I believe I counted 37—he wears only one: which he has “broken in,” to use his quaint phrase, and two or three tops to which he is passionately devoted, and which he keeps behind the scenes. This garb and that he feels more like a real human being, whatever that may be. Mrs. Fairbanks supports him in this view.

His shoes are a great difficulty owing to his nervous inability to hold still—and the fear of what might happen if a barber were compelled to leap and follow him about the room as I do.

His exercises are of a sort of mental concentration and psychological elimination to guess which he will call for. I have failed thus far. It is interesting here to note that Mr. Fairbanks prefers and nearly always does shave himself. This, I believe, is due to his nervous inability to hold still—and the fear of what might happen if a barber were compelled to leap and follow him about the room as I do.

As soon as we have entered Mr. Fairbanks’ suite at the studio—which consists of a dressing room and bath—and he has disrobed, he weighs in. It is characteristic of his exactitude that he always keeps a given weight during a picture. He is, for instance playing “D’Artagnan” ten pounds lighter than he did “Zorro.” He weighs in again at night, often to find he has lost a quarter of a pound in the day’s labor which he must put back on that night.

He may consider that I am a trifle overzealous concerning his make-up, which I have never been able to keep to the order in which he holds his hat, gloves and stick. “I wear what I like,” is his motto. Only on occasion when his high moral force is used, can he be brought to wear full evening clothes. This, as any valet knows, is a source of sore trial and disappointment. Mr. Fairbanks speaks of ordinary clothes on the few occasions when he asks Mrs. Fairbanks to go out. He insists that his mind works better thus garbed and that he feels more like a real human being, whatever that may be. Mrs. Fairbanks supports him in this view.

While he owns some 40 hats—I believe I counted 37—he wears only one: which he has “broken in,” to use his quaint phrase, and two or three tops to which he is passionately devoted, and which he keeps behind the scenes. This garb and that he feels more like a real human being, whatever that may be. Mrs. Fairbanks supports him in this view.

His shoes are a great difficulty owing to his nervous inability to hold still—and the fear of what might happen if a barber were compelled to leap and follow him about the room as I do.

His exercises are of a sort of mental concentration and psychological elimination to guess which he will call for. I have failed thus far. It is interesting here to note that Mr. Fairbanks prefers and nearly always does shave himself. This, I believe, is due to his nervous inability to hold still—and the fear of what might happen if a barber were compelled to leap and follow him about the room as I do.

As soon as we have entered Mr. Fairbanks’ suite at the studio—which consists of a dressing room and bath—and he has disrobed, he weighs in. It is characteristic of his exactitude that he always keeps a given weight during a picture. He is, for instance playing “D’Artagnan” ten pounds lighter than he did “Zorro.” He weighs in again at night, often to find he has lost a quarter of a pound in the day’s labor which he must put back on that night.

He may consider that I am a trifle overzealous concerning his make-up, which I have never been able to keep to the order in which he holds his hat, gloves and stick. “I wear what I like,” is his motto. Only on occasion when his high moral force is used, can he be brought to wear full evening clothes. This, as any valet knows, is a source of sore trial and disappointment. Mr. Fairbanks speaks of ordinary clothes on the few occasions when he asks Mrs. Fairbanks to go out. He insists that his mind works better thus garbed and that he feels more like a real human being, whatever that may be. Mrs. Fairbanks supports him in this view.

While he owns some 40 hats—I believe I counted 37—he wears only one: which he has “broken in,” to use his quaint phrase, and two or three tops to which he is passionately devoted, and which he keeps behind the scenes. This garb and that he feels more like a real human being, whatever that may be. Mrs. Fairbanks supports him in this view.

His shoes are a great difficulty owing to his nervous inability to hold still—and the fear of what might happen if a barber were compelled to leap and follow him about the room as I do.

His exercises are of a sort of mental concentration and psychological elimination to guess which he will call for. I have failed thus far. It is interesting here to note that Mr. Fairbanks prefers and nearly always does shave himself. This, I believe, is due to his nervous inability to hold still—and the fear of what might happen if a barber were compelled to leap and follow him about the room as I do.
needed sartorial effects prepared.

When the day's work is finished, I prepare the bath, and lay in readiness his street regalia. While I scrub Mr. Fairbanks, he very often holds important business conferences or discusses the next day's course with his scenario writer or news people. This makes my task very difficult, as he is apt to become excited and gesticulate wildly with various portions of his anatomy which I may at that very moment be striving to cleanse. His philosophy of never wasting a moment is excellent, but for a valet it is not one of unmixed joy.

A recent occurrence will show how Providence often clears a path for us when things look darkest. For some time, I had been in despair over the appearance of our rooms. Piled in heaps all about were letters, books, papers, pictures of one sort and another which I could not destroy or make way with without Mr. Fairbanks' permission. Which permission I had never been able to gain.

Yesterday, Mrs. Fairbanks dropped in.

"Joe," she said, "when with her usual daintiness she had glanced about, "things are not very tidy here."*

"No, Mrs. Fairbanks," I replied with dignity, "nor can they be until Mr. Fairbanks decides what he wishes done with those things."

Mr. Fairbanks coming in then, I disappeared to leave them alone, such small matters of delicacy being the mark of your true valet. When I returned I found to my joy, that his wife had prevailed—as she mostly does—and that she had cleared out the clutterings of months. She had a regular house cleaning, with her own hands, and she pulled down the curtains and ordered me to order clean ones up at the house. So that I may now maintain our rooms somewhat in the style to which I have been accustomed.

Another matter in which Mrs. Fairbanks has brought help to me in my capacity. One day she said to me, "Joe, I want you to buy Mr. Fairbanks a little note book and a pencil—a real nice one, please. He should carry one. He loses many valuable thoughts because he has not a pencil and paper handy to write them down."*

I may be believed or not when I say I was dubious. Even went so far as to tell Mrs. Fairbanks I doubted very much if her husband could be brought to carry it—with his strange prejudice against carrying things.

But she only smiled. I got the note book.

Mr. Fairbanks was as positive as one may well be that he would never carry that book. He told me so. "I know I'll never carry it," he said.

But somehow, Mrs. Fairbanks won him over. He now makes a great point of carrying and using his little note book, because she gave it to him.

Which shows, if I may say so, that a great man is as human as the rest of us where his wife is concerned. And indeed it would be hard to imagine anyone re- using Mr. Fairbanks anything.

Mr. Fairbanks is very prone to become enamoured of some new exercise. Never shall I forget when that athletic feat called pole vaulting became his idol. At present, it is bicycle riding, which he took up because he wished to reduce for "The Three Musketeers." He is now ten pounds lighter than he has been in several years. Daily he rode long distances on his bicycle.

*Mr. Fairbanks' own words.

(Continued)
Autobiographical Memoirs of M... (Concluded)

and never at any time was I able to make him understand clothing;

In the morning, upon arising, he invariably takes the standard Army setting up
the only set forms which he follows, he sits in the pool at the house, and does many
stunts of all kinds.

If I may be forgiven for introducing the lighter touch, I don't think here there is
just one little joke that is a favorite of Mr. Fair-

banks' and that has been the cause of much
innocent amusement to him. He has in
his dressing room, on the edge of a floor
chair furnished underneath with an electric
shock battery, which, when operated by
pushing a button on the dressing table,
causes the person seated at the moment in
the chair a good deal of inconvenience.

Many distinguished visitors have sat
in chair and the ensuing activities have
been such that I have more than once had
the perfect poise a vail should pride him-
self upon and have been forced to laugh.

Whether or not in this short space I
have accomplished my object, set forth at
length in the opening of my manuscript, only
my readers can tell. But if I have somewhat
enlightened Mr. Fairbanks in particular, motion picture stars in general
and, modestly I hope, myself, I shall be
glad that my labor has not been lost.

The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 63)

PERJURY—Fox

The plot of "Perjury" centers about

Mr. Farnum's chest and neck de-

velopment. The action lasts through

twenty turbulent years, and there is

never a moment during that time when Mr.

Farnum is not expanding his chest to the

breaking point. It is a foregone conclusion

that something will snap before the finish.

Mr. Farnum holds up well, but the audience

cracks under the strain.

BIG GAME—Metro

A THIN and obvious story. Should have
been done in two reels or, better still,
not at all. May Allison as a "peppy" wife
doesn't come off all that well out of this,

a diminutive, aristocratic husband. She

unfortunately succeeds. As a comedy it's a
good tragedy and vice versa.

NAME THE DAY—Rolin-Path

This may not be the month's worst
comedy. We have not seen all of them.
It is a dreadfully stupid affair, with Snub
Pollard in the leading role, whatever that
is. That's why the picture looks like a
diminutive, dinky, diminutive ducky, who used to play with
Harold Lloyd. Marie Mosquini was said

to be leaving comedy for drama. She

should.

A TRIP TO PARADISE—Metro

LOVERS of "Lillium" may wail and gnash
their teeth at this picturization of

Franz Molnar's play, but others will prob-
ably enjoy it. It is very little like the

original. It is a fairly entertaining

"movie." Bert Lytell is not a Joseph

Schildkraut, and Virginia Vail is hardly an

Eva Le Gallienne. But Mr. Lytell does
good work and Miss Vail is her usual
delightful and pretty self. Not bad; not
good, but not bad.
SHAME—Fox

WHEN the hero of "Shame" hears that his mother was Chinese, he immediately dashes to the mirror and sees himself reflected with almond eyes, long nails and a laundry. The thought drives him almost insane, so he goes to Alaska and fights a wolf. "Shame" is well directed and consistently exciting.

QUO VADIS—Kleine-Warren

THE cutter's shears show their mark upon the 1921 re-issue of this Italian film. A screen masterpiece in 1913, it is remarkable now only for some bits of unusual acting and one or two magnificent sets. Continuity is choppy and fragmentary, and the love story of Petronius and the slave Eunice, itself a classic, has been shorn to make room for a "happy ending." A mutilated masterpiece.

THE BLOT—Weber-Warren

OR "Do Schoolteachers Eat?" Apparently not, according to Lois Weber, who here pictures a starving professor, his wife and daughter, Claire Windsor, in a series of pathetic episodes. Luckily the rich young college lad, Louis Calhern, appears just in time with roast chicken and a wedding ring. Typical Weber exaggeration, and rather tiresome. Censor proof.

THERE ARE NO VILLAINS—Metro

OF course there was one. Otherwise, what would the poor scenario writer have done? He smugly opium (the villain, you know) and Viola Dana suspects Gaston Glass. You'll probably be more clever than she, and discover how it's all going to end during the first reel. Just a motion picture.

OPENED SHUTTERS—Universal

ONE of the numerous "Miracle Man" trailers, and as much of a failure as other photoplays imitating this great original have been. Several chapters from Mary Baker Eddy's works are distributed through the sub-titles, the heroine, Edith Roberts, finally ridding herself of all erroneous thought, with Edward Burns her reward. Next?

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

"WALLY" REID

Star of the Movies, Plays a

BUESCHER

True-Tone Saxophone

While not classed as a musical star, Wallace Reid's Saxophone affords him much pleasure in home entertainment. His decision to purchase a Buescher was made after knowing it to be the

Choice of Professionals

such as Tom Brown of the Six Brown Brothers; Clyde Deery of the noted Art Hickman's Orchestra and Columbia Record Maker; Donald Clark, expert Saxophonist with the celebrated Paul White- man's Orchestra; J. Gurewich, Saxophone Soloist with Sousa's Band, and many others. More Buescher Saxophones are used than the combined product of all other manufacturers, because they are

Easiest to Play

You can learn the scale in an hour's practice and play popular music in afew weeks. Practice is a pleasure because you learn so quickly. You can take your choice of a band within 30 days, if you so desire.

Unrivalled for home entertainment, church, lodge or school. In big demand for orchestra dance music. A Saxophone will enable you to take an important part in the musical development of your community. It increases your popularity and your opportunities, as well as your pleasure.

Saxophone Book Free

"The Origin of the Saxophone" is an interesting booklet. It illustrates the beginner's first lesson. It tells what each Saxophone is best adapted for; what to use singly, in quartets, quintets, ensembles; or in regular band or full Saxophone Band. Tells how to transpose for 'cello parts in orchestra. It illustrates and fully describes the virtues of each model of the Saxophone Family. Ask for your copy.

Thousands of the most successful professionals--Buescher Cornets, Trumpets, Trombones, and other Band and Orchestral Instruments.

Free Trial—Easy Payments

You can order any Buescher instrument without paying money in advance, and try it at home, without obligation. If generally satisfied you pay for it in easy, convenient payments to suit your convenience. Mention the instrument you are interested in and complete outfit will be mailed free.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.

Makers of Buescher Band and Orchestra Instruments

2230 Buescher Block

Elkhart, Indiana

"Have you much of a part in this picture?"

Leading Man—"No—I'm just filling in between the stars' close-ups!"

Photoplay Magazine.
Banish Coarse Pores

My Methods have Brought Beauty to Thousands

READ MY FREE OFFER

Let me rid you of Coarse Pores, Wrinkles, Blackheads, Pimples, Freckles and Superfluous Hair.

And you—sixty-four years old and don’t look no older than what you did when I first knew you—why, you were treasured—you and your son were starring in ‘Livery Stable Knights’ then.

Dave Brannon sank back luxuriously in the high-backed chair. He was mighty tired after thirty-two consecutive weeks on the road.

“Let that, my boy,” he thought despairingly. “It ain’t been makin’ me take the long end. Says I’m older’n he is,” Dave chuckled.

“You’d think he was a young rooster instead of bin’ sixty himself.”

Blumenthal pressed a cigar upon the stage. The room was bathed in electric light.

He let his eye wander to the sacred window and gazed unseeing across the light-studded blackness which was Central Park.

Now Dave Brannon understood. Comprehension had come to him with the smashing first act curtain—a marvelous dramatic climax which his forty years of training had equipped him to understand perfectly the psychology of the actor.

And you—sixty-four years old and don’t look no older than what you did when I first knew you—why, you were treasured—you and your son were starring in ‘Livery Stable Knights’ then.

But today they are gone—my skin is smooth, my complexion and figure lovely, my hair beautiful. My Beauty Methods and HOW TO USE THEM, also my Complexion is as smooth and clear as when a girl and I were in the same age, and produced a play manuscript. “Take it to your hotel and give it the once-over. Come back tomorrow and tell me what you think of it!”

And you—sixty-four years old and don’t look no older than what you did when I first knew you—why, you were treasured—you and your son were starring in ‘Livery Stable Knights’ then.

“I think of it!”

“Sure, An’ then about six months in Chi-an’ mebbe four-five in Boston an’ about three in Philby.” He paused.

“Yeah!”

“And after that?” questioned Dave Brannon.

“Oh! after that—whatever you want. If you wasn’t anxious to go back on the road . . .

Me and Tom ain’t hankering to quit the road. Say! we celebrated our fortieth anniversary together in Birmingham. Started out as a team in that very burg—gosh! it was long ago. Forty years . . . an’ there ain’t nothin’ left of it that Tom Craig ain’t been makin’ he take the long end. Says I’m older’n he is.”

“... and lemme know howit hits you. That’s how about doin’ me a favor."

Blumenthal pressed a cigar upon the veteran comedian. “Try this—and say: how about doin’ me a favor?"

“Yeah!”

The producer reached into a desk drawer and produced a play manuscript. “Take it to your hotel and give it the once-over. Come back tomorrow and tell me what you think of it!”

“We’ll . . .” Brannon rose, holding the script uncertainly. “The idea is—

“There ain’t no idea, Dave. Just read it, and lemme know how it hits you. That’s all I wanted with you. Now beat it—I’m busy; busy something terrible.

At precisely nine minutes past midnight that night Dave Brannon reverently closed the manuscript and placed it gently on the table. Then, moving quietly, as though fearful of destroying a magic spell, he made as plain to him as though in attendance at a triumphant premiere. Before the first scene of the second act was completed he knew that Moe Blumenthal had played it in his heart and soul, that a play and its author had never been written in modern times. And he knew how Moe had done it in this way: Keen Moe Blumenthal—wise Moe Blumenthal—understanding perfectly the psychology of the actor.

“Among the great things of the world are the things that never come to our knowledge. The great wealth of time, the great power of the sun appear to be so familiar to us and yet are capable of being enjoyed by us only when we recognize them as such.”

“Never. It was the ‘Cyrano de Bergerac’ of Mansfield, the ‘Hamlet’ of Booth, the ‘Music Master’ of Warfield. A great yearning to play this part was born in the breast of Dave Brannon, a yearning whose momentous character transcends the life of all comedians to essay serious drama. He envisioned himself on the stage at the conclusion, the magnificent third act—Dave Brannon, Moe Blumenthal—and then, quite suddenly, Dave Brannon did a strange thing. He rose and walked angrily to the window switch. The room was bathed in light! Brannon dropped trembling fingers about the manuscript and hurled it viciously into a corner.

Dave found himself trembling from head to foot. He saw himself in that role: knew that it meant a climax to a stage career which would live forever—if only because of that climax. It was an opportunity which comes to some actors once: to most actors, never. It was the ‘Cyrano de Bergerac’ of Mansfield, the ‘Hamlet’ of Booth, the ‘Music Master’ of Warfield. A great yearning to play this part was born in the breast of Dave Brannon, a yearning whose momentous character transcends the life of all comedians to essay serious drama. He envisioned himself on the stage at the conclusion, the magnificent third act—Dave Brannon, Moe Blumenthal—and then, quite suddenly, Dave Brannon did a strange thing. He rose and walked angrily to the window switch. The room was bathed in light! Brannon dropped trembling fingers about the manuscript and hurled it viciously into a corner.
A mistake? A mistake you tell me I made?" Blumenthal was growing excited. He knew that he was tactless, but he couldn't control himself. "I made it how, that play, Dave, I took it out of my pocket for one friend like you, Dave Brannon, I didn't make it no mistake about him at all, see? Because when I read that play, Dave, I looked at you in my pocket a quarter and I flipped it up in the air, and I looked at myself, I said: 'Heads I get Tom Craig to play that part, and tails I get Dave Brannon to play it.' And, Dave, it came tails: Blumenthal shook his head. "No. It fell heads!"

There was a light of homage in the glance Blumenthal bestowed upon the old actor. "Tell me, Dave Brannon, a million dollars I'd give—only that would be too cheap." A pause, and then: "Suppose you can't get Tom to play it on account he's thinking, too, that for forty years him and I have been partners?"

"I'll make him play the part," asserted Dave Brannon positively. "I'll make him play it!"

"In that there play," said the producer, after a short, embarrassed pause, "the author has wrote a little part—a colored butler. Who you would suggest I should get to play that part, Dave, if Tom Craig plays the lead?"

And Dave Brannon looked the producer squarely in the eye as he answered. "I'll play the butler, Moe. I'll play him myself!"

The sun dropped slowly out of sight beyond the Palisades and twilight enveloped the Park. Twilight broken here and there by the flash of auto head-lights, by the garish lampposts scattered along the walkways, by the radiance which appeared as by magic from the windows of apartment houses.

But there was no light in the hotel room in which sat Dave Brannon and Tom Craig. The manuscript of the play lay on his knees. For fifteen minutes neither man had spoken; neither could trust himself. And finally Craig rose and crossed to the window where he stood looking down—through a mist—upon the purple velvet of coming night.

neither man had spoken; neither could trust

The End of the Road

(Continued)
The End of the Road

(Continued)

"You must do it, Tom. I promised Blumenthal."

"You had no right to promise Blumenthal. For forty years we've been Brannon and Craig. To my mind there isn't any Brannon and there isn't any Craig. It's me and you—two names; Brannon & Craig is one name—it means one thing, and—and, if it's left to me, Dave—it'll always be just that."

"You play this part, Tom, and the name of Tom Craig is going to mean more than Brannon & Craig ever meant."

"I'll never break up the team, Dave. Never."

Brannon rose and switched on the lights. He crossed the room and stood before his partner; slightly taller, with less obvious nervousness, with hair more touched with the snow of age. He placed both hands on Craig's shoulders and compelled his gaze.

"Forty years we've been together, Tom. We've had a lot of success—and we've had a lot of trouble. There were times when a little bit of a lie—the whitest sort of a lie—would have helped us both a good deal. Have you ever known me to tell even that sort of a lie, Tom?"

Craig shook his head. "No-o..."

"Well, listen to me—because I'm not lying now. If you don't accept that part—and let him star you—I'll give out a notice to every paper in town that the team of Brannon & Craig has been disband. That I will do, Tom—so help me God!"

"No—no! You don't mean that, Dave. You wouldn't do a thing like that!"

"I would, Tom. You know I would."

Tom Craig sank slowly into the chair and covered his face with his hands. A sob shook his frame... and the hand of Dave Brannon leant gently as a woman's—on his shoulder.

"There's no use taking it that way, Tom..."

"It's got to be..."

And Tom nodded heavily. His voice came to the other as from a distance—"Yes, Dave—if you say so—it's got to be!"

It was a toosimc morsel for the press, and at the Lamb's and Friars clubs a good deal of speculation was bartered. They knew it was something big—because Moe Blumenthal was personally directing. He had known of old but the new Tom Craig—the supreme actor in every move. . . a great nervousness.

Tom Craig was being starred; that much was published broadcast to New York with the appearance of liqueographed sheets. The lithography itself was an old and tried procedure and an index to Blumenthal's state of mind—for a new show usually makes its billboard blow with plain black printing. Not so this one—"The Wrack" was advertised to the world in seven colors and Moe Blumenthal cheerfully paid a lithographer's bill of nearly five thousand dollars.

Yet it wasn't the play and it wasn't the starring of Tom Craig which set the radio-a-baloo with its feet but the sound of a voice that was new to them and at which they stared—Tong Craig's, knew in John Erskine's four act drama 'The Wrack' with a great cast including Dave Brannon."

That was the way the billing was done, and Broadway had understood—save the Dave Brannon part.

For the first two weeks the company of eleven persons rehearsed morning and afternoon. Then for two additional weeks night rehearsals was added to the daily routine. Moe Blumenthal was reduced to the verge of a physical wreck. His business office was at a standoff. He denied himself to reporters and refused to talk with the ticket agencies which appeared to him to be as material of an advance buy.

"I ain't gonna need no buy for this show. It'll be a sellout."

They wanted to know where he intended to try out. He started them by pointing to the new Belvedere theater on the opposite side of Forty-second street. "Right there I try it out."

"What? You're going to open cold in New York?"

"Not me. I swapped Blumenthal, 'I'm gonna open hot!"

The house was sold out two hours after tickets went on sale at the box office. The crowds were friendly, too—just as all first night crowds are friendly—but it was there demanding to be shown; expecting a superlative performance, inclined to be testify if disappointed.

The entrance of Dave Brannon, as an old negro servitor, came early in the first act. He was greeted with a burst of spontaneous applause. He spoke his few conventional lines and made his exit. Standing in the wings was Tom Craig. A side by side stood the two old men; faces masked by the familiar burnt cork—..as they as they had been for forty years. Yet tonight they made their appearances on the same stage in the same show—and it was no longer "Brannon & Craig." Tonight it was Tom Craig who was starred; Dave Brannon in his supporting company. And there were tears in the eyes of Tom Craig as the actors on stage worked toward his entrance cue.

"I wish I hadn't."

"Not as good last night, Tom; our night—because I'm happier than you."

"I'm miserable, Dave—awful miserable."

Then he was on stage; thoroughly the actor at sound of his cue, shambling on in perfect character as the shiftless, lazy, antebellum negro. The crowd roared its acclamation, applauding the new Tom Craig they had known of old but the new Tom Craig—the supreme actor in every move. . . a great actor assured of his triumph.

And then—the play. It started slowly, softly, delicately; a thing of evident—no, of obvious—phenomenal success.

He denied himself to re-
The End of the Road

(Concluded)

searching vainly for the friendliness which had always been his—always until now. A stark figure who might have stepped from a tragic comedy—epic in his wistfulness, superb in his grief.

There were no curtain calls after the big third act, but there was an unprecedented tribute in the very silence of the audience. Here was a play—here an exhibition of dramatic art—too great for mere hand-clapping of hands. The audience rose to its feet and screamed; here was a play—here an exhibition of no milk-and-water clapping of hands. The din of the spectators continued; it made itself heard above the roar.

And here was no ordinary applause; here was no Craig and no Brannon. He took the partners of forty years stepping out to face their triumph never to be equalled in recognizing—his name. And then— as the applause stilled for a brief moment— came a call beat upon the empty stage; a stark figure who might have taken Tom Craig by the hand and together the old actor did not appear; it was as though he did not hear—did not recognize—his name. And then—as the applause stiffened for a brief moment—came a call from the middle of the house; a call which had been heard in every theater in America at some time during the past forty years; it made itself heard above the roar.

"Brannon and Craig! Brannon and Craig!"

And then Tom Craig heard. It was one name—Brannon & Craig. To him there was no Craig and no Brannon. He took Dave Brannon by the hand and then the partners of forty years stepped out to face their triumph. Never to be equalled in recognizing—his name. And then this time was no Craig and no Brannon. He took Dave Brannon by the hand and together the partners of forty years stepped out to face their triumph never to be equalled in recognizing—his name. And then— as the silence of the audience rose to its feet and screamed; here was a play—here an exhibition of no milk-and-water clapping of hands. The din of the spectators continued; it made itself heard above the roar. "Brannon and Craig! Brannon and Craig!"

And then Tom Craig heard. It was one name—Brannon & Craig. To him there was no Craig and no Brannon. He took Dave Brannon by the hand and together the partners of forty years stepped out to face their triumph never to be equalled in recognizing—his name. And then— as the silence of the audience rose to its feet and screamed; here was a play—here an exhibition of no milk-and-water clapping of hands. The din of the spectators continued; it made itself heard above the roar. "Brannon and Craig! Brannon and Craig!"

But the old actor did not appear; it was as though he did not hear—did not recognize—his name. And then—as the applause stiffened for a brief moment—came a call from the middle of the house; a call which had been heard in every theater in America at some time during the past forty years; it made itself heard above the roar.

"Brannon and Craig! Brannon and Craig!"

And then Tom Craig heard. It was one name—Brannon & Craig. To him there was no Craig and no Brannon. He took Dave Brannon by the hand and together the partners of forty years stepped out to face their triumph never to be equalled in recognizing—his name. And then— as the silence of the audience rose to its feet and screamed; here was a play—here an exhibition of no milk-and-water clapping of hands. The din of the spectators continued; it made itself heard above the roar. "Brannon and Craig! Brannon and Craig!"

But the old actor did not appear; it was as though he did not hear—did not recognize—his name. And then—as the applause stiffened for a brief moment—came a call from the middle of the house; a call which had been heard in every theater in America at some time during the past forty years; it made itself heard above the roar.

"Brannon and Craig! Brannon and Craig!"

And then Tom Craig heard. It was one name—Brannon & Craig. To him there was no Craig and no Brannon. He took Dave Brannon by the hand and together the partners of forty years stepped out to face their triumph never to be equalled in recognizing—his name. And then— as the silence of the audience rose to its feet and screamed; here was a play—here an exhibition of no milk-and-water clapping of hands. The din of the spectators continued; it made itself heard above the roar. "Brannon and Craig! Brannon and Craig!"

But the old actor did not appear; it was as though he did not hear—did not recognize—his name. And then—as the applause stiffened for a brief moment—came a call from the middle of the house; a call which had been heard in every theater in America at some time during the past forty years; it made itself heard above the roar. "Brannon and Craig! Brannon and Craig!"
Every Own a Book That Made You Want To Cheer Out Loud When You Read It?

You'll want to, when you read this wonderful new novel by the man who, last year, stirred a million hearts with his story "King of the Dust."

Now on Sale in
Every Bookstore
$2.00

The Pride of Palomar
By Peter B. Kyne
Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger and (in colors) Dean Cornwall

A triumphant tale which interprets the great American West of today. A rattling good story so much more "alive" than the average that you feel you're actually witnessing the lovable Don Mike's audacious battle for honor and—a friendly enemy's daughter.

So vividly real do these greatest of Peter B. Kyne's characters become that, well—if you've the average American's love of wit, romance, adventure and magnificent bluff, the person in the next room may hear a vigorous cheer when you reach the amazing climax.

Don't wait till tomorrow to begin this most human of stories.

Now on Sale in
Every Bookstore
$2.00

Cosmopolitan Book Corporation
19 West Forty-Third Street, New York.

Vamps of All Times
(Continued from page 91)

afford to that effect by the grateful Ra, she began to be worshiped in every zareba from Fashoda to the Delta, and a crop of temples sprang up in her honor like mushrooms after a rain.

A word would not be amiss here about Isis's wardrobe as a goddess. Aphrodite, who found clothing of any sort not only inconvenient but suggestive, presents one extreme of fashion. Frisca, her German cousin, who, owing to the extreme cold of her Northern home, was always bundled up in coarse woolen clothing, presents the other extreme.

Isis, when she became the first lady of Egypt, hit upon a happy medium between these two sartorial extremes. She affected clinging little white frocks made of what Tennyson has called "saman, wonderful." The fashion set by Isis was followed many centuries afterward, by Cleopatra, with important changes in detail suggested by the most exclusive bodices of Alexandria. Their designs showed the influence of Mark Antony, who in Cleopatra's time was the leading figure in the ladies' garment trade of Egypt.

Having played a contemptible trick on the All-Father, Ra, Isis next proceeded to marry his son Osiris, who afterwards was exiled Chief Justice of the Soul-Underworld, running on the same ticket with Recorder Thoth.

Isis and Osiris met on the bank of the Nile at sunset but the lovers fell upon the view of the susceptible son of Ra, that she must have put some time and thought into the meeting.

Dr. F. H. Brecklnger, who has made an exhaustive study of the event, describes the enterprising goddess as of a "sweet and gentle face, fair of skin and tinted rosy red, the comely figure clad in a robe of clashing white, and a wealth of chestnut hair that, when it fell to her feet, covered her as with a garment and shone in the dying sunlight like burnished copper."

They set up housekeeping at Thebes, where an admiring peer-pul soon installed Osiris as their king, and Isis reigned with him as his wedded consort.

All might have gone well, and Isis's skill at doing Chinese puzzles might never have been called into play, if Osiris's wicked brother, alias Typhon, had not come to Thebes on a visit. This person, who is described as short, swarthy, thickset, and bearing a close facial resemblance to an ape, was not only avaricious, but he was also ambitious. He was not only ambitious, but he was also unscrupulous. He was not only unscrupulous but he was also amorous. He conceived a violent passion for his beautiful, samite-draped sister-in-law as soon as he had laid his insolent eyes on her "comely figure."

She proved to be the sort of man who would bite the hand that fed him and stub the toe that kicked him.

Disguising his malicious purposes under the cloak of brotherly love—and even that cloak was a present from Osiris—Set one day induced his brother to join him and some of his dissolute associates in a game of "Get-in-the-Bow!"
The main feature of this game, which Set invented for the occasion, was a curiously contrived box, richly studded with pearls and precious stones. The purpose of the game was to find out whom the box would fit most closely.
Vamps of All Times
(Continued)

Several of Set's gangsters made an effort to fit into it, but Set ruled them all out. When Osiris had been induced to try his luck and had got into the box, Set promptly clamped on the lid and nailed it down, while his friends cheered loudly.

Then they carried the box and set it aflame on the Nile, and Set went to call on the widow. But Mrs. Osiris not only refused to recognize the new king but also instructed her servants to inform him she was "not at home." This proceeding, no doubt, was the original use of the police fiction so frequently resorted to nowadays by ladies rich enough to have maids.

Far from acceding to her wicked brother-in-law's thinly disguised offers of marriage, Isis made her escape—disguised as a swallow the high church party would have it—and started down the Nile in search of the richly decorated box. When she finally did find it away down in the Delta country, she had a fresh revelation of Set's duplicity and deceitfulness. She found that the pearls that adorned it were of the fresh water variety, and that the precious stones had come from a marble quarry with a little paint judiciously applied.

Her disappointment in this respect, however, was partly compensated for by the fact that she found the body of her Osiris within, looking lifelike, but unmistakably dead. To bring it back to life by spells and incantations was a comparatively easy matter for the accomplished mistress of the occult.

Isis and Osiris now decided to withdraw from public life for the time being. They retired to a hunting lodge near an oasis. Her worst premonitions were justified when Set again appeared at her modest home and once more asked her for her hand on the pretext that he wished to marry her.

"You have killed Osiris again!" she surmised with a sinking heart.

"I have not only killed him, but I have carved him up into small pieces, and have made a hyena mad with envy."

He replied with a laugh that would have made a hyena mad with envy.

"I have not only killed him, but I have carved him up into small pieces, and have scattered the pieces all over Egypt, so that you will never be able to get them together and bring him to life again—ha, ha!" he roared exultantly.

But Isis had not studied Chinese puzzles in vain for so many years. Having discovered the head of Osiris by the glow of the nimbus that surrounded it, she found every one of the other scattered pieces, put them care-fully together, and with the aid of Father Ra accomplished the unusual feat of making a Chinese puzzle live.

After that Isis and the man she had won by vamping methods, but whom now she sincerely loved, lived happily together in their hunting trip at the appointed time. Some-thing told Isis that all was not right with him. Her worst premonitions were justified when Set appeared at her modest home and once more asked her for her hand on the pretext that he wished to marry her.

"You have killed Osiris again!" she surmised with a sinking heart.

"I have not only killed him, but I have carved him up into small pieces, and have scattered the pieces all over Egypt, so that you will never be able to get them together and bring him to life again—ha, ha!" he roared exultantly.

But Isis had not studied Chinese puzzles in vain for so many years. Having discovered the head of Osiris by the glow of the nimbus that surrounded it, she found every one of the other scattered pieces, put them care-fully together, and with the aid of Father Ra accomplished the unusual feat of making a Chinese puzzle live.

After that Isis and the man she had won by vamping methods, but whom now she sincerely loved, lived happily together in their hunting trip at the appointed time. Some-thing told Isis that all was not right with him. Her worst premonitions were justified when Set appeared at her modest home and once more asked her for her hand on the pretext that he wished to marry her.

"You have killed Osiris again!" she surmised with a sinking heart.

"I have not only killed him, but I have carved him up into small pieces, and have scattered the pieces all over Egypt, so that you will never be able to get them together and bring him to life again—ha, ha!" he roared exultantly.

But Isis had not studied Chinese puzzles in vain for so many years. Having discovered the head of Osiris by the glow of the nimbus that surrounded it, she found every one of the other scattered pieces, put them care-fully together, and with the aid of Father Ra accomplished the unusual feat of making a Chinese puzzle live.
Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 107)

EDNA R.—No, I did not write the Questions and Answers for the Burlesque Number of "Life" (September 8). They were kidding me, but I didn't mind. It was very funny. I love life. (Adv.) Yes—Wallace Reid is married.

D. E. M., WATERBURY, CONN.—Kathleen Kirkham, that dignified, slim young actress, played Annis Grand in "The Foolish Matrons." Ethel Clayton was born in Champaign, Illinois, on November 18, 1890. Better hurry up if you're going to send her a birthday card.

PEGGY.—It should be Piggy. I have no recent information concerning Florence Evelyn Martin and Leon Gendron. They have been appearing in stock. Miss Martin was the heroine of the Arthur Guy Empey pictures.

ALICE.—Carroll Myers is married to I. G. Kornblum; she was born in 1901, weighs one hundred twelve pounds and stands five feet four inches in her stock. I beg pardon, her slipper's. San Francisco is all puffed up because Carroll was born there.

EFNA.—Did you actually think I would use your non-de-plume, "The Adorable Vixen"? That might have been a title for one of the old Priscilla Dean pictures. One was "The Exquisite Thief." Gladys Walton was born April 13, in Boston, Mass., in the year 1904. She was educated in Portland, Oregon. Her eyes are hazel, her height is five feet one inch, her weight is one hundred thirteen, and her hair is brown. Whew! Gladys was with Fox Sunshine Comedies before joining Universal. She is married to Frank Riddell. Address her, and Marcella Pershing, at Universal City, Cal. You're welcome, but don't ask so many next time, please.

S. V. E., INDIANA.—Alexander Onslow, who was Olive Thomas' leading man in "Footlights and Shadows," is now being featured in a new stage play, "The Adorable Hares." It is a farce, and one of the funniest I have ever seen. Address Mr. Onslow at the Punch and Judy Theater, New York, N. Y.
Why-Do-They Do-It

THERE'S ONE on — and in "The Oath." Miriam Cooper, the star, meets Hugh. She is wearing a black velvet gown and her hair is piled high on her head with a crepe gown, and her hair is dressed simply, over her ears, with pearls at each side. How did she make the change? Beatrice M., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Playing with Fire

THE only redeeming feature of Pola Negri's one "Why do they do it?" in her otherwise superb portrayal of Carmen in "Gypsy Blood," was the fact that the audience was in a mood to enjoy a bit of recklessness, as it were.

In working her gypsy magic with the melted lead for Jose, she lifts the big iron kettle firmly between two beautiful bare arms and places it to her satisfaction with two equally bare hands. This discloses the blazing flames upon which the kettle was supposed to have rested. But never mind—she's a good actress.

Carmel uses a hair-pin to push a dark suit, when the suit he fell in — you know what I mean — was light.

LEAVE IT to Carmel

IN "A Daughter of the Law," the bar-tender locks Carmel Myers in a room and puts the key in his pocket. In the next scene Carmel uses a hair-pin to push the key out of the lock.

Marcus Reiners, Fort Worth, Texas.

Not that It Matters

IN "Man, Woman, and Marriage," Dorothy Phillips plays an Amazon queen in one of the episodes. At the call to the throne, and removes her cloak again. When she returns, the queen walks up to the throne and removes her cloak again.

"What did she make the change?"

H. P., Fort Dodge, Iowa.

The Weird City Callers

CHARLES RAY'S "Peaceful Valley"

had Charlie fighting a crook from the city. Charlie knocks him over a hay stack. The crook is supposed to have a sprained ankle, but he doesn't limp at all, and he later wears a dark suit, when the suit he fell in — you know what I mean — was light.

V. L. B., San Antonio, Texas.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Literary License

IN the "movie" (it was one) "The Silver Lining," heroine Jewel Carmen is introduced to the exceedingly wealthy and cultured young author at a dinner in a hotel and immediately after the introduction the e. w. a. c. young author seats himself and leaves our poor unworthy heroine standing.

J. H., New York City.

Baird North C

125 B—Louis XV Fan

Colorful; with fan-and-heavy-girandole design. Set includes 3 fans, 16 inches high. Hand painted; silver plated; choice of pearl gray, pink, blue, or black. Set, $3.50.

126 B—Baby Set

Baby spoon and fork. The "Gilbert" spoon 7 1/2 inches long; the fork 6 1/2 inches long, with silver-plated steel blades. Sterling silver plate; both engraved with script initial. The regular retail price on this item would be $6.00. Our price only...

128 B—Ladies' 10K Gold Ring

Set with free reproduction of genuine stone. Your choice of ruby, topaz, emerald, pink or blue sapphire. Retail value $15.00. Our price only...

This $5.00 Gilbert Radio Dial Alarm Clock

The "Gilbert" radio dial alarm clock, shown 5 1/4 inches high, in the dark. Hands and hour and minute hands of nickel, white. Radium movement and stand made of hard steel. Guaranteed gold filled case and bracelet. You'd pay $22.50 for this clock and bracelet direct from us. FOR THIS $22.50...

This wonderful book has the largest mail order jewelry section I have ever seen...
Are Women's Colleges
Old Maid Factories?
(Continued from page 50)

high degree. And I was delighted when I
was informed that one of them had eoloped
the day following graduation, against her
parents' wishes, with a likely young chap
who had done his bit in France. I had been
fortunate enough to meet her and in my
opinion he was a very lucky young chap.

Mrs. Ruth Grimwood, a graduate of
Barnard, cooperated with me in my search
for beauty in the colleges. She visited
personally half a dozen of the leading col-
elges. Samuel Goldwyn, president of the
large motion picture concern that bears his
name, told me that if we found any likely
candidates for the screen in our search he
would be delighted to give some of them an
opportunity. Mrs. Grimwood communi-
cated that fact to many of the girls, but she
did not find a very enthusiastic response.

She talked to scores of girls interested
in dramatic work. Here are her conclusions:

"The only girls who combined beauty
with an appreciation of any possible lure
which the screen might offer were those who
had become seriously interested in the stage
profession or some few from the educational institutions where beauty is not
so negligible a quality.

"Have our women's colleges got on the
wrong track? Are they developing a sort
of super-woman, a sexless creature who has
no time for such mundane matters as charm
and personal appeal? Are they destroying
the feminine which is so much of a woman's charm?

"The young woman in college has become
slovenly and neglectful of the shell which
houses her soul and mind. The issues have
become clouded for her. She is becoming
mentally flat footed and obese.

"In summing up the result of my pilgrim-
age I seem to see a predominance of intellec-
tual, healthy young women, buxom, efficient
with life, keenly interested in every new
phase of existence shown them. But in it
all there is a discordant note. They seem to
shun the mention of beauty. They are
taught discrimination and appreciation of
the highest forms of beauty in literature and all
the arts. Yet the mention of personal
beauty is almost taboo. Is this elimination
of the personal a necessity for the develop-
ment of the intellect?"

That about fifty per cent of college
women remain unmarried, is the opinion
of Professor Samuel J. Homes, of the
University of California, who has just

"It may be said that about 50 per
cent of college women remain un-
married. It is apparently true that
women of superior intellect and force
of character are those who, whether
college women or not, are pretty apt
to be selected for spinsterhood. To
say that they are more likely to win positions
which permit them to enjoy the com-
forts and many of the luxuries of
life; they develop a genuine interest
which often detract from the appeal
to maternity. In some cases they
lose a certain feminine charm, a mis-
fortune, that the desire to compete
instinct recoll in the opposite sex.
There can be no doubt that the race
is losing a vast wealth of material
for motherhood of the best and most
eligible type. Many of the women
who are nowadays most prone to
sacrifice motherhood to a "career"
are just the ones upon whom the obli-
gation of motherhood should rest.
with the greatest weight. It may be seriously doubted if the growing independence of women, despite the many advantages, is an unmixed blessing. Thus far it has worked to deteriorate the race in the interests of social advancement, a process which is bound to be disastrous in the long run."

It is interesting to get the opinion of college men on the subject. The writer communicated with several editors of college papers. One extremely sound letter was received from W. F. M. of "The Trojan," of the University of Southern California.

"It is a most interesting question," he writes, "especially here in Los Angeles where the studios exert a very considerable influence on the entire city, including the educational institutions."

"In my opinion, the majority of the most beautiful girls of our best families do go to college, and I think that a survey of the college campuses, especially of the city university, will bear me out in this. The small-town college has no less beautiful women, but they are not likely to spend as much time on their clothes as their city sisters. The women of any metropolis are notably more stylishly dressed than the ladies of the smaller cities of but a few thousand, and this distinction extends to the colleges of the same cities."

"However, to say that the well-bred American girl marries before she goes to college is not to argue that she does not marry or get engaged in college, and this I believe is the main reason why so-called attractive of the species do not enter the pictures. For the most part, college years are the marriageable ones and this is especially true in the lives of those having the clothes of their city sisters. The women of any metropolis are notably more stylishly dressed than the ladies of the smaller cities of but a few thousand, and this distinction extends to the colleges of the same cities."

"Another reason for the non-entrance of college women into the studios is the fact that there are no (or at any rate very few) courses in playacting in the college curriculums of the country. There are courses in dramatics and in photoplay writing, but the actual work before the camera is not given. The college woman has been trained to give full, perhaps undue, attention to the value of a training for her life work, and it is not to be expected that one majoring in journalism, psychology or a foreign language would, on her own accord, have any persistent intention of making a success in the pictures. She is probably too well trained and mature in judgment to have the often unfounded hopes which bring many girls to the studios without realizing the nature of what they may expect on arriving there without recommendation or fame."

"It is not to be expected that a course in motion picture acting would be all-inclusive or a passport to fame. It might, however, be an excellent method for training the beginner in mistakes to be avoided, what to expect on entrance into the studio work, and other points of practical value, much after the manner of the modern college journalism courses. It would add much to the college adopting it in so far as the latter is a broad training ground for men and women, and it would, I believe, be a benefit to the pictures as well as to the college and its students, if only on account of its directing college women to the studio work."

"I do not believe that the attitude of the faculty towards the dress of the students has any great effect, one way or the other. In a few seminaries plain dress may be insisted upon, but I should think that this would tend to make for all the more extravagant attire on the outside. For the most part, college and university faculties say little or nothing on the subject except by a professional or serious way. It does not go unnoticed in a class where topics of the day are in order, but there is no hostility toward present-day skirts, rolled hose or anything else. And if there were, it would make little difference, for such regulation is permissible only in secondary schools and academies."

"There is little difference between female colleges and co-educational institutions in this respect. Motion picture acting is not brought to the women's attention as a serious and worthy object for a life work. Early illusions about the work have been dispelled and later training has not taken its place. If she is married, she has little incentive to risk a doubtful chance at cinema fame; if unmarried, she is more likely to go on in the line of her previous training."

After all, who can tell wherein lies beauty? Is it the shape of the nose or the tilt of the head, the color of the eyes or hair? Does it lie in the provocative glance of the flirt or the demure smile of modesty? We know the trouble Paris stepped into when he tried to award the apple of discord to the "fairest of women." He chose Venus and started a war. Beauty rose, a highly cultivated flower, makes the wild rose seem insignificant.

Who Will Win the Money?

EXT month sees the end of Photoplay's $14,000 prize fiction contest. The two stories in the December issue will complete the twenty-four from which the prize winners are to be selected. One of these final two is entitled "The Horizon," by Octavus Roy Cohen, author of the corking story, "The End of the Road," in this issue.

Surely her lovely exemplar was not so flawless as Betty? Nor any wiser! . . . for our new Queen of Sheba employs the surest and daintiest means to keep hair-growth from war-exquisite skin. Miss Blythe uses Neet for hair-removal . . . . and only Neet.

So would you like Neet?

Take this velvety, fragrant cream just as it comes and apply it to any hair-marred surface. It soothes! it does not so mar the skin which is being treated, but soothes it! It makes the wild rose seem insignificant.

Neet is so delightful to use! . . . and so safe!

Unlike the harmful razor, Neet never chafes nor reddens the skin; nor leaves behind a hair-marred surface. It soothes! it does not ever irritate! Leave it on a few minutes and then simply rinse the hair away! So wonderfully simple! Merely rinse the hair away.

PHOTOPLAY READERS may test it for 20 cents! Neet sent at air depatures and post offices for photo-

HANNIBAL PHARMACAL CO.
650 Olive St.
St. Louis, Mo.
Questions and Answers

Clay De Lano, New Rochelle.—You live in the same town as the Gish girls. Don’t tell me I won’t tell you. Jack Pickford is not playing now: he’s working—directing sister Mary. They have just finished “Little Lord Fauntleroy.” Mary and Doug are in Manhattan now, and from my office window I can look out on the hotel they’re living in: the Ritz-Carlton. The other day I guess I should have seen but Doug doing stunts on the roof, with Mary posing for some pictures. They’re great folks. Come again.

Pansy.—I spent my lunch hour looking at the Pilgrim exhibition in the public library. Wonderful collection of manuscripts, some of which is Robert’s time. Then I went out into the humming street again, and watched and wondered at the people passing on the Avenue. The Pilgrims made it all possible—but I doubt if they would be much pleased. Women on stilts; fat men riding in fat motors; haughty little dogs looking out of the windows of limousines. It is only because I have to go home to a hall-bedroom that I sneer at them. What think? Ann Little recently completed a serial called “The Silver Fox.” If it were called “The Silver Fox,” you’d see some sense in it. Wouldn’t you? For Ben Wilson miss Little is working on another chapter-drama, “initWith the Woman.” Address her Berwilla Studios, Hollywood.

Bucky, Mexico City.—Bless your heart—your letter was great! So was the snapshot. You want to know what I think of you. Well, I think you’re a mighty sweet kid, and I’d like to hear from you often. (Never do I hear from you for weeks.) I think the sketch you made is very good, but don’t take my word for it. I don’t understand art. Now, now! Is it of Dorothy Gish or Theda Bara? I will surely put your picture in my scrapbook. I wouldn’t write to John Barrymore now, because he is in Europe with his wife who was Blanche Oelrichs Thomas and their baby girl. Barrymore was born in 1892. William Desmond’s latest is “Fighting Mad.”

T. G., Denver.—Irene Castle’s latest is “French Heels,” which is most appropriate since she always wears them. Ward Crane is her leading man. Wanda Hawley is Mrs. Burton Hawley. Mighty nice of you to send me your poems. I can’t tell you how much I appreciate your thoughtfulness.

Millville Fan.—You may be able to get a photograph of the late Olive Thomas by writing to Selznick, 279 Seventeenth Ave., N. Y. C. and enclosing twenty-five cents. Yes, I knew Olive Thomas. She was one of the most beautiful women in the world, and one of the most lovable and kind-hearted.

Dolores.—There is a Dolores Cassinelli in pictures; and there is a Dolores in the Ziegfeld entertainments. Shirley Mason is married to Bernard Durning: they have no children. I don’t know all of the moving picture people. I only know three hundred and eighty-six of them. And I cannot introduce you to Shirley Mason because she doesn’t happen to be one of the 386. I wish she were.

Miss Rachel.—I was sorry that I wasn’t in when you called to tell me that you liked me. But don’t you think you can write me a letter and tell me again?
L. JACQUELINE.—So you have never written to a department of this kind before and you think it would be quite interesting to begin now. Oh, ah,—quite, quite. You want to know the meaning of the Einstein theory. I have been told that nobody knows it but Einstein.

MIXIE.—Do I receive as much mail as the famous movie stars? I am the drawing at the top of the department? Do I? My dear lady, the artist tried to draw it all, but he fell to the floor, exhausted. I have to answer it; but somehow I bear up. Perhaps because of such charming letters as yours, what he is managing. Before you send the fudge to Rudie Valentino, my dear, look at this, that Rudie has so many more admirers than I have, who would be so sorry if anything happened to him. I'll try to make that home-made fudge, honestly. I haven't had any for exactly four years.—Nothing but promises.

RADIO.—No, you didn't shock me. Mary McAvoy is charming, and fully deserves her stardom. But I hope they will give her good stories. She appeared with H. E. Herbert in "The Truth about Joe," but I am sure she could be better employed. She is now with Reaart, starring in "A Private Scandal" and "Everything for Sale."

ARTHUR MOORE, NEW YORK CITY.—You say you are in hopes that you will surprise me some day by seeing your name in electricities. Nothing would surprise me more.

MARRY, NEWARK.—I approve of your choice of favorites. The only fault I could find was that too many of them. Better watch out, some of those stars may compare notes. Bebe Daniels and Wanda Halsey, Reaart; Ethel Clayton, Lasky; Tom Mix; Fox; Owen Moore and Mrs. Moore (Kathryn Perry) Selznick.

JIM J., PORTLAND.—You say you need a rest. Why not send your wife away for the weekend? "The House that Jazz Built" and "Her Three Musketeers" are out. "Don't Tell Everything"; Barthelmess: "The Three Musketeers"; Mary's "Through the Back Streets."

Thelma.—Wallace Reid's latest pictures have been "Double Speed," "Too Much Speed," "The Charm School," "The Affairs of Anatol," "The Hell Diggers" (with Herbert), and "Don't Tell Everything;" Barthelmess: "Way Down East," "Experience," and "Tofable David." Wanda Halsey's: "Great Secret Kiss in Times Square," "The House that Jazz Built" and "Her Sturdy Oak." I don't know whether your three favorites are friends or not. Wally and Wanda probably both are, father, mother, both they work at the Lasky Studio in Hollywood.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.—Your drawing looks like Dorothy Dickson, Bebe Daniels, Lillian Gish, and Mary Pickford. Is it a composite portrait, by any chance? I think the yellowed one must be using those artificial eye-lashes I've been hearing about. They don't grow them that long. Anna Querentia Nilsson is in Sweden now, and Mary Pickford. Is it a composite? Shaw said before I did.

N. S. W.—Your drawing looks like Dorothy Dickson, Bebe Daniels, Lillian Gish, and Mary Pickford. Is it a composite portrait, by any chance? I think the yellowed one must be using those artificial eye-lashes I've been hearing about. They don't grow them that long. Anna Querentia Nilsson is in Sweden now, and Mary Pickford. Is it a composite? Shaw said before I did.

THRELA.—Wallace Reid's latest pictures have been "Double Speed," "Too Much Speed," "The Charm School," "The Affairs of Anatol," "The Hell Diggers" (with Herbert), and "Don't Tell Everything;" Barthelmess: "Way Down East," "Experience," and "Tofable David." Wanda Halsey's: "Great Secret Kiss in Times Square," "The House that Jazz Built" and "Her Sturdy Oak." I don't know whether your three favorites are friends or not. Wally and Wanda probably both are, father, mother, both they work at the Lasky Studio in Hollywood.

Opal, Montana.—Now, yours was a real letter. The sort I like. The sort I try to answer pronto. You remark, en passant (whatever that may, or may not mean): "I will do and long exceutive. I might attain the distinction of being the one girl who had never written to you; but there seems to be a fatal fascination about that. I have written or later, we all fall." Just think, I might never have heard from you. You may not be distinctive, but you swing a dastl sweet pen. Days are very busy, is in the "Three Musketeers"; Mary's "Through the Back Door" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Wally's latest pictures are listed above Oh, Opal, may I not hear from you again?
The Philosophy of Brother Ostrich

There's something almost human about the ostrich. Rather than face the unusual, he buries his head in the sand—thus exposing himself, rather recklessly, to the whims of happenstance.

Isn't that just like the chap who ducks under the sheets the minute the furniture creaks?

Lots of folks shut their eyes when they need them most. In the matter of buying something, for instance—the important business of spending hard earned dollars.

Who gets the most for his money? The man who buys blindly—or the fellow who reads advertising and discovers the things he really wants and needs?

Who is the most economical housekeeper? The woman who buys haphazard, or the one who reads advertising and puts her household purchasing on a business basis?

There's no denying the great value of advertising to those who read it. It protects you against fraud and inferiority. It tells you what is new and good, making you a wise buyer. It saves you money by pointing out for your consideration only the best products.

Don't be an ostrich.

Read the advertisements

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Questions and Answers

Virginia Dare.—The photograph you enclosed is of Elliott Dexter. Following a serious illness, Mr. Dexter used a cane for some time; but he is entirely recovered now. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron; she was born in 1897. Colleen Moore has been on the screen since 1917. She is not married.

D. G., Indianapolis.—James Jennings is in the play called "T. It was owned by millions. Directions in package.

E. W. P., Beach Haven, N. J.—I'm only too glad to have helped you in any way. You're one of my favorites, you know. Good Guess. Cameron made only two films: "The Wonder Man," for Robertson-Cole; and "The Fight of the Age," in which he co-starred with Jack Dempsey. The first was released in 1922, the latter in 1923. Going to the University of London. That's the one. I don't think you'll have much time for films; but if you do go, you'll probably see American pictures. They don't get them for some time—but they do get them. I believe some of the British films are very good. Write again soon.

Alabama Bantam.—You want a picture of Barbara Bedford in the Magazine. Very well, it shall be done. Now you see how obliging I can be.

Ermine.—And you want interviews with May Allison and Pauline Frederick. Any other little things you would like to have me write about? I'll tell the Editor what you say and then it is up to him. I have never noticed a resemblance between Ruth Roland and Dorothy Dalton and my car painted only two films have been married at one time.

A. Kern.—I can't publish a picture of Rudolph Cameron, Jr., because there isn't any Rudolph Cameron, Jr.

Margaret T., London.—Thanks a thousand times for that carking letter. I have read it several times and enjoyed it immensely. You say we should not judge books by their covers. I have never noticed a resemblance between Ruth Roland and Dorothy Dalton and my car painted only two films have been married at one time.

Your Chance Is Here!

Every hour I spent on my I. C. S. Courses has brought success to me! My position, my $5,000 a year income, my home, my family's happiness—I owe it all to my spare time training with the International Correspondence Schools. Every mail brings letters from some of the two million I. C. S. students telling of promotions or increases in salary as the rewards of spare time study.

What are you doing with the hours after supper? Can you afford to let them slip by unimproved when you can easily make them mean so much? One hour a day with the I. C. S. will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

Yes it will! Two million have proved it. For twenty years men in offices, stores, factories, mines, railroads—in every line of technical and commercial work—have been winning promotion and increased salaries through the I. C. S. More than 100,000 men and women are getting ready right now with I. C. S. help for the bigger jobs ahead.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which you have marked an X in the list below:

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which you have marked an X in the list below.

Charles Chaplin

and

Mme. Petrova

TWO personages who have joined Photoplay Magazine's staff of writers. Chaplin, now touring Europe, is to write a series describing his experiences abroad — and Petrova is to write, through the winter, on any subject her brilliant mind may strike.

You are due for some absorbing reading this winter — be sure you get each issue of Photoplay.
For your Baby, use the
Mellin's Food Method
of Milk Modification

Mellin's Food, properly prepared, furnishes every element a baby needs to grow and develop as Nature intends. That is why Mellin's Food babies grow strong, robust and vigorous.

Write today for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," together with a Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food Company
BOSTON, MASS

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
PHOTOPLAY
December
25c

NEW FACES FOR OLD—In this Issue
HERE Monsieur Pogany, the famous artist, depicts for us in America the gay abandon of an old-time Parisian Christmas Eve, or Réveillon.

Hélas! But few of us may know the joy of spending Réveillon à Paris. But any of us, mes amies, may know the joy of giving this Christmas these delightful Parisian Paquets de Noël—these Djer-Kiss holiday sets.

In the best shops everywhere they will be found. More charming they are than ever before—gifts filled to the full with a fascination française. And, more, so splendid a variety of combinations.

Can you, Madame, Mademoiselle, imagine a more charming gift for your friends intimes? Assurément none could be more fashionable—bringing as these paquets de Djer-Kiss do the very charm of Paris itself. So it is that you will give, n’est-ce pas?

You will not forget? C’est une affaire si importante.

Djer-Kiss
HOLIDAY SETS

Djer-Kiss holiday sets are presented to you in six different combinations of these French Djer-Kiss Toilettes. Et aussi six différents prix... Une, a happy choice of happy colors. Les paquets bleus ou les paquets old rose.
The Victrola is the gift of all music to your home

Wherever the dawn of Christmas morning finds a Victrola, there are gathered the greatest artists of this generation. All have contributed their art to the Victrola, positive that it is the one instrument which brings to you their authoritative interpretations in the tones of actual reality.

Will there be a Victrola in your home this Christmas? $25 to $1500.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.
If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.

—if it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town,

—best in plot, presentation, staging, starring, dressing, laughs, thrills, pathos, everything,

—best, because it is made up to a standard and not down to a price,

—best because the organization behind it is great enough to draw on the best talent of every kind in America and Europe and co-ordinate it to produce a perfect photoplay.

If you are a real fan you know a real photoplay, and the way a real fan can pick out a Paramount Picture just by seeing a few hundred feet of it in the middle is the biggest tribute to quality a film can have.

Watch the panel alongside for Paramount Pictures and watch your theatre’s announcements to find out dates of showings.

Check it up for yourself, anytime, anywhere, that if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town.
Contents

December, 1921

Cover Design
From a Pastel Portrait by Rolf Armstrong.

Rotogravure:
- Lillian Gish and Joseph Schildkraut
- Mabel Ballin and William Farnum
- Ruby de Remer and Irene Castle
- Mae Marsh and Marguerite Clark

Mother-Love
Editorial

Mother o' Mine
(Photographs)

Rosalie (Fiction)
Frank Condon

The Unhappy Ending
Frederick Van Vranker

Hail the Woman (Fiction)
Gene Sheridan

When Venus Ordered Hash
Ada Patterson

How I Keep in Condition
Lila Lee

The Well-Dressed Woman and Fall
Carolyn Van Wyck

From an Old Album
(Photographs)

(Contents continued on next page)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage
This Issue

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

Page 60
Little Lord Fauntleroy United Artists
One Arabian Night ... First National
I Do .................. Rolin-Pathe

Page 61
The Idle Class ...... First National
Jungle Adventures ... Exceptional
Bits of Life ......... First National

Page 62
Camille ............... Metro
The Play House ...... First National
The Matrimonial Web ... Vitagraph
Room and Board ........ Realart
All for a Woman .... First National
Beyond ............... Paramount
Charge It ............. Equity

Page 63
No Woman Knows .... Universal
The Primal Law ....... Fox
Passing Through .... Ince-Paramount
Moonlight Follies .... Universal
Dangerous Lies ... British-Paramount
Steelheart ........... Vitagraph

Page 103
Queenie .............. Fox
Garments of Truth .... Metro
Action ................ Universal
God's Crucible ......... Hodkinson
The Infamous Miss Revel .... Metro
The Rowdy ............ Universal
The Secret of the Hills ... Vitagraph
The Night Horsemen ... Fox
Good and Evil .......... F. B. Warren
The Rage of Paris .... Universal
The Girl from God's Country .
What Love Will Do ..... Fox
Contents—Continued

Via Long Distance
Phone-Interviewing Will Rogers on Marriage. Ada Patterson 35

Movies on Strings
Marionettes Revived by the Screen. Tony Sarg 36

From Dishes to Drama
The Rise of Helen Ferguson. Mary Winship 37

The Girl on the Cover
A Close-up of Lillian Gish. Delight Evans 38

Great Thoughts of the Month
Digest of Comment About the Motion Picture. 40

Horizon (Fiction)
A Great Story by a Noted Author. Octavus Roy Cohen 41
Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele.

Only Their Husbands
They're a Nice, Harmless Collection. (Photographs) 45

New Faces for Old
First of a Series Dealing with "Star-Dust." Samuel Goldwyn 46

The Story of Strongheart
The Screen's Latest Dog-Star. 48

West Is East
Interviewing Rudolph Valentino and Ethel Chafin. Delight Evans 49

Why Does the World Love Mary? Adela Rogers St. Johns
Something New About a Great Favorite. 50

Rotogravure:
Mary Pickford Nazimova at Home 51
Jack Holt et Junior Richard Barthelmess

Petrova's Page
By Herself 55

The Best Photoplay of 1920
The People of the United States Have Chosen. James R. Quirk 56

Constance Talmadge and Her Mother
(Photograph) 58

Not So Long Ago
When the Actresses Were Children. (Photographs) 59

The Shadow Stage
Concise Reviews of the New Filmplays. 60

Charlie Abroad
First of a Special Series For Photoplay. Charles S. Chaplin 64

Cutting Back
Dorothy Dalton's Career as Per the Album. (Photographs) 68

Why Do They Do It?
Letters from the Readers. 70

Vamps of All Times
VI—Potiphar's Daughter. Svetezar Tonjoroff 73

Questions and Answers
The Answer Man Gladys Hall 75
And How They Love Their Daughters!

Plays and Players
News from the Studios. Cal. York 78

Purer Than Snow
A Censor-proof Drama. George Randolph Chester 88

Miss Van Wyck Says:
Questions Answered by our Fashion Editor. 92

The Film's First Woman Executive
Miss Edna Williams, formerly a Song-Writer. 94

Addresses of the leading motion picture studios will be found on page 99

Photoplay's
January
Issue

MIGHT almost be called the Feminist Number.
The star story of the month is one by Rupert Hughes on the subject introduced by Samuel Goldwyn in this issue, "New Faces for Old." Outside of that—

There is a story by Dorothy Gish: a lively essay on husbands—her own in particular. She has called it "Largely a Matter of Love." Mrs. James Rennie can write almost as entertainingly as she can act; so you had better watch out for her story.

Mrs. Frank Bacon, the wife of Frank Bacon, the great star of "Lightnin," has as much to do with her husband's success as he has. There was a time when the Bacons couldn't pay the rent. Now they have a wonderful home on Long Island, and everything. She tells you how it happened.

The brilliant and beautiful Elsie Ferguson is one of the happily married stars. She talks about marriage, and illustrates her story with the only pictures of herself with her husband ever published.

There is no actress better qualified to write about success than Mae Murray. She confides her secrets in a way that will interest you.

Corinne Griffith is the Girl on the Cover. There's a story about her inside.

Carolyn Van Wyck's Fashions have never been more fascinating. Remember that the designs of Raoul Bonart, the French artist, are absolutely exclusive to the readers of this Magazine.

The men have their innings, too. Charlie Chaplin gives his impressions of Paris, the next stop in his European tour. Richard Barthelmess is the subject of an interesting interview. And there are others.

The fiction you have learned to expect from Photoplay; the inimitable peppy paragraphs about plays and players; the authentic reviews by the Magazine's staff; and, as always, beautiful portraits in rotogravure. So you really had better.

ORDER
YOUR JANUARY
ISSUE NOW!
The PRICELESS INGREDIENT

In the city of Bagdad lived Hakeem, the Wise One, and many people went to him for counsel, which he gave freely to all, asking nothing in return.

There came to him a young man, who had spent much but got little, and said: "Tell me, Wise One, what shall I do to receive the most for that which I spend?"

Hakeem answered, "A thing that is bought or sold has no value unless it contain that which cannot be bought or sold. Look for the Priceless Ingredient."

"But, what is this Priceless Ingredient?" asked the young man.

Spoke then the Wise One, "My son, the Priceless Ingredient of every product in the market-place is the Honor and Integrity of him who makes it. Consider his name before you buy."

Three words of this old tale—"The Priceless Ingredient"—tell the story of the House of Squibb, revealing the secret of its service and success.

E. R. Squibb & Sons was founded in 1858 by Dr. Edward R. Squibb, a physician and chemist of high principles and ideals. He was inspired, not by hope of financial gain (for he had money enough for all his needs), but by professional duty and personal honor. His aim was to set a new and higher standard in chemical and pharmaceutical manufacture, by making products of greater purity than had yet been known.

Within three years the Squibb Laboratories had attained a position of leadership. In 1861 the Government of the United States turned confidently to Squibb for products needed for a million men in our Civil War. That was sixty years ago. The reputation so early won, the House of Squibb holds today inviolate and values far above profits.

In 1917, as in 1861, the United States Government again turned confidently to Squibb for products needed for millions of men in the World War, and after the War, conferred upon the House of Squibb the Award for Distinguished Service.

For more than half a century the name Squibb has been recognized as full guaranty of skill, knowledge and honor in the manufacture of chemical and pharmaceutical products made exclusively for the medical profession and used only by the physician and the surgeon.

The name Squibb on HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS is equally valued as positive assurance of true purity and reliability.

Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda—exceedingly pure, therefore without bitter taste.
Squibb's Epsom Salt—free from impurities. Preferred also for tastes.
Squibb's Sodium Phosphate—a specially purified product, free from arsenic, therefore safe.
Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—highest quality. Pleasant and effective.
Squibb's Cod Liver Oil—selected finest Norwegian; cold pressed; pure in taste. Rich in vitamins.
Squibb's Olive Oil—selected from Southern France. Absolutely pure. (Sold only through druggists.)
Squibb's Sugar of Milk—specially refined for preparing infants' food. Quickly soluble. In sealed tins.
Squibb's Boric Acid—pure and perfectly soluble. Soft powder for dusting; granular form for solutions.
Squibb's Castor Oil—specially refined, bland in taste; dependable.
Squibb's Stearate of Zinc—a soft and protective powder of highest purity.
Squibb's Magnesia Dental Cream—made from Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Contains no soap or other detrimental substance. Corrects mouth acidity.
Squibb's Talcum Powder—Carnation, Violet, Boudoir, and Unscented. The talcum powder par excellence.
Squibb's Cold Cream—an exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin.

Sold by reliable druggists everywhere, in original sealed packages.

The "Priceless Ingredient" of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
MARION DAVIES
IN "ENCHANTMENT"
Watch for This Picture at Your Favorite Theatre

A Cosmopolitan Production

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
No Excuse for Being Fat

Since New Discovery

One woman reduced 13 pounds in 8 days. Another lost 20 pounds in less than a month. Still another took off 40 pounds in an incredibly short time. All without appliances, medicines, starving, exercises or massage. No discomforts or bitter self-denials. Results in 48 hours. Free trial.

A SIMPLE, easily-followed law of Nature has now been discovered which enables anyone to quickly rid themselves of dangerous, burdensome excess flesh. Results are often apparent in 48 hours. These benefits are secured without discomfort and without any bitter self-denials. In fact, many say they enjoy their meals and other pleasures of life more than ever before.

When you have reached your normal weight, you can retain it without gaining or losing another pound.

Scores of stout men and women, who have regained their normal figures by this method, find that a reduction of a pound a day is not too much to look for at the very start. Many have lost 10 pounds a week—and even more.

Reduce as Quickly as You Wish

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh will depend on your particular type and method of weight control. If you do not wish to lose flesh as rapidly as a pound a day or ten pounds a week, you can regulate the rate of loss so that your rate of loss of flesh will be more gradual. By reducing more slowly you avoid any necessity for sudden changes of clothing. You can make slight and inexpensive alterations in your garments as you steadily attain a slender, graceful figure.

In addition to normal weight and a more youthful figure you secure other benefits of equal importance. For this natural method also builds your health and gives you renewed vitality and energy. You obtain a clearer complexion, a brighter eye, and a more graceful line of the face.

You regain youthful vigor and spirits as well as youthful form. It is like being invited to step into an entirely new body, fully of fresh Springtime. A body of graceful lines; fairly tingling with health; a body that seems capable of any degree of physical exertion.

And you can obtain all this without discomfort or pain. You make little change in your daily routine. You continue to do the things you like and to eat food you enjoy. In fact, far from giving you the pleasures of the table, you actually increase their variety.

The Secret Explained

Scientists have almost realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. It remained for Eugene Christian, the famous food specialist, to discover the one, safe, certain and easily followed method of regulating normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, take off weight instead of adding to it.

Eugene Christian’s Course. "Weight Control — the Basis of Health." in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only $1.07 (plus postage) on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it, I have the privilege of returning it within five days after its receipt and you will be immediately refunded. If more convenient, you may remit with coupon, but this is not necessary.

Just mail the coupon or a letter. You are thoroughly protected by our refund offer. Act today, however, to avoid delay, as it is hard for us to keep up with the demand for these lessons. Think of the surprise and envy you will create among your friends by your renewed, more youthful appearance just a short time after course begins.

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
Dept. W-20812, 43 W. 16th St., New York City

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
Dept. W-20812, 43 W 16th Street.
New York City

You may send me, IN PLAIN CONTAINER, Eugene Christian’s Course,—Weight Control,—the Basis of Health,—12 lessons. I will pay the postman only $1.07 (plus postage) on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it, I have the privilege of returning it within five days after its receipt. It is, of course, understood that I have the right to return my money if I thus return the course.

Name: ____________________________
Address: ____________________________
City: _______________________________
State: ________________________________
Price outside United States, $2.15, cash, with order.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Every day your skin is changing. By the right care, any girl can have a smooth, lovely complexion.

Every girl knows—nothing can make you look right if your skin is not right

If your skin is smooth and clear—radiant with freshness and color—you cannot look unattractive, no matter how simple your toilet.

But not even the prettiest clothes will make up for a sallow, lifeless complexion—a skin that is disfigured by blackheads or ugly blemishes.

Don't neglect your skin.

Remember—any girl can have a smooth, lovely complexion. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new forms in its place. By giving this new skin the special treatment it needs, you can actually make it over.

Are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?

There is a special Woodbury treatment for each type of skin.

For instance, if your skin is of the pale, sallow type—it needs the following treatment to stimulate the pores and blood vessels and give it a clear, fresh, healthy color:

ONCE OR TWICE a week, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

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

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

This treatment and other complete treatments for all the different types of skin, are given in the booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 512 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 312 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Copyright, 1931, by The Andrew Jergens Co.
BEAUTY and romance live again in Griffith's "The Two Orphans". The French classic has been done many times, but never more exquisitely. Lillian Gish and Joseph Schildkraut are ideally cast as Henriette and the Chevalier.
ONE'S PEN drips adjectives when one writes about Mabel Ballin. But there is really only one which is peculiarly appropriate. And that's quaint. Isn't she? Miss Ballin is really Mrs. Hugo, the star of her director-husband's own company.
MR. FARNUM'S universal popularity is best illustrated by the fact that nobody calls him William. He has been one of our favorites ever since he made his first picture. We don't remember the picture—but we haven't forgotten Bill.
RUBY DE REMER is a famous beauty, but she doesn't let that spoil her outlook on life. She is just as cheerful and as little inclined to be up-stage as any extra girl—in fact, more so. She is now at the head of her own company.
"THE BEST dressed woman in the world" is what they have been calling Irene Castle ever since she made her debut as a dancer. Irene isn't dancing now—she has just completed a new film—but she still lives up to her original title.
GOOD NEWS! Mae Marsh is coming back. She is rehearsing now for a stage play called "Brittie", and it is reported that she is to make a picture for D. W. Griffith, under whose direction she first won fame. We hope it is true.
THERE is a postman in New Orleans who used to like Marguerite Clark. But now he has changed his mind. He says it isn't reasonable for any one person to get as much mail as Marguerite does. And they're all letters asking her to come back.
This photograph shows a washed satin dress. The method that washed it would wash almost anything safely, don’t you think?

DARK blue satin and georgette, silk braid, and gold thread embroidery— not at all a ‘wash’ dress, you would say.

But the Cincinnati girl who owned it had so much faith in Ivory Soap Flakes that she dipped her dress, gold embroidery and all, in the bubbling suds—washed it without rubbing, just as she would a fine colored linen—rolled it in a towel for half an hour—pressed it carefully on the wrong side—and had once more a gown to be proud of, with satin gleaming, gold thread glistening, georgette sheer and smooth, and each bit of braid trimly in place.

Flakes that launder a gown of this kind so harmlessly can be trusted absolutely, of course, with your frail blouses, lingerie, silk hose, sweaters, and other things that you like to rinse out yourself in the bathroom bowl. And you can depend on them for the quick, easy cleansing of all special things, like this satin gown, that a few years ago you wouldn’t have dreamed you could wash at all.

Ivory Flakes will keep your fine silk, linen, wool or sheer cotton garments from acquiring that ‘laundred’ look. Send for the free sample and directions offered at the left, and see how easily and safely Ivory Flakes works.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Genuine Ivory Soap in Instant-Cleansing Form
Will not harm any color or fabric that water alone will not harm
Makes pretty clothes last longer
Mother-Love

YOU have doubtless wondered, many times, why the evocation of mother-love never fails on screen or stage or canvas. The showman, vocal or silent, doesn't wonder; to him, it is just another of nature's inexplicable laws. He accepts what he calls "mother-stuff" as "sure-fire"; it is always "a draw"; nine times out of ten it can be relied upon to "save the show." There is a reason, deeper than sentiment, beyond all tears. It is a reason so true that it is one of the basic stratae of human fact. Mother-love is the one absolutely pure, unselfish love that we ever really know.

Compared to it, so-called "romantic" love—that "love-interest" which is the backbone of our drama and fiction—is an incarnation of selfishness. In youth, romantic love is mainly physiological, for it is based upon sexual attraction. What passes for romantic love in middle age and old age is a fundamentally selfish, though perhaps quite unconscious, desire for comfort or companionship or refuge from a so-called heartless world of people no more and no less heartless than ourselves. Comradeship and friendship, noble sentiments both, have visible bounds beyond which they cannot pass. Mother-love alone is bounded, if at all, in infinity.

And we dare to say that every audience's reverence before and response to a mimic display of mother-love is based upon something deeper than a recollection of individual mothers, as the casual analysts are fond of telling us. The deep, true reason lies in instinct; instinct whispers that here, alone of human displays, is something sublime, something which makes visible one of the actual attributes of that grand and mystic benignity which every creed calls GOD.

We are not going to exhort you here, after the manner of the familiar screen-caption, to "go home and be good to your mother." Any man or woman who really has to be told that is not fit to have a mother. What we are going to tell you is this: that mother-love is the great controverter of materialism; that mother-love is the greatest and most enduring argument for the existence of an all-seeing and all-kind Creator; that mother-love is the one element not found in the basic chemical constituents of this small star. Mother-love is the grand-humble answer to age-long faith; it is a living proof of the reality of religion.
VERA GORDON

VERA GORDON represents a strongly defined mother type—the type which is wholly wrapped up in her children, and whose greatest joy lies in administering to their needs. There have been few mothers in all theatrical history—not excluding that famous drama of maternal devotion, "Madame X"—who have so poignantly appealed to the human heart as Vera Gordon in "Humoresque." Mrs. Gordon is a mother off the stage as well as on—a real mother who looks after all the little intimate details of her children's lives. And in "Humoresque" she was just that kind of mother; reality and sincerity and a certain bigness of heart went into her every scene.

KATE BRUCE

KATE BRUCE might be designed the "typical" mother, because every one recognizes in her numerous characterizations some quality of his or her own mother. As a rule, she is the forgiving, simple-hearted, patient, trusting mother, whose hair has been prematurely grayed by the cares and worries of an arduous life. But whatever happens, she never loses faith.

EDYTHE CHAPMAN

DESPITE the fact that all mothers are sentimental, the type of mother with which Edythe Chapman has come to be associated as a result of her film characterizations, is what we might call hyper-sentimental. Mothers nowadays are a trifle more worldly than they used to be, though without having lost any of their sweetness or their capacity for feeling. And since the Edythe-Chapman mother is not characteristically modern, she perhaps weeps more than mothers are wont to weep to-day. Miss Chapman's maternal portrayals have an aroma of old rose and lavender about them, and suggest an era when women were "females," and when the adjective "clinging" was synonymous with "feminine." Withal, the mothers she gives us are essentially human and appealing, and she perfectly fitted the role of Mrs. Dean in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

She is kind-hearted and generous, and radiates that tender goodness which somehow only mothers seem to possess. She is neither as sentimental as the Edythe-Chapman mother, nor has she the poise and capable self-possession of the Vera-Gordon mother. She could never be aggressive, but she gains her points through her simple, direct and sometimes tragic appeal. Her mother in "Way Down East" was perfect.
MARY ALDEN

Another type of film mother, yet one which has many traits and qualities in common with all real and lovable mothers, is Mary Alden, whose memorable characterization in "The Old Nest" had much to do with creating the sympathy and heart-interest of that "old folks" picture. Mary Alden gives us a mother of staunchness and capability—a mother who instinctively understands the best way to raise children and to care for them, and who can always be trusted in emergencies. We know, without having tasted them, that the preserves she puts up and the cakes she bakes are "like mother used to make"; and we are sure that she always leaves a little extra frosting in the bowl for the children to lick. If anyone were asked to describe her maternal characterizations with a single adjective, the answer would probably be: "She's the 'old-fashioned' mother."

MARY CARR

"Over the Hill" would not have been the human and appealing picture it was had Mary Carr not been selected for the mother role. In fact, it is impossible to think of this picture without associating it with this particular actress' lovable personality. Miss Carr is the frail, self-effacing, "homey" mother of the films, whose one interest in life is her family and fireside. Perhaps she may not be as competent at making cookies and preserves and at solving difficult domestic problems as one imagines Mary Alden to be, but she nevertheless seems to possess to the fullest degree that most beautiful of all qualities associated with motherhood—self-sacrifice. She impresses one with her humility; and she is particularly good at revealing the tragic side of motherhood.

SYLVIA ASHTON

There are not many mothers of the type which Sylvia Ashton portrays, but she characterizes them (as in "Don't Change Your Husband" and "Why Change Your Wife") with conspicuous artistry. She is generally selected for the cold and haughty society type of mother, who thinks children are more or less bothersome and ought to be turned over to a nurse until they are old enough to understand and mind. There are times when the Sylvia-Ashton kind of mother is even mercenary and calculating, and when social activities constitute her chief interest in life. There are a few mothers like this in the world—she is, in fact, a real old-fashioned mother, with a bonnet and shawl; and she has more theatrical children who love her than any half-dozen of the other mothers combined. She is the type whom people always refer to as "the dearest old lady in the world." Her sweetness is her dominant characteristic.

RUBY LA FAYETTE

No selection of stage mothers would be representative if it omitted the name of Ruby La Fayette. She is the oldest actress, and one of the best beloved characters, in motion pictures. She began her stage career in the 'sixties, and she was seventy-three when she made her debut on the screen, in the title role of a film called "My Mother." She has played innumerable mother parts, and is really the "mother" of all the stage mothers! Her portrayals necessarily are all of the old school—she is, in fact, a real old-fashioned mother, with a bonnet and shawl; and she has more theatrical children who love her than any half-dozen of the other mothers combined. She is the type whom people always refer to as "the dearest old lady in the world." Her sweetness is her dominant characteristic.
The sage who declared that the nearest way to a man’s heart was through his stomach had never considered:

**Rosalie**

A Contest Fiction Story

By FRANK CONDON

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

In San Francisco, eating is a recreation. In Chicago, it is a stern necessity, but in New York, it is an art. In the world’s largest hive of human bees, the gentle custom of sustaining life mounts up with the lofty things that be, such as making bronze bacchantes or painting flowers on silk. There are guplers here, to be sure, and queer personages who consume roast beef hash and rye bread with dill pickles, but the real eating of New York is done by polished experts, the like of whom is nowhere else in Christendom.

Tommy-the-Oysterboy’s.

Roast beef hash and rye bread with dill pickles, but the real making bronze bacchantes or painting flowers on silk. There and one’s first feeling, upon facing the filled tables some evening at seven, with the jolly waiters bustling up and down the aisles, just inside the oaken doors and serve, and yet her thoughts were door, and watched with a cold eye the hearty men and women, loathing them so vehemently that her red lips curled in a scornful smile.

Sitting there one night, bathed in a rosy glow and thinking naught but kindly of my fellow man, I first beheld Rosalie, the being apart. It was the evening duty of Rosalie to stand just inside the oaken doors and serve, and yet her thoughts were elsewhere. Amidst these splendid surroundings of food and this cunning call to appetite, Rosalie was a super-soul, who looked upon it all from her little wooden crypt near the doors, and watched with a cold eye the hearty men and women, loathing them so vehemently that her red lips curled in a scornful smile.

Rosalie was the cloak girl at Tommy-the-Oysterboy’s. Rather, she was the check-room guardian, because when you entered, intent upon feeding your body and elevating your spirit, you were at liberty to leave with Rosalie anything you carried. Generally you left your hat and your overcoat. The ladies sometimes deposited their wraps, but Rosalie’s main business in life was overcoats—light overcoats—heavy overcoats—with fur collars—overcoats made from the skins of unfamiliar animals—overcoats dripping with rain or slushy with snow—but always overcoats.

When you appeared, the doorman greeted you with a smile and a word of welcome, and indicated Rosalie, who stood by the entrance to her snuggy. You moved forward and, without a word, Rosalie gave you what you mistook to be a smile, and her slender figure moved ever so slightly in what you took to be a bow. You turned and twisted yourself about, edging towards her crab-like, and extending your arms out behind. She deftly slipped your overcoat from your back, handed you a little yellow check with a numeral on it, and your mantle disappeared in the darkness of her dungeon, wherein there was a smell of many overcoats, not unpleasant to be sure, and yet unlike the breath of pansies and violets.

You ordered your dinner, with Otto at your elbow, and ate in great content, until you bulged and became as the others. With the smoke rising from your cigar, you stole an occasional glance towards the cloak room, watching the deft and industrious creature with the red lips and the glossy hair, seeing her funny little smile for the newcomer, and her half bow, which was no bow at all, but a scornful shrug, which she invested with the courtesy of a bow.

I became a steady customer at Tommy’s, swept into his maw by my first meal, and in time I grew to a certain distant friendship, or rather acquaintance, with Rosalie. Once I ventured to move polite inquiries.

“Do you like this job?” I asked, smiling my best.

“I do not,” she returned, looking me in the eye.

“What do you remain here?”

“That’s a funny question. You must be a stranger here.”

“No,” I laughed, “I am not a stranger. If you don’t like your job, why not get something else?”

Rosalie contemplated the dining room.

“Sometimes,” she said, “I wish this building would burn down. I wish the whole block would burn down.”

Whereupon she turned to a group of newcomers and took their coats.

Little by little, the true state of affairs in the cloak room dawned upon me, and I even came to know of Otto and his hopeless, silent passion for the one of the bronze hair and the scarlet lips. Otto is the head waiter at Tommy’s. He has always been the head waiter—a white-faced Teuton, with light blue eyes, puffy cheeks and a shining, hairless scalp. Somewhere, Otto has a home of his own—the Bronx—Canarsie—Brooklyn—nobody knows. Likewise, he has a wife and four children, two of them working in a mill. These are known facts, though never a soul has seen Otto’s wife, and I always fancied her as a red-faced woman with a large nose.

A head waiter certainly may nourish a passion for a cloakroom girl, but Rosalie, with Otto’s heart for her football, knew nothing of it. She wondered who sent her the flowers on her birthday, and the boxes of candy at Christmas, with the red roses on the lid. Otto knew, but no one else.

As I say, it came to me gradually that this comely creature at the door of her overcoat eyrie, cherished a bitter resentment against all mankind, and especially the mankind which invested Tommy’s; which came tramping in at noon and again at night, craving rich foods in quantity. In her eyes they were repellent creatures who turned their backs to her and stuck out their arms feebly, so that she might pull their overcoats off. She loathed them with a ferocity that was panther-like, and they never knew, for she hid it from them with a smile they remembered, Otto knew, though. And so did I.

One night I overheard a brief discussion between Rosalie and Tommy—Tommy, himself—the great man who had invented this kiosk of food.

“Why can’t I have it?” she asked him.

**Tommy** was an immaculate man with oiled hair, which he parted down the precise middle of his skull, with so amazing an exactness that it dumfounded the eye. Night after night the line splitting his head into halves was exactly the same. It made me think of an engineering triumph, where parts are fitted to the .0006 of an inch. He affected tall white collars that seemed about to choke him to death, but never did.

“I can’t let Henry go, just to give you his place,” Tommy replied earnestly, and I discovered that they were discussing the cashier and the job behind the mahogany railing. Henry was an elderly person with a thin face and flowing whiskers.
Monsieur Louie led him down the aisle and he passed Rosalie, never pausing or giving her the homage of a glance. He had no reason to pause. He wore no overcoat. Her lips were wide apart and she was staring at the newcomer as though bewitched.

He took your check and your money as you passed out and rang little bells in an impersonal way that deceived you.

"I'd like to be cashier," Rosalie insisted.

"Not now," said Tommy, patting her shoulder. "Maybe some day—"

"When Henry dies," Rosalie said scornfully. "Henry will never die. Men with such whiskers live forever."

"You stay where you are," Tommy urged. "You're doing fine, and the customers like you, Rosalie. Maybe, some time—"
Monseer Louie led him down the aisle and he passed Rosalie, never pausing or giving her the homage of a glance. He had no reason to pause. He wore no overcoat. With his battered hat in his hand, he sauntered behind Monseer Louie and took a table at the far end, beside the wall. I gazed at Rosalie. Her red lips were wide apart and she was staring at the newcomer as though bewitched. That was the beginning of Romance. I felt it in my bones, though I am not a person of unusual perspicacity.

The man ate his dinner alone, looking about him, observing the well-fed horde, smiling at the tremendous sincerity of the oyster opener, who in his moments of stress is as inspired an artist as the leader of any orchestra. I studied the newcomer and observed what he ate. His dinner—two slices of toast, a pot of tea and a salad of lettuce.

**WHO** was he? That I soon discovered, as he came again to Tommy’s. He was John Davids—the name leaped into the papers when the Merris-Coulter expedition returned from the arctic regions after five years of battle with the ice. No wonder, eh?

No marvel that John Davids walked into Tommy’s of a December night in a three-piece suit of flimsy stuff, and wearing no overcoat.

With a dozen starving dogs and a sledge, and staring himself, he had traversed the barren ice up by the Pole—the sacred Pole—and for three weeks he had fought his way over trackless hummocks, until in the end, he had secured Captain Coulter and his crew. That was only one of his notable deeds. The newspapers had a veritable debauch with it when they learned the details.

**THIS** was the silent stranger who came into Tommy’s for a meal and sat there obscurely, like any ribbon buyer from Grand Rapids. He must have smiled to himself at the winds we called bitter. That fine stinging snow—to him, a zephyr.

No one knows the moment when he first noticed Rosalie, for his face was a mask. I believe it was on the occasion of his second visit. It was just such another night—a wolfish night, with the north wind swaggering through the town, slapping the faces of puny humans. John Davids took his table and ordered his sparing meal.

“That man,” said Tommy to me, in a tone of deep feeling, “is John Davids, the explorer.”

He looked durable. There were whispers among the guests and the men pointed him out and told their women to look at the austere figure at the side-table—Davids, the arctic fellow. Rosalie, he seemed to fascinate. On his second visit, he sat nearer her nook and she could and did watch him with eyes that sparkled. From the instant Otto first beheld Davids he scowled upon him—concealed scowls, of course, for who is a head-waiter, and what business has he to dislike a customer? Otto’s dislike grew day by day, just as acquaintance and then friendship grew up between Rosalie and the explorer. This, at first, was nothing but the vague messages of eye to eye. She glanced more frequently at John’s table than at any other. I caught them exchanging a smile.

(Continued on page 104)
THE UNHAPPY ENDING

Proving that the mental standard of motion-picture patrons is a mature and intelligent type of mind which can grasp and enjoy both truth and art.

By FREDERICK VAN VRANKEN

ONE of the chief arguments with which the literary elite have sought to disparage motion pictures has been based on the fact that no producer, however courageous, would dare murder the hero, or poison the heroine, or by some other act of diabolism, separate the lovers at the final fadeout.

The ubiquitous and invariable "glad" ending of our photoplays, with a noble young gentleman and a virtuous young lady locked together in a fond, pre-nuptial embrace, and their yearning lips engaged in a chaste but ardent buss, constitutes irrefragable proof—so the enlightened ones tell us—that the films are in a primitive and deplorable state, unworthy of serious consideration by anyone above the mental status of a moron.

The intelligentsia go on to argue that just as infants of the nursery must have sugar-coated fairy-tales in which all the villains meet their end in a kettle of boiling oil, and all the righteous persons come into fabulous fortunes and "live happily ever after," so must the infants of the cinema have saccharine romances in which all the wicked characters are sent to the gallow or shoved over a cliff, and all the pious, God-fearing people reap the various supposititious rewards of virtue, and end up at the hymeneal altar amid the caressing strains of Lohengrin.

There has been, of course, a certain amount of justice in this contention; for it can not be denied that motion pictures for many years have obviously catered to the superstitions and sentimentalities of the less civilized members of the human race. But, on the other hand, it is as unfair to judge and condemn the art of the screen by the criterion of the other arts, as it would be to judge and condemn an infant by the cultural standards we would apply to, say, ex-President Eliot of Harvard.

But what about the unhappy ending? What does it signify? And why should so much emphasis be placed on it by the cinema's detractors?

Up to a short time ago there were few, if any, films which ended in gloom or catastrophe. It would have been as fatal for a screen impresario to put forth an expensive picture with a lachrymose or lugubrious finale, as for a publisher to print a volume of juvenile stories in which the dragon chewed up the noble knight, and the old witch succeeded in permanently turning the golden-haired princess into a rattle snake.

But this state of affairs no longer exists in the films. Motion-picture production has grown and developed with the rapidity of some nocturnal fungus. Not even the night-school heroes in Horatio Alger, Jr.'s, "Onward and Upward" novels learned as much so quickly, or improved themselves with such swiftness and dispatch, as have the filmplays, these past few years.

"Gypsy Blood," made in Europe, was a big success in America; and its climax was the stabbing of the heroine by her jealous lover. Pola Negri played Carmen.
And—what is of equal importance—the intellectual standard of motion-picture patrons also has advanced. Where once they sat with gaping mouths, benignly swallowing whatever was thrust down their esophagi, they now have become fussy and analytical, and want to see the bill-of-fare and know who the cook is before they will empty their pockets at the glass cage. They have long since become privy to the problems of picture making, and converse glibly about close-ups, dissolves, rises, double-exposures, continuity, and other such technicalities.

The result has been that during the past few years films of a much higher order have been produced. In fact, many pictures—among them some of the most successful feature films—have had unhappy endings—that is, endings which were more or less logical, natural and intelligent, and which did not make their appeal exclusively to the disciples of Dr. Frank Crane and Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter. Never again can the exalted gentlemen of the critical fraternity condemn the cinema for its persistent debauch of sunshine and gladness. In this respect, at least, the art of motion pictures has taken its place alongside the great art of all time.

For instance, there was "Broken Blossoms," in which the heroine died of a brutal flogging and the hero committed hari-kari. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," one of the most pretentious of our screen dramas, permitted its handsome, pomaded leading man to be killed on the battlefield of France, thus forcing the heroine into a life of tearful domestic sacrifice.

"The Passion Flower"—Norma Talmadge's picturization of Jacinto Benavente's drama of Spanish life—was a psychological study of unrequited amour, which terminated almost in a shambles. "Bob Hampton of Placer" sent its two heroes, young and old, into Custer's last encounter with the Indians, in which every white man was massacred and scalped. (A few years ago Bob would have controverted history by killing forty or fifty Indians single-handed, and escaping into the arms of a waiting damoiselle.)

John Barrymore's great screen success of Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" adhered to the tragic climax of the book. "Behind the Door"—a much discussed war film in which Hobart Bosworth played the lead—not only ended unhappily, but included so gristy and repelling an episode that the mere suggestion of it to a producer three years ago would have given him a fatal aortic aneurism.

"The Sin That Was His," featuring William Faversham, and "Gates of Brass," with Frank Keenan in the leading role—both important and successful pictures—ended on a decidedly minor chord. And recently we had an elaborate and costly screen version of Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy," one of the most poignantly tragic love stories in English literature, wherein the young mother-heroine dies of cholera.

Then there were the two Gene O'Brien pictures—"The Last Door" and "The Wonderful Chance"—which ended unhappily, despite the fact that they made no pretense of being anything more than regulation program pictures. "Gypsy Blood," though made in Europe, was a big success in America; and its climax was the stabbing of the heroine by her jealous lover.

One of the most interesting commentaries on the subject of the unhappy ending in motion pictures, was furnished by the film based on Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way." The producers, seeking to sit on two stools at once, made a pair of endings to this picture—one unhappy, like the book; the other in accord with the doctrines of Pollyanna—and gave the exhibitors their choice. Did these (Continued on page 101)
OLD OLIVER BERESFORD looked sternly on a sinful world through iron-rimmed glasses. He was the rich man of the hard little village of Flint Hill. That white-housed and stone-fenced New Hampshire community looked upon him as its leading citizen and old Oliver accepted his status as the will of a just God. And since each man makes his god in his own image Oliver Beresford's world was a sharply conventional despotism, bounded by bare utility and the traditional virtues of the homely in life, mind and conduct.

"Down street" from the Beresford's prim and uncomfortable home was the prim and uncomfortable church that Oliver ruled, midway between the big summer hotel, where the wicked and ungodly idlers of the cities came to waste the hours and dance. That was Oliver's world, with his iron-willed God living in the tall spired church and his favorite form of the Devil living in the rambling hotel with the low French windows.

The meekness of Mrs. Beresford was of that completeness of quality that must have satisfied mightily the frigid fancy of hard old Oliver. Woman's place was the home and her law was the law of God as interpreted to her daily by her husband. Nothing was more certain in Oliver's mind than the theory that woman must suffer through all the ages in retribution for the Original Sin of Eve.

But the meekness of Mrs. Beresford's years of silent subjection and servitude in the cold scheme of Oliver's life was only as the lulling stillness before the bursting of the storm. In Judith, the elder child, there was to come the flowering of the expression that follows repression. The girl was to redeem the Beresford history from the blankness of empty frozen doctrines and endow it with color, beauty and the warmth of a truer faith.

Even the rock-ribbed understanding of old Oliver saw to his displeasure that the girl was uncommonly beautiful, and inwardly he felt she had qualities of mind that made him not entirely comfortable under her gaze. Therefore it was with greater sternness that he prosecuted his characteristic and firm laid plans for the destiny of his family. It was set and determined by him that Judith was to marry Joe Hurd, a promising young farmer of Flint Hill, a bit narrow perhaps and hard, but well-to-do. And it was equally set and determined that David, the younger of the Beresford children, was to go into the service of the Lord, and if Divine Wisdom so willed, he was to be a foreign missionary, carrying the message of the hard Beresford creed to the ignorant and sinfully happy heathen of strange distant lands.

But even Judith's love for her brother David could not entirely cover her jealousy of the education that was to be his, his going away to college and all that, while she was about to be sent into a life of the sort of servitude that her mother had known, housework and childbearing, and Sundays in a straight-backed pew—in Flint Hill forever and ever and ever. And then at the end, to be buried on that same Flint Hill.

IT was a formal, prosaic letter, untouched by imagination or the warmth of love that David wrote home from college announcing his homecoming for a vacation. Old Oliver read it aloud to the wife and daughter in the evening, calling Judith sharply away from her musing consideration of the beauties of the evening twilight to listen.

Presently Joe Hurd came. It was the weekly evening of choir practice at the church. Bored and weary, Judith greeted the young farmer with the formal politeness of Flint Hill living in the rambling hotel with the low French windows. As they passed the hotel the weekly dance was in progress. The lawn was dotted with gay parties in sprightly sport clothes and gay flannels. Through the windows of the ballroom came the lively music of the orchestra, playing tunes that Flint Hill never heard elsewhere and totally foreign to the keyboards of the scroll-sawed reed organs of Flint Hill parlors.

Judith lingered by the fence with a wistfulness in her face that discomforted Joe Hurd, impatient to be away from this zone of expensive frivolity and safe on the hard ground of Flint Hill proper.

Strolling by, came Wyndham Gray. The worldly-wise eyes...
With her comfortable little prosperity she gave David a better home and its advantages. David was an adorable baby — happy, sweet-tempered, lovable.

of this playwright and student of humanity found fresh interest in Judith's fair face. Her rare mingling of beauty and intelligence that shone from her clear eyes marked her to Gray as an unusual person, and he was weary indeed with usual persons, more especially the usual woman. Gray paused a moment and chatted with Judith and Joe. His level look of interest did not escape Judith. Here was a person she decided, catching her breath, who knew things, a man from out of the world of bigger life. But in fairness to Judith it was the world that Gray represented as a Person rather than Gray as a Man that interested her.

Again and again through that interminable choir practice Judith's mind turned back to the gay hotel.

IN the rundown cottage, "the place where the Odd Jobs Man lives," Nan Higgins, his step-daughter, waited the homecoming of David Beresford with an anxious heart. Motherless Nan was the town symbol of poverty. She was made even more pathetically poor by her yearning, unloved beauty. After a fashion she kept house for her heartless, shiftless father, and hoped against hope where all was hopeless. It had been as inevitable as the running of water down hill that she had proven an easy conquest for young David Beresford. And it was a bit of the same sort of social gravitation that had made David in his spineless timidity seek her rather than other girls of the village more fenced about by the protections of home and training. With Nan he had dared, and daring won. David had sopped his Flint Hill conscience by secretly marrying Nan, and in the fear of the rage of his father had bound her by promises most solemn to keep the marriage a secret.

But the day was fast coming when the clandestine affair of the Odd Jobs Man's daughter and the son of proud old Oliver Beresford could be kept a secret no longer.
Helplessly Nan waited until David should come that she might tell him their awesome secret. Nan had grown up under the Flint Hill doctrine of passive endurance for women.

Oliver Beresford and his wife met David at the depot the next day. While they stood welcoming their son so proudly, Nan, in her sad best dress, stood at the edge of the depot crowd a few steps away, bewildered and frightened, trying to catch David's eye. But the young man, equally frightened, dared only cast a fleeting glance her way as he climbed into the Beresford family carriage.

Nan did not know what she expected, but any way she was oath, she did not reveal the secret of their marriage. And threatened her into confession. But loyal to her solemn might tell him their awesome secret. Nan had grown up all in a glance.

With old Oliver listening proudly to David's recital of college experiences when Higgins, dragging his protesting step-daughter behind him, burst in on them.

Nan went white. Judith, with her keen intuition, sensed it all in a glance.

Higgins blurted out his coarse version of the story as Oliver Beresford drew himself up in stern, hurt pride. Beresford who had thought it could have been. And through it all Gray was a Person to her rather than a Man.

However much Beresford's iron conscience made him desire to punish his son, his pride made him take the course that was the beginning of a friendship. In Gray she found a new world of understanding. She could talk to him of things beyond the ken of her Flint Hill folks.

Wyndham Gray and Judith met often thereafter and talked long. He loaned her books and told her of the play he was writing and made the world a bigger place to her than she had thought it could have been. And through it all Gray was a Person to her rather than a Man.

David, with some inward troubling under the thought of the accusing eyes of his sister, once went to the Higgins home seeking Nan, only to be driven away by her step-father. Then later, while away at school, David tried to no avail the services of a detective agency. Nan was gone, and it was no use. It was easier for David to go his way as it had been laid down for him by his father.

One evening in summer Wyndham Gray suggested to Judith that she come to his cabin and hear him read his finished play. Her eyes lighted with interest and she agreed.

Gray regarded her a moment very quietly.

"I wonder," she said, flaming up, "what God has against women?"

Gray regarded her a moment very quietly.

"Perhaps," he said, "He blames them for filling the world with men."

Judith had no smile for his whimsy, but that conversation was the beginning of a friendship. In Gray she found a new world of understanding. She could talk to him of things beyond the ken of her Flint Hill folks.

That evening Joe Hurd drove over to a trustees meeting at the church. He was on his way home when he passed Gray's cabin and heard Judith's merry (Continued on page 107)
WHEN VENUS ORDERED HASH

Judging by Betty Blythe's plaint of early poverty, the Garden of Beauty once bloomed in the desert.

By ADA PATTERSON

"I HAVE been hungry!"

This from that synonym of splendor, the Queen of Sheba.

Betty Blythe, tall, of slow-moving, dignified grace, uttered her hunger cry in the spaciousness of her high-ceilinged drawing room on Fifty-fourth street a minute west of the Avenue, which in New York is, of course, Fifth Avenue. She looked a part of the sumptuousness of the shining piano, the glittering little table, the French window and its hangings of blue velvet. I was thinking, vigorously, "You are more beautiful than your pictures." But all that I said was:

"Really?" (To paraphrase John Barrymore's startling cry in "Redemption": "What we think is so different from what we say!"

"Yes," Miss Blythe insisted. "It was when I was twenty. I had come here with the assets of a college education, cultured family environment, study in Paris, and experience as a concert and vaudeville singer. But New York would not have me. It was not long until I walked Broadway hungry.

"In my crass folly I thought that an education derived from the well-known Westlake school of Los Angeles, and the University of Southern California and the Latin Quartier of Paris would impress the metropolis. It didn't. I believed that two years of singing before the public might count for something in the East. I discovered that it counted as much as a cipher placed on the wrong side of figures.

"Fortunately I knew about the Three Arts Club. You know the club? Girls who are students or are beginning work in music or painting or the stage live there because it is cheap. Also because they are chaperoned. Deaconess Hall originated it, and Mrs. Willard Straight and other wealthy philanthropic women are its patronesses. Deaconess Hall got the Three Arts Club well on its feet, then started the Rehearsal Club, which was founded to provide good luncheons at low prices to chorus girls so that they would not get into bad company for a lobster or a porterhouse steak at one of the neighboring hotels.

"I lived there for eight dollars a week. But I could only get two meals at that rate. For three meals I should have had to pay nine dollars a week and I could not afford that extra dollar a week. I was young and healthy, with no need nor desire to reduce my weight. In fact I was too lanky and every day I grew lankier. Tramping about the city in search of work didn't (Continued on page 100)
HAVE you noticed that I'm thinner? It isn't the result of a clever modiste, trick lighting, or a sympathetic cameraman. I really have lost weight—fifteen pounds within a month—and I've never felt better in my life. Moreover, I intend to stay that way, and I've evolved a simple little system for preventing that fifteen pounds from coming back.

"My, Lila, but you're getting plump!" the other girls at the studio used to say to me. I was—but it didn't bother me at the time. I thrived gloriously on the California sunshine, and hard work at the studio never seemed to exert the vitality-sapping influence on me that it has on some people. I took a little exercise at irregular intervals. I rode a lot in automobiles when I should have been walking. I was very happy—and I put on weight.

Then Opportunity knocked—and I was eight pounds too heavy to answer! Opportunity was introduced to me by William deMille, who summoned me to his office one day.

"How much do you weigh, Lila?" he asked. Readers, I cannot tell a lie.

"One hundred and eighteen pounds," I answered, and it sounded like a ton.

"Hmm," said Mr. deMille. "Eight pounds too much." He pondered a moment. "Could you take off eight pounds in two weeks?" he suddenly inquired.

I thought perhaps I could.

"Well, if you can, I want you to play the feminine lead in 'After the Show.' Otherwise—"

I knew I could!

I had read the story, I love to work with Mr. deMille, and I wanted the part.

"All right," were his parting words. "But remember—two weeks to the dot. In the opening scenes of the pictures, you must seem worn and thin, and you could never do it the way you look now. A hundred and ten pounds is the absolute limit."

That very day I went to Los Angeles and consulted a physician who specializes in dietetics, and put myself under his orders. He was very nice and cheerful.

"Not at all a difficult case, Miss Lee," he glowed brightly, "provided you have the self-restraint to go through with the program I prescribe."

It sounded ominous. But it really wasn't so bad, and I can cheerfully recommend it if you are interested in a harmless method of losing weight.

For the first week I was on the strictest of diets. Every two hours, whether at home or at the studio, I drank a glass of un-sweetened orange juice. On the alternate hour I took a simple magnesia compound—the doctor's prescription. That—and nothing more!—comprised my diet. Not even a luscious cantaloupe for breakfast, no dashing across the street between scenes for an ice cream cone, no lovely dinners at the Ambassador! Just orange juice and fizzle water!

Well, for two days I suffered. Then the world began to take on a little rosier tint; I was getting used to it.

For one hour each evening I was in the hands of a masseuse without a heart. Her orders were evidently to treat me roughly, and her fingers were like iron. How she kneaded and pummeled me!

I had a system of setting-up exercises all typewritten out for me and illustrated with cute little drawings. I went through them from "Figure 1" to "Figure 12" the first thing when I awoke in the morning. Then to my open bedroom window for a five-minute session of deep breathing, and thence to a cold shower.

The doctor had sternly forbidden me to drive my car to the studio in the morning. I had (Continued on page 102)
M. BONART has designed for you a marvellous wrap. It is quite the smartest I have seen for some time. It is of rich black duvetine with trimmings of caracul at cuffs and collar. The collar is the most extraordinary of all collars! It wraps about Madame's little neck in a generous fold and follows the edge of her cloak to the hem.

AN afternoon frock; another of M. Bonart's creations. It follows the mode in every particular; but it is original. Of black and white—the favored combination of Paris and Parisiennes. Of black crepe de chine and white georgette. Of a distinguishing silhouette, the long waist, the uneven hem-line. The sleeves: dreams!

AN importation from Paris, by Gidding, of Fifth Avenue. A most amazing evening gowm, of Spanish inspiration. Of black velvet, with a superb sweep; red flowers at the waist and adorning the skirt. It is long, and trained. Madame, not Mademoiselle, should wear this. It is for a brunette with flashing eyes, and a marble brow.

The Observations of Carolyn Van Wyck

AND now comes fall; and then, winter; to me, the best time of the year! It is my season of inspiration. And fashions never seem so sprightly as in the time of snow and fur. As I write this, we have not yet, in sunny Manhattan, had the slightest hint of coming cold. But the red-gold leaves on the trees and the crisp cool air prophesy winter; and nature is a true prophet. To the well-dressed woman winter is always welcome, because she is prepared for it. On these pages you may see some new and delightful things for fall—and later. M. Bonart has given you what I consider his most original and effective designs. And besides, there are fashion notes from a smart shop, and some from that fashion leader, the film star.

By the way, these designs by Raoul Bonart are yours; you may copy them as you like. I will always be very glad to answer any questions you care to ask as to how to make them.

See these shoes at the left. Perfectly charming shoes, and quaint as can be. Of black satin, as you see, with straps in a design of beads, and a saucy silk sotette! They belong to Betty Compson; and she is wearing them in this photograph. I am sure you all like Betty's stockings, of a fine silk mesh.

Miss Van Wyck's answers to questions will be found on page 92.
MAN TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF CLOTHES!

HERE is a hat, from Gidding's. I spied it in their Fifth avenue window and had it sketched for you. It is a chapeau for the jeune fille.

SPAIN has inspired many of our gowns and hats this season. This one is decidedly Spanish, with its real lace, combining the effects of the mantilla and the comb.

TO the right: a blouse. It is a blouse, really; but worn with a smart skirt, it makes a charming afternoon costume. Black and red make the color scheme; there is a good neck-line, and the blouse ties, as blouses have been doing of late, at the side. From Gidding.

BETTY COMPSON wears this little hand-made turban, of gray wool, for windy days. This, too, is a hat for the debutante. I like it very much.

TO THE left: Many women count their winter lost if they have not some such fur wrap as this, imported by Gidding. It is of ermine, the queen of furs; it is lined with black satin, and sashed with the same. It may also be of any of the other and less expensive furs, with the same smart effect.

THE cinema celebrities are quite as able as anyone to tell you what is being worn. Here is little Lila Lee, in the sort of dinner gown I should like to see every young girl wear. It is of orchid, a good shade; and georgette, a good material. It is a simple embroidery design.

MARY MILES MINTER went to Paris. And of course she shopped. She brought back with her one of the most adorable frocks I have ever seen: a Jean Lanvin model, of apple green taffeta, with a girdle of flowers with black velvet centers.

FOR the street; for the office; for travelling—I recommend this suit, worn by Betty Compson. It is of serge, and very simply made; but it has an air all its own. You can be, you know, quite as well dressed in a costume such as this, as in those more elaborate.
FROM AN OLD ALBUM

Mary Anderson (below), while playing in her repertoires including *Juliet* and *Meg Merriles* at Booth’s Theatre, in 1883.

Sylvia Gerrish, a Casino favorite, called “The girl with the poetic legs,” in 1893. After a picturesque career she died in poverty.

Fanny Ward (below), while she was a model, between whiles of touring in *Adonis* in 1887.

Annie Sutherland, while singing in *Venus* at the Casino in 1893. Miss Sutherland’s last appearance was the mysterious housekeeper in a recent dramatic alleged solution of the Elwell murder mystery.

Fanny Rice (below), while burlesquing Mary Anderson’s favorite role of Galatea, 1885 to 1889. Known to two generations as “Jolly Fanny.”

GHOSTS! Old photographs are ghosts of former selves. They reflect the spirit that once lived in pictured forms. That is the reason we are fascinated by ancient portraits. Old photographs, old thoughts, old emotions, old lives. Hence the interest in these mellow likenesses of favorites we know or have known.

Materially speaking, please note that hips were popular in that period.
Via Long Distance

An interview over four thousand miles of wire with a model married man. Will Rogers was the most famous monologue artist on the American stage before he went into films with such great success.

By ADA PATTERSON

What do you consider a model married man? of any kind? Or in the movies?
A deaf and dumb gentleman.
Have you any rules for happy married life? What are they?
Yes I have rules, but they have never worked.
If a family jar is imminent, how avoid it?
If a family jar is imminent just do like Carpentier. Prepare to take the loser's end.
What should a man do toward bringing up the children? What is a mother's part?
If I can keep mine out of jail I will feel I have been a success. A mother's part? I think the modern mother should see her children more often. I advise Tuesdays and Fridays.
How many children have you and what are their names and ages? What part have you in the children's education?
My children have very romantic and poetical names. Bill, age 10; Mary, age 8, and Jim, age 6. I have taught them all as far as the second grade. That's as far as I could go, as I had never been farther myself.
Do you still intend to go back to live in Oklahoma when you "get enough money" as you once told me? If not what are your plans?
Not till Oklahoma sends a married woman instead of an old maid to Congress. My plans are the same as they have been for the last two years—to stand in my yard and direct tourists to Mary Pickford's home.
What is your idea of a well brought-up boy? Of a well brought-up girl?
My idea of a well brought-up boy is one that will read the funny cartoons without asking you to do it: of a girl— one who doesn't comb her hair over her ears.
How much time should a man spend at home? You know a wife's usual complaint is that her husband is always away from home.
Well, the railroads used to allow you twenty minutes for a meal. That means sixty minutes at home in the day time. Then you know, some fellows need more sleep than others.
What part of her husband's earnings should a wife have to spend? Do you believe in an allowance for a wife, and what proportion of a man's income should that be? Money, or how to spend it, is said to be the chief cause of failures in marriage. What are your views about how to prevent differences about money?
Street car conductors usually allow the company five per cent. Now, I think a wife is just as essential as a street car owner. So I think that very equitable. Yes, I believe in an allowance for a wife, but not mine. You see women vary so. The government has practically settled the income problem between husband and wife by taking the income.
My views on how to prevent differences about money?
Well, I always try to meet my wife half way. If there is something that she wants bad I take her down and let her see it.
What kind of a girl should a man marry to ensure his happiness and hers?
Oh, some girl between 100 and 175 pounds. One with either dark or light hair. One with two eyes is preferable if you can get 'em. Get a Jew or a Gentile; you can never trust these Mohammedans. Get one around four or five or six feet high. A good idea in marrying is to always take some girl that will have you.
What kind should he avoid when marrying?
Well, if a girl wont speak to you or notice you, it's (Continued on page 114)
Movies on Strings

By TONY SARG

EDITOR’S NOTE.—Tony Sarg has long been prominent among American illustrators, but it is very recently that he has transferred his artistic activities to the screen. Some years ago, Mr. Sarg became interested in a revival of the marionette theater, and produced plays of ancient and mediaeval origin in which puppets moved by strings were employed to unfold the story. In the course of his investigations he stumbled on the fact that 1800 years ago, in China, a form of moving pictures was in vogue through the means of shadowgraphs. This led Sarg to revive the shadowgraph through the medium of the screen, and the “Tony Sarg Almanac” was first projected in the Criterion Theater, Manhattan, with great success. Perhaps you have already seen the first three of the quaint comedies: “The First Circus,” “The Tooth Carpenter” and “Why They Love Cavemen.”

The art of the shadowgraph reaches far back into history. Many hundreds of years ago in China the most artistic form of the shadow-theater existed. Here the little figures, made of transparent buffalo hide and beautifully colored, performed wonderful Chinese fairy tales. In Java, the shadowgraph play is still being performed, and the play called “The Wayang,” which runs in about twenty consecutive performances, is still the most popular kind of entertainment.

Little is known of this strange screen theater of earlier days, and it was through an accident that I stumbled on the good fortune of being able to revive for America an almost extinct theatrical art. The “accident” was the inheritance of a large collection of wonderful mechanical toys, funny little performing dolls, quaint coaches and little bonnet shops and, most interesting of all, a weird French mechanical guillotine, which automatically performed the gruesome task of decapitating a pig, this pig being labeled “Louis Seize,” the same unhappy monarch who lost his head in the French Revolution.

This toy of mine is one of those which were sold in the streets of Paris during the reign of terror, and is perhaps one of the most interesting historical relics of that nature in existence. My interesting inheritance led me to continue collecting toys of every description, and with this collection, I naturally started a library on the same subject. In practically every book there was some reference to marionettes, and one writer lamented the “decay of the marionette theater” and expressed the hope that some day an artist and an enthusiast would revive this lost art.

This I proceeded to do. Not satisfied now with the revival of the regular marionette, manipulated by strings, I decided to plunge into the revival of the shadowgraph marionette; and it was playing with these quaint figures which gave me the idea to substitute the little cardboard figures instead of using the tedious celluloid drawings usually employed in the making of animated cartoons for the films. I am able, in conjunction with Herbert Dawley, my associate in production, to average 100 feet a day, which ordinarily would represent 960 drawings in celluloid. It is naturally a very much cheaper process than anything hitherto employed.

For the benefit of those who wish to know “how it’s done”: the making of the shadowgraph begins with a (Continued on page 114)
FROM DISHES TO DRAMA!

Here is Helen Ferguson, who wasn't too proud to be a "hired girl" while she was waiting for a chance to be an actress.

She left high-school on examination day to sit on the extra bench at the Essanay studio, and couldn't graduate. But look at her now!

By MARY WINSHIP

Above, a new portrait of the plucky little pioneer of this story. To the left and to the right, Helen Ferguson in two recent roles.

THE infancy of the motion picture is its oldest tradition. Without doubt this generation, which has watched and aided its infantile period, partakes either of the overwrought partisanship of a young mother or the hard-boiled injustice of the old maid next door.

Therefore, I almost wish that I might write the story of Helen Ferguson for some future time. For it lacks the hectic, thrilling kick which we are apt to associate with movie queens. But it is the story above all others that I should like to think of people reading fifty years from now, and saying to each other, "So that is the way girls did in the movies when they first began! So that is how our first motion picture stars succeeded!"

Unlike most stories, it can and must be told simply, without embellishment or exaggeration.

First, let me show you something of the girl herself as I found her, in her new dressing room at the Lasky studio.

A brilliant criminal lawyer who saw her with me later that day, and whom I consider a genius at character reading, said, "A remarkable face. I'm not a picture fan and I don't know just who she is, but that girl strikes me as quite the most intelligent and forceful of the motion picture actresses I have seen."

Utterly clean and wholesome. Lovable, but humanly faulty, sweet but variable in mood. A flash of hot temper. A willingness to speak her own mind and opinion. Independent, proud, uncompromising. Warm understanding and charity, marred by some intolerance. A fighter with a sense of humor.

In looks, a veritable in-and-out. Gorgeous eyes—they remind me of Marie Doro's. Beautiful bronze-seal-gold hair, naturally curly.

Six or seven years ago in Chicago, where her family had moved from Decatur, lived a little girl of sixteen, named Helen Ferguson. She lived with her mother and younger sister in an average middle western home.

She herself cannot explain the persistent call of the stage. It was not exactly stage fever, certainly not the desire for fame or luxury. She had always dreamed of doing things—working, achieving. Business did not appeal to her. The screen did—vitality, at once.

Fate placed her in almost direct connection with one of the cradles of the industry, the Essanay studio in Chicago. She had to pass it every day on her way to high school. She decided then that she wanted to be a motion picture actress.

She was in the senior class at high school, but every morning on her way to school, and every evening on her way home, she stopped at the Essanay studio to ask for work. On Saturdays and holidays and in vacation, she would spend the whole day there, sitting on a bench with others, for "a chance."

One morning when she arrived, the casting director told her she could work the next day. It nearly broke her heart, for the next day final examinations were to be held for graduation.

She hesitated, breathless. Then she said she'd be at the studio ready to work at eight o'clock.

She loved school, and she asked her teacher if she could take her exams at twelve o'clock, for they had told her at the studio it would be only a few hours' work. She hoped to get through. But she didn't know the old-fashioned studio. Until four o'clock she sat around, thrilled, nervous, heart-sick all at once, and at four o'clock they took her, with a lot of other girls, up to the high-school grounds to make school scenes. The principal saw her, and she was not allowed to graduate.

For a year, she worked at Essanay. First extra, then bits, then leads. During that time, they used to fire her regularly, but she just wouldn't be fired.

Finally, it "took." One day she got her notice—emphatic and actual.

That night, she took her little black pocket-book from the bottom drawer of her bureau, where it lay hidden under the piles of winter underwear, and counted her money. She had one hundred and fifty dollars. (Continued on page 100)
Her beauty is spiritually satisfying and artistically amazing.

The GIRL on the COVER

A close-up of that illusive young star, Lillian Gish

By DELIGHT EVANS

LILLIAN GISH has won contemporary immortality as the heroine of David Wark Griffith’s best pictures. She is one of the symbols of the screen. Mary Pickford is eternal youth. Chaplin, comedy incarnate and incomparable. Fairbanks, athletic America. Hart, the West. And Lillian Gish—the Madonna of the Shadows.

She is the fair, frail, persecuted child. The lovely, languorous lily. She is frail and sweetly sad and imposed upon. She has a moonlight beauty; a soft and serious calm. She is the virgin queen of the screen.

Most of you believe that Lillian—like most lovely illusory things—just grew. That she has always drifted through things with the superb ease that she displays in her film close-ups. In fact, it may be that many of you decline to give her screen credit for her own fame, her unique and enviable position in the silversheet firmament.
It's Griffith's direction. Or it's a natural placidity easily photographed. Or it's a fragile prettiness. It's anything but Lillian Gish.

She is never seen in a bathing-suit or a riding habit; so that the conclusion is that she never swims and never rides. She is only seen sitting serenely among flowers: a cool, collected little blossom herself. Ethereal, aloof, and very beautiful—but hardly human.

You are entirely wrong. She swims and rides more accurately and joyously than many advertised athletes. But Mr. Griffith, like the late Charles Frohman, and the present David Belasco, does not believe in much publicity for his players. They must speak, or, in the case of Miss Gish of Griffith's, act for themselves.

So that, if you don't read what I am going to say, you will go right on believing Lillian Gish to be a very fair and beautiful Topsy. Topsy, you remember, (or do you?), was the dark diminutive principal in a certain American play, who just grew. Lillian is fair; and her beauty is spiritually satisfying and artistically amazing, but she is hardly a Topsy.

People watch Lillian in her exquisite costume as Henriette in "The Two Orphans," performing, in her consummately quiet way, for an insert; and later they say to her: "Oh, Miss Gish—what fun you must have! Don't you just love your work?"

Lillian will smile her inscrutable little smile. "Yes—I love it."

And she does. But once she said to me: "How wonderful it would be to forget your work for a little while. Forget it—and follow spring around the world."

"Acting is the most exacting work in the world. It takes all one's energy, absorbs ambition, and is intolerant of age. Lotta, the famous actress, now a little old lady, looked me up in Boston while I was 'personally appearing' for 'Way Down East.' She said: 'My child, work hard now—and save your money. Then, when your public forgets you—in those long lean years when you are no longer young—you will have something to show for your work."

She is one of the few celebrities who began when the movies did, who has very little today to show for her work. She has never, to use the palais, "cashed in" on her fame. As you and I rate good fortune, she is rich. But compared with the princely incomes of other screen stars, she is merely prosperous! She hasn't a mansion in Manhattan and another in Beverly Hills. She lives, very quietly, with her mother and her sister and her sister's husband in a house in New Rochelle, near New York. It isn't a palace; it's just a comfortable home. She has only one motor. Her own company, much to the surprise and sorrow of all the friends of the star, failed before it finished one picture. And yet—she has a dignity, a celebrity very much like Maude Adams, that cannot be expressed in money.

She says herself, in her quaint, old-fashioned way, "Perhaps it is all for the best. Too much money does queer things to people. You can never tell what it is going to do to you."

She is the best friend of Mary Pickford. Joseph Hergesheimer and Lillian Russell are two celebrities who, I strongly suspect, count her their favorite screen star. A European ambassador says she is the most interesting personage he has ever met, not excepting royalty and statesmen and singers. She is, more than any other actress, the favorite honor guest of women's clubs and colleges. She says she never knows what to say; but she has spoken to a roomful of alumnae of an eastern college for an hour—and left them wildly enthusiastic. And yet she wishes she had had a college education!

She has been on the stage ever since she was six. And she has worked ever since, with vacations of (Continued on page 118)
GREAT THOUGHTS of the MONTH

Brief criticisms, comments, remarks and observations from everywhere—a digest of thoughts about motion pictures.

HERE is no such thing, as some critics and film producers maintain, as a picture that is too good for the public.—Cecil de Mille.

MY experience in the movies has been short, but it has been long enough to teach me one thing—that ‘art for art’s sake’ does not, can not apply to the motion picture industry. Motion pictures come distinctly under the head of commercial art.—George Arliss.

SCREEN acting is so cold-blooded. There’s no inspiration. It’s mathematical. The acting is measured off in terms of footage.—Nita Naldi.

THE general “dry-rot” which has spread over everything has not spared the cinema. There are too many cinemas and not enough real directors.—Pierre Veber.

I LOVE daffodils. They are the national flower of Wales. Spring makes me crazy.—Gareth Hughes.

IF censorship is put in the hands of the so-called reformers, producers may as well give up right now the notion that they can produce anything sincere, artistic, beautiful, or creative.—Harold Stearns.

I LOVE colors.—Molly Malone.

I ADMIT that motion pictures, in 1921, were not all that they should have been. The lesson taught by the large squash pie that hit the comedian in the face was not so uplifting as it might have been.—Ellis Parker Butler.

THE artist’s mind seems to me to be better adapted for the telling of screen stories than the mind of the novelist.—Maurice Tourneur.

YOU put an ounce each of dried mint and dried sage, three ounces of dried angelica, half a pound of juniper berries and one pound of rosemary leaves in a jar, shaking them well together. When you come home dragging one foot after the other, too tired to think, if you just toss half a handful of that mixture of herbs into a moderately hot foot-bath and keep your feet in it for fifteen minutes—well, you’ll be a brand new person.—Anita Stewart.

I THINK it is the secret of American picture making success that the speaking stage has recruited into the ranks of the photo-drama so many of its longest trained people.—Wyndham Standing.

BEING happy is man’s birthright . . . Get into the sunshine.—Betty Compson.

PHOTOPLAY making is more closely related to novel making than to play building.—Benjamin B. Hampton.

YOU can’t get me to chirp about art. I’m no artist. But I’m wild about my work. The picture we’re wrapping up now hasn’t been christened yet, but it sure has a wallop. It packs a twenty-four-carat punch. I have a part that starts out weak but winds up with a cocktail kick. I’ve been lucky in leading men, I think. Charlie Murray and Bill Hart and Norm Kerry and Jim Kirkwood—a good line-up, what? I’ll say so!—Mary Thurman.

THERE is a close affinity between sculpture and painting and the motion pictures. I believe the same principles of form and composition that govern the creation of a fine piece of sculpture apply to the production of an artistic photoplay.—Rey Ingram.

I SHOULD like to do all the classics . . . I think my appeal is largely to the more intellectual element.—Lillian Gish.

MR. GRIFFITH is so wonderful.—Carol Dempster.

THERE is a fast growing section of professional hypocrites in every country in the world, the members of which fasten like mosquitoes upon the amusements and relaxations of the public in order to provide themselves with salaries.—Cosmo Hamilton.

THE city is absolutely no place for dogs.—Hope Hampton.

FRENCH photoplays are much behind the times. They are inferior in photographic effects to either the American or Italian. French producers cannot keep up any high level of excellence or enthusiasm, but “take off” before they reach the end.—Maurice Elvey.

THE progress of motion picture art is not to be found in sensational films that have cost “millions,” but in the expression of facts, sentiments and ideas which need neither subtleties nor elaborate explanations to make them understood.—Maximilian Harden.

IT is my belief that ninety-five per cent of the pictures made are distinctly bad and a large percentage of the remainder only fair.—William de Mille.

I AM very glad that I am not an acrobat or a tight-rope walker.—Alice Joyce.

WOMEN are not living a natural life today. They are hungry for conquest. It is up to every woman to seek normality again. It is natural for women to have children. Of course, if you don’t have children, through no fault of yours, there’s simply no use mooning over it, but if you can—that makes it different.—Catherine Calvet.

LIFE seems so colorless when there is nothing doing.—Lucy Fox.
A stirring story about a young girl who fell in love with a murderer—

HORIZON

A Photoplay Magazine Contest Fiction Story from the pen of one of America’s most popular and versatile writers—

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

THEY were singing as they shoved off from the landing at Horizon Island and headed for the big, tublike launch which rolled sluggishly at anchor a hundred yards offshore. Two of the men turned for a farewell wave of thanks toward the laughing-eyed girl who stood on the shore gazing after them, her free golden hair cascading about perfectly rounded neck and throat.

She stood motionless as they clambered aboard the launch, their hearty laughter wafted in snatches to her eager ears. And then she heard the violent chug-chug of the motor and caught a merrily chorused “Good bye!” and then more of song and laughter as the boat turned northward and ploughed through the placid swell in the general direction of Charleston.

She watched the boat until it became a dancing speck upon the waters. Slowly she turned and made her way through the narrow strip of jungle separating river and ocean. Then she seated herself on the sand and cupped dimpled chin in pink palms.

To the right and left of her stretched the broad, hard beach of Horizon Island. Behind her rose the squat dense jungle of palm and palmetto, myrtle and scrub oak, framing the splendidly new Horizon Island Lighthouse. It was a lonely spot—the mainland to the rear of the island, a mere greenish gray streak across the face of the tumbling waters. And before her eyes was the magnificent expanse of the Atlantic: dull green slashed by the deep blue of the Gulf Stream flowing steadily northward along the South Carolina coast.

She sat alone, staring after the fishing party, and there played about her lips a little smile of ineffable happiness, a smile which begot tiny dimples at the corners.

and the closing of a door in the lighthouse as Peter Merriam emerged.

Peter Merriam stood quietly before the gaunt, white building—and as his eye caught the figure of his daughter, the stern face became soft and gentle. He started toward her, treading softly, as though fearful of destroying a magic spell. And then he stood behind her; a straight, massive figure of a man with flowing iron-gray hair, broad shoulders and long, powerful arms which hung loosely at his sides.

For perhaps ten minutes the silence held; both father and daughter hypnotized by the witchery of sunset. This was their evening ritual on clear days, the charm of it always new—always fresh—despite his thirty years as keeper of the Horizon Island Light, and her brief lifetime in the jewel-like little world.

The gold faded into a deep rich purple, and he seated himself beside her on the sand, slipping his arm about her slender waist. She cuddled against him and sighed. It was then that he spoke.

“Are you happy, Little Girl?”

Her answer was low-toned, almost inaudible. “Who could help it?”

He brushed her crown of hair with his lips. Then he, too, sighed, for the entire life of this big man had not been spent on Horizon Island, and his fine eyes became momentarily clouded with memory of the pain and suffering he had once known before casting loose from the world that was now a mere black line miles away from their paradise.

It was to Horizon Island he had brought his bride, and upon
Horizon Island, where Doris had been born the night her mother died. The infant knew nothing of the solitary, grief-racked figure which conducted her funeral the following day. She only knew that the grave in which her mother lay was a thing of perfect beauty, a spot of reverently tended marvel flowers... a thing about which there was no sadness; only a mystic spell which she could not quite understand.

Three years passed, and then, and in the case of the Merriams there was to know about it from motor to arch, and never were they happier than in piloting interested visitors up the steel stairway to the glass-enclosed turret from which the light flared there was to know about it from motor to arc, and never were they happier than in piloting interested visitors up the steel stairway to the glass-enclosed turret from which the light flared.

It was the great event of their lives, this building of a two-man light, and Doris's qualification as her father's assistant, and he drilled into her plastic mind the single immutable tenet of the Service—The light must burn.

For nearly thirty years now he had been keeper of the Horizon Island Light which signalled ships away from the treacherous shifting sands of the Carolina coast. At first it had been a one-man station with a weak flickering light. But two years since the government had installed a modern stone lighthouse with steel stairway and steel flooring, and a snug little brick home had been built for Peter Merriam and his daughter, and she had qualified as his assistant and was now a government employee, just as was her father.

It was a fine, modern lighthouse that they manned together; a staunch little structure with its powerful carbon light flashing far out to sea; current furnished by a tiny powerhouse with a fifteen horsepower gasolene motor, 220-volt generator and a transformer which stepped up the current to a magnificent thing of eighteen hundred volts.

It was not that he was neglectful, but rather that he allowed himself to become blind to the inevitable. He was vaguely troubled as he visioned her magnificent maturity—troubled and inordinately proud. But when his forehead was most deeply creased by lines of worry there came her carefree, innocent laughter to rob him of apprehension.

And so night came upon them—came slowly, caressingly. They rose and walked to their little home, his arm still about her waist. And before starting the little gasolene motor in the powerhouse he questioned her once again—

"Is my little girl happy?"
"Very happy, Daddy..."

"But there was a slight rising inflection to the answer; almost a query of self. And within her breast an indescribable yearning...

It was done very suddenly and efficiently and later, when the official probe was made, the officer in charge of the prisoner was severely reprimanded but not otherwise punished.

According to the passengers, the trip toward Columbia was insufferably hot and the keeping of handcuffs upon the condemned murderer would have been inhuman. Besides, the deputy in charge of Bill Walters—alias Red Watson—was a large man physically and his captive was almost boyish in stature. And the deputy was armed.

It came quite unexpectedly while the train was crawling laboriously northward along the edge of Hell Hole swamp. The unfortunate passengers of the noisome day coach lay back panting in the musty plush seats, oblivious to droning insects and a veritable hail of cinders which swirled sinuously in through the open windows.

Outside was the dull gray landscape of stagnant water,
drooping oaks, rigid pines and an endless vista of crepe-like gray moss. Beyond the fringe of trees lay the unhealthy swamp region of southeastern South Carolina; a waste area criss-crossed by roads which are not roads and inhabited by shiftless, dilapidated negroes and poor white trash ravaged by malaria.

The deputy had removed coat and collar and the murderer silently extended his hands to show where the handcuffs had chafed the skin raw. It was then that the deputy removed the handcuffs, knowing that Bill Walters could not escape.

The thing was impossible. But it happened!

There was a leap through the open window into the fast-gathering dusk, an oath from the deputy, a spitting of revolver shots toward the figure which pitched to the roadbed of cinders, fell, somersaulted, then darted swiftly through the muck and mire to disappear in the swamp.

And then the train moved on toward Columbia whither I need a few weeks of fishing and complete rest. May I stay here with you?

Peter Merriam choked down as unworthy a faint premonition of disaster. The man who called himself Rogers was a likeable lad; a bit unkempt after a day and a half in his stolen fishing boat, but nevertheless a clean-looking boy. Peter Merriam did not, at first, recognize the menace of the court, he was shortly to have been electrocuted for a murder unusually revolting. There was no question of his guilt; white man though he was, the jury had brought in a verdict of guilty in less than twenty minutes—and white men are not sentenced to death in South Carolina for ordinary murders. The one committed by him had been unspeakable.

Bill Walters moved swiftly once within the shelter of the swamp. He struck straight eastward, exulting over the miracle which had protected him from the vicious bullets of the deputy. Nor did he allow himself to become panic-stricken. His life was already forfeit: therefore he planned coolly and collectedly to cheat the very design of his death.

The swamp was not an unknown region to him. He had hunted through this vast wasteland many times, and he knew just what course afforded him the best chance of making his escape. The fall from the train had bruised him considerably, but bruises meant little then—and he held to his course, avoiding houses until night settled dankly over the swamp. It was then that he came upon a corduroy roadbed and allowed himself to follow it, ears alert, himself untroubled by fear.

Most of that night he travelled, snapping a few hours sleep in the shelter of a large oak tree which grew upon a knoll rising tomblike from the surrounding wetness. And then in the morning he continued his careful, tortuous journey eastward. And hunger came upon him and gnawed—and that night he went into a little country store, after first making himself presentable. There he asked the wizened old storekeeper to show him a shotgun and some shells. And when two shells were in the barrels he demanded food from the storekeeper—and when he left the store he had food—plenty of it—and another human life had been added to the accounting which he owed to God and the State.

So he made his way toward the coast, veering southward as he travelled, circling the city of Charleston. With the money secured from the store of his last victim he purchased food along the route. Nor did specters of his crimes come to haunt him during that horrible, treacherous journey. He was a man utterly devoid of human emotion. There was no fear within him. He was vicious as a water moccasin, and as fearless and venomous. With it all he had the face of an innocent youth: guileless; rather handsome. Only in his eyes there was a hardness, a mercilessness, which was less than human. He had no conscience.

On the shore of the Ashley River, a few miles above Charleston, he stole a fishing boat and in it sailed southward into the maze of islands dotting the coast. And it was in that boat that he came eventually to Horizon Island and went straight to Peter Merriam, keeper of the lighthouse.

"My name is Rogers," he lied, meeting Merriam's eyes squarely and forcing the old man to like him. "The doctor told me I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown and that I need a few weeks of fishing and complete rest. May I stay here with you?"

"And Peter Merriam introduced the murderer to his daughter. Peter Merriam did not, at first, recognize the menace of such an association of youth. Somehow, the old man had never sensed the fact that Doris was grown to womanhood and that nature had brought to her a woman's emotions. And so,
And so there came to Doris the one sorrow of her life—the superb grief which comes to women whose men are killed in battle.

for more than a week he watched them playing together about the beach, laughing, happy, carefree—she never having known trouble and suffering, he utterly unaffected by it.

As for Doris Merriam, with the advent of the man called Rogers and the ripening of their friendship, there came to her a new rounding out of character. Here, for the first time in her life, she was daily in the society of some person other than her father. The persons who visited Horizon Island on fishing trips were but casuals of the day. Here was something different . . . and Doris was slowly beginning to understand that, perfect as her life on the island had always been, it lacked something—something stronger even than contentment.

Hers was no process of sophistication. She did not understand the exaltation which alternately brought to her happiness of a quality she had never before known and a pensiveness deliciously doubtful. She did not understand that she was undergoing the phenomenon of love and that the great alchemy of the universe was at work upon her. She only knew that here was something different, something ineffably sweeter than anything she had ever before experienced in a life of free, sheltered contentment.

And gradually the murderer came to realize that this beautiful girl had fallen in love with him. That was the signal for his awakening interest in her. Before, she merely had amused him, but he was a virile male animal and no man can remain impervious to a woman’s adoration. And so he altered his attitude toward her, recking not of the effect upon her life, throwing aside all thought of the cloud over his own. He became the deferential cavalier, paid adept court to Doris. He was quick of tongue with pretty compliments, and Peter Merriam, watching with deep-set, hawklike eyes, saw—and tried not to understand.

He attempted to blind himself to the fact that his daughter was succumbing to the inexorable law of nature and of sex. And so he was brought up with a start the day he rounded a sand dune and saw Doris in the arms of the man who called himself Rogers, her lips on his in the first love kiss of her life.

Peter Merriam turned slowly away. Far down the beach he walked, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. Faced by facts, he was too much of a man to give way to bald theories. He faced the conditions squarely, despite realization that it meant years of utterable loneliness for him bereft of his daughter’s society . . .

That night he called Doris to him, and together they walked upon the beach. And then she told him frankly of the glory which had come into her life, and he stroked her shoulder and lightly kissed her golden hair. He spoke without looking at her, a mist of tears dimming the radiance of the silver moonpath which danced over the waters.

"Of course it had to come, dear. I’m very glad—for your sake.

She gave way to no mock emotion. "I’m happier than ever before in my life, Daddy. Not happier—but happy in a different sort of way. It’s something new—"

"Of course, Doris. Of course it would be that way." He paused—then, awkwardly: "You want very much to marry him?"

He could feel her cheek grow hot against his. "Yes, Daddy—I want that more than anything in the world."

That was all. No senseless talk of the inevitability of separation, no absurd wishing for an island Utopia which both knew could never be. Here was the mating call, and father and daughter knew that it could not be denied.

Back in the cozy little home adjoining the lighthouse, Bill Walters nervously paced the living room. He had talked blithely of marriage. He was sure now that Peter Merriam would object—would force him to leave Horizon Island, and the little jewel-spot afforded him perfect sanctuary. That would be unpleasant; particularly so as he knew that he could not leave. Of course if the old man proved tractable and gave his consent to their engagement, he’d go through with it— even a marriage if necessary—and then, which water moccasin came into his narrowed eyes—Peter Merriam had better not try to force his departure. He had no intention of leaving . . .

He was smiling with simulated affection when father and daughter returned. And he clasped (Continued on page 115)
Our ungentlemanly unmercifulness has prevented any women from appearing on this page. It is a rare occurrence, heaven knows, that the husbands have their own way, and we had hoped that—just on this one little page—they might have everything their own way. But James Regan, Jr., wouldn't have his picture taken unless Mrs. Regan could be in it too. Since she's Alice Joyce and one of our favorite stars, we don't mind.

Charles Eyton is better known as the very efficient and popular general manager of Paramount's west-coast studios than as the husband of Kathlyn Williams.

Rudolph—he better known as Rudie Cameron, didn't have any picture of himself without Anita Stewart in it; but since Anita's features are so much more famous, we cruelly cut her out. He is Anita's erstwhile leading man, present business manager and—husband.

At the right: Joseph M. Schenck, whose business it is to produce the Norma Talmadge pictures. Mr. Schenck's interest is also personal. He's Norma's husband, you know.
NEW FACES FOR OLD

By SAMUEL GOLDFYN

President of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation

HAVING been a constant enthusiast for motion pictures since the first day when printed celluloid cast its shadow on the screen, I am in a position to state that what are needed most today in the photoplay are New Faces.

There are great actors and actresses in the pictures. But because of the number of pictures in which they appear and because of the general tendency of casting directors to choose characters whose features are just "regular," it has become apparent that a new generation of motion picture artists is desired.

Man survives only because of his restlessness, his boredom with the old, his desire for far away things which have never before been achieved. The motion picture is one of the significant results of his weariness with a world which had no motion pictures.

The Chinese, who claim to have invented everything long before the Western World began to experiment with the elements, have no record of motion pictures. The scientific laws through which they were conceived were known, it is true, as early as 65 A.D., but all in all, the motion picture can claim to be an authentically original expression of this age. It is not old; it is new. It is not mummified, it is alive. And the great question before and there are no doubt num-

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE realizes the importance of the issue Mr. Goldwyn crystallizes in this article, and considers it a privilege to co-operate with him in his sincere effort to bring new faces to the screen just as he has brought eminent authors.

Rupert Hughes has written a remarkable article on a similar theme for the next issue of PHOTOPLAY, to be followed with one by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

At the conclusion of this series of three articles there will be presented a practical method of finding new faces in which the readers of this magazine will be asked to assist.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE realizes the importance of the issue Mr. Goldwyn crystallizes in this article, and considers it a privilege to co-operate with him in his sincere effort to bring new faces to the screen just as he has brought eminent authors.

Rupert Hughes has written a remarkable article on a similar theme for the next issue of PHOTOPLAY, to be followed with one by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

At the conclusion of this series of three articles there will be presented a practical method of finding new faces in which the readers of this magazine will be asked to assist.
The new artists of the screen, then, must be actors and actresses who are not definitely typed according to studio standards, but whose emotional repertoir is sufficiently versatile to meet the contrasting phases of character encountered in one and the same person.

Taking recent records as a basis, I should judge that there are approximately one thousand persons in this country who may be called motion picture players. But a small percentage of this number are drawn upon regularly to fill the important roles in our productions. Any regular picture-goer becomes as accustomed to certain faces on the screen as in the old stock company days when each picture was made by the same group of players.

Theodore Roberts and his inevitable cigar, Stuart Holmes in the role of a suave villain, or Jack Holt; these and many others are old friends of the habitual picture patron. And they are well liked. I do not want to discount their well deserved popularity; but would they be any less popular if permitted to give a fuller display of their talents?

The element of surprise is important in characterization as it is in story development, and when an audience becomes too familiar with the mannerisms of a player through constant repetition, it is time to give the player a chance to reveal new phases of his art.

There is a good deal of silly talk about "Pleasing the Public." On the one hand we have the critic who forgets that the motion picture is preeminently a popular entertainment and on the other hand we have the idiot who forgets that the attempt to supply that entertainment by following formulas will disgust the public and justify the critic. The Public wants happy endings; very well, then, let us have happy endings, the idiot reasons, while the critic howls.

But the Public will not want happy endings if every picture ends happily; suspense would be killed, and suspense is as much the lifeblood of a photoplay as of a play. The majority of pictures should have happy endings, under existing conditions; but no producer of sense would turn down a valuable story because its value lay in an unhappy ending.

I say this sincerely; because I believe that the demands of audiences and the efforts of art are not always in conflict,—indeed Art at its highest will find a response from the greatest numbers. It is that belief which makes me think that the Public is usually justified in its attitude towards old stuff. It is that which makes me believe that at the present moment the Public, as well as the future of the screen, needs New Faces.

When I have a belief, I go to it, and I am catholic in my use of instruments. I have, as a consequence, adopted the methods of organized baseball in my drive for New Faces. I have hired an experienced casting director to do nothing but travel the country looking for human material for Goldwyn pictures. My scout happens to be a woman, and she will probably see more performances during the coming year by other man, woman or child.

It is likely that she will find most of her finds in those stock companies. But she will not by any means restrict her efforts in that direction. Every person who looks as if he or she may have a "camera face"—and this (Continued on page 97)
The Story of Strongheart

If you ever had a dog — if you ever loved a dog — you must read this story.

This is the story of a dog named Strongheart. He was called Etzel, first. He was a German dog. He served nobly in the German Red Cross. But now — his master is an American and he is learning to understand English; and his new name is Strongheart.

And now he takes his place among the premier dogs of the screen: Sennett's Teddy, and Universal's Brownie. But Etzel is a dramatic dog; an emotional actor. While the other screen canines appear only in comedy, Strongheart is making a drama. And so his position is entirely unique.

After the war, Etzel, who was three years old, was sent to America to be sold. Larry Trimble, the motion picture director, loves dogs; and he happened to see Etzel, and recognized in him a potential dog star. He persuaded Mrs. Jane Murfin, who writes the stories for his pictures, to buy the dog. So Etzel, renamed Strongheart, went to live with Mrs. Murfin in her luxurious apartment; and he apparently liked the place and his mistress. He enjoyed too the many times when Larry Trimble came and took him for long walks. Larry told him he was going to act in motion pictures and began to train him for it.

Visitors were always introduced to Etzel. He did not care for petting. One day when Etzel came in there was a lady lying on the couch. The dog, true to his Red Cross training, rushed up to see what he could do for her. He tried to get Mr. Trimble and Mrs. Murfin to take her up, until they explained that everything was all right; then he was satisfied. But he did not take his eyes away from her as long as she stayed there.

Another day Mr. Trimble playfully pushed Mrs. Murfin away by the shoulders. True to the instincts of a gentleman, Etzel took the man's coat in his teeth and pulled him off.

And as time went on the dog began to understand English and all that was said to him. They never tried to teach him tricks. They talked to him always in a low tone of voice until at last they had won the dog's complete confidence.

"Etzel"—Mr. Trimble still calls him by that name, though he has been renamed "Strongheart"—"you know you can trust me. I will never ask you to do anything that isn't all right. I promise you that. Whatever I ask you to do, I will protect you. In return you must promise complete (Continued on page 97)
THE Editor of PHOTOPLAY was reading his mail. He came across a letter which said: "I don't care how many pictures you print, you can never have enough of Mary Pickford." Of the thousand pictures she has had, this is Mary's favorite.
THAT'S the way it is in the telephone book. It's when she's in the studio and on the screen that she is Madame Alla Nazimova. These are the first pictures of the celebrated Russian ever made in her home, as Madame—Mr. Bryant—doesn't believe in personal publicity. Anyway, when she isn't writing, directing, cutting, titling and acting in her own pictures, this is where she lives with Mr. Bryant and Daisy and Mike. You see the latter two above—both blue-ribboned wire-haired terriers.

W I H E N you see a star photographed in her library, it doesn't mean much to you, does it? But Nazimova—we simply cannot keep calling her Mrs. Bryant—has an exceptionally fine collection of books: first editions and rare bindings and all that. The remarkable thing about these books is that they are very often read. Below, the kind of a car you'd expect of her. The initials on the door are C. B. Nazimova will probably be seen on the stage again soon.
JACK HOLT is one screen star who really has a private life. He forgets he is an actor when he closes his dressing-room door for the day. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Holt, there are three little Holts. The middle-sized one you see here: Jack Junior.
THERE is never a difference of opinion about Richard Barthelmess—except in the pronunciation of his last name. Everybody is glad that he has his own company; and everybody is waiting for the first picture in which he is really a star.
Bull fights, prize fights and motion pictures — a discussion by America's most versatile actress, now on Photoplay's staff.

JEANETTE CHERIE:
Your letter yesterday filled me with remorse. I have nothing to say in extenuation. You are perfectly right when you say that I am an execrable correspondent.

I am.

It is also perfectly true that I promised to answer your letter of last March. I did promise. But Jeanette chérie, do me the justice to remember that I didn't bind myself as to the date when that feat should be accomplished.

You know of course that I have only just returned from France and Spain; particularly Spain. I was there once before, long ago, when I was still in the leggy stage. But! Oh! How different the impression of it is to me now, in comparison with what it was then.

However, I'm not going to talk of Spain just at this minute. There are other things first.

For instance — I must explain why my long-belated missive comes to you in such bulky form and with a six-cent stamp instead of in one of my own neat little envelopes ornamented with one of the excruciatingly ugly pink ones issued by the government at two. The reason is this, Jeanette—and I bow my head in shame.

I am.

The last night after dinner I "took my pen in hand" to answer one of your numerous notes, the one dated March 6th. We shook hands on a promise that I would write one thousand words per month for Photoplay Magazine and that he (Mr. Quirk) would pay me a certain number of shining coin of the realm for so doing.

Th' gist of the conversation, I would not have you think, was solely of such practical things as numbers of words, and numbers of coins. Oh, no! We talked of everything else in the world as well; from the proverbial shoes to the proverbial kings, in fact. We divided at least fifteen minutes between Andre yelh's "Sabine" ladies and pig's knuckles. Mr. Ray Long, editor of Cosmopolitan, came in while we were deep in argument. I decided in favor of the Sabines and pig's knuckles.

Mr. Quirk decided against both. Mr. Long said he would reserve decision. As far as the pig's knuckles go I have promised to cook some for him myself, according to my own formula. He will be converted.

However, the real basis of the conversation consisted chiefly in discussing what the thousand words per month should be about. You will agree that the field is vast. Mr. Quirk would have dismissed the matter altogether with an airy wave of the hand. "Write whatever you like," he told me, genially. "Only don't get us into court for libel."

Now Jeanette chérie, imagine such an intimation to an ex-reporter of a London daily. It seems to me, after having perused the columns of the Tribune and the American for the past few years, that in America there is so much variety that libel is only big;

now on Photoplay's staff.
THE WINNER OF THE PHOTO-

Photographic facsimile of the Gold Medal which readers of PHOTPLAY awarded, by popular vote, to the producer of "Humoresque."


THE public has made its decision. Photoplay's thousands have voted. And the Medal of Honor for the greatest picture of the year 1920 will be presented to the Producer of "Humoresque."

You remember when the Gold Medal Contest was announced. We gave the qualifications for a great picture. They were: dom's Croix de Guerre. You are jury for the awarding of film-

You, the two million readers of this Magazine, constitute the theme, story, direction, acting, continuity, setting, and photography. Combined they make a masterpiece of the screen.

The judgment of our friends. We fear to see another sex-display —.flapstick comedy portrays A clownish lout, who must appear, and soil her mind. We shudder, aye, because we know such plays degrade.

"A movie star!" When featured here, Are we to see a vulgar play; A clownish lout, who must appear And flapstick comedy portray? Is he a cowboy wild and gay, Who outsells quells, and scorn's the jade? Will he from paths of virtue stray, Reform, and lead the vice-crusade? Why not depict something sincere Of life? Give us a broad survey Of high romance, with love and cheer; Why not make truth and art monade?

Oh, wonder-world of make-believe And royal stars of prism and screen, We ask for beauty; may you leave Us love and hope and faith serene.
PLAY MEDAL OF HONOR

A celebrated writer who wrote the original story of "Humoresque," for Cosmopolitan Magazine: Miss Fannie Hurst.

To William Randolph Hearst of Cosmopolitan Productions PHOTOPLAY's readers award the Medal of Honor.

Frank Borzage, who directed "Humoresque," is now established as one of the screen's great directors.

Adolph Zukor: the president of Famous-Players Lasky (Paramount), the company which released and distributed "Humoresque" to all parts of the world.

Her continuity for the famous photoplay added to the fame of Frances Marion.

Joseph Urban, of Ziegfeld Follies fame, was responsible for the scenic artistry.

Last, but by no means least: Gilbert Warrenton, the man at the camera.

Scene at the left: Dore Davidson as the father and Vera Gordon as the mother. Both players do marvellous work. It made Mrs. Gordon a star.

Below: When the son discovers he can play the violin again. The picture had a "happy ending," and it was better so, for the world needs the optimism pervading this masterpiece.

Below: one of the soul-stirring scenes from the greatest photoplay of 1920; enacted by Vera Gordon, as the mother, and Gaston Glass, as the soldier son. This picture was the forerunner of all the "mother" films, and the greatest.
If you like Constance Talmadge—and there is, so far as we know, only one person who doesn't: the same woman who doesn't like Charlie Chaplin—you will want to see the person who is directly responsible for her—for her charm, her success, her wit. Her mother. "Peg," as her daughters, Norma, Constance and Natalie, call her, is a great-hearted woman, a capable business executive, and an astute manager. Here is a new portrait of her. The little girl? Oh, she's Mrs. Talmadge's youngest daughter.
Some of the famous stars of today were just as famous yesterday. Mabel Taliaferro was one of the most celebrated "stage children". Here she is at the age of eight.

NOT SO LONG AGO

Perhaps the most beloved little actress of audiences of ten years ago was Mary Miles Minter. As Juliet Shelby, she played the title role in "The Littlest Rebel" with the Farnum brothers.

The well-known actor and moving picture director, Richard Bennett. When this photograph was taken, he had no thoughts of future fame.

When she was in her early teens, Viola Dana created "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and her press notices were just as enthusiastic then as they are today. You remember Mary Pickford played the part on the screen.
ONE ARABIAN NIGHT—First National

This is a most interesting picture, but it cannot honestly be as well recommended as the other products of the German producer, Ernest Lubitsch. It is decidedly continental. From the title one would expect a veritable Arabian Nights entertainment—glamorous, opulent, enchanting. It is not. The settings may be realistic, but, with few exceptions, they are neither artistic nor beautiful. The "love interest" is provided by Pola Negri, who plays the desert dancer, whom the Sheik covets and claims. There is the hunchback, who loves the dancer, and he provides the chief comic motif, as well as the tragic. Lubitsch himself plays the hunchback, and gives an extraordinarily splendid performance. Negri is her usual glowing, gorgeous, theatrical self. The National Board of Review deserves much credit and a Yale yell for being daring enough and human enough to show this picture under its own auspices and endorsing it. See this, if you are not afraid of the original and daring—but leave the children home.

"I DO"—Rolin:Pathe

A COMEDY so often insinuates itself upon you, with its momentary slapstick ingratiations, that you write things you do not mean in the later analysis. In this case everything we thought first is true. It's a corking thing, this little picture. It is not slapstick; it is very human. Lloyd never does things that you or I would not do. Things happen to him with more celerity than they do with us, that is all. Here he is a young married man with that little blonde peach, Mildred Davis, as his wife. A relative leaves his two darling little children in their care—and then the fun begins. You can believe every bit of it, unless you are so old and so soured that you have forgotten all the funny things that ever happened to you when you were Harold Lloyd's age. Lloyd is—always excepting Mr. Chaplin, who is an immortal—our most believable comedian.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY—United Artists

MARY PICKFORD'S best picture, and one of the most beautiful things ever filmed. The children's classic story has become a classic of the screen, and it is entirely fitting that "Our Mary" should immortalize it. It is the sweetest, the most delightful of all her performances; she plays Dearest, the mother, and Cedric Errol, the Little Lord, in the greatest double exposure scenes ever made. Cameraman Charles Rosher has done many wonderful things in his long career as Little Mary's photographer, but this is his most notable work. The film at first drags, but this is more than made up for in the later scenes, which are dramatic and pathetic and charming and funny. We take issue with the self-appointed critics who write that Mary is not a good Little Lord; that she is always Mary Pickford, hardly a little boy. To our mind, she is perfect in the part. Her diminutive little velvet-clad figure, her swaggering walk, her boyish mannerisms all evidence her great art. Her Dearest is one of the screen's loveliest portraits. All the pathos and the beauty of motherhood are masterfully painted. The direction, by Alfred Green and Jack Pickford, is consistent, but we suspect that Mary, more than anyone else, is responsible for this picture. Claude Gillingwater gives the best performance of any actor's this year, as the grouchy, gouty Earl of Dorincourt, whom Cedric teaches to smile. His scenes with the star are touching, and she generously made him her co-star in them. Take the children—take the whole family!
PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION of the SIX BEST PICTURES of the MONTH

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY
THE IDLE CLASS
ONE ARABIAN NIGHT
I DO
JUNGLE ADVENTURES
BITS OF LIFE

THE IDLE CLASS—First National

That great artist, Charles Chaplin, has done it again. This new two-reeler, his first since "The Kid," by no means approaches in artistry or immortality that classic of the screen. But it is very, very funny; it shows Chaplin in a dual role, and it contains some of the famous comedian's best "business." Charlie plays the familiar tramp and also an absent-minded husband. It is announced as a "satire on society." This is not strictly true. It is not satire except when Charlie is in it. And it is never subtle satire when he is. But if you are not that one woman who couldn't stand Charlie Chaplin, you will love it, and, as this writer did, stay to see it through twice and go to see it two more times. It kept a continual line outside the Strand Theater in New York, where it was the week's premier attraction—Chaplin, by the way, being the one comedian who, with a two-reel picture, can occupy such a position—and it was crowded, too, at a semi-public showing before this. It is, we think, ranking next in order to "The Kid" and "Shoulder Arms." There is a wealth of screamingly funny detail, and there is, for the first time, Charles Spencer Chaplin. We have had Charlie as a tramp, as an emigrant, as a private, as a handy man, but we have never before had him almost as himself. As the absent-minded husband, he is extremely personable, and we suspect that if he cared to he could play "straight" and get away with it. See him; see the lovely, luscious Edna Purviance, as his wife; see the "vision scene"; come one, come all!

JUNGLE ADVENTURES—Exceptional

These "Adventures" concern themselves with the journey of the Johnsons, Martin and Osa, into unfamiliar parts of Borneo. It is, strangely enough, the most restful of all photoplays; its photography is amazingly beautiful, and it is devoid of the sticky sentiment, the harrowing dramatics, the persistent theatricalisms of too many pictures. The heroine is the delectable Osa, who trips about the jungles with more ease than most women display in drawing-rooms. She is capably supported by orang-outangs, elephants and alligators. The scenes are smooth and lovely. The most delightful close-up we have seen in years is that of a bear, who brings more admiring "ah's" than the ingenues. The titles, by Arthur Hoerl, are the snappiest the screen has recorded since Anita Loos has had her own company. Don't miss this; write to your theater manager about it, and all that sort of thing.
ROOM AND BOARD—Realart
RISTANCE BINNEY'S latest effort will not break any box-office records, nor will it revolutionize the movie industry, but it is a nice little romance and will undoubtedly please. The scenes are Irish and the story is all about an aristocratic colleen who rents her castle to a handsome American millionaire. As the colleen, Constance binneys to everybody's entire satisfaction.

THE MATRIMONIAL WEB—Vitagraph
A WELL spun web, with Alice Calhoun embarked upon an adventure filled with surprises and suspense. A novel introduction arouses interest which is not allowed to lessen. It's a delightful family picture. The lovely little star brings to all her work a charming naturalness and shows artistic improvement with every picture. Watch this handsome Joseph Striker, leading man.

ALL FOR A WOMAN—First National
IT is not Photoplay's intention to disclaim the worth and the popularity of various importations in the celluloid line. But it does say that the Germans are as capable of turning out trash as any of the American producers. In this retitled "Danton" you have an example of it. Its actors are automatons—worse, for they act all over the place. The director, the actors? What does it matter?

THE PLAYHOUSE—First National
THIS is Buster Keaton's initial First National Picture. and it is a good beginning. It contains some very good exposure stuff in which the star appears variously as the orchestra leader, the lady in a box, the actors, and the stage hand. Oh, yes—and as a monkey. Keaton ranks third among screen comedians. You know the other two.

BEYOND—Paramount
"BEYOND," Ethel Clayton's latest, represents another attempt to lift the veil that exists between the land of the living and the spirit world. The story is improbable, so that the sense of tremendous power which this spiritual theme should convey is entirely missing. Henry Arthur Jones wrote it and returned to England. We do not wonder why. But Ethel Clayton is charming.
EDNA FERBER'S "Fanny Herself" does not provide good motion picture material. It deals with the spiritual development of a Jewish girl, and though the screen adaptation has been given a thoughtful interpretation, both by the director, Mabel Julienne Scott, and other members of the cast, you'll grow restless during its tearful unfoldment. It is tinted a deep, dark blue.

EVERY picture that Clara Kimball Young produces attempts to point a moral. Sometimes it is difficult for the average spectator to guess what the moral is, but he can rest assured that it is there. "Charge It" is aimed at foolish wives who run up bills. Why don't they pick on penurious husbands for a change?

MARIE PREVOST brings her beauty, plus her bathing suit, to the realm of feature films in a frivolous offering that will appeal more to the eye than to the intellect. But—Marie is certainly good for the eyes, and it is well to rest the brain occasionally. You'll doubtless enjoy it. Clyde Fillmore is the cave man de luxe.

THE best British-Paramount production to date. Here we have a rector's daughter who marries a lord, believing her first husband (a worthless scoundrel) to be dead. Husband Number One returns. Plot thickens. The charming Mary Glynne, David Powell and Director Paul Powell give E. Phillips Oppenheim's story a dignified treatment. We'd welcome more like it.
MY first impression of England is that it has changed a great deal during my long absence. They laugh heartily at my American jokes. I wonder if they are kidding me?

When I consented to write my impressions of Europe for Photoplay, I didn't know what it was going to be like. I don't know yet. Except that everything is very wonderful and that I am viewing life from afar. It's not I those crowds were cheering for. It's another chap entirely. A man with a little moustache and big shoes. Not a real man at all.

They—those people that surged about me when I landed and follow me about the streets of London—they are disappointed, I think, that I am not that little man. They don't show it. They have been marvellous and awe-inspiring. But one boy screamed at me accusingly, "Where are your shoes?"

I felt guilty. You know—while I'm on the subject—who is it they like?

Down in the steerage, where they greeted him as "Charlie," he was a great favorite. Here he is exchanging shillings with one of the passengers who will keep it as a good luck piece.

That little man, or me? The moustache, the old shoes, the baggy trousers—is that what Charlie Chaplin means to them?

I had a profound sense of humility when I saw those people who came to look at me. When I saw the sea of faces at Waterloo Station; when I saw them from my window at the Ritz Hotel later—I was proud, and touched—and a little jealous. I think that when they looked at me, they saw me, not as myself, but as the little man. Sometimes I wonder if I am the real Charles Chaplin. Or if he is locked up in my dressing-room in Hollywood. I feel like sending him a cablegram:

Charles Chaplin
Chaplin Studios,
Hollywood, California.

How are you and everything there. Everything is all right here. Charles Chaplin.

That's the way I feel sometimes.

But back to London. There are something like fifty thou- 
(Continued on page 66)
Before you complete your Christmas list

Look at this stunning manicure set!

IN a delightfully smart and convenient set—everything you need to keep your nails perfectly manicured.

Before you make up your Christmas list, look at these Cutex sets. Note how distinctive they are—in their dress of black and rose! Each one done up for the holidays in a special Christmas wrapper! Any woman would welcome one as an accessory to her dressing table. See how handily they are arranged—the file, the orange stick, the emery board in a little separate compartment; the Cuticle Remover, the Nail White, the Polishes, each in the nicest possible container.

Everybody feels them to be a real blessing, these sets—they make it so easy to care for one’s nails! Your first Cutex manicure will seem like a miracle to you. However ragged you may have made the cuticle by cutting, just one application of the Cuticle Remover will leave the nail rim smooth and even. You will be delighted also with the really professional touch of grooming that Cutex Nail White and Cutex polishes give to your nails.

Cutex Sets come in four sizes. The smallest at 60c is called “The Compact.” In it are trial size packages of Cuticle Remover, Nail White and Paste and Powder Polishes, with nail file, emery board and steel file—all complete.

The next size at $1.50, is called the “Traveling Set” because it is so ideally suited to the toilet case; but it is just as convenient for the dressing table. It contains the Cutex preparations in full sizes, with larger size file, orange stick and emery board.

Then comes the “Boudoir Set” at $3.00. In it is everything one can possibly need for the most immaculate care of the hands. And lastly, the “De Luxe,” at $5.00, the last word in luxuriousness for manicuring.

Don’t let another day pass without looking at the Cutex Sets. Get one and see how delightfully it works. Each article in the set can be had separately for 35c.

At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada. Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York.

Compact Set, 60c
All the chief manicuring necessities in small packages.

Traveling Set, $1.50
All the chief manicuring necessities in full sized packages.

Boudoir Set, $3.00
Everything for the most immaculate care of the hands.

De Luxe Set, $5.00
The last word in luxuriousness for manicuring.

CUTEX Manicure Sets

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
sand letters in the room before me as I write this, on my little portable typewriter, with a thousand autograph albums to be written in, with I don’t know how many unopened telegrams, and a line of persons waiting every minute to come in. I am not boasting when I tell you about these things. It is a statement of fact. I am just as puzzled about it all as you are.

When I went off the boat at Southampton, there were the Mayor and the Mayoress and many other people waiting there for me. The Mayor and Mayoress are charming. He called me “Charlie,” asking me to excuse this address, but it was the one by which the world knew me. One youngster asked me if I had my shoes with me. I assured him they were in my bag, so as not to disappoint him.

As I left the boat train at Waterloo, I stepped into a mass of people, who threw their hats into the air and waved their handkerchiefs and reached out to clasp my hand. Most of them cried, “Good old Charlie!” I lifted my hat once, or tried to, and said something that sounded like “Thanks”; but it wasn’t very successful. They paid no attention to the police who tried to clear a way to my cab. Two girls rushed up and kissed me.

After all, public life has its compensations. I finally got to the Ritz Hotel. I climbed over a hundred people to do it. I stood on the step and tried to think of something to say to them. All I could say was that words were inadequate to express what I felt. I meant it. Somehow before I got to my suite on the second floor, my eyes were wet; and I kept wishing that my mother were there; it would have made the dear old lady very happy.

It was the greatest (Continued on page 121)
"There goes a Stutz." You hear this signal of admiration and approval every day you ride in your Stutz.

It is an expression of the enviable Stutz reputation for extraordinary service well performed. Everybody realizes that the Stutz is a sturdy, dependable motor car. This is your assurance that wherever you travel, wherever you stop, a respectful deference is shown you.

If all these people who admire the Stutz could but ride in the new car with its restful comfort in travel obtained through longer springs and other refinements, they would have an added sense of appreciation for this fine car.

After a tour of 200 miles or more in a Stutz, you come to a full realization of its complete restfulness, smoothness of operation, tenacity in clinging to the road, and absence of motoring annoyance.

The Stutz has a justified reputation for consistency and durability. And at $3,250 and $3,350, it forms an entirely new comparison you cannot overlook when purchasing a fine motor car.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. OF AMERICA, INC.; Indianapolis

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
When Dorothy was three years old, she posed for her first picture, in Chicago, her home-town. Here it is, above. She wasn't ever camera-shy you see.

The high-necked, ruffled frocks were in vogue when Dorothy was twelve; and she simply had to have her picture taken again!

A few years—a very few years later—Miss Dalton made up her mind that life held nothing more for her if she didn't go on the stage. She looked like this (the picture at the left) when she applied for her first stock company job. No wonder she got it.

CUTTING BACK

She was the favorite leading woman of middle-western stock when she decided to enlarge her audiences and went out to California studios of Thomas H. Ince, where she first played bits, and then was given the leading role in "The Flame of the Yukon," which made her a star.

At the right: Dorothy today, the heroine of Cecil de Mille's "Fool's Paradise," in which she performs some of the best work of her—or anybody's else—career.
Your Choice, On Trial

The Wurlitzer plan gives you any instrument with a complete musical outfit for a week's Free Trial in your own home. No obligation to buy. Return the instrument at our expense at the end of the week, if you decide not to keep it. Trial will not cost you a penny.

Monthly Payments

Payments are arranged in small monthly sums. A few cents a day will pay for your instrument and complete outfit. The Wurlitzer plan effects a tremendous saving for you as everything is at factory cost. You get the outfit and instrument practically for the cost of the instrument alone.

Beautiful New Catalog
Send this Coupon

Every known instrument illustrated and fully described in detail with prices, monthly payments and free trial blank. Book contains much musical history and information about musical instrument making. More pictures of instruments than in any other book published. Also complete stock of accessories, repairs, strings and all needs for replacements for any instrument made. Instant mail service. Book is absolutely free. No obligation. Send coupon now.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1729
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati 700 Jackson Blvd., Chicago 120 W. 42nd St., New York
Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full description of the Wurlitzer Complete Outfits and details of the free trial and easy payment offer.

Name ...............................................
Address ...............................................

(State musical instrument in which you are especially interested)

Copyright 1921, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
Why-Do-They Do-It

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.

Ad

IN "Buried Treasure," there is a terrific combat between pirates of the early Spanish pirate days. It is noticeable that men on both sides are loyal wearers of B. V. D.'s. 

Cyril Joyce, Chicago, Ill.

Oh, Baby!

IN James Oliver Curwood's story, "The Golden Snare," Wallace Beery saves the baby from the burning ship. When the baby grows up and looks through her baby clothes in the box, there is a french-heeled slipper in it.

Sarah Welsh, Birmingham, Ala.

Extravagance

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG, the heroine of "Charge It," is seen at the club with her husband, Herbert Rawlinson. He tips the waiter and there is a close-up of the tray with a dime on it. Yet Clara reproaches him for having given the waiter only a quarter!

Hazel Dyer, Providence, R. I.

Now, Now!

IN "Burn 'Em Up, Barnes," an automobile race took place supposedly in July, yet Barney Sherry wore an overcoat. And on all the racers there were New York licenses, although the race was run in Pennsylvania.

One of the titles in the same picture about Barnes' mother read: "who now stays off of railroad trains." The title-writer probably took one of those correspondence courses that guarantees to teach correct English in two lessons.

B. M. Thompson, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BARRYMORE Technique

I ALWAYS knew that Lionel Barrymore was a wonderful actor, but I never suspected that he could sit down, in full evening dress, simply to draw a line across a small card—and rise, fully attired in business clothes, as he did in "The Master Mind." It must have made the cameraman mad to wait while he changed.


Constance, Conjuror

IN "Lessons in Love," Constance Talmadge decides to write Kenneth Harlan a letter. Before she begins to write, she is wearing a gorgeous diamond bracelet. While she is writing the letter to Kenneth the bracelet has disappeared from her arm, but when the letter is finished she picks it up and reads it over and behold, her arm is decorated with the missing jewels!

Mae M. McElroy, Baltimore, Md.

A Big Business Man

MILTON SILLS, in "The Little Fool," is dictating into a dictaphone. In his mouth is a pipe; a foot away is the dictaphone. I would like to know how he does it.

J. S. T., Seattle, Washington.

Perhaps Highbrows Don't Taste Good

IT is all very well to declare money isn't everything and that blessed are the poor in purse. But why don't doors on movie mansions ever have screens in summer? In "The Woman in His House," the child runs in and out and never a screen do we see. But apparently the flies never take advantage of this.

Arabella Flynn, Lake Forest, Ill.

Too Technical

BEING a switchboard operator myself, I was very much amused at the operator in Constance Binney's "Such a Little Queen." She was a tall, thinish woman who chewed gum vigorously and had on the switchboard an artistic design using four cords from the same row. This would mean that there were four men on the wire from private offices connecting with this main one—each talking to himself and no one else, for there were no other connections.

Edna Rehm, Oak Park, Ill.

Heroes Never Get Hurt

IN "Franklyn Farnum's "The Hunger of the Blood," Franklyn rode leisurely into the midst of a lot of Indians who were firing directly at him. He escaped without a scratch. Did he wear armor under those lovely clothes?

Glory Sanford, Trenton, N. J.

One of Those Local Storms: Perhaps

THERE was a storm in "The Furnace." That is, tents were being blown down in the foreground of the scene by the heavy wind; but when you looked back a little you saw the trees nodding serenely in the gentle summer breeze, and the sun shining merrily through it all.


The Poor Things Must Keep Up Their Morale

PRISCILLA DEAN in "Reputation," as Pauline Stevens, is unable to procure work and is slowly starving. As she drags her weary bones up the stairs of her tenth rate boarding house, it is plainly seen that she wears silk stockings of an expensive brand. Will you ask Miss Dean for me where they grow?

Marion B. Dixon, Englewood, N. J.
Keep that schoolgirl complexion

A fine, fresh and blooming skin, radiant with health and free from blemishes, isn't the attribute of early youth alone. Every woman can keep her schoolgirl complexion long after youth has flown.

Proper care is the secret—care which keeps the skin in perfect health. This means the scientific cleansing which makes each tiny pore and skin cell active. You must use soap and water freely—you must use it every day.

Begin this treatment today

Wash your face gently with the mild, creamy lather of Palmolive, massaging it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and it will carry away all the dangerous accumulations which so often cause skin infection.

Then apply a touch of cold cream, smoothing it into the skin. You will be delighted at the way your complexion looks and feels, at its smoothness, fine texture and fresh color. This special face washing formula is thorough. It will not cause irritation.

Volume and efficiency permit us to sell Palmolive for 10c

Remember blackheads come from pores filling up with dirt—that pimples follow when this dirt carries infection.

Daily cleansing is your protection against skin troubles. Powder and rouge are harmless when applied to a clean skin.

Discovered 3,000 years ago

The use of Palm and Olive ols as cleansers is as old as history. Ancient Egypt discovered their value 3,000 years ago.

These oils are combined in Palmolive soap because modern science can discover no finer, milder ingredients. They are cosmetic oils, soothing and healing. They impart these virtues to Palmolive soap.

And best of all the price of Palmolive puts it, though so great a luxury, within the reach of all.

Only 10 cents

Although money can't command finer, milder, more beneficial cosmetic soap, modern manufacturing science has reduced the price to 10 cents a cake. The enormous demand keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. It permits the purchase of the costly ingredients in gigantic volume.

Thus while women prefer Palmolive for their facial soap, it is also the popular family soap of America. The toilet luxury all may enjoy at the price of ordinary soap.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited
Toronto, Ont.
Manufacturers of a complete line of toilet articles.
Copyright 1921—The Palmolive Co.
Beauty and the Mistletoe

The mistletoe is only an excuse; her beauty is the lure, for it instantly captivates him. Her lovely coloring "deepens" the flashing brilliance of her eyes, and enhances the sparkling whiteness of her teeth —for she knows and uses the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

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

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

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

Get 1922 Panel — Five Samples Sent With It

"Honeymooning in Venice." What romance! The golden moonlit balcony! The blue lagoon! The swishing gondoliers! Tinkling mandolins! The sighing winds of evening! Ah, the memories of a thousand Venetian years! Such is the story revealed in the new 1922 Pompeian panel. Size 28 x 7 1/4 inches. In beautiful colors. Sent for only 10c. This is the most beautiful and expensive panel we have ever offered. Art store value 50c to $1. Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfactory. Samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM, NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talc), sent with the Art Panel. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.

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

Also Made in Canada
VAMPS OF ALL TIMES

As seen when a modern spot-light is turned upon ancient legends.

By SVETEZAR TONJOROFF

VI—POTIPHAR'S WIFE

The case of Potiphar vs. Jacobson is one of the most interesting in the history of Egyptian jurisprudence. The complainant, a prominent Egyptian and colonel of that crack regiment, the Pharaonic Guard, petitioned the court to impose a life-sentence upon one Joseph Jacobson, a rising young wheat speculator, who had arrived in Egypt a few years previously with a band of strolling Ishmaelites. Col. Potiphar appeared in the suit as the next of kin to Mrs. Potiphar, a distant cousin and also his wife, who was the real complainant in the case.

The only material evidence submitted was an article entered in the records as "the garment." Counsel for the petitioner set up that this article—"Exhibit A"—was the property of the defendant, who was the youngest son of a wealthy sheep rancher by the name of Jacob Isaacson.

Ownership of "the garment" by Joseph Jacobson having been proved to the satisfaction of counsel for the complainant, and apparently also of the court, the next step was to establish the circumstances under which the same had come into the possession of Mrs. Potiphar.

In this phase of the proceedings the widest divergence developed. As ladies had no standing in Egyptian tribunals higher than a police court at that period, Mrs. Potiphar's story was told in court by her husband. Testifying under oath, Col. Potiphar, O. G. S. (Order of the Golden Scarab), said in effect:

That the said Joseph had so satisfactorily discharged the duties imposed upon him that he had become a household favorite;

That the said Mrs. Potiphar, a Daughter of the Delta Revolution and a lady of unblemished reputation, had taken a liking to said Joseph Jacobson and had entertained him from time to time at tea;

That these attentions were entirely devoid of any sentimental character on the part of the said Mrs. Potiphar, but were always intended as an encouragement to the young majordomo to perform even more zealously his duties to his master;

But that, on the occasion designated in complainant's short affidavit, the said Jacobson so far forgot the respect he owed to his mistress, the said Mrs. Potiphar, that, on the plea of excessive heat, he did there and then take off, doff and divest himself of the said garment (marked "Exhibit A"), that he flung it aside and proceeded to make himself as comfortable as if he were in his own office in the basement.

Here the complainant's counsel produced a sensation by disclosing for the first time the nature of the garment in question. A murmur of astonishment rustled around the courtroom, and even the venerable presiding judge, Mr. Justice Fellahoon, adjusted his glasses and craned his neck slightly when counsel produced the "coat of many colors" of which so much has since been written in the book called "Genesis."

In closing his case, the complainant told how Mrs. Colonel Potiphar, moved to profound indignation by this lapse of manners, had rung for the servants, ordered Jacobson out of the house and was on the point of flinging his coat of many colors after him when it occurred to her that she might need the said garment for evidence. She therefore retained possession of it.

Speaking under the stress of strong emotion, Col. Potiphar turned to Mr. Justice Fellahoon and concluded in a husky voice:

"I submit, your honor, that the good name of Mrs. Colonel Potiphar can be protected only by the imposition of a life term on this impudent foreigner."

A round of applause broke out in the courtroom at this outburst. It was quickly suppressed by the energetic cracking of a two-thonged whip by the Grand Crocodile, that is to say, the marshal of the court.

The defendant was brought in under a heavy guard. He was securely manacled, and, in addition, to his left leg was attached, at the ankle, a large iron sphere or ball. This ball, as he entered, he carried with some difficulty with both hands. After he had taken the stand he dropped this heavy impediment with a resounding thud to the floor.

"Order, order!" admonished the Grand Crocodile, with a flourish of the whip as a titter ran around the room.

It was noticed that the prisoner was freshly shaven and had the appearance of a man who had slept well during the previous night. He wore a gray coat, which hung in graceful folds from his broad shoulders.

"Is this coat yours?" asked the presiding judge sternly, pointing to Exhibit A.

"It is, your honor," replied Jacobson in a quiet and submissive voice.

This answer seemed to take Mr. (Continued on page 112)
Why You Must Have Beautiful, Well-Kept Hair to be Attractive

Your Hair Should Be Dressed so as to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Reduce Your Worst Ones

Your Hair Should Be Dressed so as to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Reduce Your Worst Ones

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a big nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, fat face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair 'high'. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural — when it looks most like you.

Your Hair Should Be Dressed so as to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Reduce Your Worst Ones

Your Hair Should Be Dressed so as to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Reduce Your Worst Ones

Your Hair Should Be Dressed so as to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Reduce Your Worst Ones

Your Hair Should Be Dressed so as to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Reduce Your Worst Ones

Your Hair Should Be Dressed so as to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Reduce Your Worst Ones

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
MR. BILLIEE.—You girls have evidently been eating Billie Burke chocolates and sleeping in Billie Burke pajamas. Miss Burke is to open in New York soon in a new play by Booth Tarkington. Her last appearance on the stage was in "Caesar’s Wife," in which she was supported by Norman Trevor, who is now playing with Marie Doro, Ward Crane with Constance Binney in "Something Different," with Anita Stewart in "The Yellow Typhoon" and with Irene Castle in "French Heels." Betty Compson in "At the End of the World."

JOSEPHINE, MANILA.—Nice letter. Thanks for the ad. Corinne Griffith admits she was born in Texarkana, Texas, but refuses to state in what year this momentous event occurred. Her hair is blonde, her eyes are brown, her height is five feet three. Lila Lee was born in New York City in 1902. She has black hair and eyes, and is just exactly as tall as Mrs. Webster Campbell.

JEANETTE.—You say you heard a funny joke. Here it is, glad you liked it. And he hasn’t changed much. He’s his age — or I should say, his youth. In this respect, he greatly differs from most of the matinee idols, including yours respectively.

FRANCIS.—Gareth and Lloyd Hughes are not related. Gareth is a Welshman. He was born in Llanelly, Wales, in 1897, while Lloyd was born in Bisbee, Arizona, in 1899. Gareth was educated in Paris; Lloyd in Los Angeles. So you see they have nothing in common. Mr. Lloyd Hughes recently married little Gloria Hope. Gareth isn’t married at all. Mary Thurman hasn’t been in comedy for a long time. She’s in Dusty Farnum’s latest, "The Primal Law."

PINKY.—Is it natural, or does it come out of a bog? I have my suspicions. Gladys Walton was born April 13, 1904, in Boston, Mass., though you’d never think it to look at her—that she was born in Boston, I mean. She was born in Portland, Oregon, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Address, Universal, U City, Cal.

BILLY B.—So you think I resemble Mr. Conway Tearle. I would that I did. But if I looked like Mr. Tearle I assure you I would be in the movies. Julia Faye was the delectable maid in "Male and Female."

PEGGY HOOVER.—No relation to Herbert. Do I like you as I used to? I’m sure I do. But I don’t remember how I used to like you. Glad you like Photoplay and its Answer Man. Bert Lytell, I regret to inform you, is married to Evelyn Vaughn. I don’t regret to inform you that he is married to Evelyn Vaughn, but that he is married to a Hollywood address. Address him Metro studios.

AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE.—There are songs written about you, but can’t recall them just now. Yes, if I see Conway Tearle in New York I’ll remind him of you. But I’ll have to remind him of me first. May McAvoy was born in New York in 1901. She has brown hair and blue eyes, is four feet and eleven inches, and weighs ninety-four pounds. Address Miss McAvoy, Las Vegas, Nevada. She’s a musical child, May, but I haven’t heard that she is engaged again. She has never been engaged at all as far as I know. As usual there have been rumors.

DAGMAR.—Your list of favorites is very wise, since it includes almost every star in the world. Your particular pet, Justine Johnstone, is indeed beautiful. I saw her once at the opening of a new play. She was all in white, with an ermine cape and silver flowers around her head. If Walter Wanger hadn’t been with her—he was. They have been married several years, and are both abroad just now. Justine is five feet seven, weighs 122 pounds, is of Swedish descent, and was born in Englewood, New Jersey, on January 31, 1899. Her pictures for Realet: "Blackbirds," "The Plaything of Broadway," "Sheltered Daughters" and "A Heart to Let." A letter in care of Realet will be forwarded to her. Give Justine my regards when you write.

HELEN R.—Richard Martin plays the leading role in "Beyond the Great Wall." He is one of the younger leading men. He is not married.

MARGUERITE.—So you have heard a new joke. Somebody said to somebody, "Are you married or do you live in Hollywood?" Yes, that has been my favorite film joke for ten years. Athole Shearer has been engaged to play ingenue leads in Shiller Productions, which are in Yonkers. I have no information concerning her sister.

PHYLLIS.—It has been rumored that Douglas Fairbanks has bought the film rights to "The Three Musketeers," but since you don’t believe all these wild rumors, I’d advise you to go to your favorite theater and see his latest picture. Doug is married to Mary. Gloria Swanson is Mrs. Herbert K. Somborn, but will not be very much longer. Milton Sils is married to Gladys Wyne. Leon Gendron in "Scrambled Wives." Elliott Dexter is married to Marie Doro.

MARIE KELLY.—You don’t need to use green ink. I know you’re Irish. Roy Stewart is filming four Peter B. Kyne stories for Ben Wilson. Zena Keefe is twenty-five; Niles Weld, thirty-three, and Kenneth Harlan twenty-six.

MARY ELIZABETH, GREENVILLE, S. C.—My answers have made you laugh and I am not sure the Editor agrees with you. Owen Moore was formerly Mr. Mary Pickford. Now he is Mr. Kathryn Perry. Mary Miles Minter is not married. Mary’s mother and grandmother both say so, and they ought to know.

ELEANOR.—Well, I won’t say I adore Marilyn Miller, but I will commit myself and declare that there is no singing and dancing actress on Broadway I’d sooner see than Miss Martin does not give her age for publication. She has a little daughter, but very little has ever been given out about her. Miss Martin prefers to have a private life.

SAXON, BALTIMORE.—Wallace Mac Donald and Doris May are co-starring—in private life. Doris is now a film star. More power to her. Her first is "The Foolish Age."

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get answers 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, envelope self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 32 W. 43rd St., New York City.
Here are the Movie Mommers

By GLADYS HALL

The Movie Mommers are here! They are There! They are Everywhere!

They have been from the Beginning. They shall be unto the End.

The Movie Mommers are omnipresent, all knowing, all informative and all the time.

They deal with the facts of the life of their own particular, a juggler deals with a bright little ball. It departs from him, but never quite from him. A blonde little, shy little star may depart from, but never quite from her dear Movie Mommer.

Be she ingenuous or vamp, be she progressive or retrogressive, be she self-operated or of the gendre clinging-vinas, she has taken root in her Movie Mommer and to transplant is to move the mountain to Mohammed.

To move the mountain to Mohammed is again the simile when it comes to removing a Mommer from an Interview.

It is like this: One interviews a Star. One anticipates a prodigious, precocious, beautiful, bouncing baby that every time one is not freckle. Next time address your questions to Miss Carolyn Van Wyck, the Editor of the Fashion Department.
Win your battles the day before they happen

It was the night before the finals. The runner-up did nothing but talk to his friends about his chances the next day. He slept very little that night. The champion won the match easily, or rather the runner-up lost it. He was defeated by his own nervousness.

In business, as in sport, successful men and women know that the right kind of play is as important as the right kind of work. Invariably they

Play cards for wholesome recreation

They find that a well-played game of cards not only relieves the mind of all the troubles of the past or to come, but also recreates the very faculties—concentration, memory, perception—that are most needed for the next day's problems. Play cards often, be a good player, and you will be more expert in everything else.

Send for a copy of "The Official Rules of Card Games" giving complete rules for 300 games and hints for better playing. Check this and other books wanted on coupon. Write name and address in margin below and mail with required postage stamps to

The U. S. Playing Company
Dept. U-2 Cincinnati, U. S. A., Manufacturers of

BICYCLE
PLAYING CARDS
(Also Congress Playing Cards. Art Backs. Gold Edges.)

Auction Pitch at a Glance

PLAYERS—5 to 7. Best 4 or 5 hand.
RANK OF CARDS—A (high) to 2 (low).
DEAL—Using full pack, deal six cards to each player, three at a time.
OBJECT OF GAME—To hold in hand highest and lowest trumps in play, to take, in tricks, jack of trumps and cards which count for game. (See Scoring.)

THE PLAY—Eldest hand names the trump, or he may sell the privilege to highest bidder and add points bid to his score. No player is permitted to bid enough to put eldest hand out. (In some localities player may bid to full strength of his cards, but eldest hand can score only to within 1 point of game.) Bidding passes to left; each player is allowed only one bid; and each must bid higher than the preceding player or pass. Eldest hand may refuse bids and pitch the trump himself; in this case he must make as many points as the highest bid, or be "set back." Eldest hand may name the trump without waiting for bids, but if he fails to make 4 points, he is "set back." If no bid is made, eldest hand must pitch the trump. No penalty for bid out of turn.

BIDDING TO THE BOARD—The modern style is to bid to the board, no player getting the points offered. Eldest hand bids first; no second bids are allowed. Any player can bid as high as four, but no one can claim the privilege of pitching the trump for as many as bid by another.

LEADING—Highest bidder for eldest hand, if he has refused to sell) leads and indicates trump by his first card. Even if led in error, the first card irrevocably indicates trumps. Each player must play a trump on first lead if possible and highest trump takes trick. Winner of trick, leads for next one. When hands are played out, cards are bunched and new deal follows. After first trick, any suit may be led. Player holding suit of card led, must either follow suit or trump; player not holding suit of card led may either trump or discard.

SCORING—Scoring points, are high, low, jack and game. If eldest hand sells, he scores the amount bid. In case two or more players count out on the same deal, and one of them is maker of trump, he goes out first. If neither is maker of trump, points score in the following way: High—highest card in play, counts 1 point for player to whom it was dealt. Low—lowest card in play, counts 1 point for player to whom it was dealt. Jack—Jack of trumps counts 1 point for player who takes in trick. Game—counts 1 point for player who takes in cards which figure highest, counting tens at 10; Aces, 4; Kings, 3; Queens, 2; Jacks, 1. In case of tie, no game point is scored.

SET BACK—If bidder fails to make the number of points he bid, he is set back and the amount of bid is subtracted from his score. If he is set back more points than he has credit he is said to be "in the hole" and a ring is drawn around the minus amount.

REVOCO PENALTIES—In case of revoke by any player, except maker of trump, the latter cannot be set back, even if he fails to make amount bid, and each other player but one revolving, counts whatever he makes. Revokeing player is set back amount of bid. If no bid was made, he is set back 2 points. If maker of trump revokes, he is set back amount of bid, and each other player scores whatever he himself makes. Maker of trump cannot score on a deal in which he has revoked.

GAME—7 or 10 points, as agreed.

For full rules and hints on bidding and play see "The Official Rules of Card Games" or "Six Popular Games" offered below.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN came; he saw; and he conquered.

England gave its favorite son a reception that she usually reserves for the Prince of Wales. In fact, the idolized Edward is the only other personage who was ever greeted with a riot such as Chaplin got.

He tells in his own interesting and inimitable way of his experiences. Read "Charlie Abroad," in this issue.

SAW Gladys Hulette and her husband, William Parks, Jr., on the Avenue the other afternoon. Gladys looked like some little school-girl in her kiddish sports coat and tam; and her husband doesn't look much older. They are both as nice as they can be.

He plays with Corinne Griffith in her newest picture.

MARY PICKFORD reinforced her tremendous popularity when she attended the first night of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in a New York Theater.

In the box with Mary were her exuberant husband, Douglas Fairbanks; Jack Pickford, who helped direct the picture; and Mrs. Charlotte Pickford. All of the Pickford family except Lottie went abroad a week later. Even little Mary Pickford the Second went along with her aunt and grandma.

Mr. Fairbanks made a speech at the premier, referring to himself as one of Mary's added attractions. Mary didn't make a speech at "The Three Musketeers," but then she has always been a retiring personage. Her picture has been a great success; and everyone who knows Mary is glad, for she surely deserves it.

GLORIA SWANSON has announced that she and her husband, Herbert Somborn, are actually separated and that she will probably divorce him, although she never expects to marry again.

"I came home one day from location and found he had packed his things and left me," said the exotic screen beauty. "He left a note saying he didn't want to see me, but he would want to see the baby."

"It was just a case of 'didn't get along' I guess."

"I shall never marry again. I am earnestly, terribly ambitious to succeed in my work. I want to do something really big and I am willing to devote my life to it. I have my beautiful little baby daughter to love and make a home for and she and my work will completely absorb me. I do not wish ever to be separated from her again. I feel I shall be happiest this way."

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made in the Los Angeles newspapers that the reported engagement of William S. Hart and Jane Novak, if it ever existed has been terminated and that there will be no wedding bells in that direction.

Although the engagement was never confirmed, it was definitely accepted and said to be true by intimate friends of both Mr. Hart's and Miss Novak's. It was supposed that neither of the stars would confirm it because Miss Novak's divorce from her first husband was not yet final and that any such announcement as her future wedding plans might interfere with her final decree.

But that has been handed down and Mr. Hart is now quoted as saying, "No, we are not going to be married. It's not true and I wish it were—but it isn't."

Miss Novak, as usual, remains mysteriously, sweetly, silent.

HERE is our idea of a real motion picture palace. A dance hall; a roof-garden, a restaurant, and a swimming-pool besides the auditorium that seats 1200 people.

There is only one picture house in the United States that has all of these extra added attractions; and that's the Hippodrome, of Okmulgee, Oklahoma.

ELSIE FERGUSON is at home—on Park Avenue—again, after her trip to Europe on which she was accompanied by her husband, Thomas Clarke, the banker.

The exquisite Elsie is more charming than (Continued on page 80)
Your skin needs two different creams at different times

For daytime use — the cream that will not reappear in a shine

A TIRED looking skin adds years to a woman's age. To freshen the skin instantly, use the cream made without oil. You can put it on just before you go out, for there is nothing in it which could reappear in a shine.

Take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and smooth it lightly in with an upward motion. The dullness, the flat unbecoming tones disappear — your complexion takes on a new freshness and transparency.

When you powder, do it to last. The perpetual powdering that most women do is so unnecessary. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream — this cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on — and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores, and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

At night — the cleansing cream made with oil

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only a cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face with the soap you have found best suited to it, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores and cleanse them thoroughly. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

Start using these creams today

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair. They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. Pond's Extract Company, New York.

POND'S

Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

For the nightly cleansing, only Pond's Cold Cream, the cream made with oil, will do.

In the daytime, use Pond's Vanishing Cream, the dry cream made without oil, to protect your skin against wind and dust.

Generous tubes — mail coupon today

The Pond's Extract Co.,
129 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs — enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name
Street
City
State.
Wanda Hawley has some unpronounceable Swedish cognomen, so she wisely adopted her married name for screen purposes—she is actually Mrs. Burton Hawley, you know. And Florence Vidor did likewise, although her own name of Florence Arto wouldn't have been so bad.

UNIVERSAL, on the heels of the Roscoe Arbuckle case, has come forward with an announcement that it has inserted a “morality clause” into all its present and future contracts. In effect, the clause says that any actor or actress who commits any act tending to offend the community or outrage public morals and decency, will be given five days’ notice of the cancellation of his contract with the company.

That’s all very fine and very virtuous. But doesn’t it look a little as if Universal were seizing the notoriety of the Arbuckle case to bring favorable comment upon itself?

FANNIE WARD fans please note. The beautiful actress has deserted us—permanently. She has severed the last tie between herself and America. She has ordered all her household treasures sold; all the contents of her gorgeous California home, and has bought a house in London, where she is living with her husband, Jack Dean, and her daughter.

Her daughter, by the way, is quite wealthy in her own right. She is the widow of a prosperous Englishman.

The month wouldn’t be complete without at least one engagement to announce from film circles. This time it is Barbara Bedford, who has just been elevated to stardom by Fox, and Irvin Willat, the director.

No date has been set for the wedding, for Miss Bedford is very young and very busy and thinks it would be better to “wait a while.”

(Continued on page 82)
Nerve Exhaustion

By PAUL VON BOECKMANN

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

There is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true-meaning of the word "hell." One who has experienced it can say no word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is its power. He becomes irritable, irascible and irreligious. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcome him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion means Nerve Bankruptcy. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store a mysterious energy we term Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works with all its might to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement, or grief, or if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, we consume Nerve Force more than the organs produce, and the natural result must be Nerve Exhaustion.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms which, unfortunately, cannot readily be recognized. The average person thinks that when his hands do not tremble and his muscles do not twitch, he cannot possibly be nervous. This is a dangerous assumption, for people with hands as solid as a rock who appear to be in perfect health may be dangerously near Nerve Collapse.

One of the first symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion is the derangement of the Sympathetic Nervous System, the nerve branch which governs the vital organs (see diagram). In other words, the vital organs become sluggish because of insufficient supply of Nervy Energy. This is manifested by a cycle of weaknesses and disturbances in digestion; constipation, poor blood circulation, and general muscular lassitude usually being the first to be noticed.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle, and investigations and deductions always brought me back to the immutable truth that Nerve Derangement and Nerve Weakness is the basic cause of nearly every bodily ailment, pain or disorder. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., the author of numerous books, that "Nerve Energy is 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 temperamnet. The finer your nerves are the finer you are. A more delicate is your nervous system, 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 following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I have about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all the other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have reread your book at least ten times."

A doctor writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation, calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

The Prevention of Colds

Of the various books, pamphlets and treaties 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 as easily susceptible to Colds as those who do not. It is this point that is explained in my book NERVE FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds—factors that concerning the maintenance of the body's clothing, immunity, temperature, etc. These factors are fully discussed in the booklet Prevention of Colds.

Our Health, Happiness and Success in life demands that we face these facts understandingly. I have written a 64-page book on this subject which teaches how to protect the nerves from everyday Shell Shock. It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves; how to nourish them through proper breathing and other means. The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. See address at the bottom of page. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of postage. A copy of the book Prevention of Colds will be sent Free upon receipt of 25c Postage Stamp. You will agree that this alone is worth many times the price asked for both books.

Address: PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Studio 51, 110 West 40th St., New York

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The most fascinating thing in the world!

"Learning to write for the Movies! Millions are you, too, to do it! Thousands are learning how! Movie lovers everywhere are taking it up! It's a wonderful new thing, exciting, magnetic, full of a thousand glowing new possibilities for everyone—learning how to write photoplays and stories by a simple new system of going to the movies to get ideas!"

The wonder, the thrill, the joy, the deep personal gratification of seeing your own thoughts, your own ideas, your own dreams in print, in the movies, in your own fancy, the situations sketched in your imagination, the characters you whimsically portrayed—all gloriously come to life right there on the screen before your very eyes, while you sit in the audience with that flushed, proud smile of success! Yours! Yours at last. And you never dreamed it could be! You doubted yourself—thought you needed a fancy education or gift of writing.

To think of thousands now writing plays and stories who used to imagine they ‘Never Could!’ Not geniuses, but just average, everyday, plain, ordinary kind of people. Men and women in many businesses and professions—the modest worker, the clerk, the stenographer, bookkeeper, saleswoman, motorman, truckman, barber, boiler-maker, doctor, lawyer, saloon girl, nurse, manicurist, model—people of all trades and temperaments, deeply immersed in ‘manufacturing movie ideas,’ of planning scenarios, of adapting ideas from photoplays they see, of re-building plots, of transforming situations, or re-making characters seen on the screen—all devoting every moment of their spare time to this absorbing, hopeful work! Turning leisure hours into golden possibilities!

And the big secret of their boundless enthusiasm, now catching on like wild-fire among all classes of people, is by this system, by the book, by what you are reading right here. This book reveals and tells you how to get ideas, your own ideas, your own dreams, the scenes you pictured in your fancy, the situations sketched in your imagination, the characters you whimsically portrayed—all gloriously come to life right there on the screen before your very eyes, while you sit in the audience with that flushed, proud smile of success! Yours! Yours at last. And you never dreamed it could be! You doubted yourself—thought you needed a fancy education or gift of writing.

"The Wonder Book for Writers." which is a book of wonders for ambitious men and women, is ready for release.

TheAuthors' Press, Dept. 378, Auburn, N. Y.

So don't turn over this page without writing your name and address below and mailing at once. You have nothing to pay. You're not obligated in the slightest. This Magnificent Book is YOURS—FREE—NO CASH ACCEPTABLE THIS BOOK. Yestaterday this offer. Your copy is all ready, waiting to be mailed to you. Send and get it now.

PUBLISHED ABSOLUTELY FREE "The Wonderful Book for Writers." which is a book of wonders for ambitious men and women, is ready for release.

THE other week was "Duel Role Week" on Broadway.

At the Apollo Theater, on Forty-second Street, Mary Pickford was enacting both "Cedric Errol" and "Dearest" in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." At the Strand, a few blocks up the street, Charlie Chaplin was starring—twice—in "The Idle Class.

And at the Rivoli, good old bad-man Bill Hart was holding forth as "Three Word Brand," "Three-Word Brand’s" twin brother, and "Three Word Brand’s" father.

LILLIAN GISH made one of her very rare personal appearances on the first night of the second week of "Way Down East," at the Strand Theater on Broadway.

The lovely Lillian refused at first to consider the personal appearance problem; but managers are insistent, and she was finally obliged to give in. She is one of the stars who is anything but disillusioned in a flesh-and-blood close-up. Ask anyone who saw her that night. She was quite the quaintest and sweetest thing who ever appeared in a theater.

THE report is going the rounds of the film rialto in Manhattan that the Talmadge sisters, Constance and Norma, are going to work in the west, and two of New York’s most shining stars will be lost to first-nights and the glittering roofs. Norma’s jewels will no longer blaze with their friendly ferocity, putting those diamonds and pearls of bankers’ wives and opera stars to shame. No longer will Constance’s ankle twinkle down the Avenue with its diamond anklet—but there, we seem to be getting sentinel.

So many stars have been deserting the east for the west, we should have been hardened to it before now.

The Talmadges probably want to be in California so they can see their sister Natalie once in a while.

THERE are plans afoot in Germany for a new film company with a capital of 125,000,000 marks. The purpose of it will be to produce films which will stimulate national feeling among the Teutons.

At the head of the company will be the great coal baron of Germany, the financial wizard, Hugo Stinnes; and Erich von Ludendorff, the ex war-lord. Ludendorff will have the title of “supreme censor” to all the films produced by the new company.

Well, Well!

ALICE CALHOUN is making "The Little Minister," for Vitagraph.

The Paramount picturization of the Barrie classic with Betty Compson in the title role, is ready for release.

Whom do you think will make the better "Babbie"? (Continued on page 84)
How Many Objects Beginning with "C" Can You Find in Picture?

Observe These Rules
1. Any person who is not an employee, or relative of any employee, of the Minnesota Pen Co., may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by December 24, 1910.
3. All answers should be written on one side of the paper only, and should contain a full name and address on each page.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use obsolete, hyphenated, or underlined words.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, but words like cake, cane, and chest are considered different objects. No object can be counted more than once.
6. The answer having the largest and nearest estimate will be awarded 1st prize. If two or more answers are within 100 points of each other, the prize will be divided among the contestants.
7. Candidates may cooperate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one person. Each contestant will be counted as one vote, even if more than one person from the same household answers.
8. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each winning contestant.
9. These rules apply to the picture puzzle game, not to the advertising section.
10. All answers will be numbered in order of receipt. The Minneapolis Star, Minneapolis, Minn., has been designated to act as the judge of the contest, and his decision will be final and conclusive.

How to Win $1,500.00

The purchase of one of our $5.00 Minnesota Fountain Pens makes your answer to the picture puzzle eligible for the $500.00 Prize, as shown in the second column of prize list. However, as we want more people to know our pens, and as a special advertising feature, we are making this picture puzzle game to get more people acquainted with Minnesota Fountain Pens.

State Style of Pen Wanted

The Minnesota Fountain Pen comes in two styles, ladies' and gentleman's, in both the $3.00 and $5.00 sizes. The pens pictured are our five dollar ladies' and gentleman's pens. The picture shows are two and three quarters. In order state whether you wish fine, medium or stub point.

Money-Back Guarantee

We guarantee Minnesota Fountain Pens to be perfectly satisfactory. If you are not satisfied with it on arrival, return it and we will exchange it or refund your money.

MINNESOTA PEN CO.
Dept. 555
Saint Paul Minnesota

Win $1,500.00 For Xmas

There's an opportunity for you to get a handsome Christmas Present for yourself. It is not a fanciful dream but a straight-out and out opportunity for you to win $1,500.00. In the picture here, you will find a number of objects and parts of objects whose names begin with the letter "C." Pick out objects like cat, cane, chest, etc. Nothing is hidden. You do not even need to turn the picture upside down.

Everybody Join In

It Costs Nothing to Try

Sit down right now and see how many "C" words you can find. The object of this picture puzzle game is to get more people acquainted with Minnesota Fountain Pens. Thousands of them are now giving satisfactory service every day. We want you to buy one of our pens for yourself and another one to use as a gift. A Minnesota Fountain Pen makes a handsome Christmas present, and it will solve the problem of deciding what shall I give for Xmas?

Fun for All the Family

Start in now and see how many "C" words you can find. All can join in, from the old folks down to the little youngsters. You'll have loads of fun, and if your answer to this picture puzzle is awarded 1st prize, you will be entitled to use as a gift. A Minnesota Fountain Pen makes a handsome Christmas present, and it will solve the problem of deciding what shall I give for Xmas?

THE PRIZES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prize</th>
<th>1st Prize</th>
<th>2nd Prize</th>
<th>3rd Prize</th>
<th>4th Prize</th>
<th>5th Prize</th>
<th>6th Prize</th>
<th>7th Prize</th>
<th>8th Prize</th>
<th>9th Prize</th>
<th>10th Prize</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Amount</td>
<td>$250.00</td>
<td>$200.00</td>
<td>$150.00</td>
<td>$100.00</td>
<td>$75.00</td>
<td>$50.00</td>
<td>$35.00</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
<td>$15.00</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOLAY MAGAZINE.
What Do You Owe Your Wife?

Do you remember the promises you made when you wooed the girl who is now your wife? Have you forgotten the scenes your fancy painted—that home of your own—a real yard for the kids—a maid to lighten the household burdens—a tidy sum in the bank—a wonderful trip every summer? She has not forgotten. She still hopes that you will make true these dreams. She still has faith in you.

You don't want to disappoint your wife and make her life a burden, do you? You want to put the light of happiness in her eyes. You have in you the power, the ability and surely the desire to make good your promises, and you can do it easily. If you could only realize how quickly success came to thousands of other husbands, how splendidly they made true the dreams of courtship days, then nothing in the world could stop you from your success and happiness.

After all is said and done, it is money and its right use that promotes contentment. Lack of money makes the cold realities of present day life a bitter trial and constant worry. It makes young wives old dreams of courtship days, then nothing in the world could stop you from your success and happiness.

THE interesting news has just leaked out that Kathleen O’Connor, Vitagraph star, and Lynn Reynolds, who has directed most of the Tom Mix pictures, were married in Los Angeles about three months ago and are spending their honeymoon at Mr. Reynolds’s beautiful new home in the Hollywood foothills. The romance was a sort of sky-rocket affair and the knowledge of the wedding when a little bird chirped it about, came as a complete surprise.

ALSO apparently not many people know that Helene Chadwick, the Goldwyn leading lady, is in private life Mrs. Billy Wellman. These two have been married for some time, in fact we understand that the ceremony took place just after Mr. Wellman returned from France where he was an Ace in the Lafayette Escadrille. But Miss Chadwick doesn’t believe in advertising her domestic bliss, it seems, so only their intimates knew of it. Mr. Wellman is at present an assistant director on the Fox lot.

Any director will tell you that it’s no easy matter to direct an infant actor. But John Stahl manages it by making believe it is all a game. Richard Headrick, film star and swimming champ, has the time of his life in the studio or on location. He cries if they don’t let him work!

NOTHING has been announced as yet, and it is not generally known, but we have more than a sneaking suspicion that Pearl White will not be with Fox very much longer. The erstwhile empress of the serials has not been happily cast in any of the Fox dramas, and in her latest, “A Virgin Paradise,” she is not even starred on the billboards.

We always think of Miss White as the Pearl of Pathe, don’t you?

CATHERINE CALVERT is a film celebrity who has returned to the stage. She is the Spanish heroine of “Blood and Sand,” the Broadway adaptation of Ibanez novel, in which Otis Skinner is starring. Miss Calvert plays the vivacious Dona Sol, the Spanish great lady who so demoralizes Skinner’s El Gallardo, the great bull-fighter, that he loses his cunning. Miss Calvert is a dashing heroine and one of the most beautiful women on the American stage.

It is not generally known that she suffers from lameness. She is remarkably brave, and gives no evidence of the illness that made her lame and kept her from stage and screen for several years. She is worthy of the orphans and met Constance Talmadge, led the cheering. It was largely a family affair.

When you are fought over in a court of law, you know you are rich and famous. It wasn’t Jackie Coogan, but Jackie Coogan’s effigy: the “Kid” doll, that was wrangled over. Jackie in his red sweater and checked cap, his costume in Chaplin’s masterpiece, appeared as a doll last April. He appeared twice, in last. And a Supreme Court Judge will have both figures in court to look them over.

The company which manufactured the doll is asking an injunction to restrain the other company from manufacturing and selling the Coogan dolls.

Never mind who wins. The point is, that it’s all about a youngster of eight who brought the civilized world to his small feet in one picture.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
T'S called "The Kick in It." Sounds interesting. But all the kick is out of it when we tell you that it is only the name of a picture that the society folk of Tuxedo Park have made and have exhibited for charity. They're very exclusive at Tuxedo, but they fell for the films at last; and they have made a real movie thriller, all about a Wild Mountain Girl and a moonshine still.

Names you have seen in the society columns are listed in the cast.

BEBE DANIELS, who is really an old resident of Los Angeles (her people have been socially and professionally prominent here for three generations and her grandfather was one of the best known men of his time and has streets and carlines named after him), has bought a new home on West Adams street, this being the old exclusive residential district, far removed from Hollywood or Beverly Hills.

Here Miss Bebe resides with her mother, her little Spanish grandmother, from whom she inherited her beauty, and a bevy of devoted aunts. The house is very stately and old-fashioned and spacious and surrounded by large and ancient trees.

She entertained there the other evening with a delightful little dinner in honor of Nina Wilcox Putnam, the writer, who came west to write a screen story of Cuba for the little star.

HOW'D you like to work for Adolph Zukor? He is the president of Paramount, you know.

The other day—and it was one of the loveliest days of fall—he had a party. It was at his estate on the Hudson. He had four hundred guests whom he sent for in private cars. They were all the eastern employees of Famous Players, who had the time of their life playing golf and tennis, and base ball with their boss. He's the kind of a boss to have!

BETTY BLYTHE returned to Hollywood after a long visit to New York and celebrated her arrival by appearing in the production of "The Queen of Sheba," in which she is starred, at a Los Angeles theater.

And celebrated her arrival by appearing in a play, and being greeted with showers of flowers. The whole stage was packed with floral offerings, which excited every employee. The show was such a reception. Miss Blythe is a Los Angeles girl, and well remembered struggling in the old days, but now she has made a real movie thriller, all about a Wild Mountain Girl and a moonshine still.

Here Miss Bebe resides with her mother, her little Spanish grandmother, from whom she inherited her beauty, and a bevy of devoted aunts. The house is very stately and old-fashioned and spacious and surrounded by large and ancient trees.

She entertained there the other evening with a delightful little dinner in honor of Nina Wilcox Putnam, the writer, who came west to write a screen story of Cuba for the little star.

$3185

THE NEW 1922 FIVE PASSENGER
HAYNES 75
BROUGHAM

The growing preference for closed cars is instantly understood by one who sees the new Haynes 75 Brougham in its 1922 presentation. Here is not merely luxurious appointment—an inviting interior, perfectly ventilated, cosily warmed. Through its new, big powerful Haynes 75 motor, this Brougham acquires the ultimate factor of desirability—the instant acceleration, the vigor, the confident reserve of power which puts its traveling range within the scope formerly claimed only by the open or sporting type of car.

To the woman it brings the realization of soft, harmonious surroundings, and an absolute freedom from thought of mechanical things. To the man, whose reason demands technical satisfaction, there is delight in the knowledge that the Haynes 75 motor with its larger valves, bows to his will—eager, alert, capable, with the flexibility and power which come from perfect fuelization, accurate engine heat control and supreme engineering excellence throughout.

It is the car ideal for the woman of many social duties—the man whose profession requires that he ride much and well. Intimate within, exclusive without, it puts its traveling range within the scope formerly claimed only by the open or sporting type of car.

The other new 1922 Haynes 75 models are: Seven-passenger Touring Car, $2485; four-passenger Tourister, $2485; two-passenger Special Speedster, $2685; five-passenger Brougham, $3185; seven-passenger Sedan and Suburban, $3485.

The Haynes Automobile Company, Kokomo, Indiana
Export Office: 1715 Broadway, New York City, U. S. A.

BEAUTY • STRENGTH • POWER • COMFORT

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Edith Roberts, popular Universal Film Star uses Garda Face Powder

Face in texture, smooth and clinging is Garda Face Powder. Its fragrance is new and unusual.

Watkins

GARDA

FACE POWDER

Garda toilet necessaries — and I 30 other Watkins products — mysterious spirit of Health odor; also an attractive Face Powder, perfumed with hundreds of new Garda scents, are delivered direct to your home, city or country, by over 4,500 Watkins Retailers. Watkins service, and Watkins Quality (known over 50 years), are responsible for twenty million satisfied users today. If a Watkins Retailer has not called recently, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

How to Get a Sample

Send 2¢ stamp and receive supplied. Garda toilet necessaries — and I 30 other Watkins products — mysterious spirit of Health odor; also an attractive Face Powder, perfumed with hundreds of new Garda scents, are delivered direct to your home, city or country, by over 4,500 Watkins Retailers. Watkins service, and Watkins Quality (known over 50 years), are responsible for twenty million satisfied users today. If a Watkins Retailer has not called recently, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

RUTH TAFT

Our beauty expert, gladly will answer your questions on beauty problems. Write to her care of the J. R. Watkins Company.

THE J. R. WATKINS COMPANY

Winona, Minn.

Dept. 269

Est. 1868 The Original

Wonderful! New Orange Rouge

New! Startling!

An Orange Rouge which turns to a beautiful natural blush when applied to the skin. Cannot be detected — will not rub off — easy to apply. Recommended by social experts everywhere for its beauty and lasting qualities. Not a grease — powder — nor liquid.

TRIAL OFFER

Just send your address to a dollar bill and drop in of application by mail. You will receive one 3½ oz. bottles of New Rouge Powder. Tear this out right now so you won't forget and mail right.

SOLAR LABORATORIES, 2 S.ury Ave., Chicago, III.

"The Little Colonel" comes back. Henry Walthall has made his first picture for several years, "Flower of the North," for Vitagraph.

HAROLD LLOYD has also bought a new-old house, and had it all done over. He doesn't like these new white plaster houses that are the rage, at all.

BETTY is telling a story on herself, by the way — her success not having spoiled her sense of humor.

At the private showing of "Camille" by Madame Nazimova at the Ritz in New York, Miss Blythe was introduced to a gentleman whose name she didn't catch, but whom she described as having "The most fascinating, human, distinguished face in the world, under lovely white hair."

She leaned over to him in what she referred to as her best society manner and murmured, "I do hope you won't mind — if I tell you how much you remind me of David Warfield. You look exactly like him."

The gentleman smiled. "That's strange, isn't it?" he remarked, "but you see I am David Warfield."

THE way in which Wally Reid has been spending his three weeks' vacation between pictures ought to be most definite refutation of any rumor that there is domestic difficulty in the star's household.

In the new Reid home is a billiard room which is exclusively Wally's property. It was especially designed for him by his wife, Dorothy Davenport Reid, and is done in solidly black and ornamenting them in the colors—even to the piano and the cue-rack — and the room is now quite the most effective thing in the house.

And now I suppose Dorothy will want to take it away from me, it's so nice," says Mr. Reid, plaintively.

By the way, everybody has been raving about the marvellous combination that Bebe and May Allison make when they go about together, Bebe is so very dark and flashing, and May, who is exactly the same height and size, is so blonde and golden and blue-eyed that it is quite remarkable to see them standing with their arms about each other.

MARIE DORO has returned to New York and the stage. After a long absence in Italy, where she made several photoplays, the famous fragile star is starring in a new play, "Lilies of the Field," in which she is supported by Norman Trevor. The play is said to be very, very naughty. Why, Marie!
Plays and Players

(Continued)

JACKIE COOGAN'S genius, displayed in his remarkable portrayal of "The Kid," has admitted him to all circles, however great and exclusive.

With him, of course, go his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Coogan senior, formerly vaudeville performers.

Recently Jackie was invited to visit Paderewski at his beautiful almond ranch near Paso Robles, California. Mr. and Mrs. Coogan took the child north and they were all received with great cordiality by the world-famous pianist and former prime minister of Poland, and Madame Paderewski.

Luncheon was laid on the lawn under some stately trees and many delicacies had been prepared to tempt Jackie's appetite.

But father Coogan reviewed the repast and said flatly, "No, the boy must have eggs."

"That's right, madame," said Coogan senior, "And I bet you wield a mean skillet."

HERE'S Santa Ana and our old friend Judge Cox—the gentleman who sent Bebe Daniels to jail—bursting into the limelight again.

Tom Mix was arrested and taken before him the other day charged with refusing to stop and render aid after colliding with the automobile of a prosperous Orange County farmer.

Tom declares the farmer backed into him coming out of a driveway and is righteously irate about it. But he had to tell it to Judge Cox.

He got off without a sentence.

We hope our stars will learn to stay out of Orange County.

With Mr. Mix at the time were his wife and Eva Novak.

MARY PICKFORD has bought back the film rights to "Tess of the Storm Country," from Famous Players.

You remember the splendid drama it was as one of Mary's first great pictures?

We don't see how it can be made any greater, but apparently Mary does. We are willing to be shown.

RICHARD A. ROWLAND has resigned as president of Metro Pictures.

Rowland is one of the great executives of motion pictures. He ranks with Adolph Zukor in his genius for organization. Metro meant Richard Rowland; and his resignation created quite a stir in the film world.

He went abroad to be present at the European premieres of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Rowland believed in this picture, and knew the story would make a great picture, before anyone else. He stuck to his belief, and the success of the Ibanez-Ingram picture has more than justified his faith in it.

Mr. Rowland will go into business for himself, according to his own announcement.

POLLY FREDERICK has lost thirty-eight pounds.

It is vastly becoming and she has promised to tell us exactly how she did it, so we'll let you know later.

TOM MOORE and his bride, the pretty little French actress, Renee Adorée, are expecting a visit from the stork in the near future, according to advices from their Beverly Hills mansion.

The American Tobacco Company

Will Make This Contract With You.

Walk Into Any Store In The United States To-day And Try The Lord Salisbury Turkish Cigarette. Should It Not Appeal To Your Taste The Clerk Will Hand You Back Your Money On The Spot.

It Will Pay You To Try—Because It Is The Only High Grade Turkish Cigarette In The World That Sells For So Little Money.

Lord Salisbury Turkish Cigarette

Wrapped in an inexpensive, machine-made paper package to keep quality up and price down.

If It Should Happen That A Dealer Refuses To Carry Out Our Offer, Send The Open Package With The Remaining Cigarettes To The Main Office Of The American Tobacco Company, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York City, With Your Name And Address Plainly Written And We Will Send You Our Check For The Amount You Spent.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
"I Knew You'd Make Good"

"I always felt you had it in you to get ahead. But for a time I was afraid you would always be 'a jack of all trades and master of none.'"

"But the minute I saw you studying in your spare time I knew you'd make good. You seemed more ambitious—more cheerful—more content about the future. And I knew that your employers had noticed the difference in your work."

"Think what this last promotion means! More money—more comforts—more of everything worth while. Those hours you spent with the International Correspondence Schools textbooks were the best investment you ever made."

HOW about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time.

Opportunity knocks—this time in the form of that famous New York World. It may seem like a little thing, but it has been the means of bringing better jobs and bigger salaries to thousands of men.

Mark and mail it today and without cost or obligation, learn what the I. C. S. can do for you.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 6550
SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject below which I have marked an X in the list below:—

□ ELECTRIC ENGINEER
□ Electric Lighting & Bys.
□ Electric Wiring
□ Telephone Engineer
□ Telegraph Engineer
□ MECHANICAL ENGR.
□ Architectural Draftsman
□ Structural Draftsman
□ Sheet Metal Worker
□ PLUMBING & HEAT'G
□ Concrete Builder
□ Structural Engineer
□ Architectural Draftsman
□ Text. Overseer or Supt.
□ AUTOMOBILES
□ ELEC. ENGINEER
□ MECHANICAL ENGR.
□ Com. School Subjects
□ CIVIL SERVICE
□ STATIONERY
□ COMMERCE & ACCOUNTS
□ TEXTILES
□ Civil Engineering
□ Mechanics
□ Agriculture
□ TOOLS
□ BOOKKEEPER
□ AUTOMOBILES
□ ELECTRICAL WORK
□ MECHANICAL WORK
□ ACCOUNTS
□ BOOKKEEPER
□ Private Secretary
□ Cartooning
□ Show Card & Sign Ptg.
□ ILLUSTRATING
□ SALESMANSHIP ADVERTISING
□ BUSINESS MANAG'M'T
□ TRAFFIC MANAGER
□ Railway Accountant
□ Teacher
□ School Subjects
□ CIVIL SERVICE
□ AUTOMOBILES
□ Railway Mail Clerk
□ County Clerk
□ Registrar of Voters
□ Notary Public
□ Heptameter
□ Poultry
□ BANKING
□ Spanish Teacher

For Eyebrows and Lashes

William J. Brand's Col-Y-Brow

Brings out their full beauty; harmless, will not run. Colors: Black, Brown. At dealers everywhere. $1.00.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO., Bpt. W. H. 2nd St., New York

MURINE You Cannot Buy

You can promote a Clean, Healthy Condition

Keep your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy.

MURINE Eye Remedy for Night and Morning.

MURINE Eye Remedy Co., 9 East Ohio Street, Chicago

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

PURER THAN SNOW!

A Censor-Proof Photodrama

By

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

(Sweet Lucy) Reprinted by courtesy the New York World)

Illustrated by Herb Roth

1. VILLAGE ROAD BY A CABBAGE PATCH. FOUR OR FIVE CHURCH SPIRES IN THE DISTANCE.—A rabbit hops across the road to the fence, and looks in at the cabbages.

2. CLOSEUP of Rabbit.—It looks at the cabbages.

3. CLOSEUP of a Cabbage.—It is a nice ripe cabbage.

4. CLOSEUP of the Rabbit. It shakes its head. The cabbages are not its cabbages. It begins to eat weeds instead, happy because it has a clean conscience.

5. MEDIUM SHOT OF THE SAME LOCATION.—Lucy comes into the scene. She is dressed so as not to reveal any of her alluring physical attractions, if she has any. She wears a plain hat, as all good girls should, carries a flower in one hand and a hymn book in the other. Her hair hangs down in front in two long braids, and she smiles constantly. She is very sweet.

SWEET LUCY.

6. CLOSEUP of Lucy.—She continues to be very sweet.

7. SAME MEDIUM SHOT—SAME LOCATION.—Paul comes in from the opposite direction. He is a lean youth with spectacles, flag of freedom in one hand and a hymn book in the other. He has the pale aemina of perfect purity. He smiles constantly. He, too, is very sweet.

PURE PAUL.

8. CLOSEUP of Paul.—He looks at Lucy respectfully. He puts his hymn book under his arm, lifts his hat politely and takes his hymn book in his hand again.

9. NEAR SHOT—SAME LOCATION.—Pure Paul and Sweet Lucy look at each other, but not long enough to be unduly exciting. Lucy spies the rabbit. She smiles. She calls Paul's attention to it. He looks at it. He smiles.

10. CLOSEUP of the Rabbit.—It is eating weeds happily. It has a clear conscience.

11. CLOSEUP of Lucy.—She registers: "You mistake me, Lucy. I love you as I do the dear little birds. Nothing more, I swear."

12. CLOSEUP of Paul.—He says: "I do love innocent rabbits, sweet Lucy—and I also love you!"

13. CLOSEUP of Lucy.—She is shocked. She draws herself up, smiling sweetly. She says: "I must not listen to you, for love and marriage lead to things which we must not believe exist."

14. CLOSEUP of Paul.—He is pained by her words. "You mistake me, Lucy. I love you as I do the dear little birds. Nothing more, I swear."

15. CLOSEUP of Lucy.—She smiles sweetly. "Heaven, how sweet she is!"

16. MEDIUM SHOT—SAME LOCATION.—As Paul and Lucy stand talking a man with many whiskers slips from behind an adjacent bush to the cover of a bush still more adjacent.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

17. CLOSEUP of the Mysterious Stranger.—He watches Paul and Lucy and listens eagerly to what they say.

18. NEAR SHOT—Paul and Lucy. Lucy is saying: "Yes, Paul, you may ask my father and—"
Purer than Snow!

Continued

MOTHER AND MY AUNT PRUDENCE AND MY COUSIN BILL AND THE MINISTER IF I MAY MARRY YOU, AND IF THEY SAY 'YES,' I WILL."

Paul registers his pleasure at this reply, and together they turn and walk side by side out of the scene, but she does not take his arm, nor he hers. The Mysterious Stranger slinks stealthily after them. The conscientious rabbit continues to eat weeds.

19. THE PARLOR OF LUCY'S HOME.—Father, Mother, Aunt Prudence and Cousin Bill and the Minister are in the parlor drinking water from a water cooler. This should be a novel scene, and the director may work it up for its atmosphere of peace and purity. Paul and Lucy come into the scene, and Paul asks manfully if he may marry Lucy. One look at Paul is enough. He is pale and pure. They say that Paul may marry Lucy. Then they call in a policeman and permit Paul a betrothal kiss which he imprints on Lucy's forehead for two feet and three frames, as measured by the policeman's watch. The Mysterious Stranger looks through the window.

20. CLOSEUP of the Kiss.—Lucy continues to smile sweetly, Paul is still pale and pure, holding his hymn book in one hand and his flag in the other.

BETROTHED.

21. A PATH IN THE WOODS.—Paul and Lucy walk side by side. They do not do anything; they just walk side by side. There enters into the scene a young woman who is scarcely able to conceal her shapeliness within her plain dress. Her hair is curly.

THE VAMP—MIMYE DE JONES.

22. CLOSEUP of the Young Woman.—It is easy to be seen from her closeup that she is wicked, because she is a beautiful young woman.

23. MEDIUM SHOT—SAME LOCATION.—The Vamp walks through the scene. She looks at Paul, but she does nothing more, for she is not permitted to roll her eye or, by any accident, reveal that she has a trim ankle, or offer any other allurement; because if she did, it would be cut out anyhow. She merely walks through. Paul sees her, but does not look at her. He is above temptation in his pale purity.

24. NEAR SHOT.—Paul and Lucy walking through the woods. They do not do anything except walk through. This is the photographer's opportunity for some beautiful scenic backgrounds and light and shadow effects, before and after Paul and Lucy walk through.

25. MEDIUM SHOT.—Further along the path in the woods. There enters a graceful young man with a mustache and a coat which fits him in the back. This alone must stamp him as a Villain, because it is forbidden for him to smoke a cigarette.

THE VILLAIN—REGINALD VAN PING

26. CLOSEUP of the Young Man.—He looks at Lucy.

27. MEDIUM SHOT.—Lucy sees the Villain, but he means nothing to her. The Villain does not do anything. He does not think anything. He walks on through. He is hurrying home to lock himself in his room to drink coffee, which is the only vice left to him. Lucy and Paul walk on, and the Mysterious Stranger slinks after them.

28. THE EDGE OF A BROOK.—Lucy does not lift her skirt even ever so little to step on the stepping-stone. She lets her skirt get wet. What is a skirt to flawless virtue?

The public confidence in the purity of all San-Tox preparations for toilet, health and hygiene places upon us a responsibility which we shall always respect. Only the purest ingredients, scientifically combined by skilled chemists, go into the making of the products which bear the San-Tox name. You will find San-Tox preparations in San-Tox drug stores only. And for your further convenience and safeguard you will find there, also, the Nurse Brand rubber goods and standard packaged drugs. The nurse's face on the packet and in the drug store window tells you which is San-Tox.

THE DE PREE COMPANY
New York Holland, Mich. San Francisco

San-Tox
S A N - T O X  F O R  P U R I T Y
Purer Than Snow!

(Concluded)

She sits on a log. She is frightened, though she continues to smile sweetly. Paul wants to know what is the matter. He is frightened also. She speaks to the snake. Both look. She says: "YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE CALLED IT BY ITS NAME. COME ON, LET US DONE ANYTHING WRONG OR NOT."

33. CLOSEUP—Paul.—He turns stern. Lucy registers that it is a fine evening. Lucy registers also that it is a good night for a walk. She opens the window shade and looks out. She thinks: "IT MUST HAVE BEEN A GARTER SNAKE."

34. CLOSEUP of Lucy Dying.—She says: "WE COULD NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT: I MUST DIE." She leans her head against the tree behind her and begins to die. THIS IS OUR BIG BANG!

35. CLOSEUP of Paul.—He stands there watching her die. She says: "TO OLD POINT COMFORT." Paul says: "TO OLD POINT COMFORT." He is very much troubled in his mind. He says: "YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED IT BY ITS NAME. COME ON, LET US GO HOME."

36. CLOSEUP.—Paul watches her die. The Mysterious Stranger is watching her die. She says: "YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED IT BY ITS NAME. COME ON, LET US GO HOME."

37. CLOSEUP.—The Mysterious Stranger peering from behind a tree. The Mysterious Stranger says: "YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED IT BY ITS NAME. COME ON, LET US GO HOME."

38. CLOSEUP.—The Mysterious Stranger peering from behind a tree. The Mysterious Stranger says: "YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED IT BY ITS NAME. COME ON, LET US GO HOME."

39. CLOSEUP.—Paul watches her die. The Mysterious Stranger is watching her die. She says: "YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED IT BY ITS NAME. COME ON, LET US GO HOME."

40. CLOSEUP.—Paul watches her die. The Mysterious Stranger is watching her die. She says: "YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED IT BY ITS NAME. COME ON, LET US GO HOME."

41. CLOSEUP.—Paul watches her die. The Mysterious Stranger is watching her die. She says: "YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED IT BY ITS NAME. COME ON, LET US GO HOME."

42. CLOSEUP.—Paul watches her die. The Mysterious Stranger is watching her die. She says: "YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED IT BY ITS NAME. COME ON, LET US GO HOME."

43. CLOSEUP.—Paul watches her die. The Mysterious Stranger is watching her die. She says: "YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED IT BY ITS NAME. COME ON, LET US GO HOME."

44. CLOSEUP.—Paul watches her die. The Mysterious Stranger is watching her die. She says: "YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED IT BY ITS NAME. COME ON, LET US GO HOME."

45. CLOSEUP.—Paul watches her die. The Mysterious Stranger is watching her die. She says: "YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED IT BY ITS NAME. COME ON, LET US GO HOME."

46. CLOSEUP.—Paul watches her die. The Mysterious Stranger is watching her die. She says: "YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED IT BY ITS NAME. COME ON, LET US GO HOME."

Petrova's Page

Petrova's Page (Continued from page 55)
Petrova's Page

(Concluded)

I remarked that that was true, but that at the same time the bull did accomplish considerable damage to his persecutors before he died. (At every bull fight at which I was present some human was hurt or injured.)

"Now, with fox hunting," I began—

His eyes lighted up. "That's quite different," he told me. "The fox does get a run for his money."

"He certainly does," I agreed. "He runs until his heart is twice its normal size and the blood streaks his eyes. And when he's run as far as he can, he's a dead fox, isn't he? He hasn't even had a chance to leave his mark on any of his well-protected pursuers."

"Well, a fox does sometimes get away," he put in.

"Yes, and when he gets to earth you dig him out and start all over again. For my part I can't see that as sport. It's too one-sided. All that your fox does get is the run for his money. Your fox-hunting gentleman takes no risks; he exhibits no skill."

In the bull ring everyone, from the picador to the matador, takes his life in his hands, each time he goes into the ring.

For the horses I am sad, and yet I think some of the sorry beasts I saw were better off at peace and out of their misery. It takes so little time for a bull to kill a horse and pulling heavy loads interminably, when age has long left its mark, is a slow way to die.

And speaking of living. It brings to my mind that yesterday as I was driving down one of the thoroughfares of New York, there was a block in the traffic. Ahead of me there was a huge truck loaded with little boxes, crammed with living fowls, on their way, I supposed, to some butcher's. I couldn't help thinking that if fowls reason they must have been impatient for the release of the butcher's knife.

This digression in the interest of fowls brings me to a realization that my thousand words are almost up and I haven't even started with Spain or a real description of the corrida.

Well, they must wait for my next letter. However, before subscribing myself as "yours affectionately" I might say that since I came home such minutes as I could spare from work I have spent at the cinema.

I have seen "Liliom" twice. It is a peculiar hotch-potch that Mr. Molnar had concocted. It seemed to me that the end of the play undoubtedly came with the refusal of Petrova's Page

space, inexorable space, is up!

until next month, Jeannette cherie—

And the same rich scents you may enjoy tonight

everywhere in burma tonight little fires are being lighted and, in each home, a little burmese lady is sprinkling sweet powders over a live and glowing coal.

all through india, up through china — in fact, through all the length and breadth of the eastern world, millions of people are: happier and more rested because faint wisps of incense are rising in their homes.

Vantine's — the true Temple incense

And because of Vantine's, the same delicate scents of the Orient may arise tonight in your home to delight you — to refresh you — to enchant you.

Vantine's Temple Incense is the name to think of. The druggist, the gift shop and the department store are your sources of supply — for all over the country these are the stations where you may get the true Oriental incense — the incense which the East uses and Vantine's have imported for years.

Which do you think you prefer?

It comes in five delicate fragrances — Sandalwood, Wistaria, Rose, Violet and Pine. Some like the rich Oriental fulness of Sandalwood, others choose the sweetness of Wistaria, Rose or Violet, and still others prefer the clear and balmy fragrance of Pine.

try tonight, the fragrance which you think you prefer. Most shops have it waiting for you.

If you will send 25c to A. A. Vantine & Co., 64 Hunterspoint Avenue, Long Island City, N.Y., and name the fragrance you prefer, we will be glad to send you an introductory package.

Vantine's Temple Incense is sold at druggists, department stores and gift shops in two forms — powder and cones — in 3 packages — 25c, 50c and 75c.

Vantine's Temple Incense

Rose Sandalwood Violet Pine

If you will send 25c to A. A. Vantine & Co., 64 Hunterspoint Avenue, Long Island City, N.Y., and name the fragrance you prefer, we will be glad to send you an introductory package.

When you write to advertisers please mention Photoplay Magazine.
MISS VAN WYCK SAYS:

In this department, Miss Van Wyck will answer all personal problems referred to her. Correspondence addressed in care of the Photoplay Magazine will be answered by mail. This department is supplementary to the fashion pages conducted by Miss Van Wyck, to be found this issue on pages 32 and 33.

PATRICIA LYLE, London.—I appreciate very much your writing to me all the way from Britain. About your hair: don’t please, be afraid to wash it once a week, or even more. There is an old-fashioned idea that hair should not be washed more often than once a month. That, I think, is perfectly absurd. It is like the old jokes about the Saturday night bath! Wash your hair just as you would when it is dirty—and sometimes when it is not. If you use a good shampoo, and use it regularly, your hair will not become hard and brittle. If you will write again I will answer you in more detail.

HELEN S., Indianapolis.—Thank you for your encouragement! It is so good to know that one’s efforts have been appreciated. I am glad you liked my answer to your letter, and hope I can always help you. The only way one can have nice nails is to keep right on taking good care of them. Use a good preparation—there is none better than Cutex, which I myself have always used, and also use it every day. Type-writing, it is true, works havoc on beautiful long nails; but the solution of this is: do not let your nails grow too long. They are not particularly smart, and they are certainly not practical. Please write again.

MRS. W. G., Oakland, Cal.—Your gracious letter confirms my belief that a mother, more than anyone, knows what her young daughter should wear. I am indeed grateful, however, for your charming letter; and only wish I could have helped you much more.

ROBERT G. W., Owosso, Mich.—You are entirely right in advising your friend not to style her hair. You may tell her that Carolyn Van Wyck says if she had such beautiful curls she would most assuredly not bowl them. You are a very sensible young man; and I should like to hear from you as to whether our combined advice helps.

CATHERINE S., Pen Mar, Pa.—Please do not let anyone tell you that middy blouses are not just the thing for a sixteen-year-old girl. They are the most charming and practical of all costumes. And you are so sweet and sensible yourself that I wish I could write to your mother and tell her so. She should be very proud of a daughter who is wise enough to realize that hair-down and middies are the thing. You can wear red very well; in fact, any bright color. Do call on me again.

MISS BILLIE H., Alton, Ill.—You wish me to advise you what a fifteen-year-old girl should wear to an evening dance. I confess my preference is to go to a fifteen-year-old girl should be attending a dance. However, if you are going, you should wear a very simple little gown of taffeta or radium silk, with a pretty hat. This hat should be made with a gauzy round neck, short sleeves, and, if you like them, ruffles. The dresses are longer now, and yours should not be too short, so that if you do like them in that way. With this dress, if it is blue or pink, wear pink or blue stockings and silver slippers, or slippers of satin to match the dress. If it is white, wear white satin or kid slippers and hose. For your hair, a band of silver ribbon or satin flowers.

FRANCES KIMMEAR, Geneva, Ohio.—I should say that you have a great deal of personality. You should wear a scarf of the brighter colors, avoiding blue or brown. I would buy a sports coat of camel-mail instead of a fur-trimmed coat for school. The two-strap pumps are very good, but if I were you I would wear brown oxfords for school. You say you like to wear plain dresses of good material and mode. You should follow your inclinations.

Mae V. Patterson, N. J.—For an afternoon affair, you might think of taffeta or crepe. A dark blue taffeta dress with a bouffant skirt would look very well with your blonde hair and fair skin.

Marie, Ohio.—If your hair is straight, I would advise against bobbing it. There are only a few girls who look well with straight bobbed hair. And I should hate to see you curl it. It’s a great nuisance, besides being injurious to the hair. Wear the “baby French heels” rather than the very high ones.

MARIETTA, New York.—Why not send two dollars and fifty cents to Bourjois and Co., Inc., 35 West 34th Street, N. Y. C., for their “beauty assortment”? It includes all the things you mention that you need: face powder, lip stick, eyebrow pencil, rouge, powder puff, buttermilk soap, nail polish, etc. If you have a pale complexion, use rouge by all means. The correct use of rouge for women who really need it I highly recommend. It is the abuse of cosmetics that injures their reputations.

MARY H., Chicago, Ill.—I know just what you should have. You say that you like perfume but that when you use some and go out, “it stick” to your skin. The scent is “Flaconette,” solve your problem. They are little vials containing almost any of the favorite perfumes, all very good. Put one in your bag, and you can always have a drop of perfume with you.

Jane, Lima, Ohio.—If your mother doesn’t want you to use rouge for a year or two—and you only seventeen—by all means obey her. There will be time enough when you will have to use all the cosmetics; but a youthful complexion should not use them. Powder. I believe in a shiny face, no matter how young, is not a pretty thing to see.

HELEN, Montreal.—I think I know what is the matter with you. You say you haven’t an ugly face, that your hair is pretty, that your complexion is pink and white, but that you wish I could tell you how to style it. Are you sure that you walk right? Do you carry yourself well, or do you mince along with your head down? Remember that a good carriage is more than almost anything else. Alice Roosevelt became famous because of her marvellous poise, her superb carriage. Try emulating Alice.
The Public Rights League

The logical theory that the rights of the motion picture industry are identical with the rights of the public is the basis of a movement which has been carried into successful operation by Martin J. Quigley in his publication, "Exhibitors Herald," one of the leading trade journals. The vehicle of the movement is termed The Public Rights League. The league is conducted under the auspices of the Quigley publication and since its inception, four months ago, has attained a membership of two thousand motion picture theater owners throughout the United States whose alliance with the league is prompted by their desire to afford to their public, via their screens, a true understanding of the facts relative to censorship, the Blue Law agitation and kindred manifestations of radical reformers' efforts to curb and harass the motion picture and in turn the motion picture public.

The exhibitor-members are pledged to watchfulness to the end that no neglect on their part shall offer comfort to radical reformers who seek to inhibit and restrict the natural development of the motion picture into a greater and still greater force of entertainment and education. The members' aim, through the medium of their screens, is to keep the public apprised of the latest facts and arguments bearing upon the issues.

To this end there is supplied weekly in the columns of "Exhibitors Herald" a brief, pointed message of fact or argument which is reproduced upon the screens of the exhibitor-members. A specimen of these messages— which may already have been seen by you in your theater in the midst of a group of "Coming Attractions" announcements—is the following: "The motion picture is a development of the printing press, publishing in pictures instead of in type, and as such is entitled to the same Constitutional guarantees of freedom that are accorded the Press."

A recent announcement is that Marshall Neilan will produce, especially for the League, and consequently only to be shown in theaters of members, a propaganda film treating in an Neilanesque manner with the issues of censorship and Blue Sunday legislation. This film, together with all the other material of the Public Rights League, is available gratis to theaters. If your theater is not a member, a casual "Why?" would be doing your constructive bit in aiding a worthy movement.

The Golden Goose

INSTEAD of $7,500, the New York State railroad agents are really receiving $10,000 a year. They are the highest paid members of any similar body in the United States. By remaining away from Albany, where the law specifies that the principal office of the commission shall be located, and where there is not even so much as a single desk, the censors can charge up expenses not to exceed $75 a week.

And this means for a seven-day week, or in other words, the commissioners are taking care of themselves to the extent of about $55 a week.

Not satisfied with this, censors who have visited their homes in distant parts of the state, have set up a hue and cry because the state is not paying them enough to cover their railroad fare, Pullman and meals en route, even though they might be returning home on personal business. It's a tough life!—M. P. World.

You Will See

Prettier teeth—safer teeth—in a week

If you ask for this test—as millions have done—you will see great effects in a week.

Old methods of teeth cleaning have proved inadequate. Nearly everybody knows that Teeth brushed daily still discolor and decay. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing until very few escape.

You owe to yourself a test of the method which modern dental science advises.

Film ruins teeth

The great tooth enemy is film—that viscous film you feel. Now it is known as the cause of most tooth troubles.

It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Old methods do not end it. So very few people have escaped its attacks.

Film is what discolors, not the teeth.

There are other effects which modern science has also proved essential. And Pepsodent brings all of them with every application.

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Pepsodent users twice daily get all these desired results.

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

Judge by what you see and feel. Read the book we send. Then in the future do what you think best. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Frances White Elijah learned how to transfer her natural story telling gift to the screen. Will you send for the free test of your ability?

When Frances White Elijah was doing war work in her Chicago home, she never imagined she would become a successful photoplaywright. What reason had she to think she would ever write such a letter as this to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation:

"I have just received your check in payment for my story 'Wagner Love,' which your sales department sold to D. W. Griffith."

"It has scarcely been six months since I registered with you and your assistance and encouragement have made my success seem like magic."

Think what that means! Her first story sold to one of the most discriminating producers in the world. And she had only started to train her story-telling gift six months before!

Stimulated by her brilliant success, this Chicago girl developed herself into a professional screen writer for a great Los Angeles studio. Today she enjoys fame and income; and the distinction of having been properly christened.

What does this story mean to you? If it causes you to ask yourself "Could I sell a story to Griffith — or any of the producers?" this will prove the most interesting advertisement you ever read.

Perhaps you could do that very thing

At the outset, let us correct one false notion many have. Literacy skill, or the writing style required for novel and magazine authorship, cannot be transferred to the screen. The one and only requisites of photoplaywriting is ability to think out and tell a good, dramatic story. Given that ability, any man or woman can be trained to write for the screen. But you, any how, can you know whether or not you have that ability?

To answer that question is the purpose of this advertisement. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation will gladly apply to you a scientific test of story-telling ability, provided you are an adult and in earnest. And we shall do it free.

Send for the Van Loan questionnaire

The test is a questionnaire prepared for the Palmer Photoplay Corporation by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short story writing at Northwestern University. If you have any story telling instinct, if you have ever said to yourself when you left a motion picture theatre: "I believe I could write as good a screen-story as that," send for this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We shall be frank with you; have no fear. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplays. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have many photoplays to sell. It holds out no false promise to those who can never succeed.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized to develop the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on. Producers gladly pay from $500 to $2,000 for acceptable stories.

We invite you to apply this free test

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You assume no obligation, but you will be asked to be prompt in returning the completed test for examination. If you pass the test, we shall send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer Course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we will gladly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen — for a waste of your time and ours for children to apply.

This questionnaire will take only a little of your time. It means fame and fortune for you. In any event it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Just use the coupon below — and do it now before you forget.

Sample copy of the Photodramatist, official organ of the Screen Writers' Guild of the Author's League, the national photoplaywrights magazine, will be sent free with the questionnaire.

Advisory Council

Thomas H. Dick
Frank E. Woods
H. H. Van Loan
Loew-Weber Productions, Corp.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
Alta Drama Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
A. I. A. la ti Dira n Productions.
MAY ALLISON, the beautiful blondestar who recently referred to herself as the "girl without a romance," handed Hollywood an awful jolt the other day when she revealed two secret marriages in two years and produced a handsome young husband with whom she is now happily honeymooning in Beverly Hills.

The bare announcement is something like this: Mary Allison and Robert du Reel Ellis, well known director and leading man, were married something over a year ago, on Thanksgiving Day, 1920, at Greenwich Village, Connecticut, with Robert Vignola and Ethel Clayton acting as best man and bridesmaid.

But the whole story is too delightful to keep—especially since Miss Allison has never been in the limelight before and the plot is one that will make many writers of romantic novels tear their hair out in handiwork.

Two weeks ago a check forger and narcotic user named Lhyne was arrested at the Santa Ana jail. In his cell, he proudly declared that he was Mary Allison's husband. The reporters laughed and he said, "Well, if you don't believe me, look at the records."

It was pure bluff. They looked and they found that in November, 1919, a license was issued to Miss Allison and Colonel William Stephenson, actually the ceremony was performed by a local minister in the presence of Mrs. Maude Lathan, who is Miss Allison's sister and secretary.

When this announcement was presented to Miss Allison, she admitted her marriage at that time to Colonel Stephenson—who by the way is one of the richest men in the United States—had been arranged without consultation with her and she further stated that the marriage had been annulled in San Francisco a few months later.

The truth of the matter was that the Colonel, who met Miss Allison at a dinner party given by Admiral Hugh Rodman, fell madly in love with her and began a whirlwind wooing.

At that time, Miss Allison had just quarreled with and broken her engagement to Bob Ellis. So finally the Colonel persuaded her with the assistance of her family, who have never wholly enjoyed Miss Allison's picture career, to marry him, on the promise that it need not be announced or culminated until she was ready to give up her work and settle down as a rich society leader.

They parted at the altar, and immediately Miss Allison felt that she had made a mistake. She returned to Colonel Stephenson, whom she describes as a fine gentleman and a splendid man, to give her her freedom and the annulment was obtained in San Francisco.

Having cleared up this point, Miss Allison and her sister and a friend journeyed to the Santa Ana county jail where the screen star confronted the check forger to her hand. When he failed to recognize her, she felt that ended that angle of the matter.

But matters having gone this far, with one husband disposed of and one false claimant squelched, Miss Allison decided to reveal the true state of her matrimonial affairs.

It was then she announced that after her annulment from Colonel Stephenson, she and Bob Ellis "made up" and were married. The marriage was maintained some time ago—and that her husband was on his way to join her here. Only her family and a few intimate friends knew that some time ago reasons made it impossible for her to live together. She is very old-fashioned and believes in husbands and wives living together. So do I. If this hadn't come out, Bob and I would have been separated in Los Angeles and announced it in that way.

So now Mr. and Mrs. Ellis are enjoying a blissful honeymoon and receiving the congratulations and gifts of their many friends, for May Allison is one of the most loved girls in motion pictures—and having been rather a spoiled pet, every one is amazed at this romantic revelation.

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912.

of Photoplay Magazine published monthly at Chicago, Illinois for October 1, 1921

State of Illinois

County of Cook

E. M. COLVIN, President.
New Faces for Old

(Concluded from page 47)

implies something more than mere prettiness or perfection of features—and who comes within her sight will have a chance to become one of the New Faces of the Screen.

When I was recently in California, I did nothing for a month but interview possibilities. I did this with Rupert Hughes, for whom screen judgment I have the highest regard. We interviewed over a thousand men and women and out of the lot found three who were what we wanted—who had personalities which stood camera-hostility and who will prove, I believe (and they have little or no experience), a real talent for new expressions in the films. But three out of a thousand—the percentage is not high! In the very nature of things, it could not be; its need is New Faces, and it will get this fuel, use it up and then? New fuel will be needed, and found; the problem will be different, but it will be met. The future will take care of itself so long as we take care of the spiritual needs of the day. And the spirit of life is—healthily enough—Change. The old faces may stay on but the New Faces must come.

The Story of Strongheart

(Continued from page 48)

obedience, because if you don't obey, we will all get hurt. I know this business and you don't. You are going to make a motion picture for Mrs. Murfin and me, and you must understand that I always know exactly what I am doing, and you must do what I tell you. It will be all right. Do you understand me, Etzel?"

The dog, who had been paying close attention, barked, wagged his tail and jumped about to show that he understood. And in the days that followed the dog had to use his head more than ever he had at the front.

Part of the picture was taken up in the mountains. The story, you may remember, was the struggle between his wild and his tame instincts. He saved a girl, killed the man who attacked her, and brought her and her lover together.

And in taking the picture, Mr. Trimble, who was directing, had to rehearse the man and the woman more than he did the dog. For Etzel had by this time learned the habit of strict obedience.

Up in the mountains the dog was supposed to have mated with the wolf. They brought the wolf down, a real wild she-wolf, with ropes on her hind legs. She was fierce and mean, but Larry Trimble made her own set her free. He said, "The dog will take care of her." And he did. The wolf, strangely enough, formed an attachment for Etzel. She would follow him around devotedly, but except in a picture as he was directed he had no use for her.

It seems as though Etzel was a born actor, for, when, in the picture, they blew up a cave in which puppies—the make-believe puppies of the dog and the wolf—were supposed to be concealed, things happened.

Etzel, the supposed father of the puppies, returned with a duck in his mouth to feed the little ones. When he saw the depth of debris which cut off the cave's only entrance, he dropped the duck; he sat down and
Don't neglect a Cold

Dangerous sickness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole before typhoid starts.

Musterole is a clean, white preparation made with oil of mustard. Its healing properties are greater than any other modern medicine with the exception of some of the newest antibiotics. Musterole cures colds, coughs, whooping cough, diphtheria, and scrofula. Musterole is not messy to apply; it has no disagreeable odor, and is resistant to children. With a tingling warmth it penetrates the skin and goes right through to the seat of trouble. It is not messy to apply. With a tingling warmth it penetrates the skin and goes right through to the seat of trouble.

Rheumatism, tonsillitis, lumbago, coughs and colds are all symptoms that call for Musterole. Order Musterole today from your druggist.

Your colds with Musterole

Shelf and rub the ointment gently down to the seat of trouble.

Take down the little 1/4 white jar of Musterole from the bathroom shelf, and rub the ointment gently down to the seat of trouble.

Musterole is not messy to apply and without the blister.

At the first sneeze or sniffle take down the little white jar of Musterole from the bathroom shelf and rub the ointment gently down to the seat of trouble.

The Squirrel Cage

by A. GNUTT

"M Y DEAR, I just visited a fortune teller and she told me where to find my future husband. "Give me her address. Maybe I'll be able to find my present husband."

—Joasd Seletas (Barcelona).

YOU say that pretty statenoger of yours is bright?" asked the man of the lawyer.

"Very bright," replied the lawyer. "Been with you five years, you say?"

"Just five years, yes."

"Has she learned any law in that time?"

"Oh, I don't know. "Has she begun to sue me yet?"

—Yonkers Statesman.

Two powerful colored stevedores, who had had some sort of falling out, were engaged in unloading a vessel at a St. Louis dock. Uncompromising remarks and threats of intended violence were exchanged whenever the two passed each other with their trucks.

"You just keep on goatin' around with me," declared one of the men. "You haven't begun to sue me yet!"

—Forty's Statesman.

The futurity of riches is taught in the Scriptures and the inculcated blank. —Muscular Chronicle.

"YOU don't deny that you were exceeding the speed limit?"

"No, your honor." "Have you a valid excuse to offer?"

"Not a valid one, I'm afraid," replied the motorist, "I was in a place having a drink and when he turned around the bartender was wearing a blue coat with brass buttons." —New York Sun.

"I thought it was. Would you mind my getting his money?"

"Guilty Party: I'll take the money. —Denison Flamingo.


"Of course I would, darling." —The Bulletin (Sydney).

Sentry—Who goes there?

"Lieutenant—I have answered "Friend" once. Don't you know the rules?"

Sentry—Yes. I have to call "Who goes there?" three times and then shoot! —Noids Hans (Copenhagen).

"I heard our Kate say this morning that if ever a fortune teller is right, she must have been.

—Don Marquis, in New York Sun.

It was visiting-day at the jail and the uplifters were on deck.

"My good man," said one kindly lady, "I hope that since you have come here you have had time for meditation and have decided to correct your faults." "I have that, mum," replied the prisoner in heart-sick voice.

"My good man," said one kindly lady, "I hope that since you have come here you have had time for meditation and have decided to correct your faults." "I have that, mum," replied the prisoner in heart-sick voice.


"Of course I would, darling." —The Bulletin (Sydney).

FRIEND: That movie actor is very pomposous. "I have this morning seen the famous prisoners in heart-felt tears. Believe me, the next job I pull, this baby wears gloves. —The American Legion Weekly.

"I HOKE had a funny experience the other day."

"How come?"

"He was in a place having a drink and when he turned around the bartender was wearing a blue coat with brass buttons." —New York Sun.

"I HOKE had a funny experience the other day."

"How come?"

"He was in a place having a drink and when he turned around the bartender was wearing a blue coat with brass buttons." —New York Sun.

"THERE is my wife," exclaimed an excited man to the visitor who shoped in a department store. "She was right here beside me a moment ago, and now I can't find her.

"Bargains in skirts two ales to your left!" said the floorwalker.

The real objection to a butter-knife is that it isn't sharp enough in winter and isn't enough like a spoon in summer. —Unica Morning Telegram.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS, INC., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

FAMOUS-PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Paramount, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City,

FOX FILM CORP., (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York; (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

GARSON STUDIOS, INC., (s) 1845 Alessandro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

HAMILTON STUDIOS, 315 East 49th St., New York.

INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. (s) Second Ave. and 175th St., New York.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York; (s) 3 West 61st St., New York, and Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

MORO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York; (s) 3 West 61st St., New York, and Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 W. 45th St., New York, (s) Geo. B. Seltz, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.

REALART, 469 55th Ave., New York City.

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

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

WORLD-WIDE FILMS, 460 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) 15th St. and 13th Ave., Hollywood, Cal.; (s) 1706 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.

Genuine

FLACONETTES

of Imported Perfumes

$1.00 EACH

COTY
L’Origine
St. Clair

HOUBIGANT
Quelques Fleurs
Parfum Ideal

GUERLAIN
Jasmin d’Orsay

$1.50 EACH

Super-Perfumes

COTY
Ambre Antique

ROGER & GALLET
Balsam d’Or

ROCCA
Brise d’Or

D’ORSAY
Charme

Le Charme : Toujours Fidele

RUE DE LA PAIX : L’HUISNE BLEU

LA ROSE FRANCE : MON BOUDoir

AMBER ANTIQUE : L’EFFLEUR

ROGER & GALLET

QU’ELQU’FEU

ROcca

BRISE d’OR

D’ORSAY

LA CHARM‘ : TOUJOURS FIDELE

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE!
BUT YOUR NOSE?

In THIS DAY and AGE, attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks;" therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

My latest Nose-Shaper, "TRADOS Model 25," U.S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night. Write today for free booklet, which tells how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 540 E. 10th Ave., New York.

STUDIO DIRECTORY


Louis B. Mayer Productions, 3500 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

Rex Beach, Whitman Bennett Studio, 357 Riverdale Ave. Yonkers, New York; (s) Geo. M. Stearns, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.

Hostess: Coty’s L’Origine. I buy it in Flaconettes—only $1 each.

Guest: Oh yes, I buy MY favorite perfume in Flaconettes, too—and always carry one in my bag.

Society now applies perfumes from Flaconettes. No other way will do—for has not Paris declared Flaconettes the smallest way to use precious extracts?

Nothing could be so exquisite as the Flaconette vial nestling in its satin case. Nothing so simple and economical to apply—with the special applicator.

FLACONETTES form the final touch to a perfect toilette.

FLACONETTES containing about 100 applications, on sale at Drug, Dept. & Specialty Stores. But, to introduce FLACONETTES to you, we will forward any perfume you desire. Send money order, stamps or cash—adding 10¢ on each for war tax, packing and postage.

IMPORTERS EXCHANGE, Inc. 220 Fifth Ave. (Dept. Piz) New York

DEALERS: (Write for attractive proposition)

M. Trieste, Face Specialist, 1577 Ackerman Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

Also For Sale at Biler-Hegeman, Liggett's and other First-Class Drug Stores

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
A hundred dollars went into the housekeeping fund for the family. With the rest, Helen bought a ticket and started for New York. Now she didn’t know one soul in New York, didn’t know the location of a street numbering system, didn’t have a job or an idea where to get one.

Because it was cheap, she took a room in Brooklyn and began her weary search for work. She couldn’t last long. She knew little of New York, and the studios were crowded. Her fifty dollars dwindled, disappeared. Her room rent was overdue. Her stomach was empty.

She had learned something of housework at home. She had learned something of house work at home. The landlady, who was beginning to regard her with an unfriendly eye, was without her usual kitchen mechanic. Helen Ferguson cast herself for the role.

It wasn’t easy. She hated it with a passion she has never given anything else in the world. The first few days were acute torture to her hands—and pride.

But her intelligence, and something deeper, told her that it was only an obstacle, a trial of strength. She went to work to conquer it.

“Three days after I’d really systematized it so I could manage, I found a place copying in an insurance office, and I was smiling.”

For several months she kept at this, still lessening my appetite. I was so hungry that I was ashamed to eat half of what I wanted. I didn’t want for a second helping, though I wanted a third.

“On some of those lunchless days I was frantic for food. I used to stand in front of cheap and shabby little food stalls and flatten my nose against the show windows staring at the pieces of chocolate. I remember calculating that while there was nourishment in a ten-cent bar of chocolate—and how I did and did like chocolates—there would be more in a ten-cent plate of hash. I went into a Childs restaurant and ordered the hash. But there came the time when I never dared spend a dime no matter how my stomach clammed from eight o’clock to six. My tiny fund was growing smaller and smaller. I never walked less than eight or ten miles a day, to and from the club, and looking for work. My shoes, fast growing shabby, were a temptation, but before I could notice they were shabby, and what chance has a girl who can no longer make a good appearance!”

At this time came what seemed The Great Chance. A male star who was trying to conquer it. “I glory in it.”

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)

When Venus Ordered Hash

(Concluded from page 30)
The Unhappy Ending
(Continued from page 26)

latter gentlemen choose the treacle? They did not. The great majority of them bought the version with the unhappy ending!

Superficially the fact that so many important films have ended tragically may not appear particularly significant. But the truth is that no other cinematographic innovation has meant quite so much as this one. Indeed, the advent of the unhappy ending marks the most vital and important step yet taken by the silent drama. It at once lifts motion pictures out of the category of mere tawdry, time-annihilating entertainment, and places them in the class of enduring artistry.

And here is the explanation:

The only pleasure that uneducated persons derive from a story or a picture lies in its document or subject-matter. Consequently, virtue and nobility must triumph; all seducers, marplots and gazins must be foiled; and the heroine must land the gentleman of her choice. In short, everything must turn out happily, whether it is logical or not. But in stories and pictures which are beautifully and intelligently done, which portray real flesh-and-blood characters and not mere celluloid characters, the happy ending is secondary consideration, because the spectator or reader gets his chief pleasure from the technique and artistry of the work. This is why so many great classics and tragediads—Macbeth, Hamlet, the early Greek dramas, and numerous works of Balzac, Thackray, Dickens, Maupassant, Poe, Flaubert and Turgenev.

Life is not all beauty and sweetness. The cosmic crocheter drops a stitch occasionally. We do not always get the right girl. Now and then a wily crook succeeds in baffling the combinative. Here and there is an honest man who has not stumbled on riches. In brief, things do not always turn out just right.

Therefore, if our motion pictures are true to life, they will not always end happily either. But if we have sufficient intelligence and appreciation we can enjoy them because of their truth and reality—because they reflect life as it is, and teach a higher lesson than mere "gladdening." That is why we enjoy "Hart's Folly" and Dickens' "Christmas Carol" and the novels of Conrad.

When all our photoplays were consistently given a rubber-stamp happy ending, whether it was logical or not, it meant that reading matter and pictures were mentally incapable of appreciating the better-class pictures, and that film production had not reached a point where it could hold and interest a person by its technique—its pictorial beauty, its structure, its form, its artistry—aside from the mere plot.

Consequently, when the unhappy ending made its appearance on the screen, motion pictures took their place with the older recognized arts. It proved that not only had the cinema become artistic and worth-while, but that the mental standard of motion picture patrons had risen from the merely juvenile type of mind dedicating only documentary amusement, to a mature and intelligent type of mind which could grasp and enjoy both truth and art.


given professional tone musical instruments
and lessons sent on free trial. Violin, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Ukulele, Mandolin, Cornet, Banjo Mandolin, Banjo Ukulele, Guitar, Banjo-Ukulele, or Banjo. Wonderully new copyrighted system of teaching note music by mail. Four lessons will teach you several pieces. Over 100,000 successful players. Do not miss this free trial offer. Write for booklet. No obligations.

SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Inc.,
1815 Orchard Street, Dept. 112, Chicago, Illinois.
How I Keep in Condition

(Continued from page 31)

to walk the two miles in the morning and home again in the afternoon. And every day I went horseback-riding, or swimming in salt water.

At the end of the first week I had lost four pounds. The dietician expressed himself as well pleased and assured me that "the first week is the hardest." My reward was something to eat!

Here is the diet which I followed during the second week:

**BREAKFAST**
- Half a grape fruit, or half a cantaloupe, or a glass of orange juice
- One piece of gluten toast
- One glass of water

**LUNCH**
- Fruit or vegetable salad
- One glass of iced tea, sweetened with saccharine instead of sugar

**DINNER**
- Steak, lamb, or white meat of boiled chicken
- Spinach, beans, carrots, or beets—cooked without butter
- One piece of gluten toast
- Unsweetened fruit
- One cup of tea, sweetened with saccharine.

Only once during the week was I permitted a small baked potato, without butter.

At the end of the second week I had lost seven pounds. The eight pounds had been lost somewhere in the shuffle. And when Opportunity, true to promise, knocked the second time, I flew to the door.

"The part is yours," said Mr. deMille. "And, if you ask me, Lila, I think you look better than you ever have—thinner, healthier, and livelier."

Thus encouraged, I went right on with that second-week diet for another three weeks. By that time I had lost fifteen pounds and decided that my weight was just where I wanted it—one hundred and three.

Thereupon my dietetic guide, philosopher and friend gave me permission to eat whatever I liked. He suggested, however, that if I wished to keep my weight the same, I should go back to my "eat and grow thin" diet one day a week. And by all means keep up my exercises.

That is the plan I follow now, and it works very well. By giving my digestive organs this one day-in-seven of comparative rest and by exercising regularly I have kept my weight, with very slight variations, at one point. And I'm healthier than I ever have been in my life.

When I need the feel of strenuous exercise, I play tennis. For less strenuous exercise, horseback riding is ideal. Gloria Swanson, who is an excellent horsewoman, and I often go riding together. The first time we went, I frightened Gloria almost to tears by falling off my horse, and she deserves a Carnegie medal for rescuing me.

Fresh air and regular exercise are the most important factors for keeping in condition, and, contrary to the general notion, these are not so easy for the motion picture player to secure. Of course, we often have days on open-air locations. But these are more than counterbalanced by weeks at the studio in enclosed sets, where the air and temperature, despite good ventilating systems, are not of the best.

However, I try to obey the call board and at the same time keep as regular hours as possible. I never believe in following a fatiguing day at the studio with a fatiguing party in the evening. Outside of that, social relaxation, I think, is often as good for the mind as a game of tennis is for the digestion.

While I devote a lot of time to keeping my body in condition, I believe in regular exercises for the brain also. I am young, and there are many, many things that my
How I Keep in Condition  
(Concluded)

brain does not know, and I don’t intend to allow it to suffer from lack of exercise. I try to read good books regularly. Frances Harmer, the lovely little woman who is Mr. deMille’s literary assistant, volunteered to help me with my reading—she has read everything worth-while ever written—and she has outlined a course in the world’s best literature for me. My sister Peggy and I spend a certain number of hours every week reading together, following Miss Harmer’s suggestions.

The Shadow Stage  
(Concluded from page 63)

“STEELHEART”—Vitagraph
SURE-FIRE melodrama with guns, knives, pistols, dynamite explosions, a lost mine, a lost heroine and a bullet-proof hero, William Duncan and Edith Johnson, who score heavily with serial fans everywhere, give their admirers full value in this five-reel thriller. It isn’t art, but it will make you forget your troubles for an hour. Shock absorbers, forward, march!

QUEENIE—Fox
HERE is a good story, made into a good photoplay. Shirley Mason, though starred, has a minor role. Interest centers around Wilson Hummell, character actor, who in a dual role “sticks it off with the picture.” You’ll be content to follow him every foot of the way, but much credit should go to the little star who has allowed her story to rank above her close-ups.

GARMENTS OF TRUTH—Metro
IF you are numbered among Gareth Hughes’ admirers and mark “Sentimental Tommy” as your Best Film Hour of the season, you’ll be delighted with this picture. It is Hughes at his best in a whimsical, humorous story that suits his personality well and suggests the errant, lovable Tommy. Ethel Grandin, popular in early film days, is brought in for a casual final role. Shirley Mason, though starred, has a minor role. Interest centers between this and former Antonio Moreno offerings, is that you must sit through more of it at a time. Serial fans, don’t miss it. Anti-serial fans, don’t see it.

THE NIGHT HORSEMEN—Fox
HERE’S Tom Mix, just a wild, wild man, accompanied in his wanderings by a nifty horse with a silver-studded harness. There is a girl waiting at home, with a message for Tom, too, but he evades it up until the last moment. The usual reckless riding, impossible adventure and stereotyped conclusion.

GOOD AND EVIL—F.B. Warren
SHILOUETTED on a background of Old World splendor and magnificence, we have here an allegorical melodrama filmed in Paris, featuring the beautiful though stagey Lucy Doraine. Not for the casual picture-goer. The episodes are too brief for successful establishment of characters, the whole is too remote from our experience to have direct appeal.

THE RAGE OF PARIS—Universal
MISS DU PONT may be star stuff. She shows no promise of it in her first release. Silly story, with unintentionally funny titles. Scenes are laid in Paris, Arabia and California, and the best thing in the picture is a realistic sand-storm. But who wants to sit through five reels for a sand-storm?

THE GIRL FROM GOD’S COUNTRY—F.B. Warren
NEIL SHIPMAN, in a dual role, stars in this photoplay. Also she is director. Also, she is author thereof. The early sequences in the Northern wilds are interesting, but the story sags badly as it proceeds, and drags out lengthy to an impossible conclusion. Everything from armadillos to aeroplanes and back.

WHAT LOVE WILL DO—Fox
SMALL town life as Edna Murphy and Johnny Walker live it. Of course, Johnnie has to be reformed, having grown up without a mother’s loving care. A “Fake” evangelist accomplishes this, then slips away with the church funds. Complications ensue. Really, you’ll enjoy this mild, amiable little story. It has some original moments, it is clean and amusing. A good family picture.

An Old Family Secret
Do you know there was something almost mysterious about Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay for years. It was an old family formula, but its use produced such marvelous results that we wondered at it, and so took it to a specialist to find out why, and after an exhaustive analysis he gave up the secret. Here it is—

SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY
Sempre Giovine
Meaning Always Young
The Peak
Compulsion Cake
In Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay are to be found—yet we did not know it—identically the same elements contained in the secretions nature herself provides for keeping the skin firm, elastic, soft and smooth. As you cleanse the skin with Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay, and again use it as a night cream, you renew those elements exhausted during the day by exposure to burning sun or drying wind, and thus youthful beauty is protected and prolonged.

A seven-day trial will show you something of the results you may obtain from this wonderful preparation. Sent FREE on receipt of your name and address. Set-free packages at all toilet counters.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Corns
Lift Off with the Fingers

"Poor old Otto," I chuckled. "His goose is in the pan.

For nothing like this had happened before.

"How do you like our tall friend?" I ventured to Rosalie one evening, thinking perhaps to make a joke.

"Fine," she said frankly. "Do you notice anything about him?"

"He wears an overcoat and asked not exactly how much it cost."

"Yes," she said earnestly, "he wears no overcoat, and he is not oily. To you, that means nothing. To me, men are greasy-skinned beasts that wear overcoats. I hate men and I hate overcoats. They turn their fat backs on me and stick out their arms. You can't know how I hate that sight—a man backing up to me, his arm stuck out.

"I always take off my coat myself," I said defensively.

"Yes," she said, not thinking of me at all.

"How about John?" I persisted.

"He's real. A strong character. Is he stuffing himself with apple dumpling and brandied peaches? Does he gobble a platter of stuffed goose and a quart of hot potatoes? Do you see him wobbling down roast guinea hen or broiled lobster? Look at his muscles—at the lines in his face. He is my notion of a man."

I smiled at Rosalie's earnestness.

"Perhaps you are his idea of a woman. If so, it will be interesting to—you all."

She colored up and asked not how many "women" she could not be foolish or silly or fresh, I forget which.

When he paused to pay Henry his dole, John lingered near the overcoats and gravely chatted a moment with the little lady of winsome grace and the checks. I wondered if he was telling her of polar bears or of the changing hues in her bronze hair.

At any rate, they laughed together.

A week later, John escorted Rosalie in the polite quest of entertainment. They went to the movies in mid-afternoon—Rosalie's hour of freedom. I made jocund comment to Otto that evening, and whether he caused it or not, my dish of boiled beef was execrable—for Tommy's.

Thus we waited and beheld the romance grow and expand like a flower—Otto and myself. It pleased me, because underneath a crusty manner I am a particularly sentimentally disposed, and I adore to look on while people fall in love with each other and live happily ever after.

Otto, on the contrary, was not pleased. His dull, fat face was as expressionless as bronze—sometimes, his bald pate glistened more than ever. Somehow the restaurant lost a deal of its charm after that and the customers spoke with taffy-colored hair, whose name was Marie, and who stood in Rosalie's old place and reeled overcoats with a fixed and fatuous grin.

Somehow the restaurant lost a deal of its charm after that and the customers spoke with taffy-colored hair, whose name was Marie, and who stood in Rosalie's old place and reeled overcoats with a fixed and fatuous grin.

That caused remark, but there was no explanation. Otto looked at him coldly, and pawed at his chin, which is a habit he has when he talks in New York. When he asked politely after Rosalie she was getting on fine.

"Bring her in some time," Tommy said confidentially. "She's got a lot of friends. Tell her they're always asking about her."

"I will," said Davids, carelessly.

At first he came sardonically and Monseer Louie pretended to be absorbed in discussing the menu with him. Otto is a solitary one and reserves his personal ministrations for the elderly eaters, but in the end Otto supplanted Monseer Louie, as John's nightly visits grew.

Little by little the melancholy manner of the head-waiter left him. His fat, puffy face came to light, therefore his speech disintegrated and the legal dismembered appeared with Rosalie's going, returned and warmed him. It was Otto who now took charge of John Davids, the soul of courtesy and thoughtfulness, overwhelming the former pole crusader with kindly attention, explaining the French words and the assorted mysteries of the menu.

Davids did not know beyond a doubt whether the whole thing that happened was Otto's doing. It may be that no plan entered his Teuton mind, to be carried out to fulness in the human skill. No one can say. John Davids had spent six hard years and possibly when a man returns to his fireside he will dip into them, he will humor himself with the luxuries of civilization.

From that first meal of toast and tea, John moved along to the more complex dishes. His appetite increased and presently he was eating with as much gusto as the solid citizens at the crowded tables about him. And in his increased interest in foods he was ably assisted by Otto, the head-waiter, who knows more about human nourishment than any other man in New York.

It was Otto who went in person to the chief and selected the finest cuts of rare roast beef for John; Otto who chose the special kinds of oysters and saw that they were served on the flat shell; Otto who superintended the selection of John's braised loin of pork with apple sauce and mashed potatoes, or the palantine of capon, the fruit supreme, or the baked Alaska.

And those meals—the nightly dinners of a once sparing eater, a man who had lived for days on brittle potato chips and water! The table cooled under its load—vegetables, desserts, entrees, hors d'oeuvres, salads, cheese—everything for which Tommy's is so famous. Certainly if John had never known

"Poor old Otto," I chuckled. "His goose is in the pan."

"Whatever like this had happened before."

"How do you like our tall friend?" I ventured to Rosalie one evening, thinking perhaps to make a joke.

"Fine," she said frankly. "Do you notice anything about him?"

"He wears an overcoat and asked not exactly how much it cost."

"Yes," she said earnestly, "he wears no overcoat, and he is not oily. To you, that means nothing. To me, men are greasy-skinned beasts that wear overcoats. I hate men and I hate overcoats. They turn their fat backs on me and stick out their arms. You can't know how I hate that sight—a man backing up to me, his arm stuck out.

"I always take off my coat myself," I said defensively.

"Yes," she said, not thinking of me at all.

"How about John?" I persisted.

"He's real. A strong character. Is he stuffing himself with apple dumpling and brandied peaches? Does he gobble a platter of stuffed goose and a quart of hot potatoes? Do you see him wobbling down roast guinea hen or broiled lobster? Look at his muscles—at the lines in his face. He is my notion of a man."

I smiled at Rosalie's earnestness.

"Perhaps you are his idea of a woman. If so, it will be interesting to—you all."

She colored up and asked not how many "women" she could not be foolish or silly or fresh, I forget which.

When he paused to pay Henry his dole, John lingered near the overcoats and gravely chatted a moment with the little lady of winsome grace and the checks. I wondered if he was telling her of polar bears or of the changing hues in her bronze hair.

At any rate, they laughed together.

A week later, John escorted Rosalie in the polite quest of entertainment. They went to the movies in mid-afternoon—Rosalie's hour of freedom. I made jocund comment to Otto that evening, and whether he caused it or not, my dish of boiled beef was execrable—for Tommy's.

Thus we waited and beheld the romance grow and expand like a flower—Otto and myself. It pleased me, because underneath a crusty manner I am a particularly sentimentally disposed, and I adore to look on while people fall in love with each other and live happily ever after.

Otto, on the contrary, was not pleased. His dull, fat face was as expressionless as bronze—sometimes, his bald pate glistened more than ever. Somehow the restaurant lost a deal of its charm after that and the customers spoke with taffy-colored hair, whose name was Marie, and who stood in Rosalie's old place and reeled overcoats with a fixed and fatuous grin.

That caused remark, but there was no explanation. Otto looked at him coldly, and pawed at his chin, which is a habit he has when he talks in New York. When he asked politely after Rosalie she was getting on fine.

"Bring her in some time," Tommy said confidentially. "She's got a lot of friends. Tell her they're always asking about her."

"I will," said Davids, carelessly.

At first he came sardonically and Monseer Louie pretended to be absorbed in discussing the menu with him. Otto is a solitary one and reserves his personal ministrations for the elderly eaters, but in the end Otto supplanted Monseer Louie, as John's nightly visits grew.

Little by little the melancholy manner of the head-waiter left him. His fat, puffy face came to light, therefore his speech disintegrated and the legal dismembered appeared with Rosalie's going, returned and warmed him. It was Otto who now took charge of John Davids, the soul of courtesy and thoughtfulness, overwhelming the former pole crusader with kindly attention, explaining the French words and the assorted mysteries of the menu.

Davids did not know beyond a doubt whether the whole thing that happened was Otto's doing. It may be that no plan entered his Teuton mind, to be carried out to fulness in the human skill. No one can say. John Davids had spent six hard years and possibly when a man returns to his fireside he will dip into them, he will humor himself with the luxuries of civilization.

From that first meal of toast and tea, John moved along to the more complex dishes. His appetite increased and presently he was eating with as much gusto as the solid citizens at the crowded tables about him. And in his increased interest in foods he was ably assisted by Otto, the head-waiter, who knows more about human nourishment than any other man in New York.

It was Otto who went in person to the chief and selected the finest cuts of rare roast beef for John; Otto who chose the special kinds of oysters and saw that they were served on the flat shell; Otto who superintended the selection of John's braised loin of pork with apple sauce and mashed potatoes, or the palantine of capon, the fruit supreme, or the baked Alaska.

And those meals—the nightly dinners of a once sparing eater, a man who had lived for days on brittle potato chips and water! The table cooled under its load—vegetables, desserts, entrees, hors d'oeuvres, salads, cheese—everything for which Tommy's is so famous. Certainly if John had never known
how to eat, he was learning in a rare school.

It was in the early summer when Davids first began coming and never once did he bring Rosalie. I suppose she could not have choked down a meal in Tommy's without showing it on the soulless scales. His eagle-like look was gone. His lean throat filled out. His wrists seemed to thicken. His weight was changing steadily, for one cannot dine nights in Tommy's without showing it on the soulless scales.

Things were going on much the same when Autumn blustered into town. Tommy was still the same brisk business man, and the part in his sleek hair was as exact and as amazing as ever. Monseer Louie, the assistant, maintained his wonted good humor, his obtrusive courtesy; and Otto was as puffy-faced and as bald as the day when I first beheld him stroking a napkin.

The new cloak room Venus, while never to be mentioned in the same breath with Rosalie, had held her job and seemed to be giving moderate satisfaction, and behind the cashier's desk, Henry sat in dignity and groomed his whiskers with a little white comb which he carried in his vest. I had become a golden regular, and I was one with the beefy business men who drifted in night after night and stuffed themselves joyously.

On an ordinary Fall evening, brisk with a fresh wind from the Bay, while Tommy's was slowly filling up, John Davids walked in and I looked at him in disbelief. He was wearing an overcoat, though it was not a "light Fall overcoat," as the advertisements say. It was a long, shaggy thing of fur, that was certain changes in the man who had come upon her husband and shorn him of his strength.

He went slowly in, greeted Rosalie with a smile, and in a foody kiss, turned his back to her and stuck out his arms—the old familiar gesture. Rosalie said nothing. She took the garment, and pulled it from her husband's body, which seemed to thicken. Her wrists seemed to thicken. His weight was changing steadily, for one cannot dine nights in Tommy's without showing it on the soulless scales.

Things were going on much the same when Autumn blustered into town. Tommy was still the same brisk business man, and the part in his sleek hair was as exact and as amazing as ever. Monseer Louie, the assistant, maintained his wonted good humor, his obtrusive courtesy; and Otto was as puffy-faced and as bald as the day when I first beheld him stroking a napkin.

The new cloak room Venus, while never to be mentioned in the same breath with Rosalie, had held her job and seemed to be giving moderate satisfaction, and behind the cashier's desk, Henry sat in dignity and groomed his whiskers with a little white comb which he carried in his vest. I had become a golden regular, and I was one with the beefy business men who drifted in night after night and stuffed themselves joyously.

On an ordinary Fall evening, brisk with a fresh wind from the Bay, while Tommy's was slowly filling up, John Davids walked in and I looked at him in disbelief. He was wearing an overcoat, though it was not a "light Fall overcoat," as the advertisements say. It was a long, shaggy thing of fur, that was certain changes in the man who had come upon her husband and shorn him of his strength.

He went slowly in, greeted Rosalie with a smile, and in a foody kiss, turned his back to her and stuck out his arms—the old familiar gesture. Rosalie said nothing. She took the garment, and pulled it from her husband's body, which seemed to thicken. His weight was changing steadily, for one cannot dine nights in Tommy's without showing it on the soulless scales.
Make a Community Center of Your Church

Motion Picture Equipment Easily Obtained Through Photoplay's Plan

All clergymen recognize the need of maintaining the church's rightful position of leadership in community life.

The motion picture with its unlimited capacity for providing clean recreation and visual instruction is the most potent ally of this movement.

Photoplay unqualifiedly endorses such a forward step and will gladly submit to any church or religious organization a practical plan for installing the necessary equipment in return for a small amount of work. Write today.

Rosalie (Concluded)

were drawn tight—no syllable of protest or reproach, or scorn or rage. It was not a time for outburst. All evening she was silent. John read his newspaper, asked her how the car was running, smoked his pipe by the gas heater, and retired to his bed, full of pleasant thoughts and Tommy's unsurpassed cooking.

When he awakened in the morning, there was no Rosalie in the kitchen. There was no early morning sound of clattering dishes or the smell of coffee. There was no breakfast. John turned out of bed in surprise.

On the dining room table a bit of note greeted him, and all it said, quite undramatically, was "You fooled me, too. You are like the rest, Rosalie."

Really, this is the end of the little tale. There is only a faint after-clap, because at ten o'clock on the morning when John Davids arose in his breakfastless home, a familiar figure walked briskly into Tommy-the-Oysterboy's. Ten o'clock is very early, but Tommy is always on hand. So is Otto.

They turned in astonishment to look as Rosalie removed her hat and shook out her bronze hair. Her eyes were as bright as ever and her lips as scarlet.

"I came back," she announced, going over to Tommy and taking him by the lapels of his coat.

"I see you did," Tommy answered, at a loss.

"I'd like to go to work again," she continued calmly. "I've left my husband."

"No," said Tommy.

"For better or for worse. Men are all pigs."

"What do you want to do?" asked Tommy, a bit troubled, and half turning towards the silent abode of overcoats.

"Not that," Rosalie said swiftly. "Anything but that, Tommy."

"Well," said the proprietor, "Henry—Henry's getting a bit slow. Yesterday he takes a five for a ten. There's a place for Henry out on my farm. You often wanted to be the cashier, Rosalie. Suppose I sort of rebuild this cashier's compartment—make it more comfortable and showy—suppose—how soon can you start?"

"Now," replied the lady of the metallic tresses, and she lifted up the hinged board that separates the public from the money.

And that is how Rosalie of the midnight eyes and the queer smile has come back with Tommy-the-Oysterboy's, after quite an absence, during which she was missed. The customers are delighted, but no one is quite as delighted as Otto, who has a wife and six—or seven—children somewhere. He was beaming when I came in, and he continued to beam.

There sat the slim figure behind the mahogany register, ringing the little bells as nonchalantly as Henry ever did it, and looking down upon the filled room with her funny smile. Rosalie greeted me with a true hand-shake and a cheerful word.

"Glad to be back?" I inquired. "I'll say so," she answered. I seemed to eat that night with greater relish, and whenever I looked across at Otto, he was fondling his napkin and smiling like an old fool. He moved back and forth like a man singing a silent song in his heart, and every so often he turned and faced the front of the room. There was a bunch of red and yellow flowers in a vase beside the cash register, and another cluster lying on the desk and still others in Rosalie's waist. She had found them there when she came on duty. Someone asked Otto where the flowers came from.

"I dunno," he said stupidly. "I came early, but those flowers—dey vos here before I come."

Of course, Otto is a liar. Most head-waiters are liars.
laugh. Slyly he pulled up by the road and crept up to the cabin window. He peered in to confirm his suspicions. Gray and Judith were chatting cheerily about the play. If Judith's acceptance of his invitation had given Gray any misgivings now he let her frank and dignified demeanor. Through the evening nothing occurred to mar the friendship as it had stood, and Gray treated her not as a woman, not as a possible conquest, but as a person. She was happy.

When Judith hurried away to go home, Joe Hurd was lurking in wait. He overtook her.

"What were you doing alone with that man in his cabin?"

But the sneering accusation in his square had been written on him that Hurd had answered his question for himself the only way that Flint Hill understanding could answer such a question.

Judith jerked herself free from his grasp and replied to his shower of insults with a slap in the face. Then she fled home. Hurd stormed in after her and slammed her face to the floor. "This is your last night in my house," stormed the old man.

"I hope," she said, slowly measuring every word, "I hope you will say the same of that man."

"He is not to be trusted."

"Are you going to forgive me as you forgave David? Maybe this man will buy your love."

"I am sick of this. I am sick of everything."

"You will do as you will."

"But my heart is not for another."

"Father, father — why are you all so bitter with me?"

"Because you have brought shame to our name."

"What makes you think that?"

"The streets were filled with the brightness and merriment of Christmas eve. There was bustle and merriment in the air. In the Beresford home in Flint Hill there was milk for the baby; there was merriment of Christmas eve. There was bustle and merriment in the air."

In New York it is used exclusively in the Waldorf Astoria, Baltimore, Commodore, Plaza, Pennsylvania and other leading hairdressing parlors. Thousands apply in their own homes with complete success. Every woman desiring the charm of youthful appearance should investigate INECTO RAPID.

Send No Money

Just fill out coupon and post today.

ITED BEMIFIED FROM PAGE 29

Hail the Woman

Judith stood ready to hear what she knew would be bitter but within, for all her anger, she felt relief. Whatever came she would be rid of Joe Hurd forever. "I found her in that man Gray's cabin. Beresford and Hurd exchanged a look of cold understanding. That was all there was to it for them."

"Believe it? We know it!" With that Joe Hurd stormed out.

Old Oliver Beresford was stricken for a moment, speechless with surprise. That a daughter of his should dare him thus, brazenly defy him! It was inhuman and unheard of, eternally wrong.

"This is your last night in my house," stormed the old man.

Judith turned to her brother David. From him she had hoped for at least a look of sympathy. She found only cold condemnation, even aversion, in his eyes.

After a few tense moments Judith spoke. "I hope," she said, slowly measuring her words, "you will forgive me."

"You have wounded me more than I will ever forgive."

"I have said my piece."

"I will not hear it."

"You have no right."

Judith turned her back and put Flint Hill behind her, poignantly bitter against the injustices of her father and brother, and her heart bleeding at the grief-stricken farewell cry of her mother.

The tides of time rolled on and a year and a half later found David admitted to the army and the charge of the congregation at Flint Hill. This much at least was as old Oliver Beresford had ordained it.

Meanwhile Judith, like Nan, had been drawn to New York. But there the parallel of experience ended. Judith was of the fit and capable. Nan was of the small and unprepared.

Nan's child, born of charity in a maternity home, was an added burden that she could not hope to carry. She strove her meager abilities would not suffice. The tragic commonplace happened, and led by the same unkind destiny that had at first betrayed her, Nan went that week by the hard route that has been traditionally called "the easiest way."

Judith's alert clear face and capable manner found her a job clerking in a fashionable shop on "the avenue," poorly paid indeed at eighteen dollars a week, but paid. On this Judith managed carefully and splendidly. She was able to live and she was free. She was grateful for that.

When Christmas eve came that winter back in the Beresford home in Flint Hill there were tears in the eyes of the parents, into the window and decorating the home for Christmas day. Only the unhappy mother gave a thought back to Judith, with a smile. Judith was singing. And that hour Judith, in her shabby little room, was wrapping a few tiny gifts to gladden the hearts of the youngsters at the Settlement House where she had found opportunity of service. Way across the city in even more hopeless quarters was Nan, alone with her baby, little David. It was an hour of loneliness for her.

The baby, helpless little parasite, lay gurgling on the bed, sucking away the last drops of milk from her teats.

The forlorn mother sighed. David needed warm clothes. He would presently need more milk—and there was no money. Nan was sick of heart and mind and body.

But there was only one thing to do. Before the cracked mirror Nan rouged her cheeks and cast a smirking smile of reheasal at herself. Oh, the tragedy of it! Rouge and smiles—for money.

Nan went out into the street, slipping back the red thing, the smirking thing, as a policeman passed her. The streets were filled with the brightness and merriment of Christmas eve. There was bustle and merriment in the air. In the Beresford home in Flint Hill there was milk for the baby; there was merriment of Christmas eve. There was bustle and merriment in the air."

Hail the Woman

NARRATED, by permission, from the
Thomas H. Ince Associated Producers
playphot, by C. Gardner Sullivan.
Directed by John Griffith Wray under the
supervision of Mr. Ince, with the following cast:

Judith Beresford ........ Florence Vidor
David Beresford .......... Lloyd Hughes
Charles Beresford ........ Robert Harron
Mrs. Beresford .......... Gertrude Claire
Nan Higgins ............. Madge Bellamy
Odd Jobs Man ............. Tully Marshall
Richard Stuart .......... Charles Meredith
Joe Hurd ................. Vernon Dent
Wyndham Gray ........... Edward Martindel
Mrs. Stuart .............. Mathilda Brundage
The Hoffmans ............. Muriel Frances Dana

Hair Tinting, an Entirely New Art, Has Been Made Possible Through

INECTO RAPID

This marvelous formula is the discovery of Dr. Emile of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, and is admittedly 50 years in advance of all other processes. It is used by 1500 of the foremost hairdressers and has replaced all so called "dyes."

Through its use Gray, Streaked or Faded Hair is Banished in 15 minutes

INECTO RAPID is sold under the following specific guarantees:
1. To produce a color that cannot be distinguished from the natural color under the closest scrutiny.
2. Not to coat dark strands following successive applications.
3. To maintain a uniform shade over a period of years.
4. To be harmless to hair or scalp.
5. Not to make the texture of the hair coarse or brittle and not to cause breakage.
6. Never to cause too dark a color through improper handling.
7. To color any head, any color in 15 minutes.
8. To be unaffected by permanent waving, salt water, rain, perspiration, shampooing, Russian or Turkish Bathes.
9. Not to soil linens or hats lining.
10. To produce delicate ash shades heretofore impossible.

Inecto Rapid Applications Are Made at the Leading Hairdressing Salons Throughout the World.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Hail the Woman

(Continued)

Settlement House to a woman who lived there across the hall. Judith heard the sobbing woman. The door was ajar. Sympathy made her peer inside. Judith stepped into the room and laid with gentle hand on the shoulder of the sobbing woman, who looked up.

"Judith, Nan cried out.

"Yes, Nan." Nan broke down in tears again. Between her fitsful sobbings she told Judith her story, of the secret marriage to David and all of that, everything.

Judith, listening with sympathy in her eyes, picked up the infant.

"What pretty news he has!" Nan blurted out wildly weeping again. Then she told it all, the story that begins with the rouge and the smiles and "the easiest way.

After her storm of tears Nan was weakened almost to fainting. Judith wanted to go for a doctor, but Nan clung to her. Nan had known no friend in years. She could not let go of Judith. In her heart she knew the end was near, and she held to Judith like a child holding a friendly, willing hand in the awesome dark.

From a mission below floated up a Christmas hymn.

"Silent night, peaceful night!" "All things sleep, shepherds keep watch on Bethlehem's silent hills!"

"They used to sing that in the church at home," Nan murmured.

And when the hymn was done, Nan closed her eyes and that was the end. Her Christmas gift was the peace eternal.

So it came that little David went home with Judith, and she became a mother to him.

Judith wrote one letter to her father, carefully and as tactfully as might be, setting forth the unhappy story of Nan and the baby David. The letter came back with her answer. It was to be her fight, alone and unaided.

Judith was equal to her task. Success rewarded her unrelenting efforts, and in time she became the head designer at the shop where she had begun as a clerk. With her comfortable little prosperity she gave little David a better home and its advantages. It was an adorable baby, happy, sweet-tempered, lovable.

Then love came into Judith's life. At the Settlement House, where when time was short Nan had stayed and helped her in its duties, and free of charge. Ophelia took Judith in.

Ophelia was a friend in the dark. She was a friendly hand to the lonely and heart-sick. At last Judith saw ahead a final happiness.

She was fired to fight it out now. Through a long sleepless night she thought it over.

Even Dick Stuart, her lover, had been willing to be her champion. But the worst of the long cold night, the things that the baby David was Judith's child.

Judith, confronted with the old lie, and faced again with the consequences of her brother's sins, tried to shut out the whole truth, coolly and deliberately.

She was crushed when for the moment woman saw it the way she wanted.

David in his supreme cowardice stood by and again let the woman pay, even though the woman was his own sister.

Judith, broken, left the house.

Through a long sleepless night she thought it over.

"My son's fiancee is here — a young lady called Miss Beresford," said Mrs. Stuart to Judith, listening with sympathy in her eyes.

"Is she to be assigned to a missionary station in China, a crowning life achievement for her and a cruel disappointment to Judith?" thought Miss Beresford, and she held to Judith like a child.

Old Mrs. Beresford rose in the family pew, angry and dazed at this new rebellion, went off to the church with David.

Aflame with her new found power the mother took Judith and little David with her and marched them to the church where David was to preach his farewell sermon before departing for the Orient. All of Flint Hill would be there to hear him.

Judith's father ordered her and the child from the house.

For the first time in his life old Oliver saw a force against which he could not prevail.

It had come to the end of silent submissions for Mrs. Beresford. Her beloved daughter was home, bringing her son's child.

Mother love, awakened anew by the child and her lonely years of heart ache during Judith's absence, gave the old man courage.

"She is my daughter and you daren't put her out, Oliver Beresford!" The old eyes flashed fire.

Her answer, angry and dazed at this new rebellion, went off to the church with David.

Aflame with her new found power the mother took Judith and little David with her and marched them to the church where David was to preach his farewell sermon before departing for the Orient. All of Flint Hill would be there to hear him.

While they sat, looking straight ahead they heard him, even against his passions.

"My son," she said, controlling a quaver in her voice, "my son has something to
Hail the Woman (Concluded)

tell you before he preaches another sermon."
The old lady sat down, and the hush became theatrically tense.
David, stooping, took the child in his arms and faced the audience with a new force and frankness.
I shall tell you the story of David Beresford and Nan Higgins—this is our son," he began.

And now I resign my ministry."
David Beresford sat down.
Old Oliver went home broken and defeated. His world had tumbled about him.
His life of selfish pride had brought its inevitable reward.

That evening Dick Stuart, with a new born faith in Judith, that came with his better senses, reached Flint Hill.

He went to his knock at the door. He drew her to him.

Presently she led Dick to the doorway of the living room and pointed to the group there.

Little David was sitting on his grandfather's knee, telling the grave old man a fairy story. There was a new light in David's round face, and a smile of pure joy covered his old mother's face.

Judith, supremely happy now, turned to Dick Stuart.

Somewhere, somehow, she was sure Nan knew and was happy, too.

It was the hour of victory for Woman's greater faith.

Should Movies Show Cigarette Smoking?

THE Kansas moving picture censorship board is having a serious argument on the question of whether or not to admit films showing women smoking cigarettes.

Women smokers have become so common that it is a question of whether the old rules of the censors should remain in full force or submit to the tendencies of the times.

The two women members of the board, Mrs. J. H. Miller and Mrs. A. L. Short, still believe that smoking among women of the movies ought to be barred. But they are willing to admit that a lot of women in real life do smoke publicly, and more clandestinely, and they may succumb to the argument of Dwight Thacher Harris, the male member, who insists that since pictures are supposed to depict real life a scene with women smoking should not be barred if it fits into the general theme of the picture.

For years it has been the rule in the Kansas pictures that no kiss should last "longer than thirty feet."

There has been a love scene cut short under Rule 8, as the movie men understood that the long and passionate love scene could not get by the Kansas censors if there were more than thirty feet of film depicting it.

Not long ago there was a great howl from some Kansas movie fans when they saw a picture by their favorite comedian. The comedian ran wildly before the camera with his trousers on fire. The scene stopped by order of the censors with the comic still on fire and the movie fans demanded to know if he had burned to death. It happened that when the censors thought they had seen enough of the comedian with his pants burning they rang a bell which indicates that a scene is long enough and the operator just clipped off the remainder without showing the stunt of putting out the fire—Boston Transcript.

For Xmas, Give Her

A Youthful Complexity

Give her a Star home electric massage Vibrator! She will be so pleased—and will have an ever-ready health-and-beauty aid which is used to-day by thousands of well-groomed women.

Star Vibrators are beautifully made, come packed in good-looking black boxes and are decidedly important adjuncts to even the smartest vanity table. Special applicators for the complexion, hair, scalp and body development. For headaches, insomnia, nervousness, fatigue, etc., the "Star" is a wonderful help.

Many famous stage and screen stars use the Star Vibrator to keep them youthful looking. Pale, sallow complexions, dull eyes and stiff joints quickly respond to home electric massage. So, all in all, there is nothing more acceptable or more practical! Star Vibrators are on sale at Drug, Department, Hardware and Electrical Stores. Demonstrated free. Two sizes, $12.50 for the large motor-driven model; $5 for the smaller "Star." Each the best that can be produced at its price. Give her a "Star." Fitzgerald Mfg Co., Dept. 214, Torrington, Conn.

To Have friends, BE ONE—Your true sentiment towards them is best expressed WHEN YOU

"Say it with flowers"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Why Does the World Love Mary?

(Continued from page 50)

gorgeous Hollywood Hills through a flaming eucalyptus tree that grows outside my window, and thinking about Mary Pickford. It is immeasurably difficult for me to write about her for just the reason I have mentioned—I feel so much I am afraid it will sound like raving. That, too, is why I have never before written a single word about her.

So if you don’t like it you’d better stop now and turn over to where we pan a few people, because this is bound to get worse.

Mary Pickford is the greatest woman of our time. If this age has produced any superwomen, she is one.

In the first place Mary Pickford is better known and better known than any actress that has ever been before. And I think she is the only supremely great actress in the history of the world whose art found its medium only in sweet, charming, unjustifiable characterizations—for Maude Adams, in spite of all her greatness, cannot be compared universally to Miss Pickford.

Another strange thing impresses itself upon me—the compositeness of her, if I may coin the word for a moment. She is a beauty—yet we seldom think of her as a beauty. She is a great actress—yet we do not frequently use the word in connection with her. She is a business genius and a successful producer—but we pass this by as of practically no importance. She is above all a woman who has lived, loved, suffered, worked both for herself and for her country—yet we do not think of her personally, as a woman, very often.

She is just—Mary Pickford.

Only the other day Cecil de Mille told me that Mary Pickford, in spite of her fame and her infinite knowledge of photoplay drama and technique, is the easiest person on the screen to direct, as pliable and responsive as a Strydovian horse.

Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith, both associated with her in the Big Four, declare she has the best business head in the motion picture industry, though many authorities contend that she knows more about pictures, from every angle, than anyone else in the game.

She has, through her own efforts entirely, made herself several times a millionaire—which in a country where achievement is far beyond and above other actresses—whose beauty, ability, and efforts approximate her own.

I think a little thing, with her hands like a baby’s, her four foot eleven of girlish sweetness, to have accomplished all that she has accomplished. To have stood as the idol of America’s young people through all these years. What a position! What triumphs in her starring reception in Europe! The calm and power of this girlish woman—

Yet how much sorrow she has had. A hard-working, precocious childhood, filled with care for her brother and sister, and even for her mother, as Mrs. Pickford admits. Her sad, unhappy girl-marriage to Owen Moore with its battle, so her divorce court story declared, against loneliness and beauty.

The trial of her sister Lottie’s marriage and screen career and her adopted brother Jack’s tragic loss of his beautiful wife Olive Thomas, coupled with the other unpleasant episode in the boy’s brief experience. Her mother’s poor health—a constant worry, for Mary adores her mother with a tremendous affection.

And I am sure she has won supreme happiness with Douglas Fairbanks in her present marriage. When I go to see Mary Pickford I am always stirred by an emotion so deep that I am not able to converse intelligently. I am not usually susceptible. But my admiration for her strikes me dumb and the pathetic of her gripes by the throat.

She was sitting all alone in an enormous carved chair when I went to talk to her about “Little Lord Fauntleroy,” the picture she is making, in which she plays both the boy and his young mother, “Dearest.” She wore the traditional costume of black velvet and lace. One graceful, slender leg hung down, the other doubled under her. She looked so tiny, so serious, as she studied the costume of “Little Lord Fauntleroy,” the picture she is making, in which she plays both the boy and his young mother, “Dearest.” She wore the traditional costume of black velvet and lace. One graceful, slender leg hung down, the other doubled under her.

The love story which she and Douglas Fairbanks have lived has immortalized itself by, I think, the quality of the love Mary Pickford gave to it. The boy’s brief experience. Her mother’s poor health—a constant worry, for Mary adores her mother with a tremendous affection.

Always hard, tiring, long hours of work.

“Dawn of a To-Morrow.”

“Heloise and Abelard, Romeo and Juliet, Dante and his Beatrice.

Women do not inspire and return love. Women do not inspire and return love. But of course I am modeling him after one of black velvet and lace. One graceful, slender leg hung down, the other doubled under her. She looked so tiny, so serious, as she studied the costume of “Little Lord Fauntleroy,” the picture she is making, in which she plays both the boy and his young mother, “Dearest.” She wore the traditional costume of black velvet and lace. One graceful, slender leg hung down, the other doubled under her.

Women do not inspire and return love. No, they are not sufficiently inspired. No, they are not sufficiently inspired. I do not believe in robbing the screen of its idealized beauties. I do not believe in robbing the screen of its idealized beauties. As Maria of Barataria he was the most difficult character I have ever played. As Maria of Barataria he was the most difficult character I have ever played.

I am not a writer. I am not a writer. I am not a writer. I am not a writer. I am not a writer. I am not a writer.

I believe it—

People are hungry for that high and spiritual something that shines in Mary’s face in its loveliest moments. We are not a nation that as whole cares for the arts of painting, sculpturing. Nor are we inclined to symbolism our churches, our public buildings. Our churches filled with saints and angels which answer the two supreme gifts bestowed by a people—love and technique, is the easiest person on the screen to direct, as pliable and responsive as a Strydovian horse.

Another strange thing impresses itself upon me—the compositeness of her, if I may coin the word for a moment. She is a beauty—yet we seldom think of her as a beauty. She is a great actress—yet we do not frequently use the word in connection with her. She is a business genius and a successful producer—but we pass this by as of practically no importance. She is above all a woman who has lived, loved, suffered, worked both for herself and for her country—yet we do not think of her personally, as a woman, very often.

She is just—Mary Pickford.

Only the other day Cecil de Mille told me that Mary Pickford, in spite of her fame and her infinite knowledge of photoplay drama and technique, is the easiest person on the screen to direct, as pliable and responsive as a Strydovian horse.

Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith, both associated with her in the Big Four, declare she has the best business head in the motion picture industry, though many authorities contend that she knows more about pictures, from every angle, than anyone else in the game.

She has, through her own efforts entirely, made herself several times a millionaire—which in a country where achievement is far beyond and above other actresses—whose beauty, ability, and efforts approximate her own.

Another strange thing impresses itself upon me—the compositeness of her, if I may coin the word for a moment. She is a beauty—yet we seldom think of her as a beauty. She is a great actress—yet we do not frequently use the word in connection with her. She is a business genius and a successful producer—but we pass this by as of practically no importance. She is above all a woman who has lived, loved, suffered, worked both for herself and for her country—yet we do not think of her personally, as a woman, very often.

She is just—Mary Pickford.

Only the other day Cecil de Mille told me that Mary Pickford, in spite of her fame and her infinite knowledge of photoplay drama and technique, is the easiest person on the screen to direct, as pliable and responsive as a Strydovian horse.

Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith, both associated with her in the Big Four, declare she has the best business head in the motion picture industry, though many authorities contend that she knows more about pictures, from every angle, than anyone else in the game.

She has, through her own efforts entirely, made herself several times a millionaire—which in a country where achievement is far beyond and above other actresses—whose beauty, ability, and efforts approximate her own.

Another strange thing impresses itself upon me—the compositeness of her, if I may coin the word for a moment. She is a beauty—yet we seldom think of her as a beauty. She is a great actress—yet we do not frequently use the word in connection with her. She is a business genius and a successful producer—but we pass this by as of practically no importance. She is above all a woman who has lived, loved, suffered, worked both for herself and for her country—yet we do not think of her personally, as a woman, very often.

She is just—Mary Pickford.

Only the other day Cecil de Mille told me that Mary Pickford, in spite of her fame and her infinite knowledge of photoplay drama and technique, is the easiest person on the screen to direct, as pliable and responsive as a Strydovian horse.

Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith, both associated with her in the Big Four, declare she has the best business head in the motion picture industry, though many authorities contend that she knows more about pictures, from every angle, than anyone else in the game.

She has, through her own efforts entirely, made herself several times a millionaire—which in a country where achievement is far beyond and above other actresses—whose beauty, ability, and efforts approximate her own.

Another strange thing impresses itself upon me—the compositeness of her, if I may coin the word for a moment. She is a beauty—yet we seldom think of her as a beauty. She is a great actress—yet we do not frequently use the word in connection with her. She is a business genius and a successful producer—but we pass this by as of practically no importance. She is above all a woman who has lived, loved, suffered, worked both for herself and for her country—yet we do not think of her personally, as a woman, very often.

She is just—Mary Pickford.

Only the other day Cecil de Mille told me that Mary Pickford, in spite of her fame and her infinite knowledge of photoplay drama and technique, is the easiest person on the screen to direct, as pliable and responsive as a Strydovian horse.

Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith, both associated with her in the Big Four, declare she has the best business head in the motion picture industry, though many authorities contend that she knows more about pictures, from every angle, than anyone else in the game.

She has, through her own efforts entirely, made herself several times a millionaire—which in a country where achievement is far beyond and above other actresses—whose beauty, ability, and efforts approximate her own.

Another strange thing impresses itself upon me—the compositeness of her, if I may coin the word for a moment. She is a beauty—yet we seldom think of her as a beauty. She is a great actress—yet we do not frequently use the word in connection with her. She is a business genius and a successful producer—but we pass this by as of practically no importance. She is above all a woman who has lived, loved, suffered, worked both for herself and for her country—yet we do not think of her personally, as a woman, very often.

She is just—Mary Pickford.

Only the other day Cecil de Mille told me that Mary Pickford, in spite of her fame and her infinite knowledge of photoplay drama and technique, is the easiest person on the screen to direct, as pliable and responsive as a Strydovian horse.

Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith, both associated with her in the Big Four, declare she has the best business head in the motion picture industry, though many authorities contend that she knows more about pictures, from every angle, than anyone else in the game.

She has, through her own efforts entirely, made herself several times a millionaire—which in a country where achievement is far beyond and above other actresses—whose beauty, ability, and efforts approximate her own.
Why Does the World Love Mary?

(Concluded)

Fairbanks and I. But every Sunday when we are not working we have all the children in the family—the children of our dear friends—at the house, and I sit all day in the sand by the swimming pool and watch them. Do you know that a child’s face is the most exquisite, the most expressive thing in the world? I learn more about expressing emotion from children than in any other way, though if I acted as broadly as children actually do, I should be accused of terrific over-acting. They twist and pucker their little faces in an intensity of emotion, striving to emphasize everything they feel.

“My little niece, Mary Pickford II, is my greatest joy. The other day she came to me most seriously and said, ‘Aunt Mary, I don’t want to take my French lesson. I hate French lessons. Why do little girls have to do so many things they don’t want to?’

“So I said, ‘Darling, it isn’t only little girls that have to do a great many things they don’t want to. It’s big girls, too. Now here is Aunt Mary in these hot clothes, working all day beneath hot lights, when she’d much rather be swimming. But we have to do the work that belongs to us in this world and learn to be very happy doing it well. Then we earn the love of everyone around us.’

“So then she went to my mother and said, ‘Mamma, I think poor little Aunt Mary works too hard. Let’s tell her not to. We don’t care if we don’t have anything.’

“She looked across the set to where little Mary Pickford, second, stood—her sister Lottie’s little girl of four who has just been adopted by Mary’s mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford—with a smile so sweet that it left me breathless.

‘Are you going to have a baby?’ I asked.

A little wave of rose swept under her skin.

“No,” she said, “I wish I were. I would rather have a baby than anything else in the world. When you love a man as much as I love my husband, you long to hold a child of his in your arms. And no woman is a real woman to me who does not deeply, honestly desire children. That is the supreme experience—the rounding out of life. It is the crowning joy for woman—motherhood.

Perhaps some day I shall know it. I hope so. I—I pray so.’

And her eyes—that are like gray clouds over a violet sky with the light of a rich deep sunset upon them—were wet.

From Gladys Smith—the daughter of a rooming-house-keeper and a purser on a lake boat, born nearly thirty years ago in Canada, in the poorest of circumstances, working on the stage as a mite a few years old to support her small brother and sister, missing the advantages of education—to Mary Pickford, and all that name represents, not only of wealth and fame, but of self-culture and social grace.

The name of Mary Pickford will exist as long as history is written. She is absolutely the outstanding feature of the creation and development of motion pictures. But her face was immortalized years ago in the faces of Botticelli’s angels.

If you don’t believe me, go to the Metropolitan Museum and see.

The name of Mary Pickford will exist as long as history is written. She is absolutely the outstanding feature of the creation and development of motion pictures. But her face was immortalized years ago in the faces of Botticelli’s angels.

If you don’t believe me, go to the Metropolitan Museum and see.

M. BONART, the distinguished French fashion artist, is now designing gowns for PHOTOPLAY. Our readers are free to copy these creations. Turn to Page 32.
“Danderine” Grows Thick, Heavy Hair

35-cent Bottle Ends all Dandruff, Stops Hair Coming Out

Justice Fellahoon by surprise. He recovered himself quickly, however, and proceeded:

“Do you deny that it was found in the—ahem!—boudoir of Mrs. Colonel Potiphar?”

“I do not deny,” responded Jacobson with unperturbed calm.

With a triumphant gesture, Mr. Justice Fellahoon turned to counsel for the defend-ant:

“Then what do you mean by wasting the court’s time? The prisoner admits everything. Off to the dun—

“I beg your honor’s leave,” smoothly interrupted Mr. Levi, of Levi, Pharaoner &Ford, rising promptly but with great dignity. Mr. Ford, it should be noted in passing, operates in New York, not manufac- tory on the Delta, in addition to his New York business. He made a specialty of defending Jewish interests.

“Well, what is it?” asked the judge.

“If it please your honor, I beg to state, in supplementing the brief already submitted to the court by our Mr. Ford, that we do not contest the ownership of Exhibit A by my client. There is no other cost like it in Egypt. Owing to tender associations of childhood, Mr. Jacobson has become deeply attached to this particular, and we will admit rather striking, combination of colors. The coat is Mr. Jacobson’s.”

Mr. Justice Fellahoon asked with a deepening frown, running a slender hand down his goatee:

“Then, what in Ra’s name do you contest?”

“If it please your honor, we do most em-phatically contest the honorable and dis-tinguished Colonel Potiphar’s version of the circumstances under which this garment came into Miss Potiphar’s possession.”

At this point in the proceedings the steno-graphic report of the trial contains the entry: “Prolonged sensation in the court-room.” It was noticed that Col. Potiphar stirred uneasily in his seat.

Mr. Levi resumed amid a hush:

“Mr. Jacobson, tell the court how Miss Potiphar—I name the lady with the utmost respect—one into possession of your coat.”

Col. Potiphar straightened in his chair with a sudden, almost galvanic, movement. Miss Potiphar offered the coat on a button which had become loose,” began Jacobson.

“Did you accept her kind offer?”

“No, sir,” replied Jacobson positively.

“Why did you not accept it?”

“Because there were important and val-uable papers in the inside pocket.”

Question. — “What were those papers?”

Answer. — “They were shares in a corpor-ation to organize a corner in wheat.”

The announcement fell upon the court-room like a thunderbolt. Mr. Levi suddenly shifted his line of questioning:

“Now, Mr. Jacobson, will you tell us what your relations were with Mme. Potiphar?”

“Those of a son to a mother,” replied the prisoner firmly.

At this point there was a shriek from the latticed gallery. The Grand Crocodile looked up threateningly. The next mo-ment an attendant salaamed up to him and whispered in his ear: “Mrs. Colonel Potiphar has fainted, your Almightiness.” Mr. Levi continued:

“Did Mme. Potiphar have any knowledge of the nature of the papers?”

“She did.”

Question. — “Did Mme. Potiphar show any interest in your planned enterprise?”

Answer. — “She did, sir.”

Question. — “At what time did you usually discuss your plans for the ‘corner’ with Mme. Potiphar?”

Answer. — “We discussed them at mealtime.”

Question. — “Was the honorable Col. Potiphar on any occasion present at these—a-hem—conferences?”

Answer. — “Occasionally.”

Question. — “What, if any, measures did you or Mme. Potiphar—or you and Mme. Potiphar jointly—to make sure that Col. Potiphar would not be present?”

Answer. — “Mme. Potiphar had given me a signal.”

It was noticed that at this admission Col. Potiphar leaned forward suddenly and glowered violently at Mr. Levi. Mr. Levi proceeded with the examination amid a silence in which the dropping of a scarab from the ceiling could have been heard.

Question. — “The word ‘Tea-Pot,’ uttered distinctly by Mme. Potiphar from the win-dow just over my office. That signal meant that tea was ready and that Col. ‘Pot’—as Madame sometimes playfully called Col. Potiphar—had gone to the barracks for the afternoon.”

At this explanation the buzz of feminine comment became plainly audible in the latticed gallery. It was quickly suppressed by a single glance from the Grand Crocodile.

“Now,” resumed counsel for the defend-ant in a suave, “please-don’t-misunderstand— me” tone, “what was the subject of your conversation with Mme. Potiphar—or of Mme. Potiphar’s conversation with you on this particular occasion after she had pronounced the word ‘Tea-Pot’ distinctly over the windows of your office, and you had joined her in her boudoir?”

“She asked me whether or not I would give her one thousand shares in the corpora-tion.”

Col. Potiphar once more sat bolt upright.

Question. — “And what was your reply?”

Answer. — “I said: ‘There are twenty-five hundred shares of the stock in the inside pocket of this coat at this moment. I could give you a thousand shares as easily as not. But I have too much regard for your good name. I cannot compromise you. So I will not give you the stock.’”

At this point Col. Potiphar arose hastily to remark in a loud voice: “It’s a lie!”

But Mr. Justice Fellahoon, leaning over the bench, assured him that the trial was not yet over, that other things were about to happen.

“What next occurred?” continued Mr. Levi, pretending not to have observed the little by-play.

“Mme. Potiphar said, suddenly: ‘Why, Joe, that middle button on your coat is nearly off. Let me sew it on for you.’”

I said ‘No thanks, Madame.’ And then, without another word, she jumped for the bell-rope, rang for the servants, grabbed hold of my coat and slipped it off.”

“‘What became of the stock?’

“I had possession of mind enough to slip the papers out as I felt the coat coming off.”

“And then?”

“I ran before the servants could get there.”

“Now, Mr. Jacobson—”

But at this moment the court interrupted the proceedings by rising to his feet with an expression of indignation. He announced firmly:

“This flouting of our noble Egyptian institutions has gone on long enough. The prisoner has proved his guilt conclusively. The prisoner has proved his guilt conclusively.

“Daughter of the Delta Revolution and this

Vamps of All Times

(Concluded from page 73)

Ten minutes after using Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks’ use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. Dandcrine is and luxuriant. One application of Danderine to the hair what fresh showers of rain and
diamond is set in a 14 karat solid *Otd ring Included free of charge. Order direct from advertisement or write for 128-oAge catalog Choose your ring and give finger size.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Winner of Photoplay's Medal of Honor

(Concluded from page 56)

picture of 1920. In these pages, you will find reviews of them. And it wishes to congratulate you who have made possible this contest, and in whose hands rests the future greatness of the photoplay: for only with your support can great things be accomplished.

LETTERS from READERS

September 20, 1921.

EDITOR of Photoplay Magazine:

Dear Sir:

Every reader of your magazine knows you are literally buried under the huge task of conducting it and that it but adds to the trouble to correspond with you. I know it too, but this once I am going to be selfish. I am conducting it and that it but adds to the columns dedicated to Letters From Readers. Please overlook this annoyance, for I assure you it will not happen again unless some momentous occurrence tempts me to write.

The year has been fairly spent. In three more months it will draw to a close. In the December issue of your publication will be found a review of the year's work in films. To the great ones will go the laurels and glory. But also will come rebuke and criticism. This is the time to be careful.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" ranks as the film superlative of the year! Perhaps it did not create the sensation that "Way Down East," "Humoresque," "Why Change Your Wife" and "The Devil's Passkey" made up the quartet that merited your finest, unstinted praise. Permit me to write.

When you write to advertisers please mention Photoplay Magazine.

Respectfully,
L. George Edelhauser, Jr.
842 Classon Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
You Can Weigh
What You Should

I teach you how to sit, stand and walk correctly,
give you grace, abundant vitality — courage to undertake and do things.
I build you up or reduce you to normal — all in your own home.
In a few weeks you can surprise your family and friends.

You Can Be Well
Without Drugs

It's easier to be well than to be sick, when you know how.
If you are troubled with any of the following, or any other ailments, write me:

Indigestion  Constipation  Ear Ailments
Nervousness  Poor Circulation  Tooth Ailments
My 20 years' work has won the endorsement of leading physicians.
What I have done for 100,000 women, I can do for you. Write me. Your letter will be held in confidence.
I will gladly send you my illustrated booklet telling how to stand or walk correctly, free.

Suzanna Lorcoff
Dept. 35
1819 Broadway, New York

KEEP YOUR YOUTH
Do not grow grey
The safe and sure way

Néos Henné

There is no feature of the face or manner that so quickly ages as the changing of the hair to grey — which now may be successfully prevented by the use of NÉOS HENNE.

NÉOS HENNE has passed every test for restoring hair to its natural color and luster — it is effective for all time and does not wash or rub off. Blonde, all tones of brown, chestnut to jet black, hair successfully and permanently treated. We have prepared a booklet which clearly shows the simple process of treating the hair with Néos Henné. Moreover, you will find it helpful in caring for the hair. Write for booklet "P."

Price $1.60 for Full Treatment
Directions on Box
On sale at R. H. Macy & Co., and other department stores in New York or direct from
NÉOS, CO., Dept. 10, 366 Fifth Ave., New York

Bill, Mary and Jim Rogers, children of the star, between 9 p.m. and 7 a.m. "photograph them asleep because they behave best that way," said Will Rogers.

never a good idea to marry her. Avoid marrying a midget if you can help it.
The only distinction I claim is having the same wife I originally started out with.
She is not bragging about it, but I am.
I also am considered the ugliest man in our profession. So that may have something to do with me trying to hang on to this wife I have. For an ugly man can't get out and get another so easy.
Look at our ugly women of today. They have to go right on living with husbands. If they were pretty, they could shoot them and come clear.

Movies on Strings
(Concluded from page 36)

It is interesting to note that the shadowgraph entertainment was thriving in Paris during the French Revolution. The French name, Ombres Chinoises, was applied for the general description of this form of screen theater. As recently as twenty years ago, a group of eminent French artists formed a shadowgraph theater in Paris called the Chat Noir. Plays dealing with the life of Napoleon, a presentation of Jeanne d'Arc, and "The Return of the Prodigal Son" were produced there.

"My Almanac," when it was first shown in a New York picture theater, attracted much attention — most of which I attributed to the fact that the shadowgraph movie was a complete novelty. But since then three more issues of the "Almanac" have been projected in the same theater, and I am told that the audiences always stay through the entire program to see them, and seem to have as good a time watching the funny little figures as I had making them perform. And so I feel that there is a real place for the shadowgraph entertainment on the silver sheet, and it is my ambition to see that it preserves its unique popularity. It is something, isn't it, that my characters don't have the slightest inclination to "hog" the camera in close-up?

I intend to produce soon in New York a real Chinese shadowgraph play employing the transparent figures. Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld is writing a score of Chinese music to accompany this production, which I think promises to be a real novelty to Broadway and an interesting revival of an almost forgotten art.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Horizon (Continued from page 44)

Peter Merriam’s hand firmly as the girl’s father whispered a “God bless you, my son!” But even the emotion of the old man aroused no pity in his breast; nor did the shy affection of Doris Merriam affect him in other than what he was. The following day he sought out Peter. His gibbous tongue and agile brain concocted a plausible, high-sounding tale of social and business connections. He agreed that she should remain on Horizon Island for another month or so, and that they would then discuss details of the wedding. And Peter Merriam did not look at the young man as he touched upon a subject too delicate for thought.

“In allowing you to remain on this island with Doris, I am showing a great trust in you.”

“Sir,” Peter put out a restraining hand. “I don’t need your protestations, my boy. I believe in you.”

He arose and moved away, and therefore did not see the light of contempt in the eyes of the astonished lad. He had believed his boy as he believed in his daughter, in himself. And he allowed them to be together constantly—even on the morning when he startled out of his long, long sleep, to find a little boy who had taken the necessary trip to the lighthouse headquarters in Charleston.

He did not remain in Charleston as long as he anticipated. In fact he did not even visit the lighthouse headquarters in the old post office building at the foot of Broad street, looking with an old friend in the hallway of the building. He had stationed himself, and now, as he guided his little boat swiftly back toward Horizon Island he held a copy of it in his hand—a poorly printed bit of trash, headed “$1,000 Reward—Wanted for Murder.”

The simplicity of this method will save your life. You will be amazed at your own rapid progress. You learn by mail—yet you receive personal instruction from one of America’s foremost Commercial Artists—Will H. Chandler, Frank Godwin and Wynn Holcomb (Wynn), the famous artists were but two of his many successful students. Get into this fascinating game, NOW. You can easily qualify and make big money. A few minutes’ study each day is all that is needed.

New Easy Way to DRAW

How Easy!

This wonderful new method makes it possible for anyone to learn illustrating, cartooning, or Commercial Art. Hundreds of our students are now making splendid incomes. And of most of them never touched a drawing pencil before they took up this trade.

The simplicity of this method will save your life. You will be amazed at your own rapid progress. You learn by mail—yet you receive personal instruction from one of America’s foremost Commercial Artists—Will H. Chandler, Frank Godwin and Wynn Holcomb (Wynn), the famous artists were but two of his many successful students. Get into this fascinating game, NOW. You can easily qualify and make big money. A few minutes’ study each day is all that is needed.

New Easy Way to DRAW

An interesting and handsomely illustrated booklet, “How to Become an Artist,” has been prepared and will be sent to you without cost. It tells how you can easily become an artist in a few minutes’ daily spare time and at the cost of a few cents a day. Explain about this amazing New Easy Way to Draw and how you can quickly learn, at home in spare time! Fill out the booklet-coupon now. Mail it TODAY.

Washington School of Art, Inc.
1717 Marden Bldg.
Washington, D.C.

Deafness

Under Master Teachers

At Home

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

“Little Wireless Phonos for the Ears” require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple, small and harmless, and they give the wearer easy fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. Write for our 10 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
174 inter-Southern Bld.,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Music Lessons

A Complete Conservatory Course

By Mail

Wonderful and easy music lessons under great American and European teachers. Brought to you by Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums. Write telling what kind of music you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cello, Mandoline, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send you our FREE CATALOG covering all instrumental and vocal courses. Send NOW.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY

350 S. State St., Chicago, Illinois
Stars of Popular Music
Play the Conn

When greater proof of superiority than the fact that these artists and their orchestras all use Conn instruments! Yet these are only a few of those who, personally and through phonograph records, are thrilling millions with the brilliant beauty of their music.

You, too, can win popularity, double your income, playing whole or part time in band or orchestra. Take a tip from the world's greatest artists; play a Conn. Exclusive privileges make them easiest of all to master.

Free Trial; Easy Payments
All exclusive Conn features at no greater cost. Highest honors at world positions. Used in greatest organizations and symphony orchestras.

FREE BOOK: Success in Music and How to Win It by Sousa and nine others.

Play the Conn as used by those who, personally and through phonograph records, are thrilling millions with the brilliant beauty of their music.

Horizon
(Continued)

have killed Bill Walters with as little comprehension as he would have known in scooping a snake. But he knew that if he killed the murderer, Doris would not only be made miserable but he would have created a chasm between them which could never be bridged. And the bare thought of that was intolerable.

Yet there was the problem before him—unsolved—tremendous—vital—immediate. Marriage was this man's way of escaping another. Too, it was unthinkable that her illusion should be destroyed. She was experiencing her dream of glory—it must continue.

Dusk had settled over Horizon Island when Peter Merriam reached his little craft. He exhibited nothing of his internal seethe at sight of Doris and Bill Walters coming toward him, though of the murderer about the waist of the girl. The bit of paper containing the notice of reward and the picture of the young man had long since been dropped overhead. Peter remembered in the description of the fugitive mention of a triangular scar at the cleft of the chin. He glanced casually at the young man now and reassured himself. The scar there was: there: a tiny, livid thing of damning evil.

They ate their dinner together as usual, but when Doris and the man went for their evening stroll on the beach that night, Peter Merriam accompanied them.

There was nothing in his manner to indicate the dark knowledge which had that day come to him. Nor did he exhibit anything less than genuine affection toward the young man who was ostensibly to marry his daughter, though Bill Walters was something more than a mere suitor . . . and his heart was breaking at visualization of the girl's supreme happiness in this new wonder which had come into her life. This happiness which must be crushed . . .

And that night near midnight, Peter Merriam went down to the beach and sat upon a sand dune, gazing over the white-capped waters. Low-hanging, swiftly-scudding black clouds obscured the full moon, giving the scene an appearance of stark evil. The wind whistled sinisterly through the jumble of varnished and scarred oak. The rushes along the sand dunes bowed before the rising wind. With the instinct of thirty years, Peter Merriam satisfied himself that the light in the tower was warning . . . then he rose and slowly tramped toward the house. In the doorway he turned, looked once upon the scene and then uttered a single remark—

"Real storm tomorrow!" he said to himself. Then he went to bed—and to sleep.

Morning dawned gray and gloomy. Then came rolling thunder, jagged lightning and a downpour of heavy rain. Through the morning it continued. Peter Merriam saw his daughter and the man to whom she was engaged playing checkers in the tiny, cozy living room. The girl's face reminded him of the Madonna . . . he donned slicker and wader and visited his plant; he inspected the gasolene motor, and then went into the lighthouse tower. He was there for some time. When he returned to the house, he went straight to his room and at lunch time did not answer the summons.

Doris found him lying on his bed, pitching feverishly.

"I'm feeling very well, Little Girl," he explained tenderly. "You and Bill eat alone today.

She pressed cool, slender fingers against his forehead, "I'm sorry we're ill, Daddy." Then she lowered her lips to his ear. "I'm so happy!"

And Merriam stroked her glorious hair and lied: "He is a fine young man, daughter . . ."

During the afternoon the storm increased in violence. By nighttime the wind was shrieking mercilessly over Horizon Island and the waters of the Atlantic crashed viciously upon the breakers. Bill Walters washed the little spot from the face of the earth.

At dark, Doris and Bill Walters went to the tiny powerhouse and started the motor. The big arc light in the tower sent its message of warning flashing out on the storm-tossed waters. Then the young couple opened the door between the room of the sick man and the living room and sat together on the lounge, holding hands.

It was a pretty sight. If only this man had not done murder! Peter Merriam turned away as Bill Walters glanced toward him. He was afraid the murderer might see within his eyes that which he did not want him to see.

At eight o'clock he called to his daughter. In response to his bidding she looked from the window and reported the light burning brightly. At nine o'clock it was still burning. But at ten o'clock she came excitedly to his bedside—

"The light is out!"

He sat upright, eyes blazing. "You are sure?"

"Yes sir: positive."

The old man shook his head. "That can't be. Never since the day it was built has that light flickered . . ."

"Bill Walters spoke. "It's out, Mr. Merriam."

Merriam motioned them from the room and he struggled to the side of the bed and reached for his shoes. Doris would not only be made miserable but he would have created a chasm between them which could never be bridged.

"Bill and I will fix it," she answered swiftly. "You can't go outside tonight."

"I won't allow you to go out tonight, Doris! It is the worst storm in years."

They both gazed toward the figure of the murderer. He looked doubtfully first at one and then at the other.

"I have returned the plant pretty thoroughly," he volunteered. "I'll go."

"If you would . . ."

"Doris placed her hand in that of the man to whom she was engaged. "I'll go with you."

"No need," said Bill Walters almost roughly. "I understand the whole thing—except that gasolene engine."

"That's running all right, dear. The trouble must be in either the wiring or the arc."

Peter Merriam had both shoes on by this time. He rose and clasped the bed weakly. "I'd better go myself. With the light not burning . . ."

Doris pushed him back on the bed. "Bill will fix it, Dad. If he can't—I will."

And so Bill Walters, condemned murderer, donned the storm coat of the lighthouse keeper and started upon his mission. The girl accompanied him to the door, and Peter Merriam saw her creep into Walters' arms and kiss him full upon the lips.

"Goodbye, Doris."

He swung open the door and recoiled before the howling inrush of wind and the storm head lowered and surged into the fury of the night. The girl stood rigid, staring after him. Instinctively her hand dropped upon the knob of the door through which he had come. Then the sink limply into a chair and trembled—

"I—I'm frightened, Daddy," she called through the door, to her father.
But the old man did not answer. He sat on the side of the bed, eyes closed, body rigid. The girl rose and crossed to the blast, the surf roared furiously as it beat the tower to relieve the horror of the night.

Suddenly the girl dropped back with a little window where she stood gazing out into the shore. No ray of light spoke from upon the shore.

For ten, fifteen minutes they waited. Doris rushed in to him, almost hysterical with relief.

But he rose from the bed and dressed himself. "I'll go and find him, dear." He hesitated for an instant. The atmosphere of the place was pregnant with tragedy. But he nodded and together they staggered through the door into the storm and thence to the tiny opening which let them into the tower.

Drenched, trembling, they found the stairway, and slowly they mounted. And on the steel platform of the light tower they found his body. He lay on his back, one hand badly charred...while the light blinked its message of safety far out to sea through the storm.

Doris stood, fearless. She did not ask questions. It was her introduction to Death, but she recognized it instinctively. And so, dry-eyed, they bore his body back to the little home and laid it upon the bed. It was then that the girl gave way to the one racking grief of her life, and the tears of Peter Merriam mingled with hers...

The next morning they buried him. And, while Doris knelt by the freshly-made grave, Peter Merriam preached the funeral sermon.

"He died that lives might be saved..." the big voice rolled sonorously over the sphere of the place was pregnant with tragedy. But he nodded and together they staggered through the door into the storm and thence to the tiny opening which let them into the tower.

Drenched, trembling, they found the stairway, and slowly they mounted. And on the steel platform of the light tower they found his body. He lay on his back, one hand badly charred...while the light blinked its message of safety far out to sea through the storm.

Doris stood, fearless. She did not ask questions. It was her introduction to Death, but she recognized it instinctively. And so, dry-eyed, they bore his body back to the little home and laid it upon the bed. It was then that the girl gave way to the one racking grief of her life, and the tears of Peter Merriam mingled with hers...

The next morning they buried him. And, while Doris knelt by the freshly-made grave, Peter Merriam preached the funeral sermon.

"He died that lives might be saved..." the big voice rolled sonorously over the grave. "He braved the fury of the night that a beacon of warning might flash. His death was the noblest of them all—for he died in the service of others..."

And then Peter Merriam, too, broke down and wept his daughter hungrily into his arms: "Oh! Girl—Girl!" he sobbed, "I'm so sorry—so very, very sorry...."

And she looked bravely into his eyes: pride in her dead mitigating her grief. "I'm broken, Daddy—but I'm proud. He died that the light might burn...I know that he was happy..."

And then the girl herself sat by the side of the grave of the man who was to have...
FOR CHRISTMAS—
GIVE A SUBSCRIPTION
TO "PHOTOPLAY"

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 PHOTOSPLAY 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.

When you return coupon, attach a Postal or Express money order or a Check

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Dept. 14-A, 356 North Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.

CHRISTMAS SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

Year, $2.50. Six months, $1.25. Canada, $3.00 per year. Foreign Countries, $3.50 per year.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $__________ for _______ Length of Subscription

Send to: Name ____________________________

Address ________________________________________

From: Name ____________________________

Address ________________________________________

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Girl on the Cover

(Continued)

actresses for fifty cents a day, or sometimes even a dollar. In the evenings, about ten o'clock, three or four of the other girls in the company would come ostensibly to call on me, and I would remain to share our room. In that way it cost each of us very little; so that I could always put away a little of my salary.

I had really had to endure hardships. But it was hard for a girl of six to travel without her mother. I was often very lonely. The worst part of my early days was that it was considered, then, a terrible thing to be an actress. When Dorothy and I would return to Massillon between engagements, we would have to go through the town that we had been on the stage. In a small town it was then considered almost a disgrace.

“...I was to swing one of my salary. I very much of my salary. I was often excited I forgot to leave the stage. My

The Gishes and the Pickfords became friends in those days. The three little Pickfords — Mary, Lottie and Jack — and the two little Gishes often travelled with the same company. Mrs. Pickford sometimes took care of Lillian. Later, the older Gish was eight — was with Sarah Bernhardt’s repertoire company. One night Lillian was standing in the wings when the Divine Sarah came up. She put her hand caressingly on Lillian’s golden curls, murmuring a word of admiration.

Sarah Bernhardt’s company was the best one I had ever known. We were mostly with the melodramas. We were only once with a good company. And then we never got our salaries; so we decided it was better to stay in low-brow plays and live.

Later, she was in “Dion O’Dare,” “Mr. Blarney from Ireland,” “The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci,” “The Taming of the Shrew.” After our performance, Sister — came to me and said, ‘My dear child, I should never say this to you. But I feel it is my duty to. You should go on the stage. You have a born actress.’

‘There are so many things one can tell about Lillian Gish—charming things. One of the most interesting things I know is the story of the manicurist. She did Lillian’s nails for a long time, and one day shyly confessed her secret; she was a movie manicurist. A long after, Lillian brought her to the Griffith studio in her own car, saw that she had screen tests made, and is doing everything she can to help her. It is now to the pretty little manicurist. If she becomes famous, she will have to thank Lillian Gish.

‘A GREAT writer once said about her, “She is subtle without knowing it.” A great actor said, “When she acts she doesn’t know what she does. Her art is not an act.” One of her best friends says, “Her greatest charm is her simplicity.” I am sure she is great. Not because of any marvellous work in “Broken Blossoms,” “Way Down East” and “The Two Orphans.” Not because she does better work in each new picture. Not because have enough money — I sent some home every week. So I lived, for some time, on beans and tea that I cooked on my little stove. And not much else.

“Natural” I noticed that her hair was not very large. But he sent a doctor to me and ordered that I be taken care of. I never knew until long after who had been so good to me. “I wasn’t the kind of man that would ever considerate of men and managers. I did not see him for years — all the time I was in pictures in California — until, once when Mary Pickford met him at the theater — his own theater. He said he couldn’t believe I was the same girl who had apparently been trying to starve herself to death so long ago!

It was not really very long. The Gishes made their screen debut when they were so young they had to make up to look older. Today, Lillian Gish is generally recognized as the greatest emotional actress in the films. Dorothy has a popularity second to no film comedienne.

LILLIAN has worked hard—but then so have many other screen stars. But she has kept her perspective. She is not an actress before she is a woman, a student, a thinker. On her reading table, in her dressing room at the Griffith studio in Mamaroneck, I saw these books: “The Romance of Science,” “Jean-Christophe;” Bernard Shaw’s “Back to Methuselah;” “Zuleika Dobson,” by Max Beerbohm; and Anatole France’s “Revolt of the Angels.” The pages of all these books are cut.

She has never been “educated”—thank heaven.

“I spent exactly eight months in a convent at St. Louis, Mo. It was the happiest time of my life. At first I missed the excitement of theatrical life; but after a month I would have been glad to stay there all my life. I am not a Catholic—but I love the nunas. They are the most wonderful women in the world.

“We had amateur theatricals — dramatics, we called them. I had never told them, of course, I had been on the stage. I was entirely at home in our plays, and I was doing everything she can to help her. It is now to the pretty little manicurist. If she becomes famous, she will have to thank Lillian Gish.

A GREAT writer once said about her, “She is subtle without knowing it.” A great actor said, “When she acts she doesn’t know what she does. Her art is not an act.” One of her best friends says, “Her greatest charm is her simplicity.”

I am sure she is great. Not because of any marvellous work in “Broken Blossoms,” “Way Down East” and “The Two Orphans.” Not because she does better work in each new picture. Not because...
Dr. Lawton’s Guaranteed
Fat Reducer
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Dr. Lawton
Feb. 1917 — weight 172 pounds; a reduction of 59 pounds.

Few Days Shows Reduction

No need of being fat if you use Dr. Lawton’s Fat Reducer. In my case I reduced 59 pounds as my picture shows. That was five years ago and during these years my Fat Reducer has kept reducing fat from thousands of other men and women. I don’t ask you to starve nor exercise, take medicine or treatments of any kind. All I ask is that you use my Fat Reducer and method as per instructions and you will find reduction taking place in a few days; at the end of eleven days, which is full trial period, you either keep the Reducer or return it to me complete and I will gladly refund your money.

You gently apply Reducer to fatty parts and organs of the body. The cost of Fat Reducer is $5.00 (nothing more to buy) Add 20 cents with your remittance to cover parcel-post and insurance. Send for your Reducer Today. Remember it is guaranteed. Free private demonstration by office call daily.

Fatty spots quickly reduced; also takes away fatty parts top of corsets and reduces fatty ankles.

Dr. Lawton
Oct. 1917 — weight 212 pounds.

Reducers best safely.

The Girl on the Cover

(Concluded)

several managers have begged her to go on the stage again. But because she has a very rare talent about her—as Mary Pickford has—a childlike simplicity. And more because—the Mona Lisa of Leonardo: that sweet and good and winning woman—she has all the pain, the wisdom, and the subtlety of the ages in her matchless smile.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 76)

DOROTHY.—You address me “Questions and Answers” and say that it sounds as if you were writing to twins. That gave me my laugh for the day. Thank you.

Pauline Frederick has, it is said, definitely decided not to remarry Willard Mack. Annette送给 has made four photo-plays. Anna Pavlova has made one, "The Dumb Girl of Portici," a very lovely thing made by Lois Weber for Universal.

HOMER.—Virginia Valli is not related to Valli Valli. Virginia is a very beautiful brunette who played with Bert Lytell; in Metro’s "Masquerade" and Goldwyn’s "Grand Larceny." She is married to George Lamsen, and is twenty-one.

J. H. F.—Gareth Hughes is very young—about twenty, I understand. He is starring for Metro, his first vehicle being "Arms of Truth." He scored his great success in "Sentimental Tommy." For Paramount, May McAvoy was made a star also because of her fine work in that picturization of Sir James Barrie’s story, directed by John Robertson. Edward Earle was born in 1884 and has a wife.

CLYDE.—Thomas Meighan’s Paramount picture, "Chaplin," was a film version of Edward Peple’s play of the same name. William deMille directed and Lila Lee was in it. Lila is not married. She lives in Hollywood.

JEAN.—The child’s name does not appear in the cast of "Too Much Speed," starring Wally Burns and Gloria Swanson in "The Passion Flower" and "The Sign on the Door." Norma’s newest is "Smilin’ Through," from Jane Cowl’s play.

ZENA.—The following people played in "Male and Female," the picturization of Barrie’s play, "The Admirable Crichton": Thomas Meighan, Gloria Swanson, Theodore Roberts, Raymond Hatton, Lila Lee, Bebe Daniels, Julia Faye, Robert Cain, Mildred Reardon, Mayme Kelso, Edward Burns, Henry Woodward, Wesley Barry, Edna Mae Cooper, Lillian Leighton, Guy Oliver, Clarence Burton and Rhy Darby.

ERMINIE.—Thank you for your sweet praise. For a fifteen-year-old, you surely can flatter a man. Sorry your mother doesn’t approve of our corresponding acquaintance. I am sure if she knew me, she would change her mind. You are the only Erminie—besides Gilbert and Sullivan—for me.

B. B.—You say you simply cannot stand to see Warner Oland play villains when he is such a gentleman. Why go to see him then? He is featured in the serials in which he appears. Address him, Pathe, Pathe Bldg., N. Y. C. The latest address is such a gentleman. Why go to see him then? He is featured in the serials in which he appears. Address him, Pathe, Pathe Bldg., N. Y. C. The latest address is generally accepted, as the address of the World of Work, 1317 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Improving Your Figure

Control Your Nerves—Enjoy Life

Be Free from Nagging Pains and Ailments

How? Correct your figure and strengthen your muscles and nerves by using for a little while this wonderful Natural Body Brace. It overcomes weaknesses and organic ailments of women and men. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Develops Erect Graceful Figure

Departs away with the fatigue and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; requires enlarged arteries; straightens the back; strengthens the body corrects slouching shoulders, slumping chests, drooping lungs, chest and bent; relieves backache, sciatica, nervous tension; removes aches, pains, congestion, after-stomach. Comfortable—easy to wear.

Keep Yourself Fit

Every man with heavy abdomen, rupture, hernia, backache, shivered nerves or other spinal trouble, should wear my brace.

Wear it 30 Days Free

At Our Expense

Write me in confidence today, stating your conditions and desires, I will answer quickly and send illustrated booklet, measurement blank and our very liberal proposition. I will answer quickly and send illustrated booklet, measurement blank and our very liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. BASH, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co. 330 Bash Building, Salina, Kansas

TREAT YOURSELF

RenuLife

VIOLET

Learn how Violet Ray treatment might improve your health. How it nourishes nerves and imparts vital energy. How it relieves pain and removes the cause. Speeds the digestive processes, promotes the elimination of food and elimination of waste products.

Absolutely shockless and safe. You never feel the rays of the Violet Ray, or hear them. They do not harm the hair, teeth, or nerves. The entire body is bathed in a sea of violet rays, the blood is enriched, the nerves are strengthened.

Get "HEALTH" Book

Smith for the asking. The latest edition. It is written by a man who cured many cases, and who practiced this system for thirty years. It is written for men and women. It tells how to get the most out of life.

RenuLife Electric Company

3212 Monsa Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Canada, Netting Bldg., Wimbledon, England

RenuLife Guarantee

Every man with heavy abdomen, rupture, hernia, backache, shivered nerves or other spinal trouble, should wear my brace.

FACES MADE YOUNG

The secret of a youthful face will be bent to you in the pages before you. The natural difference caused by age. Every woman knows that a beautiful face age is a spiritual quality about her. Why is she not the very last to admit it? A rare and fine spiritual quality about her—like the Mona Lisa. A very rare and fine spiritual quality about her. And more because—like the Mona Lisa of Leonardo: that sweet and good and winning woman—she has all the pain, the wisdom, and the subtlety of the ages in her matchless smile.

Beauty Exercises by Arthur Godfrey

which removes wrinkles, crow’s feet, fill up fine lines, and console that precious girlhood beauty. No cream, no cream, no cream, healthy, beautiful, strong, white, men. Unseen, unheard, unspoken.

Results Guaranteed

For this Phi-Lo-Ma cream just tell me what to do to make your complexion smooth and beautiful. Write today.

Kathryia Murray, Inc., 1258 Garland Blvd., Chicago, Illinois

WATER-MAID WAVERS

Produce a natural, beautiful hair wave that remains in the straight hair a week or more, even in damp weather or when perspiring. Stop curling hair and waste with curlers, pins, clips, elastics. Far better than any wave you can now get to hold 25 or 40c for one wave. Can be made in your own home, no matter what your wave is like. Manufactured under the patent of the MAID WAVE CO., A-177 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dress Designing Lessons FREE

Women — Girls — 15 or over, can easily learn Dress and Costume Designing during spare moments.

IN TEN WEEKS

 wagon, don’t everl have

Franklin Institute

350 to 100 a Week

May Start Parlor in Your Town

Every woman who does this saves money, and earning should take up designing. You can learn to dress and design while you work. A very easy and simple way to make money. The Girl on the Cover

Answer:

Address:

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS

Charles Spencer Chaplin

GENTLE Reader, I am writing this in a Los Angeles hospital, with the tears (not movie tears!) running down my sunken cheeks! The chart above my bed is labeled "Star Shock!"

CUTBACK. — Approaching Charlie's modest little cottage, as nervous as a Chaplin "Extra," I timidly rang the bell, and was informed by three butlers (in chorus) that Mr. Chaplin was just about to take his morning constitutional. Looking forward to a chatty ride in a Rolls-Royce, I sharpened my fountain pen and waited expectantly. As I was sketching a beautiful Holstein cow that was wandering among the geraniums on the front veranda, I heard a hoarse, whirring noise and looked up expecting to see the Rolls-Royce. Yes, G. R. (that's Gentle Reader), it's true! Charles Spencer Chaplin was coming down the driveway—on roller skates! He was reading a huge volume of Shakespeare. Running desperately (he shakes a wicked skate!) I got near enough to yell hoarsely, "M-M-Mister Chaplin! W-When are you g-going to do your n-next c-comedy?"

Without looking up from his reading, he said abruptly, "I am through with slapstick! Forevah! I leave for New York tonight to take John Barrymore's place in Richard III!"

I swooned!

Charlie Abroad

(Continued from page 66)

experience of my life. Remember, when I left England I was literally an obscure comedian. England is my home-land. To return after so many years, and to be greeted so royally, has made me sad and glad at once.

I've been hiding. Carl Robinson, my press representative, is the busiest man in London. I can hide but he can't. He found time, one evening, to go to see a chap he knows, the manager of a very conservative "cinema," that was showing "The Kid." Carl looked around at the theater and said, "My dear old chap," he said, "that's a rippen idea—simply rippen. But we talked it over for two hours at the Board meeting, and the chaps all thought it would make the theater too conspicuous!"

I WENT out alone, by a side entrance of the hotel. I was born in. It was shabby of me, in a way, to go out by the entrance nobody...
**FOR FEBRUARY ISSUE CLOSE DECEMBER FIRST**

**AGENTS AND SALESMAEN**

**AGENTS. $60 TO $250 A WEEK, FREE SAMPLES.**


**OLD COINS WANTED**

**DIFFERENT, INTERESTING, CLEVER PUB-**

**lications, personal to authors, not usually useful reading.**

Books for February Issue close December first.

**HELP WANTED**

**HUNDREDS of DEPARTMENT POSITIONS**


**REFERENCES. Prompt Attention. Reasonable Terms.**

**FOR ALL KINDS LISTS. HIGGINES, F2411 Post St. San Francisco.**

**GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS**

PLATES, MUSICAL COMEDIES AND REVUES, minstrel choirs, baseface skits, vaudeville acts, music, conversations, etc., absolutely guaranteed. Nairobi, Davis, 232, So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. New Jersey.

**ILL SHAPED NOSES QUICKLY MADE PERFECT**

Charles II, 1660. Charles III, 1921. I'm having the time of my life, except that I hadn't tasted them for two years. There was only one thing lacking: the vinegar. I'm off for Paris in a day or two. I'll write to you from there.

**THOUSANDS of SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS enrolled. Low cost, easy terms.**

Be independent—be a leader. I wish my mother could be with me. But I have never seen her or talked to her. I can't change her. I have to face the future as it is. If I were doing it over again, I would. I would not be writing this for Photoplay if I were. I have no plans; I don't know when I'll be moving on. I'm going to France and Italy and Germany and Russia and I'll write my impressions of all of them for you. Right now all I can think of is the little boy who stood looking up at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in London, wondering what it would be like to live there.
10 MONTHS TO PAY

For this Portable Typewriter

Now you can buy the famous National Typewriter on time—direct from the factory. Same as used by thousands of doctors, lawyers, bankers, salesmen, students, writers and business men in 31 countries. Every feature of best standard size machines. 86 keys, 84 characters. Brand new—not a rebuilt typewriter. Next, compact carrying case free with every machine. Send today for our 10 Days' Free Trial Offer and 10 Money-Saving Advantages. National Typewriter Co., Dept. L-3, Fond du Lac, Wis.

HOW TO BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

EARLY TO BED, EARLY TO RISE

and how to avail yourself of those advantages. Motion Picture—Commercial—Portraiture. This is the means by which the author has become himself in a permanently profitable business. It is a very profitable business. Every ambitious man and woman should write for a copy.

HERCULES HOSEIERS MILLS

TENTH STREET AND COLUMBIA AVENUE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Questions and Answers

Extrav.—Yep—everybody's married now. Just think: the three Talmdges: Norma, Constance and Natalie; Ralph Graves; Dick Barthelmess; Dorothy Gish, Jean Hersholt—naturally, I could go on (you know, don't you, that when a writer (ahem), a writer says that "indefinitely" he really means he can't think of another darned character to write to) to the very last one (you know, have he ever told you this. It might make all the other writers mad at me.)

FRANCES, CHICAGO.—Didn't I see you once in Chicago, Frances, when I was there? Weren't you the girl I saw on Michigan Avenue? I'm afraid I blacked out, on the sixteenth of December, 1919. I knew Niles Welch is with Selznick. He is now absorbed to a stage play soon, I hear. He is not so good. Don't count on it. He's married to Dell Boone. Any relation to Daniel?

PHILIP, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.—So you were in Yellowstone last summer and saw a picture being taken with Ann Little. How wonderful! Quick, Watson! Ah, yes, you may be certain it must have been a series called "The Blue Fox," many of the scenes of which are laid in Yellowstone. But how wonderful it is that you saw it being taken. How I envy you!

HARRIETT.—I do not know of a Ulysses Grant Davis who is a director. I do not know of a Ulysses Grant Davis at all. Is he the one I should know?

M. P., ATLANTA.—Your old friend Coit Albertson may be reached at the Green Room Club, New York. Your old friend Coit Albertson may be reached at the Green Room Club, New York. One of the most delightful characters on the lot. He is a very interesting illustrated book-

LOOK

Wondrous Imagination. Great thing. A wonderful imagination on one side, a common and limited imagination on the other. It is not so bad to have a common imagination. It is much better to have a common imagination. It is much better to have a common imagination.

Marguerite M.—There have been many inquiries about Jules Waucour. He is a very interesting character. He is where he believes he is, on stage. He was the Pierrot of Marguerite Clark's "Prunella"—by the way, one of the most beautiful things ever seen.

Marguerite M.—There have been many inquiries about Jules Waucour. He is a very interesting character. He is where he believes he is, on stage. He was the Pierrot of Marguerite Clark's "Prunella"—by the way, one of the most beautiful things ever seen.

Marguerite M.—There have been many inquiries about Jules Waucour. He is a very interesting character. He is where he believes he is, on stage. He was the Pierrot of Marguerite Clark's "Prunella"—by the way, one of the most beautiful things ever seen.

Marguerite M.—There have been many inquiries about Jules Waucour. He is a very interesting character. He is where he believes he is, on stage. He was the Pierrot of Marguerite Clark's "Prunella"—by the way, one of the most beautiful things ever seen.

Marguerite M.—There have been many inquiries about Jules Waucour. He is a very interesting character. He is where he believes he is, on stage. He was the Pierrot of Marguerite Clark's "Prunella"—by the way, one of the most beautiful things ever seen.

Marguerite M.—There have been many inquiries about Jules Waucour. He is a very interesting character. He is where he believes he is, on stage. He was the Pierrot of Marguerite Clark's "Prunella"—by the way, one of the most beautiful things ever seen.

Marguerite M.—There have been many inquiries about Jules Waucour. He is a very interesting character. He is where he believes he is, on stage. He was the Pierrot of Marguerite Clark's "Prunella"—by the way, one of the most beautiful things ever seen.

Marguerite M.—There have been many inquiries about Jules Waucour. He is a very interesting character. He is where he believes he is, on stage. He was the Pierrot of Marguerite Clark's "Prunella"—by the way, one of the most beautiful things ever seen.

Marguerite M.—There have been many inquiries about Jules Waucour. He is a very interesting character. He is where he believes he is, on stage. He was the Pierrot of Marguerite Clark's "Prunella"—by the way, one of the most beautiful things ever seen.

Marguerite M.—There have been many inquiries about Jules Waucour. He is a very interesting character. He is where he believes he is, on stage. He was the Pierrot of Marguerite Clark's "Prunella"—by the way, one of the most beautiful things ever seen.

Marguerite M.—There have been many inquiries about Jules Waucour. He is a very interesting character. He is where he believes he is, on stage. He was the Pierrot of Marguerite Clark's "Prunella"—by the way, one of the most beautiful things ever seen.

Marguerite M.—There have been many inquiries about Jules Waucour. He is a very interesting character. He is where he believes he is, on stage. He was the Pierrot of Marguerite Clark's "Prunella"—by the way, one of the most beautiful things ever seen.

Marguerite M.—There have been many inquiries about Jules Waucour. He is a very interesting character. He is where he believes he is, on stage. He was the Pierrot of Marguerite Clark's "Prunella"—by the way, one of the most beautiful things ever seen.
A T last, a wonderful electric vibrator with a sturdy, long-lived Polar Cub Electric Motor for $5.00. Built like a fine watch. Every moving part automatically oiled. Weight, only 24 ounces. Gives circular vibration, the only true form of Electric Massage.

Vibratory massage is the greatest agent for beautifying the complexion known to the world today. The wrinkles and ravages of time are ironed out by its magic power, and the circulation is stimulated and the skin left in a glowing, youthful condition. A vibrator is an indispensable requisite of every woman's dressing table. For the relief of pain and to allay local congestion, its effects are truly marvelous.

To make it possible for you to have one of these wonderful vibrators, we are going to make an offer that no one can refuse. Merely sign the enclosed coupon and the vibrator will be sent you immediately. When it arrives, you pay for it.

**Send No Money**

Just write your name and address on the coupon. When you receive the Vibrator you pay the postman $5.00—we pay the postage. Thousands of people will immediately take advantage of this offer. In order to be one of the lucky ones, fill out and mail the coupon today, right now.

**THE A. C. GILBERT COMPANY**

444 Blatchley Ave., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

In Canada: The A. C. Gilbert-Menzies Co., Limited, Toronto


**Polar Cub Features**

1. Circular vibration—the only true form of massage. (No tapping.)
2. Weight, only 24 oz. Ideal for women's use.
3. Automatic oiling system.
4. Socket Rotator.
5. Spring Tension Friction Relief.
6. The only Electrical Rotary Motor Vibrator at $5.00.
7. Cardboard container for keeping Vibrator.
8. Fully guaranteed.

**YARN**

100% VIRGIN WOOL

Beautiful sweaters, scarfs, shawls, jackets, hose, gloves, stockings—organized fashion garments—for grown-ups and children (not K. S. knit). When you make them from HOMEWOOl, your own creation is assured. Big savings. Easy to make. Quick color effect. Send today for free sample card and Homewool Catalog.

Home Woolen Mills, E. 170, at Main Street, Easton, Rapid, Nie.

Send for Catalog—it is FREE.

**ADELE MILLAR'S**

WONDER PEEL PASTE

4 Days—1 Hour Each Day

REMOVES FRECKLES

Complete with cream, lotion, medicated powder and soap for Home Treatment.

Postpaid. Please give name and address with order.

**Questions and Answers**

**Continued**

**BETTY.**—Is it possible there is a woman in these, so to speak, United States, who didn't know Wally Reid when she saw him? I am very glad to meet you. Reid in "Believe Me Zantipee."

**THE MYSTIC ROSE.**—You are right in striving not to realize the ideal, but to idealize the real. That's the only way you will get along in the world. I thought you had forgotten me when I didn't hear from you for so long. You used to write often. Hope you're not getting upstage, if you know what that means. I don't know just what price the producers pay for leasing the Broadway theaters in which they show their photoplays; besides, it depends upon the length of the lease. Universal has the Central Theater where it has shown "Moonlight," Marie Prevost's first stellar picture, "The Rage of Paris" with "Miss DuPont and a Harry Carey and a Hoot Gibson picture. Foolish Wives will be shown later.

**LOUIE P., FORT WAYNE.**—Thank you for your nice little letter. You like Lillian Gish and don't think she is popular enough. I'll have to look into it right away. 'I like Lillian enough myself to make her just as popular.

**BETTY.**—Georges Carpentier is not scheduled to make more pictures right now. He is in France now, you know. From Comp- ssey is working in a serial, for Pathe on the coast. Katherine Macdonald declines to give her age for publication. I don't know why, because she is way on the sunny side of thirty; but perhaps she figures that she may not always be.

**HESTER H., MILWAUKEE.**—Marie Doro is appearing in a new play at the Klaw Theater, West 45th Street, N. Y. C., called "Lilies of the Field." It's a rather naughty play, but Miss Doro is very beautiful in it, and everyone is very glad to see her again on the stage. She made pictures abroad for Herbert Brenon, but I believe has come back to America to stay. Hope so.

**VIOLET.**—"By any other name," etc. But let's see you are being called Vi'let this month. See Clare Briggs, the great American cartoonist (sic). Mae Murray's latest is "Peacock Alley." She is with, or she is, Tiffany Productions, Loew Bidg., N. Y. C. Mae is married to Bob Leonard, her director. Yep—she's pretty pretty, if you ask me. And you did.

**ANITA N., TEMPLE, PA.**—Charles Mack is representative of motion pictures. He is young, clever, and he rose from "props" at the Griffith studio to leads. He was born in Scranton, Pa., in 1902. "Dream Street" is his first and latest picture, but he is a member of the Griffith stock company.

**RUTH M., NEW YORK.**—The two Marys each made a "Heart of the Hills." Mary Fuller, the erstwhile screen star, made one; Mary is working in a serial, for Pathe, on the coast. Katherine Macdonald declines to give her age for publication. I don't know why, because she is way on the sunny side of thirty; but perhaps she figures that she may not always be.
Questions and Answers (Continued)

LUCETTE.—Thank you so much for your French felicitations. Of course you may have been telling me how awful I was; but on paper the phrases looked very pretty. Thomas Meighan did not play with you in the Theater La Cigale, Paris, France, because Thomas at that time was working in pictures in Los Angeles. Sorry.

DOROTHY D., HAVENHILL.—You wish to know why all motion picture actresses falter and murmur, at personal appearances, "I'm so glad to see you; really I don't know what to say." If I wished to be wicked I would answer that you should be thankful they don't know what to say. But you should see Hope Hampton. She has a beautiful voice and sings three songs when she appears. Charles Ray and Richard Barthelmess are both fine actors and nice boys. Ray is in California; Richard, in Manhattan.

KATHRYN.—I'm so glad to be able to settle this heated controversy over who is taller, Douglas McLean or Wally Reid. Wally wins: he's tall, just two inches taller than Mr. McLean.

MISS FISH.—Just like the actor whose advertisement read: "Wanted: small part, such as dead body or outside shouts." Not many are so modest as that. Arnold Gregg was the leading man in "White Youth." Buck Jones is the best. Buck Jones doesn't know her maiden name. Edward Hearn is married, too. Hard luck.

ANASTASIA.—I've always liked that name. "Eric Wheat" does not appear in the cast of "Desert Gold." E. K. Lincoln played the lead, as Dick Gale. That's a prettier name, anyway.

ERVIN.—Don't offer to beat up the man who kissed your best girl. He might be too many for you. George L. Light, of International studio, Cosmolatian Productions. Gladys Hulette opposite Barthelmess in "Tol'able David," for Inspiration Pictures.

MAREY.—Max Beerbohm, in his essay on "The Humor of the Public" says there are a few things that amuse people: 'Mothers-in-law, hypercriticism, twins, old maids, Jews, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, niggers (not Russians, or other foreigners of any denomination), fatness, thinness, long nose, bleeding heart, sea-sickness, stuttering, bad breath.' They don't amuse me. Your letter was charming. I did not go to Chicago University; I did not go to any University at all. Edythe Chapman's middle name may be Blanche; but you'll have to write and ask her. She was born in Rochester, N. Y., and attended the University there. She says that her poet who expresses most emotions by... symbols of vacancy... should write the sub-titles for Nazimova's pictures. I've an idea she writes them herself.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and make it look and feel less than the best. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips. By morning most, if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Of course they have been telling me how awful I was; but on paper the phrases looked very pretty.
The Lost Needle

There's an old English play known as "Gammer Gurton's Needle." Its plot is woven around the loss of the family needle—no trifling misfortune in the days of old.

Today, in this era of ours, life is so rich in comforts that we seldom wonder how folks got along in the ancient world. And we sometimes forget what an important role advertising has played in making life pleasant and altogether livable.

Advertising has one of the leading parts in the eternal drama of dollars. To it is directly due much of the multiplication of products and services which has come about during the last half century.

It has smoothed the mechanics of existence—made life easier and more pleasant by bringing countless necessities—once considered luxuries—within our easy reach and into continuous use.

Think of this for a minute. You owe much to advertising.

And you miss much when you fail to read it!
Questions and Answers
(Concluded from page 125)

JACQUELINE.—In spite of the fact that you use blue ink on purple paper and that you dither me up and down so hard that my beard caught fire—(of course I really haven’t any beard, but it seems to be the thing for the Answer Man to have a beard)—in spite of all, I can’t answer a single part of your questions for you. Not for spite; but because neither of the ladies you mention has won sufficient distinction to be down in my book of Who’s Who. Anybody ever hear of Dorothy Terry or Anita Booth? I thought so.

ETHEL, M. PLEASANT, MICH.—Do you not, by any means, live up to the merry little town you live in. But I suppose I would be put out too if I had sent Constance Talmadge a quarter for a picture and never received the picture—or the quarter. Particularly the quarter. I can understand your getting over the picture, but not the quarter. Miriam Cooper uses her real name, but she is Mrs. R. A. Walsh now and is down in the ‘phone books of Los Angeles, Cal., as such. She was born in Baltimore. Remember that old “I had a girl in Baltimore. Street-cars ran right past her door,” etc., etc. Ad infinitum. Etc.

N. K. W., INDIANAPOLIS.—Yours was a good, high-brow letter. I felt chasted after I’d read it, and awfully apologetic because I wasn’t born in Indiana. Now I’m sure I’ll never be famous. Ralph Graves is marked for stardom. The type of girl—or some think her—young lady was Miss Marjorie Seaman. You can read all about it in Plays and Players. Ralph is twenty-three.

BROWNIE.—Yes, it has been rumored for some time that Mary Pickford is being starred. In fact, the latest report is that she is being starred twice—in “Little Lord Fauntleroy.” And you’ve been living in Oak Park all these years!

MEIGHAN MAN.—You aren’t handing yourself a thing—not a thing. Anyway, Tom is a great guy, and I don’t blame you much for kidding yourself that you look and act like him. The Easy Road” had Lila Lee in it, too. Dorothy Terry is not married to Mr. Meighan because Mr. Meighan is married to Frances Ring and Lila isn’t married at all.

MADELYN.—Now if it were Madeline, or Madeln, or even Madelin, it wouldn’t be so intriguing: (Ugh — how I hate that word—intriguing! Ugh! ! ! ) But Madely. Now, there’s a name! Edith Roberts is not married. Your letter went in the basket—generally.

ELISIE DINSMORE.—Yes, you are. You say don’t I think Elisie Ferguson is too beautiful for words? Well, why talk about her, then? (But I really do think she is. And I don’t blame you a bit.) She is married to Thomas B. Clarke, who is a banker, and all that, and she lives on Park Avenue, and all that. I saw her once—and I’ve never been able to forget it. And I don’t want to. “Footlights” is, I think, her finest picture, although she is exquisite as Mimsy in “Forever.” The new Maurice costumes were made for Elisie Ferguson.

MIAMI.—For a while there, there was a story that Natalie was the youngest of the Three Talmadges. It was sent out, I fancy, because Natalie was on the screen. Now that she has retired as Mrs. Buster Keaton, I suppose there’s no objection to the world knowing that Constance is the youngest of the bunch.

Send for illustrated booklet.
DR. JEANNE P. WALTER
But Referee. $6.00 355 Fifth Ave., New York
New Referee. 25.00 (4 Fines) Ext. on 34th St. 3rd East East

Removes Hair
Immediately—safely
ONLY a chemist should mix a depilatory, then it is sure to be safe. Unlike pastes and powders which must be mixed by the user, DeMiracle is a liquid just the right strength for instant use. It never deteriorates. DeMiracle is more economical because there is no waste. It is the quickest, most cleanly and simple to apply.
To desvale hair you must use DeMiracle. Being a liquid it permits absorption. Therefore it is totally different. It attacks hair under the skin as well as on the skin which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.
Only the original sanitary liquid DeMiracle has a money-back guarantee in each package.

Three sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00
At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c. $1.04 or 2.05, which includes war tax.

DeMiracle
Dept. G-23 Park Ave. and 129th St.
New York City

The Burlington

21 Jewels
$50 a month
The 21 Jewel Burlington is sold to you at a very low price and a month’s interest. You are under no obligation to buy. Send for illustrated booklet. A letter or a card.

Burlington Watch Company, Dept. 1289
110 West Street and Marshall Blvd. Chicago, Illinois

“Don’t Shout”

I hear you. I can hear you now as well as anybody. (How?) With the MORLEY PHONE. I’ve a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I wouldn’t know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right.

The MORLEY PHONE for the
DEAF
is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Lucid, comfortable, lightweight, can adjust it. Over 100,000 sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.
THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 789, 26 S. 15th St. Phila.
Vest Pocket Autographic
KODAK
Special
with
Kodak Anastigmat
f.7.7 Lens
$15
Pictures 1\% x 2\% inches

Open it, sight and take the picture—that’s how easy to work this little camera is—no focusing. And this facility of operation counts—picture opportunities often come without warning.

The lens, Kodak Anastigmat f.7.7, with which this camera is fitted, counts, too, producing as it does sharp, clean-cut negatives that yield sharp, clean-cut prints and crisp enlargements.

The convenience and compactness of the Vest Pocket Kodak appeal to anyone. There’s always room for it—it’s a hand camera the size of the hand.

At Your Dealer’s.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., The Kodak City
Your cabinet and table require frequent and thorough cleaning. Old Dutch keeps them clean and spotless with little time and work. Does not scratch the surface nor harm the hands.

Economical—Thorough—Sanitary
THE strongest, yet the most dainty hair net known to the fastidious woman is the Lorraine Hair Net daintily packed away in its protective tissue.

Two meshes: single, for dress wear; double, for the woman who motors, rides, plays golf or wishes a hair net the double strands of which insure double strength.

Lorraine Hair Nets in both single and double mesh are distinguished by their quality—yet they are only 10c!

A dozen Lorraine Hair Nets would make a most practical and acceptable Christmas gift for your friends—or for yourself!

Sold Exclusively at and Guaranteed by

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. Stores