

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine.

PHOTOPLAY

October
25c



Agnes
Ayres

W. F. KENNEDY



*Le Beau Triomphe
de Cupidon*

(Adapted from a little
French Fairy Tale)

For had not *La Fée Gracieuse* herself conferred on the *Princesse Mignonne* the gift of luring beauty! Had she not transformed, with her gentle arts, the young *Princesse* born to let love pass her by because she was so homely!

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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 individual? Paris whispers this magic of beauty to the ladies of America:

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Thus does *Madame* or *Mademoiselle* Kiss—*si français, si chic, si Djer-Kiss!*

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 toiletry. 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.

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These spécialités, Rouge, Soap, Compacts and Creams temporarily blended here with pure "Djer-Kiss" essences imported from France

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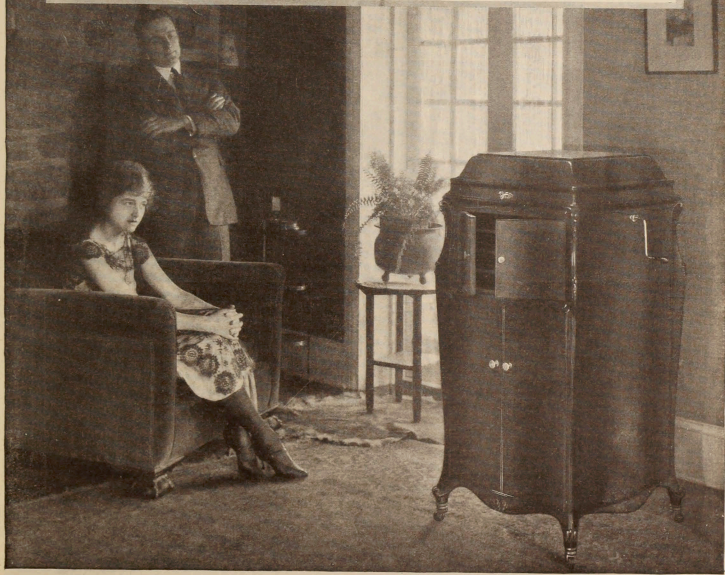
Victrolas \$25 to \$1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers in Victor products on the 1st of each month.



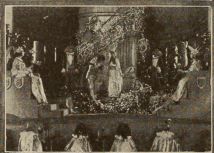
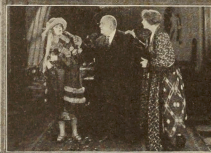
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This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label! VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. Camden, N. J.

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MARION DAVIES in ENCHANTMENT

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.



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XX

No. 4

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What's the Matter with College Women?

ARE women's colleges "Old-Maid 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

Married After the Ceremony

Two whole months 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."

Gaily 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!

At last the glorious day of my marriage arrived. The excitement fanned the spark of my happiness into glowing 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 Forever

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 wall. Each pew boasted its cluster of lilacs and the altar was a riot of color. The bridesmaids, in their flowing white gowns, 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 wish for. The organist received the cue, and with a low, deep chord and yellow strains of the triumphant wedding march began.

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 forgetfulness, and before 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, despite the weeks of careful preparation and the days of strict rehearsal!

One Little Mistake—and My Joy is Ended

Some one giggled, I noticed that the clergyman ran his brows over so slightly. The sudden realization of the terrible blunder I was making caused a pang of regret that I had not read up, somewhere, about the blunders to be avoided at wedding ceremonies. A hot blush of humiliation surged over me, and with crimson face and trembling lip I began the march all over again.

It all happened so suddenly. In a moment it was over. And yet that blunder had spoiled my wedding day! Every one had noticed it; they couldn't help noticing it. All my rehearsing had been in vain, and the event that I had hoped would be the crowning glory of my life, proved a miserable failure.

Of course all my friends told me how pretty I looked, and the guests proclaimed my wedding a tremendous success. But deep down in my heart I knew that they did not mean it—they could not mean it. I had broken one of the fundamental laws of wedding etiquette and they would never forget it. After the ceremony that evening I cried as though my heart would break—and, incidentally, I reproached myself for not knowing better.

I Buy a Book of Etiquette

After the wedding there were cards of thanks and "at home" cards to post. The wedding breakfast had to be arranged and our honeymoon trip planned. I determined to avoid any further blunders and so I sent for the famous "Book of Etiquette."

Bob and I had always prided ourselves on being cultured and well-bred. We had always believed that we followed the conventions of society to the highest letter of its law. But, oh, the serious breaches of etiquette we were making almost every day!

Why, after reading only five pages I discovered that I actually did not know how to introduce people correctly! I didn't know whether to say, "Mrs. Brown, meet Miss Smith; or Miss Smith, meet Mrs. Brown." I didn't know whether to say, "Bobby, this is Mr. Blank; or Mr. Blank, this is Bobby." I didn't know whether it were proper for me to shake hands with a gentleman upon being introduced to him, and whether it were proper for me to stand or remain seated. I discovered, in fact, that to be able to establish an immediate and friendly understanding between two people who have never met before, to make conversation flow smoothly and pleasantly, is an art in itself. Every day people judge us by the way we make and acknowledge introductions.

Blunders in Etiquette at the Dance

Bob glanced over the chapter called "Etiquette at the Dance." "Why, dear," he exclaimed, "I don't know how to dispose of my dancing partner and return to you without appearing rude!—and here it's all explained so simply." We read the chapter together, Bob and I, and we found out the correct way to ask a lady to dance and the polite and courteous way for her to refuse it. We found out how to avoid that awkward moment after the music ceases and the gentleman must leave the lady to return to his original partner. We even discovered the correct thing for a young girl to do if she is not asked to dance.

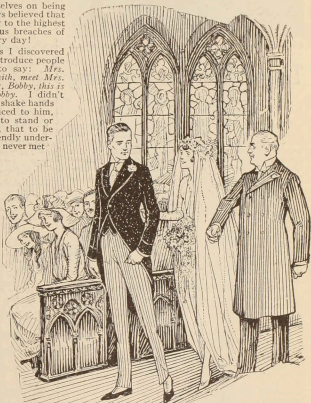
"We will find invaluable aid in our 'Book of Etiquette,'" I said to Bob. "It tells us just what to do, what to say, what to write and what to wear at all times. And there are two chapters, I see, on foreign countries that tell all about tips, dress, calling cards, correspondence, addressing royalty and addressing clergy abroad. Why, look, Bob, it even tells about dinner etiquette in France, England and Germany. And see, 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 laws of etiquette it is 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 the delicacy of taste and breeding, is—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 at the ball. Send for it that you may know just what to do and say when you overture a cup of coffee on your hostess' table linen. Send for it that you may 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 be always, at all times, cultured, well-bred and refined; that you may do and say and write and wear only what is in the best of form and utterly in accord with the art of etiquette.



"Before I realized what I was doing, I had started the wedding march with an awful blunder in Etiquette."

Book of Etiquette

In Two Comprehensive Volumes

SENT FREE for Five Days

The *Book of Etiquette* is excellent in quality, comprehensive in proportions, rich in illustrations. It comes to you as a guide, a revelation toward better etiquette. It dispels lingering doubts, corrects blunders, teaches you the right thing to do.

For a short time only the complete two-volume set of the *Book of Etiquette* is being offered at the special price of \$3.50. Don't wait until your wedding, your party, your dinner is spoiled by a blunder. Don't delay—send for your set NOW before you forget.

The coupon below entitles you to a 5 days' FREE examination of the two-volume set of the *Book of Etiquette*. At the end of that time if you decide that you want to keep it, simply send us \$3.50 in full payment—and the set is yours. Or, if you are not delighted, return the books to us and you won't be out a cent.

Send for your set of The Book today! Surprise your friends with your knowledge of the correct thing to do, say, write and wear at all times. Just mail the coupon—don't send any money. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 7710, Oyster Bay, New York.

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Gentlemen:
You may send me the complete two-volume set of The Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days after receipt I will either return the books or send you \$3.50 in full payment. This places me under no obligation.

Name.....
(Please print name and address)

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The beautiful leather binding is far more attractive and costs but little more. For a set in that binding charge above price from \$7.50 to \$9.50.

Studio Directory

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

ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS, INC.,
739 Seventh Ave., N. Y.

- (s) Maurice Tourneur, Culver City, Cal.
- (s) Tios. H. Ince, Culver City, Cal.
- J. Parker Reed, Jr., Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal.
- (s) Mack Sennett, Edendale, Cal.
- (s) Marshall Neilan, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

- (s) Allan Dwan, Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- (s) King Vidor Productions, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

BLACKBOLT PRODUCTIONS, INC., Bush House, Aldwych, Strand, London, England.

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., of America, 370 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Paramount, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

(s) Percy, East and Sixth St., Long Island City, New York.

(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.

(s) British Paramount, Cal.

(s) Pooler St., Irvington, N. London, England.

(s) 211 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT, INC., 6 West 48th St., New York;

R. Walsh, Prod., 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, Prod., 10 E. B. Mayer Studios, Los Angeles.

Anita Stewart Co., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

Loeb, Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

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

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

David M. Hartford, Prod., 3274 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Hope Hampton, Prod., Peerless Studios, Fort Lee, N. J.

(s) Chas. Ray, 1428 Fleming St., Los Angeles.

FOX FILM CORP., (s) 10th Ave and 55th St., New York; (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

GARSON STUDIOS, INC., (s) 1845 Alessandro, St., Edendale, Cal.

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

HAMPTON JESSE B. STUDIOS, 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal.

HART, WM. S. PRODUCTIONS, (s) 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. (s) Second Ave and 127th St., N. Y.

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

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 345th St., New York; (s) Geo. B. Seitz, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.

ROBERTSON-CORLE PRODUCTIONS, 723 Seventh Ave., New York; (s) Carver Bldg., Los Angeles; (s) corner Gower and Melrose St., Hollywood, Cal.

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

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

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York.

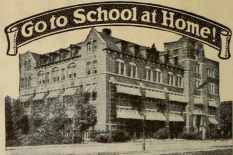
Mary Pickford Co., Brunton Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Douglas S. Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Charles Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave.; Hollywood.

D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

George Arliss Productions, Whitman Bennett Studio, 537 Riverside Ave., Yonkers, New York.

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

VITAPHONE COMPANY OF AMERICA, 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) East 15th St. and West Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and 408 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.



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.....Civil Engineer\$5,000 to \$10,000Steam Engineer\$5,000 to \$10,000
.....Structural Engineer\$5,000 to \$10,000Foreman & Corder\$5,000 to \$10,000
.....Business Manager\$5,000 to \$10,000Photoplay Writer\$2,000 to \$4,000
.....Certified Public Accountant\$5,000 to \$15,000Sanitary Engineer\$5,000 to \$10,000
.....Constant \$5,000 to \$15,000\$5,000 to \$15,000Telephone Engineer\$5,000 to \$10,000
.....Accountant & Auditor\$5,000 to \$15,000Telegraph Engineer\$5,000 to \$10,000
.....Draftsman & Designer\$5,000 to \$15,000High School Graduate\$5,000 to \$10,000
.....Electrical Engineer\$5,000 to \$15,000Fire Insurance Expert\$5,000 to \$10,000
.....General Educationin one year.		

Name.....
Address.....

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The wonder, the thrill, the joy, the deep personal gratification of seeing your own thoughts, 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! You're 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, mo-and-you-kind-of people. Men and women in many businesses and professions—the modest worker, the clerk, the stenographer, bookkeeper, salesman, motorman, truckman, barber, boiler-maker, doctor, lawyer, salesgirl, nurse, manufacturer, model—people of all trades and all temperaments,—all engaged in "manufacturing movie ideas," of planning scenarios, of adapting ideas from photoplays they see, of re-building plots, of taking notes, of re-making characters seen on the films—all devoting every moment of their spare time to this absorbing, happy work! Turning leisure hours into golden possibilities!

And the big secret of their boundless enthusiasm, now catching on like wildfire to all classes of people, is that many of them, by reading some article just as you are reading this, have discovered the wonders of a New System of Writing. Published at Auburn, New York, which enables them to make such rapid progress that they are soon transfixed with amazement at the simplicity and ease with which plays and stories are put together for the magazines and moving picture studios.

For the world's supply of photoplays is constantly absorbed in the huge, hungry maw of public demand. Nearly anybody may learn to playwriting with profit. It is the most fascinating thing in the world! And also most lucrative. Skilled writers live in luxury and have princely incomes. They dictate their own terms and never are dictated to. They live and work and do as they please. They are free, independent, prosperous and popular!

You need not stay outside this Paradise, unless you WANT to! You have as much right to learn to playwrite, had to begin to—then, as we have. The way is wide open and the start easier than ever you dreamed. The Authors' Press, 297, Auburn, New York, makes you this astonishing offer: Realizing that you, like many others, are uncertain of your ability and don't know whether you could learn to write or not, they agree to send you absolutely free, "THE WONDER BOOK FOR WRITERS." This is a book of wonders for ambitious men and women, and is usually illustrated with handsome photographs—good illustrations that will gratify your expectations as fully that you will want to BEGIN WRITING at ONCE!

Do not turn over this page without writing your name and address below and mailing at once. You've nothing to say, so be not obligate in the slightest. THIS MAGNIFICENT BOOK IS YOURS. NO CASH ACCEPTED FOR THIS BOOK. No return necessary. Your copy is in all ready, waiting to be mailed to you. Send and get it now.

The Authors' Press, Dept. 297, Auburn, N. Y. Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE "The Wonder Book for Writers." This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....

How Would You Like to Lose Weight?

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.

An amazing new discovery takes off flesh almost as if by magic—without medicine, starving or strenuous exercise, and without the slightest discomfort. Most people begin to lose weight right away. A great many see results in 48 hours. All who have used it have reached their ideal weight through its simple new secret.

Yet, they have not starved themselves. They are not punished themselves with strenuous exercises, with bitter self-denials. They ate food they liked and did fully as much as they pleased, following the one simple little natural law that has recently been discovered. And their superfluous weight disappeared, melted away—by a rapid, natural, safe process.

"I am glad I tried your way of reducing weight," writes one delighted woman from Montana. "I lost fifty pounds and feel so much better." Still another writes, "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 has always been 25 pounds overweight writes an enthusiastic letter in which he says, "I have reduced my weight 25 pounds without discomfort."

Scientists have been searching for this very secret of weight control for years. It is not a fad or a theory. It is not an expensive "treatment." It is a series of self-sacrifices and denials. It's just a simple little natural law that any one can follow with ease.

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; others consume fat. If you eat certain kinds of foods together at the same meal, they are converted into fat in the body. But if you eat these very same two 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 weight! Men who were formerly so stout that they puffed when they walked quickly, men who had to deny themselves many pleasures because of their burdensome flesh, report that their return to normal weight and youthful energy was amazingly rapid. Stout women who always felt tired and listless, who had to deny themselves the colorful, busy clothing they would like to wear, marvel that this one simple little rule should enable them to attain their ideal weight so quickly. And not only have they eaten down to normal, but they enjoy their meals more than ever before, they feel refreshed, brightened, strengthened.

A delighted woman writes: "I now weigh 137 pounds—just what I should weigh. I feel so splendid, and every one says how 'just right' I am."

Remember, you don't have to starve yourself, or follow a rigid diet, or put yourself into any discomfort, through this new method of self reduction. You eat off the fat you want to lose, and you do so quickly or as slowly as you wish. You control your weight just as you control your speech or the pace at which you walk.

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 reduce weight, to attain the ideal weight for your height. Here is your opportunity to prove to yourself that you can do it, and without discomfort, without denials or sacrifices! Here is your opportunity to take off just as much flesh as you wish, and yet eat delicious foods, many of which you may be enjoying yourself. And it need not cost you one cent to make the test.

No Money in Advance

Just put your name and address on the coupon to the right. Don't send any money. The coupon will bring you Eugene Christian's complete course for your door, without cost (plus postage) paid to the postman will make it your property, with the understanding that if it doesn't do all we claim or you are not fully satisfied in every way, you may return the course within five days and your money will be instantly refunded.

As soon as the course arrives, weigh yourself! Then glance through the lessons carefully, and read all about the startling revelation regarding the food and health. Now make up your mind as to how much weight you want to lose in the first week, and each week following. Then put the course to the test! Try the first lesson. Weigh yourself the very next day or so and notice

Everyone Can Now Have the Attractive Grace of a Slender Figure Through the New Discovery of Science.

the marked result. Still, you've taken no medicines, put yourself to no hardships, done almost nothing you would not ordinarily have done. You'll be as happily surprised as are the thousands of others who are quickly regaining normal, beautiful figures in this new scientific way.

Mail the coupon NOW. No money—just the coupon. As we shall receive an avalanche of orders for this remarkable course, it will be 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 Eugene Christian's wonderful discovery. The course will be sent in a plain container.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. W-20810, 43 West 16th St., New York City

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. W-20810, 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," 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 returning the course after a 5 day trial and have my money refunded, if I am not entirely satisfied.

Name _____ (Please write plainly)

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____
Price Outside U. S. \$2.15. Cash with Order.

Read What Others Say:

13 Pounds Less in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday (8 days), and am feeling fine. I used to be in bed an hour or so before I could get up, but I go to sleep now as soon as I lie down, and 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 40 Pounds

"It is with great pleasure that I am able to assure you that the Course on Weight Control proved absolutely satisfactory. I lost forty pounds."

Mrs. _____, Glens Falls, N. Y.

20 Pounds Lighter

"Eugene Christian's Course has done for me just what it said it would do. I reduced twenty pounds. I will not to reduce some more, and with the directions of the Course I can do that as fast or as slow as I desire. Many thanks for your interest and the Course."

Mr. _____, Detroit, Mich.

100 Per Cent. Improvement

"I weighed 216 pounds when I started last Monday. Today I weigh 163 pounds. I can safely say that I feel 100 per cent. better than I did when I was fat, and I am sure that I look much better also."

Mrs. _____, Ryder, North Dakota.

Weights 34 Pounds Less

"I reduced from 207 to 173 pounds in three months without the slightest inconvenience, and still retain this weight by following your course. It's a godsend to people who suffer from corpulence."

Mrs. _____, Palestine, Texas.

Loses 25 Pounds

"I have found your Course in Weight Control very satisfactory. I have lost twenty-five pounds in weight, and expect to lose a few more, in order to bring my weight down to normal."

Mrs. _____, Tacoma, Washington.

Reduces 6 Pounds in One Week

"The first week I lost six pounds."

Mrs. _____, Keokuk, Iowa.

48 1/2 Pounds Taken Off

"After studying the lessons carefully I began to apply them to myself, and as a result of results will say that I lost just 48 1/2 pounds."

Mrs. _____, Colville, Washington.

(Note: The letters are in most cases too long to print in full. The letters are merely excerpts.)

You Too Can Quickly Reduce to Normal

You can begin right away, the moment you make up your mind, to lose as much weight as you wish. You can so regulate this remarkable new law that has been discovered, that you can reach your ideal weight in a definite time. You can take off as much or as little fat as you please—and whenever you please. When you reach your normal, perfect weight you can retain it without gaining or losing another ounce.

Some people report that they have reduced at the rate of ten pounds a week. Others arrange to take off a pound of fat a day. Some apply this new method so that they reach their ideal weight in a month's time—taking it more gradually. For instance, one man who lives in Hickory, N. C., writes: I arranged to lose three pounds per week, and by the middle of May I weighed just what I wanted to—175 pounds. Only a short while before he had weighed 205 pounds.

The Secret Explained

Everyone knows that food causes fat. But why do some people become fat and others remain thin? Why are thin people eat whatever they please without seeming to gain an ounce, while fat people deny themselves the foods they would like to eat, continue to put on flesh? Scientists are agreed that there must be some vital, natural law of food upon which the whole secret of weight control is based.

It was to discover this secret that Eugene Christian, the world's foremost food specialist, began his remarkable experiments. For a long time

10
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE ADVERTISING SECTION

"A Skin You Love
to Touch," by
F. Graham Coates.



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 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.

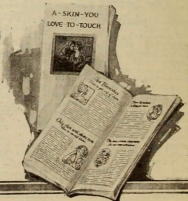
SKINS differ widely—and each type of skin should have the special treatment that meets its special needs. Treatments for all the different types of skin are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments that is

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.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

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.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

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.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

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 kimona, you won't have time to read the caption.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

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."



Alfred Cheney Johnston

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



Actual photograph of two quite blue silk sweaters after a season's wear and 15 washings with Ivory Flake. Statement of original run as in file in the Posters & Gamble office.

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 tablespoons 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 towels in shade and pull into shape for drying. Turn frequently. Press with iron barely warm.

Send for Free Sample

with complete directions for the easy care of delicate garments that you would be afraid to wash the ordinary way. Address Section 45-JF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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 underwear 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 gar-

ment; 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.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes pretty clothes last longer



PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XX

October, 1921

No. 5

Imagination



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 untrammelled 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 bodying 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.

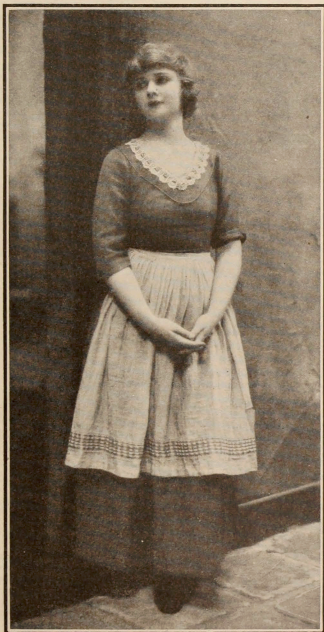
IT was my first trip to California and I was disappointed. I saw no flowers and no trees except occasional groups of palms and eucalyptus. Los Angeles I thought were fantastic, squatty bungalows—miles of them—depressed me. The climate was wretched—four seasons every day; spring in the morning, summer 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 audiences 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.



like

Alice Terry, present day, one of the most significant figures in the films, as Eugenic Grandet in "The Conquering Power."

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.

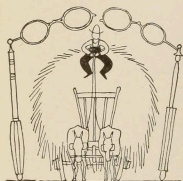
But the thing which startled me the most—which, in fact, almost dumfounded me—was her hair. *It was red-brown and very dark!* They had gilded the lily! Marguerite Laurier's golden hair had been a wig! I couldn't forgive them and demanded to know who was responsible. Rex Ingram gave reasons for the change—good 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)

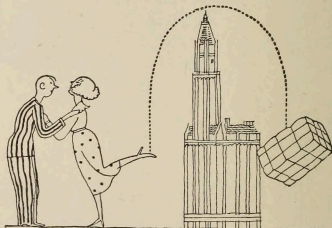
MOTION PICTURE STATISTICS FOR 1920

(With apologies to "Scientific American")

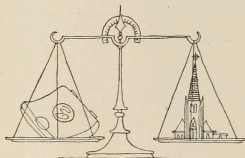
DUE to the tremendous progress and growth of the motion picture industry, all information heretofore concerning the films has been too general; it has lacked accuracy and mathematical precision. Therefore, for the benefit of historians and scientists, we present herewith, accompanied by illustrations, all the vital and important facts connected with motion picture production for the year 1920.—Editor.



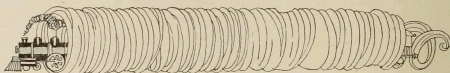
If all the lorgnettes with which society matrons of the 1920 films haughtily inspected persons to whom they were introduced, were amalgamated into two lorgnettes and placed together, they would form an arch sufficiently large to permit the passage of a load of hay.



The united force of all the kittenish back-kicks given in 1920 by film ingenues when greeting people would be sufficient to heave a bale of hay, weighing one and a half tons, over the Woolworth building.

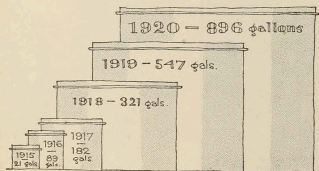


The combined weight of the metal cigarette cases carried during 1920 by fashionable leading men in the lower right-hand westcoat pocket would be equal to that of Trinity Church.

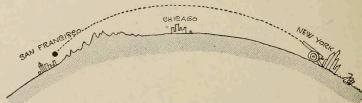


The total distance covered by chases in the comedy films of 1920 was 247,816 miles, or the approximate distance between the earth and the moon.

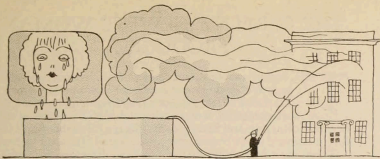
If all the curls of the 1920 screen ingenues were made into a single volute, they would form a hirsute tunnel large enough to engulf a seven-coach passenger train.



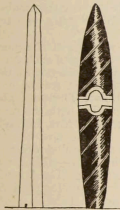
Comparative pictures showing the marked increase in the amount of hair salve used by cinema actors (male) during the past six years. (The figures include vaseline, pomade, bear-grease, gelatine and all the various unguents for making the hair sleek and glossy.)



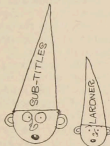
If all the jovial slaps on the back which took place in the gentlemen's clubs of the 1920 society films were concentrated into a single unit of energy the force of the combustion would be sufficient to fire a twelve-pound cannon ball from New York to San Francisco.



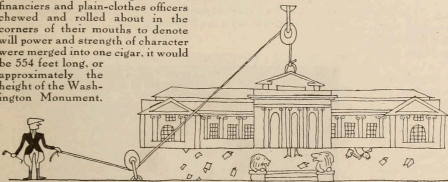
The amount of tears shed in the close-ups of leading ladies during 1920 would be sufficient to extinguish the conflagration of a three-story dwelling.



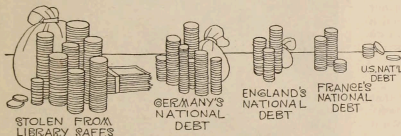
If all the heavy black cigars which financiers and plain-clothes officers chewed and rolled about in the corners of their mouths to denote will power and strength of character were merged into one cigar, it would be 554 feet long, or approximately the height of the Washington Monument.



The 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.



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.



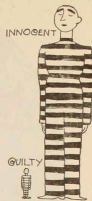
The amount of money stolen from private-library safes in the screen dramas for 1920, compared with the present national debt of Germany, of England, of France, and of the United States.

- MICHELANGELO
- LEONARDO
- RUBENS
- VELASQUEZ
- REMBRANDT

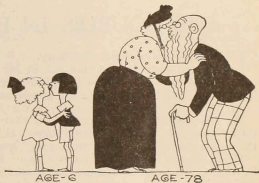
'THE MASTER'

The relative amount of "great artistic triumphs" and "supreme masterpieces" produced by D. W. Griffith, and by Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, Leonardo and Michelangelo.

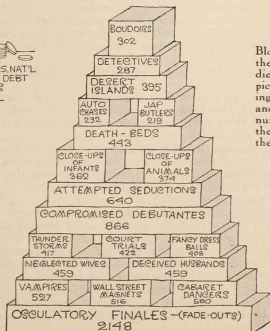
Comparative figures showing the number of 1920 film convicts who were innocent (having been unjustly commended or preferring to serve time in order to shield another), and the number who were actually guilty of some crime.



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 sobs 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, blasé, 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.

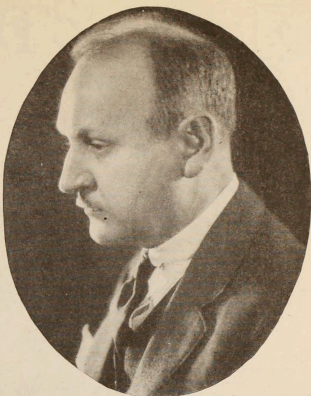
I asked her how she happened to write "One Wild Week."

"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.



Frances Harmer, scenarioist, is just four feet ten inches tall and is sixty-three years old.



John Robertson is a celebrated director now, but there was a time when he played the kerosene circuit.

A Highbrow 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 party 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.

If he had, he might have indulged in a couple of merry gurgles.

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 up on 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.

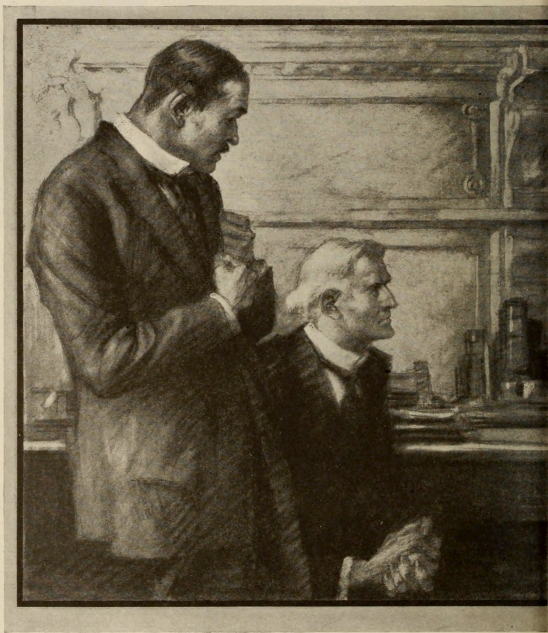
"What may I do for you, sir?" the girl inquired, her slender fingers wandering restlessly over the keys of her typewriter.

"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 untrifled calmness. "You are Patrick Connors, 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 be-

tween 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



"Where is that Hartley letter now?" interjected Whelan, producing it. Senator Whelan's face grew a pasty

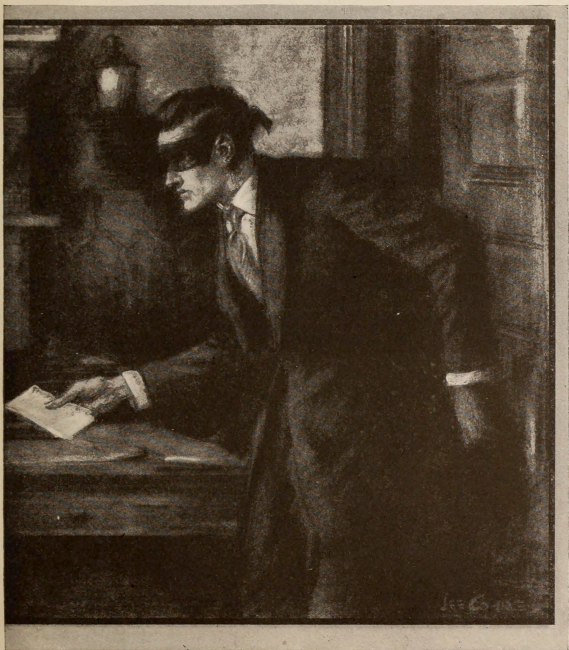
yet, within an hour, a blind typist in a third-class law office was detailing to him with stenographic accuracy a police secret he had been particularly warned to keep inviolate.

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 Connor'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 living 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,

BROTHERS

Sequel to "Through the Little Door", the thrilling death-chamber story that appeared in the September issue of Photoplay.

Illustrated by
Lee Conroy



lan, 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-

commissioner that the position of the Gray Brothers is that the sanctity of all law is equal and that a police force in ignoring any man's law-given rights in efforts to enforce other laws, itself becomes criminal. And to save you the trouble of attempting to install a detectaphone in this office, our chief invites you to remain here at your pleasure. He adds for your information that you're welcome to listen in on our phones whenever you choose, as all messages of importance are delivered and received, alternately, in one or several of the original twenty-three languages of the North American Indians."

The girl took a typed sheet from her desk and handed it to the now-speechless detective.

"Our chief suggests that this transcript of the commissioner's private instructions to you in reference to the Gray Brothers will, as it comes from this office, serve as a needed reminder to him of the extreme inefficiency of his police methods. Is there anything else I can do for you?" she concluded with irritating sweetness.

"Down for the count at the end of the first round—that's me," gasped the frankly-awed detective to himself as he banged the office door behind him and returned to headquarters to turn the police commissioner's face an apoplectic purple with the message sent by the master



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

"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."



rares 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.

II

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.

"Good God, Governor, the letter is gone! You've been robbed," he cried.

Governor Husted 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.

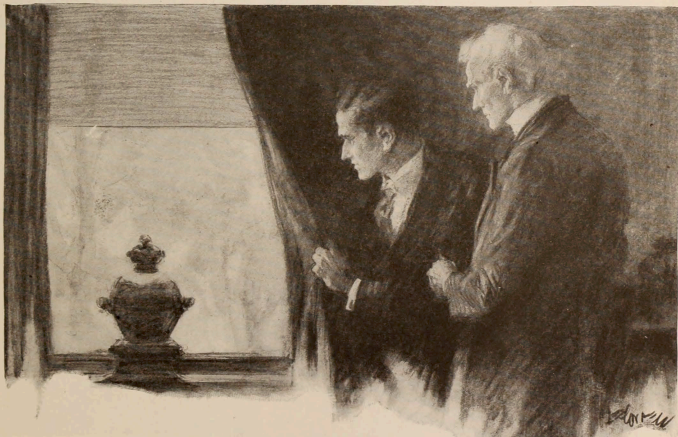
"Dare this!" he exclaimed. "The robbery of a Governor's residence is a triviality to them. Let me tell you one of their real exploits. They kidnapped and drugged me, the Governor of the state. I lost consciousness as I rode in a cab on the streets of our capital. I recovered in a prison cell—a death 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.

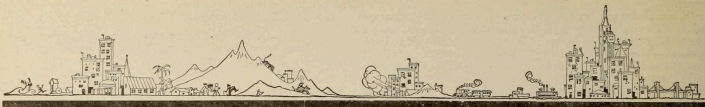
"They strapped me in The Chair! A black cap shut the light from my eyes," he continued. "And then—blackness that I thought was death. When I opened my eyes I was in my cab unharmed. Beside me was the man who had been my cell-partner. He explained what had happened and why."

"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)



"The Senator lost no time in phoning McElvoy that I, chief of the Brothers, am in the home of Governor Husted," said Blackie. "They expect to trap me as I leave."



WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

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 Obligated
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



"At the ball game, Tom didn't want to be recognized, so he wore his sombrero."

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



"Tsuru Aoki looks exactly like an exquisite Japanese doll dressed up in French clothes."

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.)

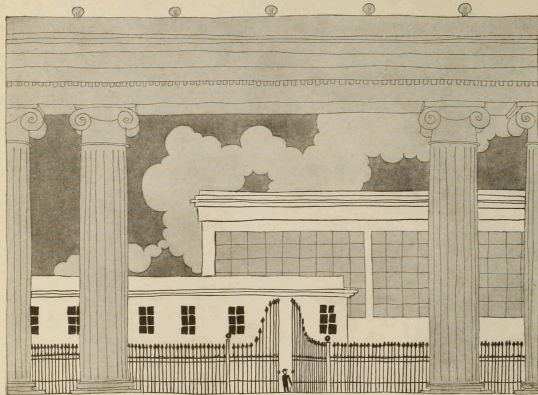


Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston.

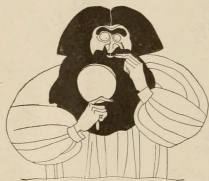
WE are often asked why Marilyn Miller, the youngest star on Broadway, has never transferred her radiance to the silent drama. (She's singing and dancing now in "Sally" and before that she was a star in Ziegfeld's "Follies." For her services in the current production Miss Miller is said to receive somewhere 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

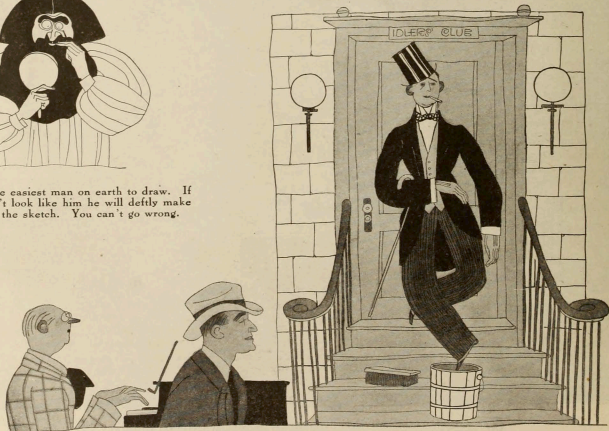
By
RALPH
BARTON



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.



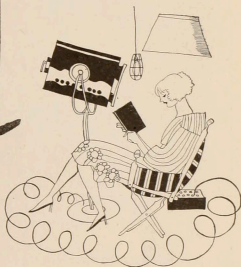
Renée being very much *adorée* by her new husband, Tom Moore.



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?"



What Reginald Barker does to actors who won't act.



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 a 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 extravagance 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. Lubshetz 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 impetuous 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 propounded by Thomas A. Edison. But in our opinion the hand-painted moustache cup 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.

IN TEND 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.

THEIR CHILDREN

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 blase about it. Her father is William Desmond.



THE Rogers kids: Will, Jimmy (the famous movie-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.



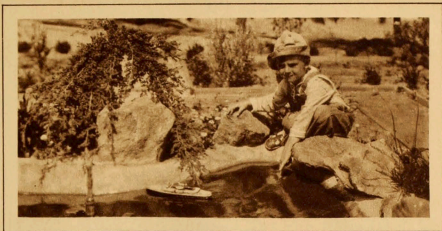
THE twenty-one-months-old daughter of Sam Wood (there, we've given her away) is happy because she's a namesake of Gloria Swanson. Little Gloria plays in pictures when her father is directing Big Gloria.



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.



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."



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.



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.



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.

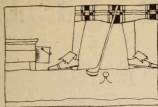


CONRAD and Ruth Margaret Nagel: the thousandth portrait of the one and the very first portrait of the other. Ruth Margaret's mother was Ruth Helms, who is pretty enough to be a star herself, but prefers to be simply Mrs. Conrad Nagel.

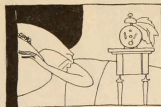


Nelson Evans

QUITE apart from her beauty, her charm, and her dramatic ability, PHOTO-PLAY 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

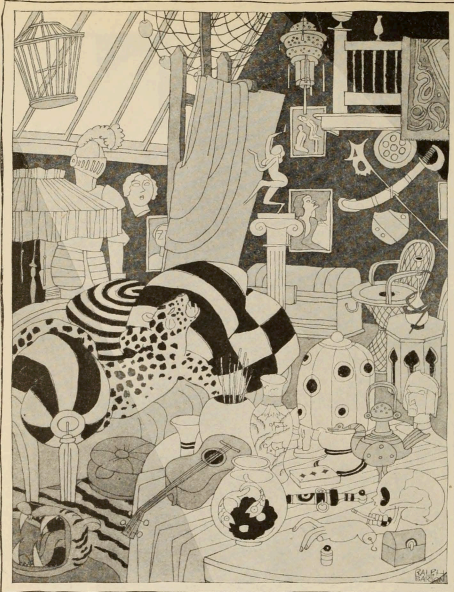
(Continued on page 99)

I—THE ARTISTIC LIFE

THIS is the first of a series of satirical articles on the different phases of life as depicted in the motion pictures. "The Social Life," "The Club Life," "The Underworld Life," "The Island Life," and "The Wild West Life" are to follow.

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 scarf of the modern treader.

The Eton jacket hangs open in front like the alpaca Tuxedos of waiters of the red-ink circuit, revealing a soft, quasi-sport shirt not unlike the outer chemise which has been adopted (along with puttees and riding breeches) by the motion picture directors themselves, as the insignia of their profession. But whereas the director spurns the effeminate luxury of a cravat, the cinema artist affects a black Windsor tie of voluminous dimensions.

The trousers of these motion picture Rembrandts are, in reality, bloomers *a 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 rocco 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 generally 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

IN THE FILMS

Decorations by
RALPH BARTON



The manner in which the cinema gentleman of the brush and palette bedecks himself.

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, does a tarantelle, and then 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-

costume 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-mache*, from the center of which there leaps—to the utter amazement and staggering bewilderment of all present—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 phisical, 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 middle financial 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

window-panes 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, Heleogabolian debauch of antiques, Persian rugs from Hoboken, department store tapestries, bric-a-brac, *objets d'art*, ottomans, hookas, sconces, sofa pillows, Afghans, *tabourettes*. (Continued on page 104)



The "Queen of the Models" leaps from the *papier-mache* cake.

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 o'er 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 perverse mirth within him.

Suddenly he turned to me with an engaging and innocent smile.

"Ain't that terrible?" he remarked, in his soft, southern drawl. "But at that, I know some worse ones."

We were headed for his "location camp"—a permanent institution in the mountains a few miles back of Hollywood.

I turned to take a good look at him as he rode on a few steps ahead of me, long and loose and graceful in his saddle.

Buck Jones is the only cowboy-actor I have met so far who remains completely the cowboy. In some mysterious way, he possesses all the glamour of the cowpuncher as our very best fiction writers have drawn him. He might have stepped from "Wolfville" or from the pages of O. Henry or Owen Wister without even mussing up his chaps. He breathes the allure, the thrill, the picturesqueness of the westerner, the horseman who has actually vanished from our American life—the last touch of our romanticism.

I have met a few of the real ones—left over from the day and age of their glory. But they had not the advantage of being young and decidedly handsome.

"You were really a cowboy, weren't you?" I ventured.

"Yes, ma'am, I was. I was born and reared in Oklahoma. It's a pretty good little state. I spent most of my time on top of a horse, and I have had a look at the country. I was pretty much of a rover—couldn't seem to settle down." (I discovered later from his director that he was in the Mexican trouble from the beginning and also in the World War.)

"But that was before I got married."

"Oh, are you married?"

I don't know why it surprised me. The good looking ones always are.

"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



Buck Jones is the only cowboy-actor who remains completely the cowboy. He breathes the allure of the last touch of western romanticism.

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 stranded him a year ago.

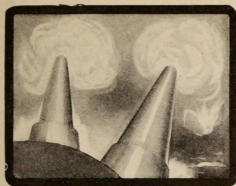
It was easier talking to Windriver Bill—because Buck Jones has a soft, peculiar way of talking, without moving his lips, that makes it a constant strain to listen to him.

"By the way," I asked, "is his name really Buck Jones?"

"No," said Windriver Bill.

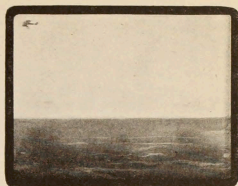
So you know as much about that as I do.

OUR ANIMATED NEWS BULLETIN

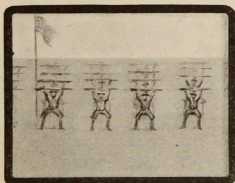


Battleship { Tennessee
Nebraska
Texas
Wyoming } at target practice.

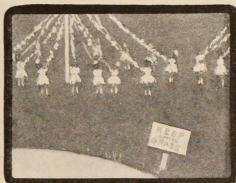
FOR the benefit of those who have had to leave before the "Current Events" were flashed, or, for some other reason, were unable to gather their knowledge of world affairs from the screen weeklies, we present herewith all the epoch-making happenings of the month, carefully selected from the principal 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 { Long Island Sound.
Boston Harbor.
San Francisco Bay.
Lake Michigan.



Soldiers at Camp { Dix
Travers
Funston
Grant } doing setting-up exercises.

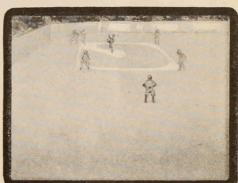


School Children of { Altoona
Decatur
Schenectady
Elmira } dancing in the public park.

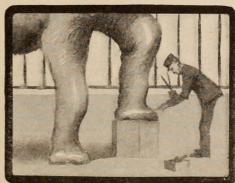


Elks' Odd Fellows' Shriners' Knights of Pythias } parade at { Utica.
Council Bluffs.
Sioux City.
South Bend.

Norman Anthony at the Camera



The { Yankees
White Sox
Indians
Athletics } in a closely contested game with the { Athletics.
Indians.
White Sox.
Yankees.



Old Joe Old Bill Old Oscar Old Ned } getting his weekly manicure.



Pres. Harding putting on the { second
fourth
sixth
eighth } green.

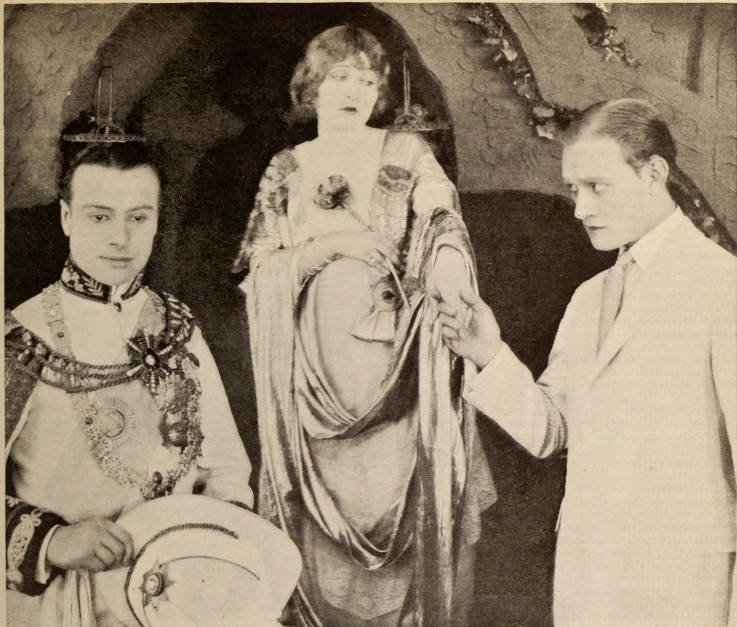
GLORIA • VICTIS



RALPH
BARTON

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 heart-strings, 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. A

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, at the cantina of Roderiquez on the Mexican side of the town. She was the star dancer there. There were strays of gossip. Roderiquez was madly in love with her. She reciprocated, or did she not? Phelps couldn't remember. What did it matter? And why was the woman here?

Before he could formulate the question she was telling him, volubly. She had saved, it would appear, some young girl from a white slaver in the cantina. The white slaver was one of the most liberal patrons of the cantina and Poll's intervention had brought the wrath of Roderiquez upon her head. It had been necessary for her to evade him and for safety she had run to the American side of town and

claimed refuge in the first shack, which happened to be Phelps'. "So you see!" she said. Her gesture was expressive, conclusive.

ARTHUR felt annoyed. He did not want the woman here. Here where the walls were living with the pictured faces of Rosa. Here where he compiled his sonnets to her memory. He was a sentimentalist. Well and good. He would be one and be damned to them.

He told her it was quite impossible for her to remain. She told him that it was quite impossible for her to go.

He asked her whether or not she valued her reputation.

She said she didn't, but that she did value her life. Would her remaining hurt *him*?

He said, yes, that it would. Unconsciously, his eyes strayed to the many pictures of Rosa Duchene.

Poll's dark eyes strayed there at the same time, and at the same time, too, something warm stirred in her breast and



"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.

POLL 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

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 of town 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.

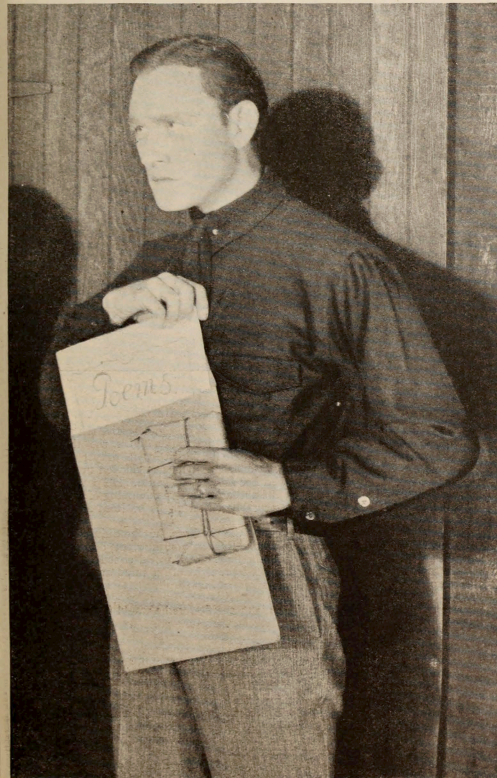
Where were his evenings, with their ritual solemnity? He had dedicated himself to a memory and he would not have it violated—certainly not by a woman with disturbing eyes, a woman named, absurdly, Poll Patchouli.

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



a matter of death, if you interfere. I take it you know better, Senor."



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 opens 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 exceedingly 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

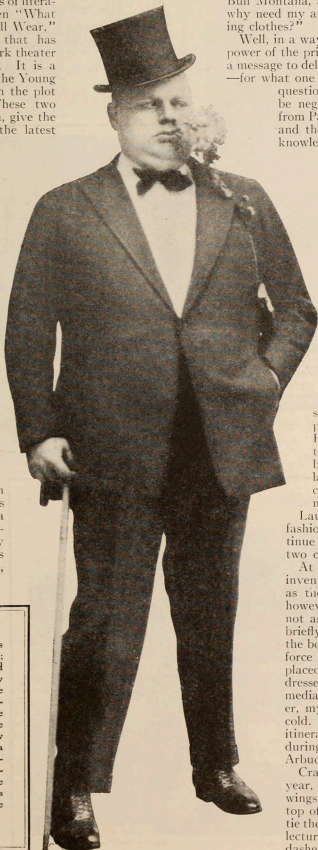
ROSCOE "FATTY" ARBUCKLE

With apologies to Carolyn Van Wyeck.

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 PHOTOPLAY 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—somehow they lack the snap! However, the ultra-conservatives 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, as formerly, rolling immediately off upon the floor and under the dresser, my new style of button sticks like a spring cold. No more groveling beneath dressers after itinerant collar buttons. No more profanity during the dressing hour. Watch for the Arbuckle Non-Skid.—Adv.

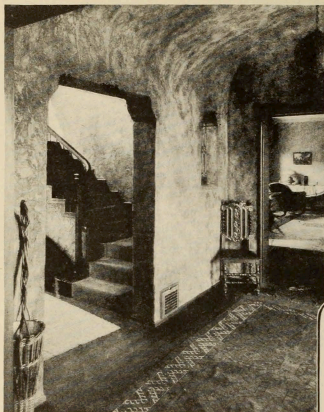
Cravats will be worn in front of the collar this year, occupying the opening between the two wings, with their ends thrust jauntily into the top of the vest. The smart set will continue to tie them at home, while ex-actors and Chautauqua lecturers will buy them ready-made at the haberdashers.

(Continued on page 101)

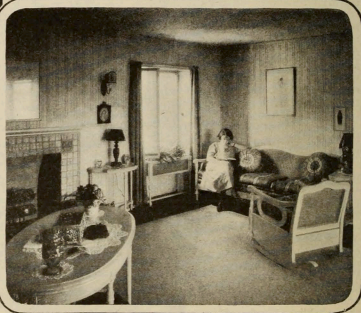
A WIDE latitude is permitted in vests; even I am permitted in one, securing my special brand from the manufacturer of Ringling's circus tents. The fashionable gravy shade in vests is favored by stout men who dine out a lot. For the ultra-economical, a crazy-quilt design that embraces all the courses from soup to nuts is coming more and more to dominate."

"WHERE BILL LIVES!"

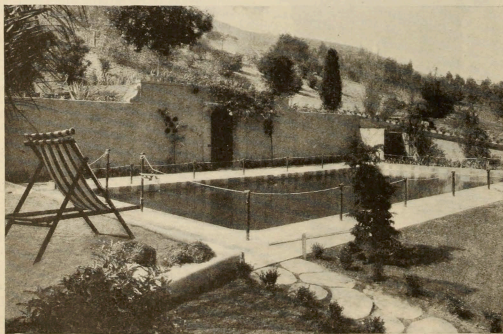
To the adult world, the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid and son. But to the neighborhood fellovers, just "Bill's House."



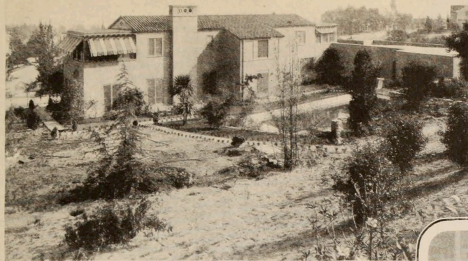
These pictures are your pre-view of the very newly-built California home of Wallace and Dorothy Davenport Reid—oh yes, and Bill! Mrs. Reid herself really designed the house to suit the needs of her two men-folks: Wally and little Bill. Above: a glimpse of the entrance-hall. The little iron stair-rail is very effective in giving charm and distinction to the stairway.



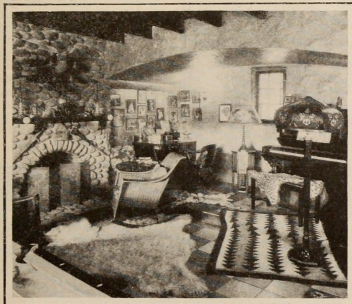
Mrs. Reid in her favorite reading corner. The use of the wicker lends a "boudoir" touch to a room whose keynote is elegance. The enamel is a soft grey, to match the walls and the carpet.



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.

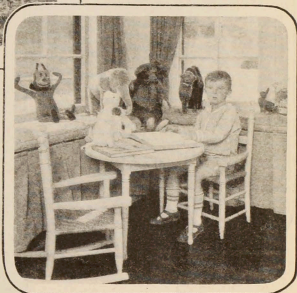


The Reid home from the boulevard in the rear. The one-story wing contains garage and billiard room. The grounds have just been laid out. Mrs. Reid never missed a day on the lot while the house was being built. Like so many of the film stars' residences, it is in the exclusive Beverly Hills section of Los Angeles.

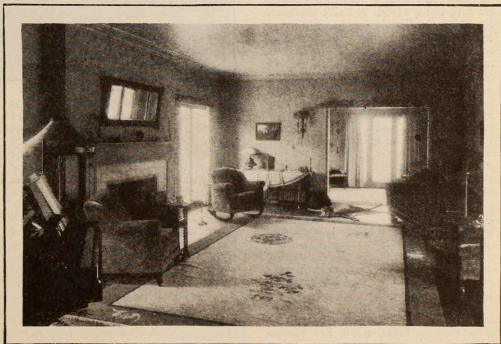


The billiard room—Wally's own sanctum and Mrs. Reid's "life-saver." Here Wally can have his men friends and play as much as he likes without injuring the furniture! The floor is cement with all the little squares painted in different colors. The piano is the first one the Reids bought after their marriage. 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.



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.



FAMOUS

BARA

TO Galli Marie, Pauline Luc-ca, Minnie Hauk, Selina Dolaro, Zélie 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 Merimée'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.



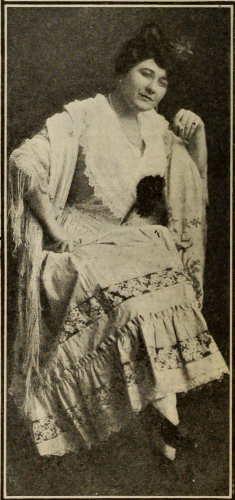
Copyright by A. Trueman

CALVÉ

ALTHOUGH 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 tobaccoist 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 *à 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, gestulatory 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.



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 Merimée'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.



CARMENS

SYLVA

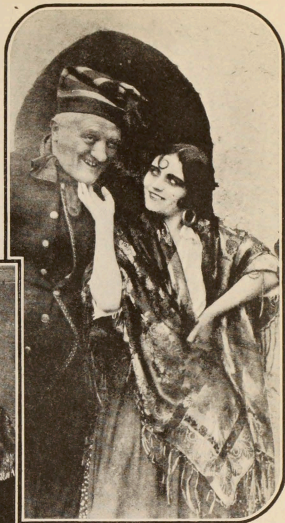
A STRANGE and unfamiliar Carmen, somewhat colorless and inconsistent, but with a luscious ocular appeal; was Marguerite Sylva. To say that this voluptuous lady was dull would be unfair; for beauty is never dull; and he who tells you that Sylva lacks pulchritude is old and unresponsive and sored on the 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



Ira L. Hill



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 Merimee'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, fickle, 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 Merimee'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.

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.





Louis Silvers is the first man to devote his entire time and energy to composing and arranging music for the motion picture. He is a member of D. W. Griffith's producing organization.

“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 each 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 censorial-minded folks object to so strenuously, then we give them up as hopeless.

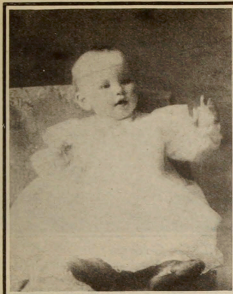
Joel Feder



Freulich

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.

SHE HASN'T CHANGED A BIT



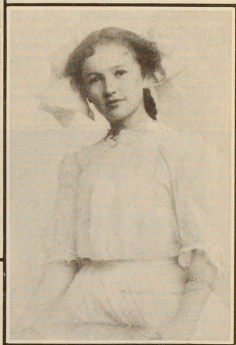
Any baby is adorable according to its fond parents; but personally we prefer the Betty Compton sort, the occasional kind-and-placid infant who looks as though she never cries.

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.



NOT all young ladies are willing to reveal their pictorial pasts to an eager world, but Betty Compton 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."

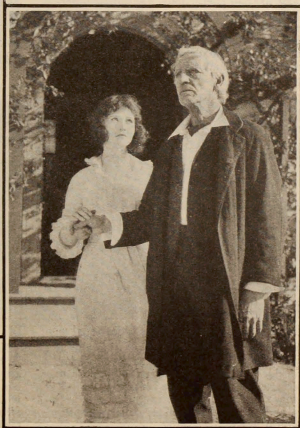
Now has she? Just glance at these pictures: Betty as a baby and Betty as a little girl. We wish our kid pictures were half as cute.



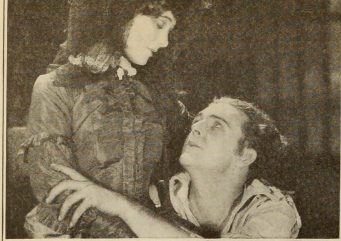
Even at the age of twelve, she was not so awkward as the average sub-flapper. Later Betty became a vaudeville performer, and then, by easy stages, a screen star.



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!

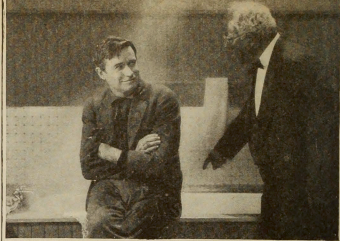


Ascene from the photoplay that made her a star overnight: Geo. Loane Tucker's "The Miracle Man" — showing Betty Compton as Rose and Joseph Dowling as The Patriarch. After this success, Miss Compton had her own company, and then signed with Paramount, where she is starring today.



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 *Gogo*, 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.



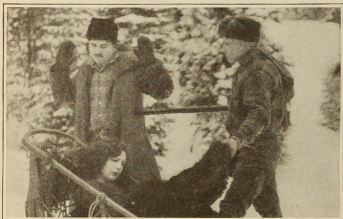
THE SIGN ON THE DOOR—First National

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 SHADOW STAGE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

A Review of the new pictures



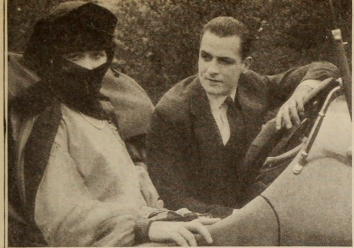
THE NORTHERN TRAIL—Selig-Rork-Educational

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 tenseness 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

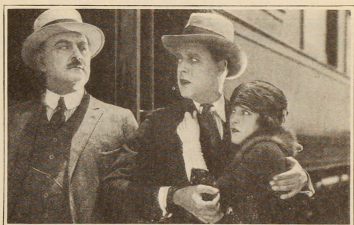
ELSIE FERGUSON does the best work of her screen career in "Footlights." It is a vivid and richly dramatic story, played at a consistently high pitch by Miss Ferguson and the polished Marc McDermott, and skillfully directed by John S. Robertson. "Footlights" refutes the ancient movie axiom that it is impossible for a picture to combine good taste and artistic merit with box office value.



AMONG THOSE PRESENT—Pathe

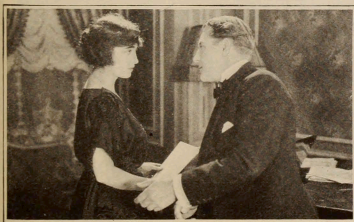
HAROLD LLOYD seldom disappoints us in the comedy field, his latest—a three-reel release—being no exception to the rule. It's all about a humble bell-boy who impersonates an English lord, and quite successfully, until he loses his dignity and his riding breeches in an unguarded moment. Then the plot thickens, but the fun does not slacken. Mildred Davis is most attractive.

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.



LURING LIPS—Universal

JOHAN 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.



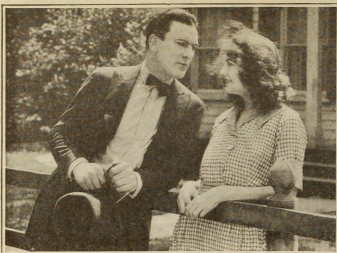
THE INNER CHAMBER—Vitagraph

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!



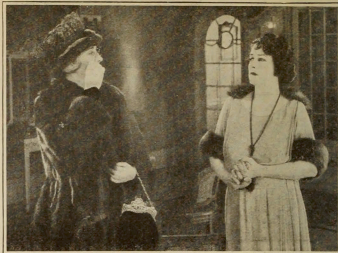
THE MARCH HARE—Realart

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 musses 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.



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 fiancée. The latter outwits her, however, thereby demonstrating the triumph of mind over mater. For all that, it is a mediocre picture.



SHORT SKIRTS—Universal

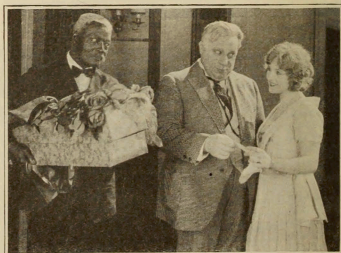
FEW ingenue stars would attempt a role as unsympathetic as that which Gladys Walton carries through this story. As a selfish, vain little flapper who upsets a political campaign and deserves a jail sentence rather than the handsome hero, this young woman contributes to the screen an unusual study in 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.

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.



CABIRIA

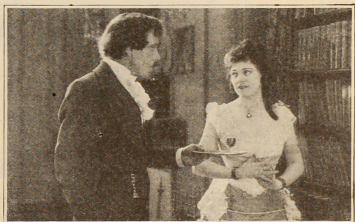
THE revival of D'Annunzio's spectacle, "Cabiria," tends to shatter many of the illusions of youth. Viewed through the smoked glasses of 1921, "Cabiria" shapes up as somewhat of a back number. The acting is grotesquely exaggerated, and most of the scenery flimsily artificial. The vast marble temple bears a striking resemblance to soda fountains.



LIFE'S DARN FUNNY—Metro

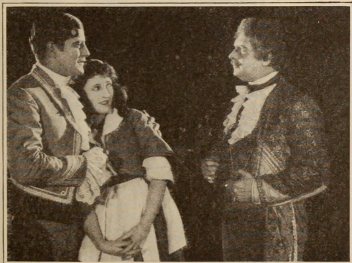
THIS photoplay is frivolous, inconsequential but quite entertaining stuff. Viola Dana as a French violinist and Gareth Hughes as a somewhat dazed but all-American artist, whose detached manner ever gives him the appearance of not quite belonging to this earth, serve up Greenwich Village temperament, a la carte, and though the ending is inevitable it's quite satisfying. A family film.

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)



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 Julienne Scott is miscast. Some of the titles are terrible. Don't neglect your wife to see it.



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.

Additional Shadow Stage reviews appear on page 93.

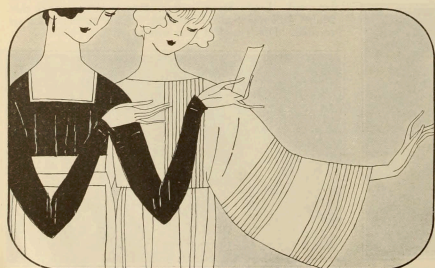


A VIRGIN PARADISE—Fox

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.



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.



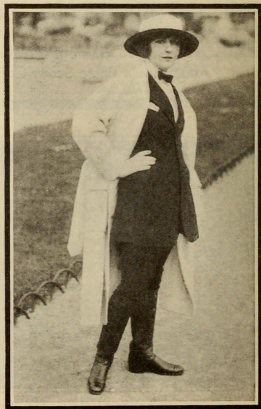
There is a sleeve for every mood and fancy, this autumn. You may have the long tight sleeve, or you may have the wide flowing sleeve. As the artist has pictured it here, the graceful blonde prefers one essentially soft and feminine, but the pensive brunette affects the more severely interesting sleeve. It is entirely a matter of choice—as so many difficult things seem to be!

Miss Van Wyck's answers to questions will be found on page 98.

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.

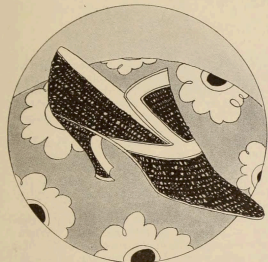


Before Miss Pearl White, the cinema star, went to Paris, I persuaded her to promise that she would send me the very latest news from the real center of fashion. She went a step further and sent me this picture of her new black twill riding habit, and her smart white coat of lamb's wool—with herself in them.

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



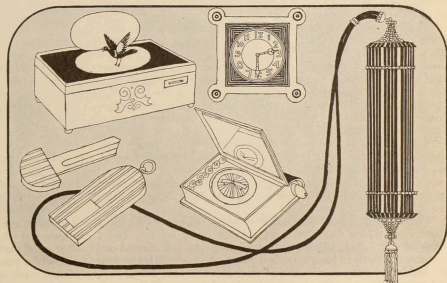
There is nothing smarter than the fur shoe. It is something new—but I prophesy that it has come to stay. Alexandre offers this model of natural broadtail fur. It does not lose its original color or prove any more impractical than the leather shoes. I have a pair!



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 caracul collar. The hat is a huge pom-pom of white crepe and black felt. The trimming on the cape is cut-work buttonholed at the edge.



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 duvetyne 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 gallith.



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 PHOTOPLAY'S prize fiction contest.

By

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

"BETTY!" exclaimed the girl who was combing her hair before the mirror, turning sharply to her companion. "Engaged? You don't mean it."

"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 ever will know, I hope, except yourself. 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." The girl laid her comb on the dressing table, and coming swiftly over to her companion, put her arms about her. "You know, Betty, I always liked Phil—and I thought he cared for you, too."

"He did, Polly, although I didn't have sense enough to realize it. We were all a little mad, last fall, I think. You remember how we'd been going on—Sarah Pope and the rest of us. Carrying drinks about in our vanity bags—checking our corsets at dances so the boys wouldn't say we were armored cruisers, and refuse to dance with us—giving our garters to men as souvenirs—painting ourselves up like wax figures—drinking more than was good for us, too, at times, and then sitting out dances in dark corners, having petting parties—trying to see how far we could make the men go. No, I haven't become a prude. I think frankness, the kind of frankness we girls have today, is a whole lot better than the pretended innocence our mothers set so much store by—innocence that made it a crime for a girl to mention the fact that she had legs, or could experience a thrill, like any other human being. But we were fools, for all that—most of us—myself included."

"Thrills are all very well, but I'm ready to admit that some of the dancing we did was pretty raw, although it seemed great fun, at the time. And you can't expect to play with a man's passions to amuse yourself, and get away with it. I guess we were all just copying the methods of the women who do that sort of thing for a living, and we didn't know it, or if we did, we didn't care, although we had decent mothers and fathers to tell us the truth. Oh yes—I'll admit I've changed a lot. You'll see why, before I'm through."

"I met Phil long before I ever knew Bob Otis. Bob was in his senior year at Yale, then. I knew he and Phil were friends, but I didn't know, until afterwards, what close friends they were. I didn't know they had grown up together, and cared for each other like brothers—more, I guess, than most brothers do."

"Phil and I liked each other the moment we met. We went about everywhere together. He said he cared for me, and I know he did. But, being a miserable little fool, I started out to rouse the devil in him. Isn't it funny, how we girls thought we could play with men? We all did, more or less, our crowd, and most other crowds, too, from what I hear. Phil wasn't any different from other men. They're all pretty much alike, I guess. So I succeeded, that's all."

"I'll never forget the night I went to his studio. Phil studied in Paris, you know, and is an artist in his finger-tips—a real artist. He's going to do big things, before he gets through. But about that night. We'd been dancing at the Palais Royal—Sarah Pope got together the party to go—you

were along, weren't you? Of course—I'd forgotten. Then you remember how Arthur Brent poured two pint prescriptions into 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, in the direction of 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 you understand."

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 with 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—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 to—well—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 know, for he came to see me about it the next day."

"He came to see you? About that? Betty?"

"Yes. He called up, first, and asked if he might call. I was 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 realize 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— to hold him back."

"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 simply terrible 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, Bob hadn't, 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 is, 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)

Popular Delusions

THAT all vamps are as bad as they're painted.

That all villains go home from work and beat their wives.

That all villains go home from work.

That all foreigners have titles and want money.

That all Americans have money and want titles.

That all city folks are bad.

That all country folks are good.

That all screen heroines wear six diamond bracelets—three on each arm—carry canes and Pomeranians, have French maids, and live with their mothers.

That Hollywood is Little Bohemia.

That you can see Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Lillian Gish and Nazimova strolling down Sunset Blvd. any old time.

That all the good screen stories were used long ago.

That all college men live in rooms papered with pennants and bathing girl photographs.

That all boarding-school girls give fudge parties.

That all old pictures are immeasurably better than those we see today.

That all producers used to be in the fur business. (Some of them used to be in the grocery business.)

That everybody who is anybody in the movies today, began with Griffith.



*Roadster and
Bearcat Models*
\$3250

STUTZ

*Four and Six,
Passenger Models*
\$3350

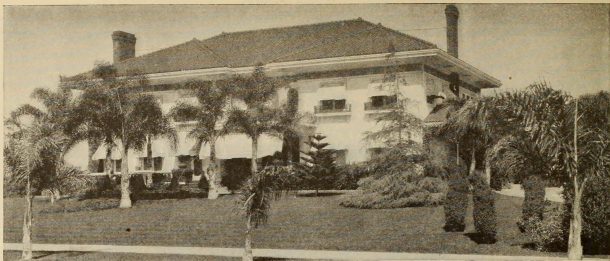
To you who have said: "I have always wanted a Stutz," this announcement of a better car reduced in price from \$3,900 and \$4,000 to \$3,250 and \$3,350, may come as the realization of your greatest motoring ambition.

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.

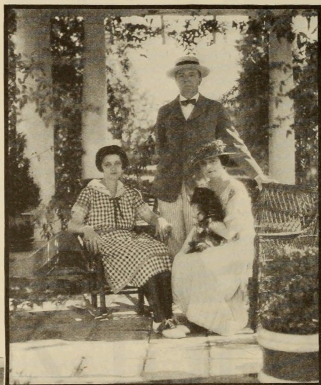
The Stutz representative has a new standard of motoring values to show you in this new Stutz at the new price.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. OF AMERICA, INC.; Indianapolis

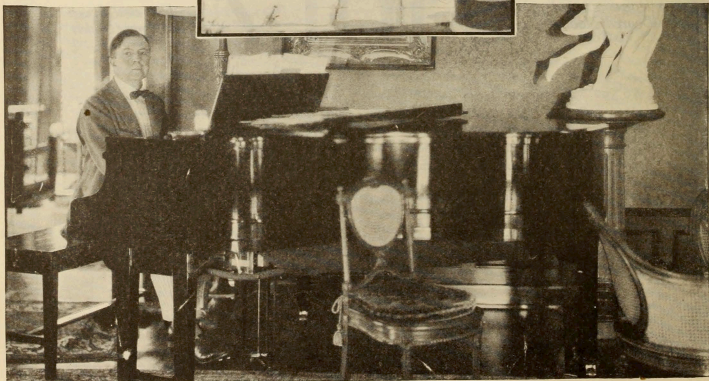


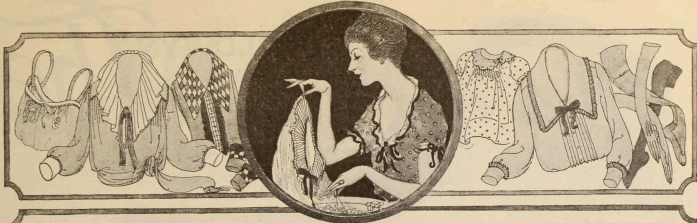
The Rupert Hughes home in Hollywood: representative of the palaces the California film folks live in.

Author!
Author!



THE author, occasionally, has his innings. Sometimes after the first act on the first night of his new play. Sometimes when the royalties roll in, on his best seller. Sometimes—in the movies. Rupert Hughes, an eminent author who lives up to his advertising, is writing and directing his own stories for the screen. And he lives in Hollywood, in a house that looks like of one his own sets. At the left, with his wife and daughter. Below, in his music room.





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.

These directions are now released in our new 20-page booklet, "How to Launder Fine Fabrics." Send for a copy today. It is free. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. S-10, Cambridge, Mass.

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."

Onys 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, 95% of our complaints would disappear."

David Crystal, New York's best known maker of silk sport skirts, writes: "Washing a garment the safe Lux way actually lengthens its life."

*Do you know how to dry cloaked 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 unshrunken."

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 laces 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."

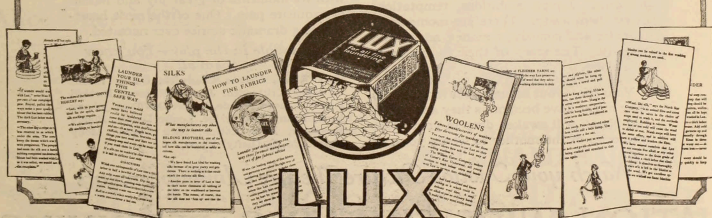
The maker of Mildred Louise Dresses says: "The Lux way of washing quickly and without rubbing is ideal."

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.
Dept. S-10, Cambridge, Mass.



Cannot injure anything pure water alone won't harm

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GOLDWYN
Presents

The



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

Mary Alden, Helene Chadwick, Cullen Landis
Dwight Crittenden, Lucille Ricksen, Richard
Tucker, Laura Lavarnie, Robert DeVilbiss, Johnny
Jones, Fanny Stockbridge, Louise Lovely, Buddy
Messenger, Billie Cotton, Nick Cogley, Molly
Malone, M. B. (Lefty) Flynn.

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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."

To be followed by
Rupert Hughes'
"Dangerous Curve Ahead"

DIRECTED BY
REGINALD BARKER

Sept. 11th • A GOLDWYN PICTURE

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VAMPS OF ALL TIMES

As seen when a modern spotlight is turned upon ancient legends.

By SVETEZAR TONJOROFF

FRICCA was the wife of Wotan, the All-Father. It is recorded that she clung to the old-fashioned custom of taking breakfast 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.

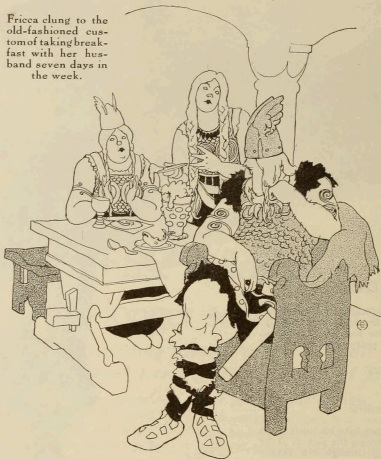
Loki was about to do the last thing any detective ever does, and admit he was wrong, when his keen eyes fell on a memorandum slip on which was jotted down the tell-tale line:

"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-

IV—FRICCA

Fricca clung to the old-fashioned custom of taking breakfast with her husband seven days in the week.



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 success-

fully vamped. 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 Assi, 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 Assi, 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 on account of their extreme gentleness. Let's see . . . F-e-e, fi to fum!"

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.

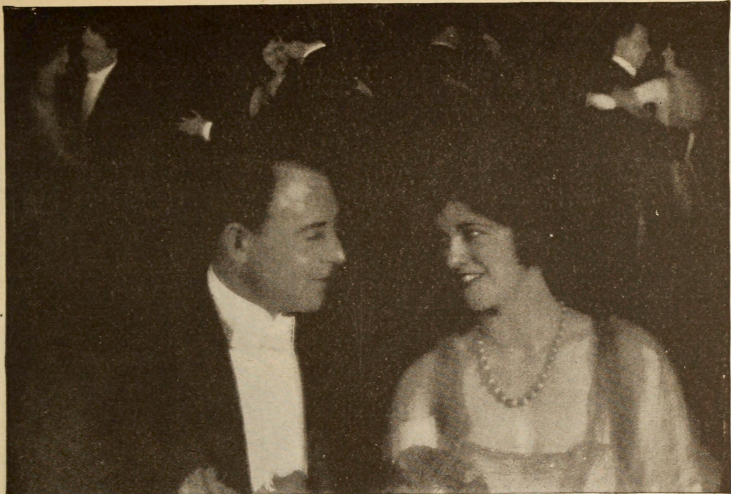
"Mead for the gentlemen," ordered Wotan with true Northern hospitality. When they had been served he announced:

"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, and 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

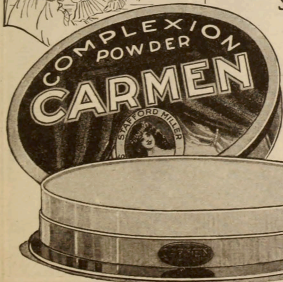
The Final Touch Is Your Complexion at Ease

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.

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

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CARMEN

COMPLEXION POWDER

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

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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 Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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 Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly

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

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, 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 Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

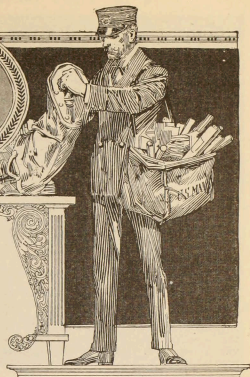
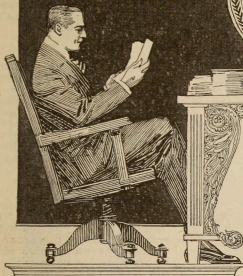
You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



Betty Compson

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



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

BOBBY 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.

CONSUELO, 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 Danish 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 Dorothy Gish and Joseph Schildkraut are the principals in it. Schildkraut is the young Rumanian actor whose performance in the Theater Guild's production of Franz Molnar's play, "Lilom," 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 in March, 1921? Her hair then was 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 more about 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—H. Palmerson Williams'—farm near New Orleans, La., now.

EDWINA.—You are going to start a hair-dressing 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.

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": Jeanne Bodamer, Miss Pickford; Hortense Reeves, Gertrude Astor; Elton Reeves, Wilfred Lucas; Marie, Helen Raymond; Jacques Lanvain, Norman Hammond; Margaret Brewster, Elinor Fair; James Brewster, Adolphe Menjou; Conrad, Peaches Jackson; Constant, Doreen Turner; Billy Boy, John Harron.

Their Bad Habits

BILL HART: that fixed "Hands Up" look.

Katherine MacDonald: that hard-working hauteur.

Wallace Reid: those elliptical eyebrows.

Viola Dana: that painful pout.

Elsie Ferguson: that how-dare-you-sir stuff.

Douglas Fairbanks: that—you guessed it—eternal grin.

Carol Dempster: those Gish-Marsh movements.

May Allison: that injured-innocence expression.

Mae Murray: that cabaret complex involving décolletage *ne plus ultra*.

Universal: Eric von Stroheim.

Cecil B. deMille: boudoir sets.

Griffith: the chased heroine.

Nazimova: directing.

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's seventeen. "Short Skirts" is a recent Walton release. Elaine Hammerstein in "The Girl from Nowhere."

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.

VIRGINIA NEIL.—I am going to inaugurate a new department, which will be run right in these columns. No questions will be answered. But emotions will be stifled, eyes narrowed, laughs provoked, wits sharpened (if possible), remarks pointed, and chances thrown away. Will you be the first contributor? "The Affairs of Anatol" is released. Wallace Reid's hair isn't naturally curly, but it is specially curled for "Peter Ibbotson," which you will see on the screen as "Forever"—at least, that's what they're calling it today. It may be something else again tomorrow.

H. C. S.—Your impression of New York reminds me of a slightly worn, but almost as good as new, story about the Iowa tourist who stood upon the California shore and gazed at the Pacific. "Well, Uncle," said the Native Son, "what do you think of the ocean?" "It's pretty," was the reply. "But," rather wearily, "it ain't as big as I thought it would be." Constance Binney was born in 1899 and has been making pictures since 1918. She and sister Faire made their film debuts in Maurice Tourneur's "Sporting Life."

A. W. B., MONTREAL.—I am sorry you had to wait so long for an answer. But I really am rather busy, between eight a. m. and ten p. m., and your letter must have arrived during that time. Viola Dana? Well, she was born in Brooklyn in 1898, is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 96 pounds, went on the stage at the age of eleven, is the widow of director John Collins, and is with Metro, Hollywood, Cal. Short and snappy—just like Viola.

E. T., CHARLOTTE, N. C.—No. I don't take after my father, but he takes after me sometimes. Agnes Ayres doesn't give her age for publication, but she is about twenty-three, I think. She was recently divorced from the husband nobody knew she had—Captain Frank Schuler. Anna Case is not making any pictures. Norma Talmadge was born in May, 1895, and married in November, 1916.

(Continued)

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-protagonist.

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 every-

body 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.

FAVE 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 1893; 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, Reelart.

(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"



FRANCES WHITE ELIJAH, Chicago Wit Worker, whose photoplay, "The One Man Woman," won First Prize of \$2,500. Mrs. Elijah writes:

"You can understand how grateful I feel to Mr. Read for giving me an opportunity to succeed and how thankful I am to the Palmer institution for having given me a training which made the success possible."



A. EARL KAUFFMAN, Secretary to the Mayor of York, Penna., whose photoplay, "The Leopard Lily," won Second Prize of \$1,500. Mr. Kauffman 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 Charm Trader," won Third Prize of \$1,000. Mrs. Mezquida writes:

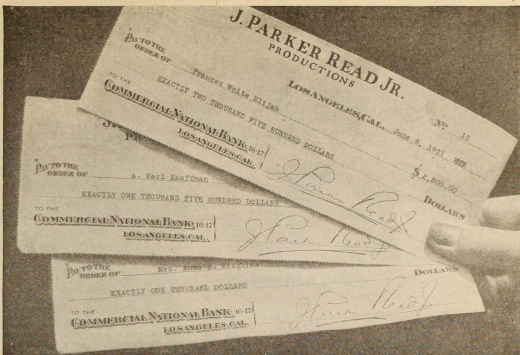
"I should not have known how to go about preparing an acceptable scenario without the Palmer Plan to point the way. Screen technique is so different from that of the short story that they must be learned separately."

THE PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION is primarily a clearing house for the sale of photoplays to producers. It is the industry's accredited agent for testing the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on.

Its Department of Education is a training school for the development of men and women whose ability is worth training. This department is literally combing the country for the right kind of story but talent.

Advisory Council

THOMAS H. INCE
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Palmer students capture every prize

All three winners in the J. Parker Read, Jr., \$5,000 scenario contest attribute their success to the Palmer Course and Service.

THE PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION construes the success of these three students, against a field of nearly 10,000 scenarios submitted, as complete justification for every claim its advertising has made.

You have read that advertising. You know that it has always been our confident claim—and we now renew it with increased faith—that any person possessed of creative imagination, or story telling ability, can be developed into a writer of saleable scenarios by the Palmer Course and Service.

That story-telling gift, which we have discovered in farm houses, city offices, average homes and industrial plants, often exists unknown to its possessor until it has been revealed by the unique test which we require of every applicant before accepting enrollment for the Course.

Developing native story telling ability

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation did not endow Mrs. Elijah, Mr. Kauffman, and Miss Mezquida with their gift; no human agency could do that. What the Course and Service did was to develop it—to teach these students how to use native ability to their lasting satisfaction and profit; and they took the training at home during their spare hours.

And what we did for these three, we have done for many others who are today enjoying fame and income as successful photoplaywrights.

Will you let us test you, free?

If you have ever felt the urge to tell a story for the screen, this may prove the most interesting offer you ever read. In its nation-wide search for story-telling ability suited to the screen, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation will gladly send you without cost or obligation the Van Loan Questionnaire. It is the test that started the three photoplaywrights whose pictures appear on this page on the road to success. From it, we can tell you whether or not you possess the talent we seek. The test is confidential. If you lack the requisite ability, we shall frankly tell you so. We accept for training only those who show real promise of success. It will be a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

We invite you to send for the Van Loan Questionnaire. It may open the way to fame and fortune, and establish you in the most fascinating industry in the world. Use the coupon below, and do it before you forget.

With the questionnaire we will send you a free sample copy of The Photodramatist, official organ of the Screen Writer's Guild of the Author's League, the photoplaywright's magazine.

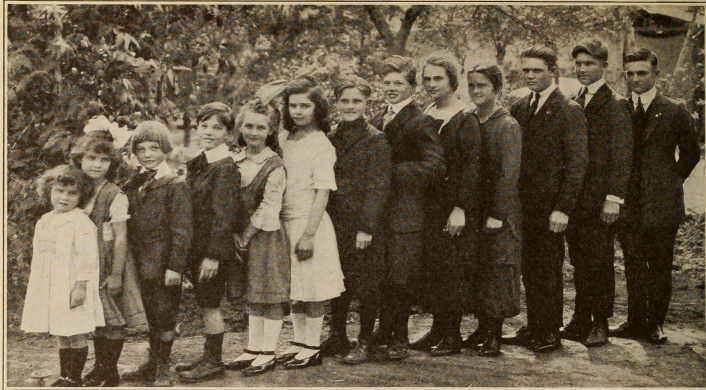
**PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dept. of Education, P. 10
124 West 4th Street, Los Angeles, Cal.**



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 to receive further information about your Course and Service. Also send free sample copy of the Photodramatist.

NAME

ADDRESS



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; Edoard, 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

THEY were going to call "Peter Ibbetson," in its film form, "The Love Dream." Then somebody—probably the office boy—suggested that "The Great Romance" was a great title—in fact, it always had been a great title. So they have decided to call it that. Today, that is.

And in place of Mrs. Dean, the English woman who helps Du Maurier's plot along considerably, Paramount has introduced a Spanish senorita, played by Dolores Costello. Why? Don't ask us.

Yes, we thought so. The "final title" is, at the time of going to press, "Forever."

A CERTAIN film company gives advance showings of its new pictures to a few privileged reviewers. Upon the occasion of the celluloid debut of a slightly-known comedian, the various members of the publicity staff were called into the department head's private office.

"Listen," he said, "I want all of you people to go in there when we're showing that picture to the press. And I want you to laugh, understand? Whether you feel like it or not?"

They laughed, whether they felt like it or not. And the scheme worked, for the reviewers' reviews were not nearly so icy as they might have been—if the poor press-agents hadn't tickled their risibilities with hee-haws and ho-hos to order.

CARMEL MYERS is making a serial— for Vitagraph.

The dusky Miss Myers completed her Universal contract—and left the lot where she had worked for many months.

Well, we always have thought that Miss Myers' abundant gestures and flashing eyes were a little too strenuous for the fragile vehicles in which she has been appearing. But in a serial, Carmel can cavort to her heart's content.

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 upon 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 from 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. Cobb 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 the nightly cleansing, use POND'S Cold Cream—the cream with an oil base.

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 flord 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 out of doors, 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 en-

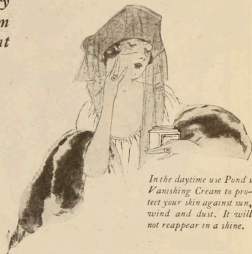
tirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual.

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 clear-



In the daytime use POND'S Vanishing Cream to protect your skin against sun, wind and dust. It will not reappear in a shine.

ness 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.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
127 Hudson St., New York.

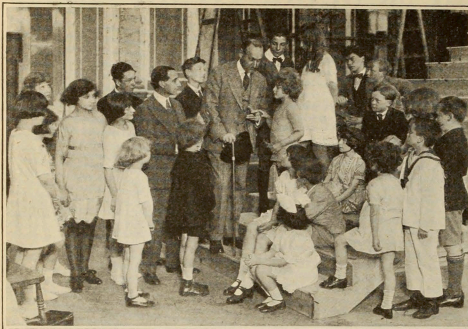
Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

POND'S
Cold Cream &
Vanishing Cream



(Continued from page 78)



Who will play "Peter Pan?" Can you see any one of these children in the role? Director John Robertson went to England to confer with Sir James Barrie about the picturization of Barrie's classic, and was besieged by youthful applicants at the Paramount British studios at Islington.

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 picture stars 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 fannels and spottish 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 spottish, 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— you know I 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, Hopie!" 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 it. 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 considerably less, if anything.

THEDA BARA just won't be interviewed. Particularly by PHOTOPLAY.

The Editor of this Magazine thought she might have something of interest to tell her motion picture public after being away so long. But when approached by a representative upon the subject, Miss, or should we say, Madame Bara, flatly refused to be interviewed.

Perhaps she isn't going to make any more pictures. Perhaps she doesn't care to talk about her new husband, Charles Brabin, her erstwhile director, for publication. Perhaps she remembers—after many years—the interview written by Delight Evans in PHOTOPLAY, "Does Theda Bara Believe Her Own Press Agent?" and the letter she wrote to Miss Evans saying that there was one who avenged all lies, insults and be-

trays—she having construed the truthful statements of facts as "betrayals." And perhaps she even remembers the more recent interview of Agnes Smith, called "The Confessions of Theda Bara," in which Miss Smith brilliantly set forth the truth about Miss Bara—the truth as Miss Smith saw it—that Theda Bara was a remarkable woman, that she had permitted the wild press stories to go out about her for business reasons, and that she was good to her family. These things were not sugar-coated; and apparently Miss Bara likes sugar.

So if you want to read something new about Theda Bara, and what she's going to do for the screen in the future, if anything—you'll have to be disappointed. For she simply won't be interviewed.

ENRICO CARUSO, the world's greatest tenor, died August 2nd, at the age of forty-eight, in his beloved Italy.

Caruso's health had been poor ever since he burst a blood vessel while singing last winter at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. He was stricken with pleurisy soon after, and it was thought he would not live until spring. He rallied, however, and was soon well enough to journey to Italy, where he planned to rest and recuperate at one of his four villas in his native country. He was apparently on the road to recovery when he had a sudden relapse which made an operation imperative. He died in Naples.

His widow was, before her marriage, Miss Dorothy Park Benjamin, daughter of a well-known New York lawyer, who was said to have objected strongly to her becoming Mrs. Caruso, but later relented when little Gloria Caruso was born. The baby accompanied her parents to Italy.

Caruso made two photoplays for Famous Players. "My Cousin" showed him in a dual role.

Through the films and the phonographs, Caruso of the golden voice and genial smile still lives.

FRANCES 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 was Miss Marion's disappointment in her latest picture, "Just Around the Corner," the Fannie Hurst story which she scenarized 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.

Mr. 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.

You know that millions have been LOST through investment in fake motion picture enterprises.

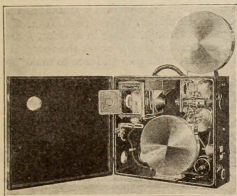
Do you know that an opportunity is now presented whereby you can secure a share in the profits of a legitimate business with an assured minimum return of 8% per annum?

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?

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?

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

8 percent cumulative participating preferred stock.

Par value \$10 per share.

COMMON STOCK:

**1,000,000 par value \$10 per share,
full paid, non-assessable.**

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.

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 the heat rays, prevents heat reaching the film and makes 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, approximate 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 machine has 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

Tangible Assets, \$393,483.29
Total Liabilities, \$4,596.81

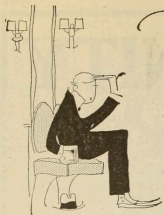
FERGUSON-GODELL & CO., Inc.

28 West 44th Street, New York

Gentlemen:—I am interested in securing, without obligation on my part, further details on Paramount Projector Corporation.

Name _____

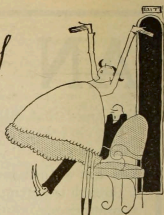
Address _____



Why-Do-They-Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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



Movie Manners

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 as calm and untroubled 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.

This Made the Answer Man Laugh

IN "Mother Eternal," the old gray-haired mother jumped from the wharf, trying to kill herself.

Later on when she had been rescued, a close-up showed that her hair was now decidedly dark. I'd like to find out just where that scene was taken, as I have an aunt who is using sage tea quite unsuccessfully.

CAROL GREGG, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Mix-up

TOM MIX is in jail in "The Ridin' Romeo." He calls his horse to the window, takes the lasso off the saddle, and fastens it around the cot in the cell. Then from a standing start the horse pulls the cot through a brick wall. Then Tom, with the cot still attached, gallops through a gate in a picket fence, but when the cot at the end of the lasso reaches the fence, it stops and pulls Tom off his horse with enough force to make him see stars.

W. B. BUHLMAN, Allendale, N. Y.

Where Did He Get It?

IN "The Foolish Matrons," Wallace MacDonald is shown in a saloon, more than slightly—er—pickled. There is a glass of beer—beer—beside him. A close-up is shown and the glass is empty. After the close-up it is again full.

HAROLD BROOK, Glenbrook, Conn.

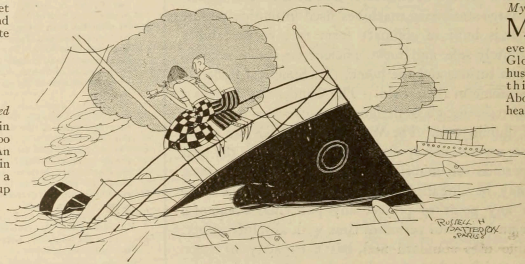
They Called It a Day

IN "The Common Level," during the battle of the Gauls and the Romans, there are several scenes of men falling from their horses. When the dust clears away a second later, no men are to be seen! SARA E. MILLER, Newark, N. J.

My Word, Monte!

MONTE 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.



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 somewhere and makes Florence a cup of hot coffee. Some people have all the luck!

G. C. STEVENS, Chicago.

Rah Rah Rah!

IVE 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.



Federal Student Gets
\$500.00 for a Single Drawing
Made in 12 Hours

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 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 \$500.00 prize. The other prizes were won by artists of international 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 illustrating 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.

GIRLS! GIRLS!

Clear Your Skin

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ESTABLISHED 1892

Vamps of All Times

(Concluded from page 72)

slipped on a simple flowered silk kimono, stole out of the bed-chamber and set to work.

Having summoned Gambara, 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 a great army in battle array. But it was not the Vandals and their spiritual kin that Wotan beheld, but the host of the Winiler.

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 down over their shoulders and chests to look like beards."

"Bright 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 another bright 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 agreeable at the breakfast 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 as the tide of battle turned more and more strongly to the gentle and unresisting Winiler.

Although the mistress of Asgard Hall was a spiritual first cousin to Aphrodite, the First Lady of Olympus Mansions, the two goddesses never met. It was a matter of common report both in the Valhalla Club and in the Old Sports' Corner of the Immortals' Club of Olympus, that Fricca severely disapproved of Aphrodite's methods, and especially of the carryings-on of "that person's" priestesses in the Light-house district of Alexandria. So Fricca refused to meet Aphrodite.

"I may be a Vamp," observed Fricca one

day to the magazine editor of the Asgard Daily Herald, in an interview strictly not meant for publication; "but I hope I try to be a good wife and mother."

Unlike Aphrodite, Fricca was not fond of display. It was admitted even by some of Aphrodite's best friends—her own son Aeneas, for example—that she was somewhat addicted to what the Anglo-Saxons of a later period called "Swank." Nobody outside the family circle ever saw her when she was not posing for a sculptor, and in most cases in the "altogether."

Fricca, on the other hand, much preferred the simple home-life of Asgard Hall to the stiff formality of a temple. Her reception of Queen Ambara in the modest costume of a bondoir cap and a flowered silk kimono on the eve of the Winiler-Vandal battle is an apt illustration of her marked distaste for ostentation.

Except on important state occasions, Fricca kept her crown, her royal robes and the other symbols of her All-Motherly dignity put away in her closet. It is said that on one occasion Wotan, on his return from a celebration at the Valhalla Club, found her polishing the mead-horns in the kitchen.

"What d-does this m-mean, my dear?" he remonstrated; "haven't you got Valkyries enough to do the work?"

"Oh, I gave them an evening off," she responded cheerfully. "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 of sober-minded, motherly matron who was always talking 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 Frowa. From that word is derived the expression "frou-frou"—suggesting the gentle, soothing, unobtrusive yet almost unailing influence by which the wife of the All-Mother achieved her purposes.

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 after she had laid down "The Memoirs of Fricca" which she had just finished reading.

"How like the home life of our dear queen!"

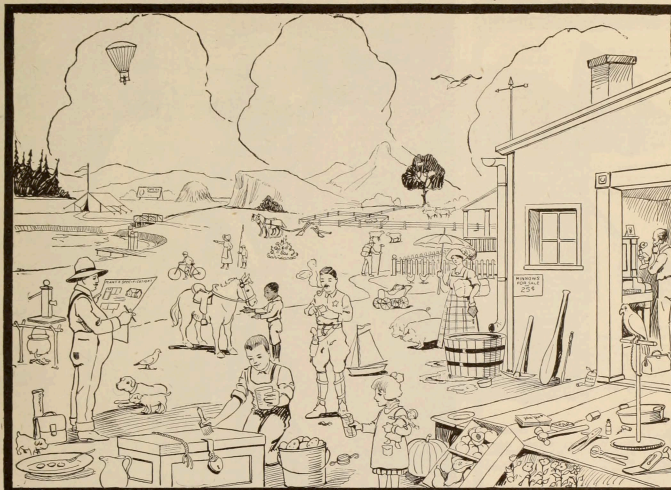
Are Women's Colleges Old-Maid Factories?

Do 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.

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Free on Request

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.
Right after dinner this evening, gather all the members of your family together, give each one of them a pencil and sheet of paper, and see who can find the most "P-Words." We venture to say you will never have as 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 prizes.

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 Famous No-Seam Combination Hot Water Bottle and Fountain Syringe. As a reward for boosting our goods, we are making this special offer, whereby you can win LARGE CASH PRIZES by purchasing ONE or TWO of our Seamless Hot Water Bags.

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If your answer is awarded first prize by the judges, you will win \$20.00, but if you would like to win more than \$20.00, we are making some special cash prize offers during the Big Advertising and Booster Campaign, whereby you can win more than \$20.00 by sending in an order for one or two of our Seamless Hot Water Bottles.

Here's the Plan: Water Bottles you will receive \$300 as your prize, instead of \$20.00; second prize, \$150; third prize, \$75, etc.

Or, if your answer wins first prize and you have purchased TWO hot water bottles (in all \$6.00), you will receive \$1,000 as your prize, instead of \$20; second prize, \$500; third prize, \$250, etc.

Although it is not necessary to send in an order with your answer, yet every home should have one or two of our "No-Seam" Combination Hot Water Bottles. In case of sickness they are indispensable, and the syringe attachment makes it doubly useful. Made of the highest grade red rubber, molded in one piece; it has no seams and will not leak.

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Two Bags for \$6.00

OUR GUARANTEE

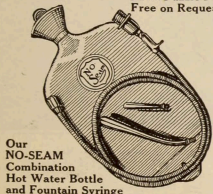
We guarantee our "No-Seam" Combination Hot Water Bag and Fountain Syringe not to leak, if the bag leaks or the fittings become imperfect, we will replace the bag free of charge any time within one year.

THE PRIZES

Winning answers will receive prizes as follows:

	If no bags are purchased	IF ONE \$3.00 bag is purchased	IF TWO \$3.00 bags are purchased
1st prize	\$20.00	\$300.00	\$1,000.00
2nd prize	10.00	150.00	500.00
3rd prize	5.00	75.00	250.00
4th prize	5.00	50.00	125.00
5th prize	5.00	30.00	75.00
6th prize	3.00	20.00	50.00
7th prize	3.00	15.00	40.00
8th prize	3.00	10.00	20.00
9th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
10th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
11th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
12th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
13th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
14th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
15th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00

In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given.
NOTE: In the event the winner of first prize fails to win the full \$1,000 by not having purchased a water bag, the balance of this prize money shall be divided proportionately among the remaining winners who have purchased water bags.



Our
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Hot Water Bottle
and Fountain Syringe

OBSERVE THESE RULES

1. Any person residing outside of Minneapolis and St. Paul, who is not an employe of the W. M. Rubber Co., may submit an answer. It must be mailed to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by September 30, 1921.
3. Answers should be written on one side of the paper only and words numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you desire to write anything else, use a separate sheet.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use hyphenated, compound or obsolete words. Use either the singular or plural, but where the plural is used the singular can not be counted, and vice versa.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used in dissimilar positions. The same object can be named only once. However, any part of the object may also be named.
6. The title of any invention, or a list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter "P" will be awarded first prize, etc. Sentences, style or handwriting have no bearing upon awarding the winners.
7. Candidates may cooperate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; not will prize be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
8. There will be three independent judges having no connection with the W. M. Rubber Co., who will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest, and participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive. The following three respected Minneapolis school teachers, now teaching in the public schools of St. Paul, Minn., have agreed to act as judges of this unique competition.
Miss Matha Chasen Klies,
Miss Lena Gustafson,
Miss Helen Gustafson.
9. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not a W. M. Rubber Bag is purchased.
10. The announcement of the prize winners and the correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to each person purchasing a Rubber Bag.

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 80)

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Our price only

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Send size when ordering.



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Mabel and Polly—pals, even if they are both movie queens. Miss Normand came over to help Miss Frederick with her rodeo for crippled children, directed by Polly at her Beverly Hills estate with an all-star cast. Both are wearing the costumes in which they appeared.

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

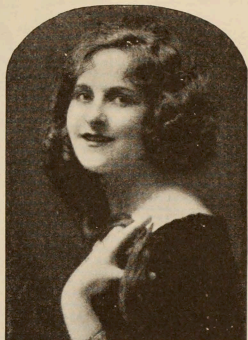
A tiny touch of Simonson's Rouge on cheeks and lips to give the piquant, roseate hue of buoyant health—and finally a thin film of Simonson's Face Powder delightfully fragrant and clinging, to lend charming softness to the complexion.

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-water-proof 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

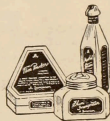
Shampooing is of first importance in the care of the hair. Cleanse the hair and scalp with a refreshing shampoo, using Simonson's Lemon Blossom, Pine, Tar or Castile Shampoo—then

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.

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Plays and Players

(Continued)



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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.)

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Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring



Everybody told Monte Blue how much he looked like Rod LaRocque, so when Rod came to Hollywood, Monte looked him up, and they posed for this picture. The question is: which is Rod and which is Monte?

GARETH HUGHES—of "Sentimental Tommy" fame and now a Metro featured player—is a fine little actor, but he isn't what might be called molded for battle. In a recent picture, a series of reincarnation cut backs gave Gareth the leading role in a battle filled with noise, excitement, murder and sudden death.

In the middle of the scene, young Hughes suddenly threw down his spear, gave a shriek and disappeared at a run toward the cafeteria, where he camped under the counter and declared in frantic tones to all persuasion, "I won't do it. I hate it. I'm an actor, not a prize fighter. I never said I'd play a battling hero and I won't."

It took much persuasion before he could be lured into completing the sequence.

WILL ROGERS, having completed his contract with Goldwyn in June, is to make two reels with his own company.

"I tell you," says Rogers, "critics always say about my pictures there was enough material for good two-reel pictures—or the story could have been told in two reels—or something like that so I just decided I might as well quit feeling around and make two-reelers to begin with."

The film colony of Hollywood is mourning the loss for a time of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hickman (Bessie Barriscale) who have gone to New York to produce a play of Mr. Hickman's with Miss Barriscale in the leading part.

The gorgeous Barriscale home, one of the most elaborate mansions in Los Angeles, was sold at auction as were its beautiful furnishings, and Mr. Hickman and Miss Barriscale have flitted. They were one of the most popular couples in the screen circles and everybody is already beginning to miss them.

A Single Drop Lasts a Week

Flower Drops the most exquisite perfume ever produced. Made from flowers. A single drop lasts a week. Bottle like picture with long glass stopper, Lilac or Crebasade, \$1.00; Lily of the Valley, Rose or Violet, \$2.00; Romanas, our latest Flower Drops, \$2.50. Above odors in half oz. bottles \$3.00, one oz. \$5.00. Send 25c stamps or silver for miniature bottle. *Rieger's Flower Drops Toilet Water* \$1.00 large 6 ounce hexagonal bottle.



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BOTTLE 20¢

Plays and Players

(Continued)

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 search—and discovered, not her brother Jack, but her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, perched on a rafters 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 Schuker, a Captain in the army whom Miss Ayres married in Brooklyn about three years ago.

A PROMINENT young celluloid luminary had, in a moment of madness, consented to be "shown" a small middle-western city when 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 over-run with swimming parties this hot month. Everybody who has a swimming pool—and numerous screen celebrities have—is enjoying it 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 with curving completeness—Mabel Normand, 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, taffeta 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 minnow, 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.

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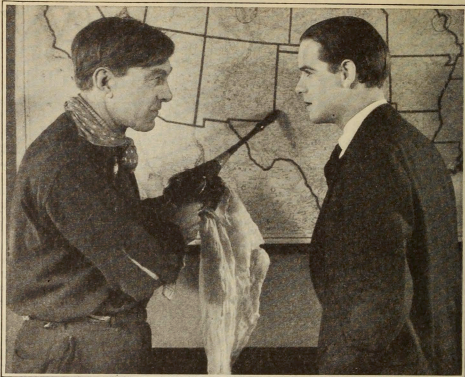
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College Women?**

If anything? Are they more successful in their careers than women who have never gone to college? Could the college girls you know qualify for motion pictures? You'll find the absorbing answer in PHOTOPLAY for November.

Plays and Players

(Continued)



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 Santa 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 started 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 bridge path.

The alarm was sounded and within a few hours posses 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 unscratched and that it was strange if she was lying on the hill for thirty-five hours 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.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

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 post card 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.



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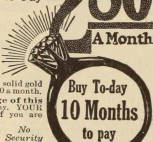
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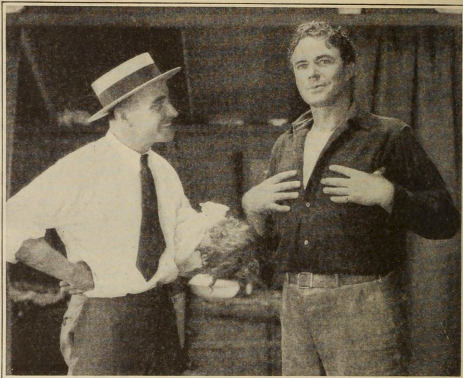
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Plays and Players

(Continued)



House Peters is the proud father of a baby girl. His director, Frank Lloyd, has a little daughter, and he feels the same way about her.

LEW CODY returned to Los Angeles this week to make personal appearances with his last production "A Dangerous Pastime." Mr. Cody's one desire seems to be—if his apparently heartfelt speech is to be taken seriously—to reform entirely, at least on the screen. He says he doesn't want to be a male vamp any more, that he doesn't believe in male vamps, that he never intends to vamp any woman again on the screen and that the public can rest in peace with the assurance that from now on they are going to see him in good clean, outdoor roles.

"WAY DOWN EAST" will be a "program picture," after all. At first it was announced that the Griffith drama would be shown throughout the country except as a "road show," in special theaters and with top prices. But Griffith himself, in making the change, said: "This action is taken because we feel that present conditions dissuade any producer from taxing the public too greatly. A fair reduction is \$1.00 a seat for all theatrical productions, making the \$3.00 seats \$2.00, and the \$2.00 seats only \$1.00."

THERE seems now to be no doubt of the separation of Gloria Swanson and her husband, Herbert Somborn, formerly connected with Harry Garson's company.

Miss Swanson and her ten-months-old daughter, Gloria 2nd, are living at the Beverly Hills Hotel, but Mr. Somborn evidently is not. It is understood that he has taken up his residence at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

The beautiful deMille star married Mr. Somborn—who came to Hollywood from New York to enter the executive end of pictures—were married about two years ago, at which time it was rumored that Miss Swanson had refused the hand of one of the richest young men of the millionaire Pasadena set, to marry Somborn.

No legal action has been taken and it is not known whether or not Miss Swanson contemplates any.

What the cause of the break in this matrimonial tie may be, her closest friends do not seem to know, but it is rumored that temperamental incompatibility is the basic cause. Miss Swanson and Elinor Glyn—the famous English authoress who is now in Hollywood and has written some plays for Gloria—have become close friends and Madame Glyn does not believe in marriage for artists, since she claims that "marriage is good and art is good, but they do not appear to assimilate to perfection." Her theory is that great artists must not be bound within the narrow walls of domesticity.

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK is bankrupt. He admits it, via the courts. He had better hurry up and make that picture, "The Beauty Shop." As Eric von Stroheim would probably say, "It's never too late to spend."

THE first get-together meeting of church and film folk was held Monday evening, July 18th, in the Immanuel Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles, under the auspices of the Immanuel Brotherhood, with H. J. Middaugh, president of the Brotherhood presiding.

Everything was grand and friendly—everybody made speeches—and everybody on both sides decided that when the church began to co-operate actively with the motion picture industry in a real effort to obtain better pictures, better pictures would undoubtedly be obtained and censorship rendered an unnecessary evil.

Questions on censorship were threshed out, with the ultimate decision that a concerted and well directed effort on the part of the churches would soon bring about pictures which would need no censorship, thus eliminating the evils that censorship is bound to bring and achieving the same good.

The church leaders suggested another meeting in the near future to outline a plan to carry out this theory and to spread it to national churches.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

DICK BARTHELMESS, in his first starring story, "To'able David," by Joseph Hergesheimer, doesn't need to use any make-up at all. "David" is a son of the soil, hardy and brown. Dick acquired a wonderful sunburn in the surf—near his home at Rye, New York. In fact, the Barthelmess sunburn is so wonderful that Dick prefers not to discuss it at all, much less think about it. It is of the burn-and-then-peel variety.

Dick and Mary, by the way, are very happy. They are both keen about tennis and swimming and each other.

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.

Wally with a marcel wave! Bet "Peter Ibbetson" is Mr. Reid's most unpopular picture.

ACCORDING to newspaper reports, Florence Lawrence, once the First Lady of the films, who recently staged a come-back, 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 Police 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—Realtor

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



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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.

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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.

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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.

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ALL the sweet delicacies of Wistaria Blossoms is impressed in Vantine's Wistaria Toilet Water.

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

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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.



(Concluded)



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film, evidently disowned it. So now it is called Irish propaganda. Whatever its political significance, it resembles nothing so much as a fourteen reel Ben Turpin comedy without the talented Ben. If this is a specimen of the real Spirit of '76, how did we ever manage to win the Revolution?

SUCH A LITTLE QUEEN—Realt

THIS is no world-beater. But it's just the thing for a children's program; a light, clean, sweet little film, with the adorable Constance Binney queening it, the old plot bolstered up to modernity, and Vincent Coleman swaggingly effective as the Little Queen's King.

MARY TUDOR—World

A GERMAN film, with all the artistry of its predecessors—the tale of Bloody Mary of England, after Victor Hugo's drama. The simplicity of the sets is amazing, the acting is very good, and the direction, by whom we don't know, is smooth and dramatic. Ellen Richter as Mary is not a Pola Negri in beauty or ability, but she is better than any American actress could be in the role, and she has her moments of real power.

GREATER THAN LOVE—

Associated Producers

A RISQUE story, purporting to teach a moral lesson, and really doing nothing of the sort. The producer left out actually offensive scenes, but put in everything else. The reformer of a houseful of painted ladies, with Louise Glaum billed as "The Unregenerate" forms the nucleus of the plot, and a nice quiet suicide is thrown in for good measure. Don't encourage this type of film.

MORAL FIBER—Vitagraph

ALL our best heroines are plotting revenge these days. Corinne Griffith is the latest fair plottor, with Catherine Calvert the dark-eyed Cause of it All. These two young women are superior to this type of melodrama, which, even in their hands bears the mark of the commonplace. They could do something really worth while together with an author to lend a helping hand. Joe King and Harry C. Browne brighten things for feminine fans.

SINGING RIVER—Fox

FIST fights and gun play. A sheriff with a daughter. Another sheriff. A villain. Several more villains. A red-blooded hero—William Russell, who has drawn down a price upon his head and has a hectic time getting rid of it—the price, of course. Time-traveled melodrama for those who enjoy it. Vola Vale is its beauty spot.

THE MYSTERY ROAD—

British Paramount

A NOTHER scenic, under the guise of a feature photoplay. Possibly when the British producers have filmed all their scenery, they will send us some real stories. But we may be disappointed before that time arrives. Here are views of England, France, Monte Carlo and David Powell. Well, if we must have scenes, we are glad David is in 'em.

HURRICANE HUTCH—Pathe

FEATURES come and features go, but the serial goes on forever. Charles Hutchinson is author and star of this one, a

typical "thriller" which wastes no time on plot, but is crowded with daring adventure. No risk too great for Charles, and his most exacting followers will acclaim this a sure-fire-hit. Warner Oland and Lucy Fox complete the triangle. George B. Seitz, director.

DANGER AHEAD—Universal

YOU can see this one with your eyes shut. It's all about the innocent country girl, the villainous artist—there is no happy medium in artists, you know, they are either villainous or virtuous—and the rich but honorable hero. We're still wondering where Universal "found" Mary Philbin, its new star, and why? But there is one good thing about this picture—Jimmy Morrison.

MAN TRACKERS—Universal

A GAIN, the Northwest Mounted Police, but not even their presence can make so sadly jumbled an affair as this acceptable. Too many villains for the length of the story, our hero bringing in his man after the audience has forgotten what all the shooting is for. The youngsters can see it. It's not pernicious, just tiresome. George Larkin and Josephine Hill head the "all-star cast."

THE MAN WHO—Metro

THE title means little. The photoplay tells. Our hero, in a much padded story, succeeds in reducing the High Cost of Living by going barefoot. Attempt is made at comedy, but Bert Lytell is not funny without his shoes. The children may safely see this, but they'll be bored. Virginia Valli and Lucy Cotton lend assistance, pictorially.

CRAZY TO MARRY—Paramount

THE sort of comedy that causes one to wonder where the blame should be placed, whether with author, star or director. Roscoe Arbuckle tries hard to be funny and succeeds occasionally, but for the most part it is an uninspired piece of work, recalling early Keystone days when a few comedy policemen and an automobile chase made a picture. Lila Lee and Bull Montana appear for contrast.

DEVOTION—Associated Producers

OR "The Tale of Two Sisters." One marries for love, the other for money. Both have a sorry time. The story is mediocre, both direction and continuity are bad, and though Hazel Dawn and E. K. Lincoln put up a worthy struggle, the odds are against them. Why do producers give us this sort of stuff? Hardly suitable for the children, though not offensive.

MAID OF THE WEST—Fox

A TYPICAL Fox farce, with an aviator, a maiden fair, a mysterious robbery and various other things to keep the camera grinding for the necessary five thousand feet. It's quite lively. The children, particularly, will enjoy it.

THE SAILOR—Fox

NOT as entertaining as former Clyde Cook efforts. The first reel contains but few amusing situations and these are overworked. The second reel, with Clyde shipwrecked on a cannibal isle, is much better, though the comedy lacks spontaneity, at times. Rate this as average.

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 new 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? Between a man and his dearest 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 I'll bet 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



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Send your name and address today for our new 120 page book, showing hundreds of unmatchable diamond bargains. **Cost absolutely nothing!** We will send you our bonus plan.

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Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you so I have a chance for over 2,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most certain cure for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my **Fairfoot** treatment **Free**. I don't care how many so-called cures, ointments or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—I you have not tried my remedy, I will send you such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send it to you **absolutely FREE**. It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears. Write today if you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. Just send your name and address and **Fairfoot** will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.

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me. I don't think, as matters are, that it's fair for you to keep me guessing any longer. Of course, Phil loves me. 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 City Hall 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 commission. Attractive, wasn't 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—after getting 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 that lie. Why—don't you 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 hated 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 had to send Bob Otis away. And I was sorry, because it hurt him.

'Yes, that's why he went abroad. I said he wanted to get 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, for happiness, I had.'

'Betty, you're too deep for me. What on earth were you waiting for?'

'You silly—I was waiting 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 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 I had done a wonderful, a noble thing. 'I never thought so much of you in my life, Betty,' he told me. 'To think of your sending him away like that, when you loved him.'

'I didn't love him,' I said. 'If I had, I'd have married him.'

I don't think Phil knew just what to make of that. But he kept on coming to see me, night after night, and I began to hope that things might turn out the way I'd always dreamed. I wouldn't even let him hold my hand, of course, although if

I'd been as big a fool, as I was before, I'd have been in his arms in two minutes.

'Love is a mighty queer game, Polly. Remember that. I tell you. A man always values things by the difficulty he has in getting them. Even diamond tiaras wouldn't be worth anything if you could pick them up on every street corner. The truth of the matter was that Phil loved me, and I had loved him, from the beginning, but just because I'd been fool enough to make myself cheap, he concluded I wasn't worth anything. When I refused Bob Otis, with all his millions, it opened his eyes. But still he wasn't sure.'

'It was touch and go, for weeks. I'd nearly lost him, of course. And there were times when I just ached to feel his arms about me—when I was weak, and silly, and almost ready to take what I could get, rather than hold out for something I wasn't sure of at all. But I did hold out, just the same. I said to myself, day after day, 'Betty, you're going to be Phil's wife, or an old-maid—one or the other.'

'Then last night came, just when I was beginning to give up hope, and without any preliminaries whatever, he said, 'Betty, I want you to marry me!' Just like that. Then he took my hand, and I let him. I felt just like crying, too, for I'd waited so long to hear him say it, and sometimes I thought he never would. I don't suppose I deserved it, either. But Phil, thank God, really cared.'

'So I looked at him as well as I could, for my eyes were a little misty, right then, and said, 'Yes, Phil, I'll marry you—if you want me to.'

'That didn't seem to satisfy him, though.'

'I don't want you to marry me, because of anything in the past,' he said. 'I'm not asking you about that account. If you say 'yes' I want it to be because you love me. Do you, Betty?'

'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 we all thought you were after Bob Otis. I'm glad, dear—mightily glad, even though Phil hasn't any money. It's all come out for the best. But what I can't understand is, why you carried on with 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 dear, silly goose, I arranged 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 chance, 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, "It is because I am the greatest actor in the world."

A few days later some of his friends bugged him about the mighty high opinion of himself expressed in the statement. "I know it must have sounded somewhat conceited," he explained, "but I was under oath, so what could I do?"—Boston Transcript

You Never Know Your Luck

(Continued from page 21)

necessary 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 Tafe) 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 an 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 ability on an Ingram set and go undiscovered 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 her importance and doubtful of her own ability, she was cast for the part of Marguerite Laurier in "The Four Horsemen." Her remarkable work in this picture made her famous; and the part of Eugénie Grandet in Mr. Ingram's latest picture, "The Conquering Power," secured her a throne on the cinema Olympus.

Thus ends the story of Alice Terry's early struggles. She is no longer suppressed by worries, but though she is making a bit more than the \$18 a week she received in her cutting-room days, she lives quietly with her mother in the heart of Los Angeles five miles from the studios, and does not own a motor. There is no chance of her contracting 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!"

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Don't forego the pleasure of outdoor life because the sun and wind coarsen and roughen your skin. The regular use of Resinol Soap and Ointment is almost sure to offset these effects. Resinol Soap rides the pores of dust and oil, and Resinol Ointment soothes the chapped and roughened skin.

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Is made and to a soft, clear, healthy skin. Used as a makeup, it overcomes dryness and the tendency to wrinkle. Also takes out the sting and overcomes coarseness of wind-blown sand.

Lotions and Ichthyol Soap and Malvina Cream to improve your complexion. At all druggists, or sent, quantity or parcel of price. Cream 50c, Lotion 60c, Soap 30c.

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You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "The Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. B. M. Bogus, 3629 Duquesne Bldg., 1147 N. Hill St., Indianapolis.

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 62 and 63.

HENRIETTA, COLUMBUS.—Yes, your skirts are to be longer. In fact they are already, in Paris. Mrs. Lydige Hoyt, upon her return from the French fashion center, told us that Paris decrees that the short skirts are no longer a la mode. Carol Dempster, the little film 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 Compton, 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 wish to know more about them, write to me. If you have brown hair and brown eyes, and a good complexion, there are very few colors you cannot wear. Blue, I think, should be your color—any and all shades.

RUTH L., OAK PARK.—Until I read that part of your letter in which you said you had little natural color in your cheeks and did not care for the other kind, I was about to suggest that you make your informal evening dress of black. But neither black nor white would be as becoming to you as jade green or pink. I am sure the green would be charming. As for the style, please look up the first of those three evening gowns sketched on page 60 in the September issue. This is a delightful dress for a young girl.

MRS. O., FRANKFORT, MICH.—I am answering most of your questions by mail. But I want you to be sure to look at the gait suit, sketched in my department, in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Knickers are the newest, smartest, and most sensible things for sports!

MISS HELEN L. C., OLD MISSION, MICH.—You ask so very many questions. I am going to answer some in the Magazine and others by mail, if you don't mind. For a girl of your type, which you give me to understand is not the fluffy, frilly flapper, simple, straight lines would be more becoming than intricate drapes. Do not make your evening gown so low. Young girls should wear the neck line that 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, as you suggest, why not 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 banged 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. Gingham 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, dresses of serge and tricotine made in the simplest possible style are the thing for a fourteen-year-old.

CURLY LOCKS.—So the hair-dresser told you bobbed hair was out of style! The doubtless meant that women of all sizes and ages are no longer rushing madly 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., BINSKARTHE, 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

AMONG 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 tragicomic story of the Englishman who invented the derby hat—or, as our British cousins say, 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 projected a gigantic comedy upon its groundwork. The comedy got no farther than preliminary sketches. But what is of especial interest is that Rostand had planned this piece for one actor only—an actor, at that, whom he had never seen in person. It was to be placed at his disposal to do up the stage any time he saw fit. The actor: Charlie Chaplin.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

How I Keep In Condition

(Continued from page 39)

to make the American woman exercise, and only two, 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 fiend. 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 refreshes 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 crops 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 your system will regulate the diet itself. Have your breakfast, luncheon and dinner on the dot if possible—set an hour, at least, where you are most apt to be able to keep it. Then, you see, you will eat only what you need. Your body will call for its proper amount of nourishment, and no more.

Be regular at your meals.

I have breakfast at 7:30—luncheon at 12:15 and dinner at seven. I eat whatever I want, of good wholesome foods. I do not believe in trick diets unless there is something wrong that needs to be corrected. That is getting in condition.

But my system of keeping fit is not an expensive one. It is true that I am earning a large salary. But I am not spending it. My mother and I live on the same scale, have varied our expenses very little since we—Mary MacLaren, my sister and I—were earning very little.

So that any woman of moderate means can follow this program.

Fresh air, of course, goes with it all.

And it ought to insure to any woman who is not organically wrong, perfect physical well being.



You Will See 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, and your teeth. See and feel the delightful results and judge what they mean to you.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. 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.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of internal troubles.

Removes the film

It removes the film—that viscous 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 dentifice 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 viscous 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.

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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.

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

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Every
Womans
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**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 ready for instant use. Therefore, cleanly, convenient and most simple to apply. It works equally well for removing hair from face, neck, arms, under-arms or limbs.

FREE BOOK—with testimonials of eminent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists and medical journals, explains how De Miracle devitalizes hair, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

Only genuine De Miracle 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 \$2.08, which includes our tax.

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306 Federal Schools Building,
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**THE
Quirrel Cage
by
A. GNUT**



AN American tourist in Scotland took a great fancy to a handsome collie he saw, and offered to buy it. The owner asked some questions, and on learning that it was the would-be purchaser's intention to take "Jock" to America, he also made a bid for the collie, which, though less than the first offer, was accepted. The American was annoyed, and when the Englishman had departed, he said, "You told me you wouldn't sell your dog."

"Na, na," replied the canny Scot. "I said I couldn't part with him. Jock'll be back in a day or two, never fear. But he couldn't swim the Atlantic."
—London Opinion.

AN American politician, who at one time served his country in a very high legislative place, passed away, and a number of newspaper men were collaborating on an obituary notice. "What shall we say of him?" asked one of the men.

"Just put down that he was always faithful to his trust."

"Yes," answered another of the group, "that's all right, but are you going to give the name of the trust?" —*The Argonaut (San Francisco).*

MEN have been known to eat butterflies, white ants, frogs, June bugs, white mice dipped in honey, mole soup, birds' nests, locusts, snails, cooked chrysaltheimms, and so on.

In the island of Formosa dogs' feet are considered a great delicacy. People who read this may be horrified, forgetting that they like pigs' feet themselves.

In this country we employ bees only as manufacturers of honey, but in Guiana, when a Negro is stung by a bee, he proceeds to catch as many of the insects as he can and devour them in revenge.

The natives of Ceylon hang a torch beneath a beak-tree hanging to a tree, catch the bees as they drop, take them home, and boil and eat them.—*Tit-Bits (London).*

MR. I. G. NORANT (to dealer in antiques): "Two thousand years old? You can't kid me! Why it's only 1921 now!" —*Tit-Bits (London).*

A PROMINENT New York debutante recently ordered "four seats on the aisle" at the theater. When her party arrived at the performance they were surprised to find themselves cramped in columns instead of a row. Nothing daunted, the debutante turned to the bored, middle-aged man next to her. Surely he would not mind changing with her friends in front.

"I beg your pardon," she said politely. "No reply. He must be deaf."

"I beg your pardon," she repeated, louder. "Still no reply. He must be deaf."

He took out a pencil and wrote on his program: "That's my wife on the other side of me. Safety first." —*New York Evening Post.*

TWO women, previously unacquainted, were conversing at a reception.

After a few conventional remarks the younger exclaimed: "I can't think what has upset that tall man over there. He was most attentive to me just now, and now he won't even glance at me."

"Perhaps he saw me come in," said the other. "He's my husband." —*Tit-Bits (London).*

A YOUNG lady in search of her husband, particularly the lived in Massachusetts where there are only ninety-six and a fraction men to every hundred women, would do well to consult the Census Bureau. "The Literary Digest." There she would learn that in Nevada men outnumber women by nearly half; that is, she would have a better chance by one out of a half times (theoretically) of getting a life partner in the Sagebrush State. In Georgia, however, there seems to be just about the right number of each sex to go around; the average for the whole country, according to Washington figures, is 104 men to every 100 women.

"S-H-A-L-L I go over the top?" asked the talkative barber, poisoning his shears.

"Yes, as soon as your gas-attack is over," answered the weary customer. —*The American Legion Weekly.*

THE old wheeze about a robber holding up a policeman, who comes true. It happened right here in Los Angeles. We lead the world! —*Los Angeles Times.*

FIRST Doughboy—"Did you have trouble with your French while in Paris?"

Second Ditto—"No, but the Parisians did!" —*Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati).*

"Oh, my dear, your skirts are creeping up!"

"Well, you know how it is—I want to but little here below, nor wants that little long." —*Bulletin (Sydney).*

"MADAM says she puts her very heart into her cooking." "She must have been heavy-hearted when she made this cake." —*Boston Transcript.*

AS long ago as 1857 the Philological Society (philology is the science of language) decided to begin the work of compiling a great dictionary which should contain every word in our language.

A week or two ago the last word of the New English Dictionary was written. Nine huge volumes have already been published; the tenth and last will be on sale in 1923.

Sixty-three years will have passed between the first approval of the giant scheme and its completion. More than twelve thousand pages, each of which measures about twelve inches by nine, densely covered with small print, are the results of the labors of those who worked upon the dictionary.

Half a million words are catalogued and explained in it; and the ways in which they are used are shown by means of two million quotations from English writers of all ages.—*Tit-Bits (London).*

TWO ancient coins were found clasped in the hand of a skeleton unearthed during excavations in London. It is thought to be the remains of the first Scotsman to visit the metropolis.—*The Passing Show (London).*

"MADAM," said a man standing in the street car, "why do you persist in punching me with your umbrella?"

"I want to make you look round so I can thank you for giving me your seat. Now, sir, don't go off and say that women haven't any manners." —*Boston Transcript.*

A NEW YORK jeweler foiled a bandit by biting him. Barking at bandits doesn't do much good. We have to make it snappy.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

THE comedian was bantering the young actor.

"Ah, well," said the latter, with great self-satisfaction. "So far, the profession has brought me bread and butter."

"And eggs, Arthur—and eggs!" said the comedian. —*Tit-Bits (London).*

THE fellow who received a letter from the government of Scotland was most importunate.

"Did you not know, my dear fellow, that the government of France must have felt very much relieved to know that he was no longer lying dead on foreign soil?" —*The Argus (Seattle).*

A SUDDEN sound of whistling disturbed the slumberous air of the classroom, and the strains of "I'm for ever blowing bubbles" floated over forty small heads bent above forty small states.

"Who's that whistling?" screamed the teacher, as she recovered from her surprise.

"It's just mazel," answered Sandy Macpherson, with a very Scotchly importunableness. "Did ye no ken ah cud whistle!" —*Tit-Bits (London).*

A MERCHANT was recently persuaded to purchase an excellent parrot. This one had traveled far and could jabber in several foreign tongues. He ordered it next morning. The name day of his wife had ordered a fresh spring chicken for dinner. On leaving the house she said to the cook: "Mary, there's a bird coming for dinner. Bring its neck and have it fried hot for Mr. Richards when he gets home." Unfortunately the parrot arrived first and Mary followed instead of the chicken. "What a fine bird!" said the merchant. "This bird could speak seven languages." "Then, phwy the devil didn't he say something?" asked Mary.—*Exchange.*

THE charwoman's husband (at door)—"The missis is very ill, ma'am, and won't be able to come this week."

Lady—"Oh, I am sorry, George. Nothing very serious, I hope."

The Charwoman's Husband—"Well, ma'am, she was so bad last night I 'ad to go to the pictures by myself." —*Punch.*

HE began to suspect that the War Department might lead the slacker list and printed the Roll of Honor as a substitute.—*New York Times.*

"WHAT sort of a time is your friend having on his motor tour?"

"Great! I've had only two letters from him—one from a police-station and the other from a hospital." —*The Bulletin (Sydney).*

What the Well-Dressed Man Will Wear

(Continued from page 49)

A wide latitude is permitted in vests; even I am permitted in one, securing my special brand from the manufacturer of Ringling's circus tents. The fashionable gray shade in vests is favored by stout men who dine out a lot. For the ultra-economical, a crazy-quilt design that embraces all the courses from soup to nuts is coming more and more to dominate. These, however, may ultimately be replaced by white vests provided with two secret hoods each, upon which napkins may be hung.

The hard-boiled, or corrugated-bosomed shirts will still be worn with evening clothes, I learn. The movement started by the Movie Leading Men's Union to inaugurate a new style of stiff shirt provided with a hinge located midway between cravat and belt-line seems doomed to failure. In bending over the fair ingenues' hands, they will still have to take their chances. Men of noble blood, on the screen, will indicate the same when wearing evening clothes by a long piece of red ribbon running from the southeast corner of the shirt to the left shoulder in much the same way as the soldiers carried their packs during the Spanish-American War (see Life of T. Roosevelt). A few medals, which may be found in any "prop" room, will help declat.

Among the most interesting come-backs in current masculine fashions is that of the bandana handkerchief. A year ago, white linen was the proper thing to blow in, and the old bandana was in favor only in Bill Hart pictures and Boy Scout circles. Today colored silk crepe bandanas may be found in the hip pockets of the elite—sometimes they are the only things found there.

After suffering a temporary decline, frock coats are coming into their own, particularly among married men, who somehow do not enjoy the same independence in selecting garments for semi-formal wear as those single-blissers who can rush into a shop, buy whatever they like, and boldly take it home without fear of censorship. Undertakers, Sunday School superintendents, and movie directors off-duty will continue to wear the frock coat. The younger actor set has voted against it. What are the young people of today coming to? If anything.

I often receive inquiries as to what colors or color combinations in men's wear the Parisian designers are kitting to, and I wish to make a general statement that this season no color seems to dominate. The colors are as peaceful as a Ladies' Aid meeting before the first lady gets up and leaves. The blacks and the whites are lying down together. The smart set in London, I hear, is wearing a new kind of green evening suit. This, is probably Sinn Fein propaganda.

However, in the matter of colors it pays to be discreet. One should not, for instance, wear an orange tie and socks to match on St. Patrick's Day or affect a red flannel shirt when passing through a field containing one or more bulls. Speaking of the latter my friend Bull Montana tells me that cerise socks and gray cloth-topped boots will be all the rage this summer. But somehow I cannot credit this.

If the above remarks have helped you in any way with your, or your husband's summer and fall shopping, please do not hesitate to let me know. I can stand anything. With a little care and a good barber, there is no reason why any man shouldn't be as well dressed as Larry Semon, Bull Montana, or myself. I've revealed the secrets, the *la modus operandi*, as it were.

Now, go to it!



How the movies gave to shoes new charm and daintiness

DAINTY 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. 885—"The Dancer."
Of distinguished grace in this one strap model with match yellow Louis' heel. In black satin, kid or patent leather. Price \$10.00

Model No. 812—"The Holyoke."
A smart smart, always comfortable shoe, this model is a joy to wear. In copper-colored aluminum calf, with topiatic perforated tip and silk straps. Price \$8.00



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A smooth, clinging quality, truly unusual
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an attractive booklet
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A real opportunity. Write
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30



His looks brought him money in the bank, diamonds on the hand, and
automobiles in the repair shop.

A New Perfume!

Honolulu Bouquet

YOU will be delighted to hear of the
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as makers of the choicest perfumes that
can be produced. The new odor is

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Lovers of good perfume wear a treasure
charmed with its fragrance, an exqui-
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Try it with our positive guarantee that if you are
not delighted, or if the perfume does not exactly suit
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Send No Money

Simply send us your name and address. We will send you this
small half-ounce bottle. When you receive it, send your
name and address to the post office. We will post-
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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 Tommie.
There's Tony.

And there's our hero—
Luis Montagna, by baptism.

Bull Montana, by popular acclaim.
"Boo! 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
of course. 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, 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
acting as a wrestler. Dramatic critics al-
ways refer to him as a wrestler and sporting

writers always refer to him as an actor.

Wrestling improved what nature had
begun. There was a wonderful face to
start 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.

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, ples.' I look him and laugh. 'Ev'rybody know me, Judge, your Honor,' I say. 'Look me over, you see here Bool Montan', 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 someday, maybe.

"I say, 'Goo' by,' and walk out fast to go find out who Mist' Volstead get to write dat Constitution for him."

Ball 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

"THE 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 extremes of present day 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."



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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.

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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.

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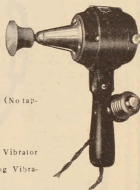
Just write your name and address on the coupon. When you receive the Vibrator you pay the postman \$5.00—we pay the postage. Thousands of people will immediately take advantage of this offer. In order to be one of the lucky ones, fill out and mail the coupon today, right now.

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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.

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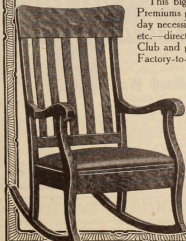
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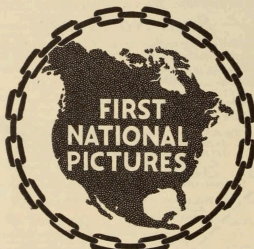
"The Invisible Fear"

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.

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This is a nation-wide organization of independent theatre owners who 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 attire 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 their corduroy bloomers from the same gent's 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 citizenfixits are blaming every unsolved crime onto the "influence of the movies" it may be well—amid the smiles that intelligent persons 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 optic 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 developed a savage propensity of kicking and striking her nurse; analyzed, the baby had seen her father and mother laugh at such antics in the theater, and thought it funny enough for anyone to do.

Of course, here is a proposition on which no definite exhortation can be given; no definite rule laid down. In general, all physical humor is ill-mannered, and derives its very zest from such burlesque of gentility. But there are comedians—and again, comedians. And certainly some of those who dance across the vacant cloth are to be discouraged as tutors of a future breed of boors and uncouth aboriginals.



LASHBROW

It is the original and only genuine preparation for growing and beautifying the eyebrows and lashes—gives womanly beauty its crowning charm. Absolutely painless—will not run—no wetting necessary. Natural, Brown or Dark. Price 50c and \$1.00. At your dealer's or direct from LASHBROW LABORATORIES CO. 210 Preston Place St. Louis, Mo.

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon

Mercolized Wax

gradually, gently absorbs the soiled, discolored surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexion of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax (beautifier) . . . 50c	All
Powdered Saxolite (for wrinkles) 75c	Drug Stores
Fluoracine (hair remover) . . . \$1	and Toilet
Powdered Tarkroot (face restorer) \$1	Counters

Deardon Supply Co., 5 N. La Salle St., Chicago.



REMEMBER Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY is guaranteed, not only by the advertiser, but by the publisher. When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY.

"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 again run at the correct speed, and, 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 entire picture thus blocked 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 popular music, he makes such selections as are best adapted to his needs, and spends days on original themes, paraphrases and transcriptions with which to intersperse these selections.

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. And each change in the picture means that the score must be recast, the sequence altered, and new modulations introduced. The final score is rarely ready until a few days before the opening.

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 instrumental combinations, such as the oboe-bassoon duet in the "chatter-box" theme for the old gossip in "Way Down East." In this same picture the hard-hearted landlady is characterized by the bassoon and clarinets, playing a low, harsh minor theme. And the suave, handsome villain is always accompanied by a sensuous, "slimy" melody, which constantly changes as his manner changes. Then for the innocent country-girl there is a simple sweet melody, simply orchestrated, with the violin dominant, and a "cello obbligato."

In "Dream Street" the crooked, smuggling pawnbroker has a portentous theme, *mysterioso*, given to the bassoon and muted

horns, and accompanied by the violins *pizzicato*. When the evil fiddler, in the same film, wears his attractive mask, the orchestra plays "Un Peu D'Amour" as a violin solo; but when his mask is removed and his hideous features are visible, the same theme is played brutally, with broken chords and ugly intervals, by the French horns and bassoons.

And herein lies the difference between the technique of Mr. Silvers and that of the other film composers. Mr. Silvers plays to his characters and their thoughts and to the individual action and emotion; whereas the average musical interpreter of motion pictures plays only to the scene or to the general setting. Moreover, in a scene where there are several characters present, 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 played at every performance. Indeed, considerable credit is due Mr. Griffith for sensing the value of music for motion pictures, and for giving the impetus to its composition. 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 music should go right at the opening performance of "Way Down East" in Los Angeles, he had Mr. Silvers make a special trip across the continent merely to conduct the orchestra for this one performance.

It was Mr. Griffith who saw and recognized the genius of Mr. Silvers, and who gave him his present unique position as the first composer permanently allied with a motion picture producing organization.

Mr. Silvers, 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 a new form of interpretative music in connection with the art of the cinema. And though he builds his technique on that of the Wagnerian opera motif, he has nevertheless achieved a distinctive means of markedly heightening our appreciation of the silent drama; and so sound and effective are his methods and theories that future composers of cinema music must inevitably follow in the path he has blazed.

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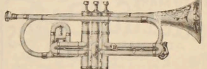
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petually intrigued by the damp Camille or the doughty Katherine or the elusive Hedda Gabler or the awakening Nora Helmer.

Of course the perpetuity of the picture argues against such classicism as that of the stage, where each creation vanishes as quickly as vapor on a cold morning. It is a disadvantage where fifty years hence, the master's work may be seen in the ultimate detail of his greatest performance merely by snapping on an electric current. Nevertheless, the screen will and must develop classics of its own. It is already developing repetitions of its fine parts, but these, so far, have been repetitions of production mainly, in which the inadequate mountings of half a dozen years ago have been put to shame by the gorgeous housings of today.

When two, three or more actors take successive turns at some great human role, yet to be embalmed in a scenario, the screen classic will have arrived.

The Gray Brothers

(Continued from page 29)



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haunts. They had subjected me to an experience that was the equivalent of an actual execution in order that I might be forced to judge under the stress of such a situation, the case of Jerry McWilliams, a man awaiting electrocution in Lester prison and to whom I had denied a commutation."

"You did commute him. I've always wondered why."

"I couldn't help it," the Governor replied. "McWilliams' story as I heard it in that death cell—I verified every detail after my release—convinced me he did not deserve death. My conscience forced me to commute him."

The police commissioner leaned forward, his face set in lines of fixed resolve.

"Governor, this sort of thing cannot be permitted," he declared. "Today this band had the amazing insolence to send me an accurate stenographic transcript of secret instructions I gave personally in my private office. The Gray Brothers must be crushed. You agree with me?"

"I think I do," the Governor conceded with slight hesitance. "And yet—sometimes I have wondered whether such a check as the Gray Brothers enforce against miscarriage of justice and possible misuse of police authority isn't needed. Well, do what you like with the Gray Brothers but do this for me personally. Find the man who was my cell-partner in that death-house. He is either the Gray Brothers' leader or a dominating personality among them. You'll know him by his hair. It will be like this."

The Governor whipped off a wig and showed a closely cropped head with a round spot in the center of the crown that had been bald.

"This man's head was shaved in the death cell when mine was. When you trap a Gray Brother chieftain with a hair-cut like mine bring him to me."

"I will. And, meantime, in the matter of the Hartley letter—"

"That's gone beyond recovery," the Governor interjected regretfully. "The Gray Brothers will have been paid their price for it before now. Surely that is blackmail. You're right, Commissioner. The Gray Brothers are to be stamped out of existence."

III.

JARID Husted reached his home just before midnight after an evening of political addresses in which he had flayed the corporation subservience of his opponent. With him was Jerome Whelan, State Senator and the Governor's friend and political adviser. "The people don't quite credit my accusations against Hartley," Husted declared gloomily. "They have been buncoed so often by fake reform that they are skeptical. I could feel their attitude at tonight's meetings, Senator. In their own minds they demand proof. That Hartley letter would have won us the election. Its loss may defeat me."

"Does McElvoy give you any hope that he may recover the letter?" asked Whelan with keen interest.

"None. From beginning to end this matter puzzles me. How did they know the letter was in my desk? Why did they send it to me, unasked and without a price, if they are now willing to sell it to the highest bidder, as confessed in their note?" "A lower desk would be the obvious place to search for a document of such value and as for their willingness to sell out, what else would you expect, Governor, from a band of criminals?"

"Of course, you're right. It shouldn't surprise me—the theft, I mean—and yet,"

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'm not here to harm you, 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?"

"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 the State House?"

"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 such a letter over the facts—when you received the letter; what you did with it, who was present when you last saw it."

"The letter 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 discussed with 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 afternoon with Senator Whelan in keeping 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. Those are the facts."

"Not all of them," corrected the visitor.

"You have neglected to state that before you locked the letter in your desk you were absent 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."

"Your information is amazingly correct, though I fail to see its particular pertinency."

The Gray Brothers

(Continued)

"You will soon. Now to sum up. In the light of all the facts, I think I am justified in asserting that either the Gray Brothers stole your letters; or that you stole it yourself, Governor; or, lastly, that your friend the Senator is the thief."

"Your last suggestion is absurd. Senator Whelan is my friend and confidant," insisted Governor Husted.

"What we want to know from you is, where is that Hartley letter now?" interjected Whelan brusquely.

"Here," answered the Gray Brother, producing it.

Involuntarily Senator Whelan's hand snapped up toward his breast pocket. His cheeks grew a pasty white.

"Where did you get that letter?" he demanded.

"It was taken from YOUR pocket, Senator, at my direction by the two pick-pockets 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 letter for which you unconsciously reached when you saw I had the letter you thought safely hidden in your coat pocket," snapped the Brother.

"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."

Obediently, 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.

"I'll give you final and undeniable proof that the Senator robbed you," interposed the Brother. "He has been the creature of Interborough Traction to whom the Hartley letter was written for years. While you were out of the room he took it from your desk and in its place put the note he wrote on your machine and did us the honor to sign 'The Gray Brothers.' You will remember, Governor, you did not lock your desk until you returned. Meanwhile—this was your blunder, Senator—Whelan phoned Robert Montagu, political manipulator for the traction interests, from this room and promised to be at his home at midnight tonight with a document he said was 'worth \$100,000 to Interborough.' It's just midnight. I will call Montagu now, impersonating the Senator, and with you listening in the line, Governor, I predict you will hear him fully confirm my charge that Senator Whelan is expected there at this moment with Hartley's letter."

The phone conversation with Montagu was conclusive beyond the possibility of denial and the Governor, at its conclusion, handed his exposed friend his hat and coat. The latter left the house in silence and eyes shot with a threatening glint of red. Hurriedly, he found a phone and called Police Commissioner McElvoy.

"Do you want the leader of the Gray Brothers?" he inquired. "I guessed you would. He's in Governor Husted's home now."

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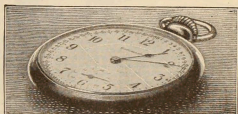
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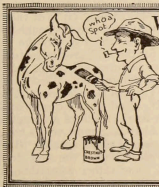
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The Gray Brothers

(Concluded)

IV

"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, master among master crooks.

"Our primary purpose was selfish," he replied. "Hartley has agreed, if elected, to make Con Kennedy warden of Lester prison. Kennedy is a grafting 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 barbarism. Also, as Governor, 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-rober 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," answered the Brother. "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 I can't afford to know. Which reminds me that if you'll allow me five minutes alone in this room I'll guarantee the sanctity of anything said within it henceforth."

As the door closed behind Governor Huested, Boston Blackie stooped beside the telephone and unscrewed from it what was seemingly a padded sanitary mouthpiece. The disk that covered the mouth of this apparently commonplace 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 wires beyond the earpiece connection, thus establishing a permanent circuit from the selenium transmitter irrespective of whether the earpiece of the phone was on or off its hook. Blackie snipped 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 point that lead off on the roof from these

phone wires will never be found nor understood if they should be discovered," he assured himself. "One of my privately manufactured mouthpieces plus a phone wire to the open air and I have a never-sleeping ear wherever I choose and a voice that will repeat even a whisper across the city to the Gray Brothers' private wireless telephone station and the night and day crew there who transcribe for me."

When the Governor returned Blackie in his overcoat and hat was standing behind the shelter of a portiere gazing amusedly into the street. He called the Governor to his side.

"See!" he chuckled. "In the shadow of the house opposite are a squad of our police commissioner's detectives. The Senator lost no time in phoning McElvoy that I, chief of the Brothers, am in the home of Governor Huested. They expect to trap me as I leave."

"They will," exclaimed the Governor anxiously. "McElvoy is determined to get you and if he does—well, Jerry, even I dare not see you."

"I won't need freeing until I'm caught and as for those fellows out there in the cold—" he snapped his fingers disdainfully.

"They haven't a suspicion that I guessed in advance that the Senator would be in a mood when he left here to phone McElvoy. Therefore they expect me to do what they would do in my place—walk unsuspectingly out the front entrance into their arms. Instead I prefer to walk safely away from a rear door to the car waiting for me on the next street. I have men posted behind your home who would have warned me long ago of any danger in that direction. My police friends in front have a chilly, all-night vigil before them—and a rotting from McElvoy for breakfast when they turn up empty-handed as usual."

Blackie turned to the Governor with a laugh of boyish enjoyment.

"How my friend, the Senator, would enjoy 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 noises. There was 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 Carleton'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 slender 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 Frietche," 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.

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Cutting Down

THE producers are "cutting down," according to announcements from all of them.

Each succeeding period of deflation in the motion picture business is greeted as though it were the first in the history of the business, and as though it involved something peculiar and perhaps sensational in character. Yet expansion and contraction follow each other through the business in waves as regular as the seasons. They are both healthy, normal reactions common to all of the larger businesses.

Periods of high prosperity in motion pictures bring on increased production and as the rush increases lowered production standards. The same rush to the market stirs up heavier promotions and higher selling costs. Then with too many pictures of mediocre quality on the market producers one morning wake up and call a quick halt. Presently and in due time the resulting shortage forces up the market and the old race is on again. All this has hardly as much significance to the picture going public as the fluctuations in the wheat pit.

The significant fact is that there is never a time when pictures of outstanding merit 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 "Reputation," in which she does really remarkable acting. Mary Pickford in "How Could You, Jean?" That was one of her Paramount pictures, made several years ago.

L. M. A., MILBANK, S. DAKOTA.—I don't know what the film stars do with their cast-off clothing. I know what I do with mine. I hang them up carefully every night and go to bed. Then I put them on again in the morning. Betty Compson is now a Paramount star; address her Lasky studio. Edith Roberts and Marie Prevost, Universal City, Cal. Marie, our former beach queen, has left the Sennett studio to indulge in drama. Mildred Harris is a member of the cast of Cecil deMille's new production, which is an adaptation of Leonard Merrick's "Laurels and the Lady." 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. Marge Starke is still Miss Starke.

(Continued on page 120)



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WRITER'S DIGEST

611-D Butler Bldg. CINCINNATI

Poll never missed an opportunity. She didn't miss this one. With a pang at her heart she realized that for the time being she was the woman Arthur loved. She would beg more time and keep it up. She slipped her hand beneath his arm and steered him out of doors, on to the open road.

"Are your eyes bad?" her voice was gentle, silken, Rosa's voice.

"Pretty bad," in France, you see "I'm afraid I'm in perpetual darkness, Mademoiselle."

"Oh, no . . . oh, no . . ."
 "Don't feel so badly. A man has had worse. And your sympathy is sweet to me. Besides," he achieved a smile, "my last earthly sight was of your face. That will carry me a long way."

"Do you care so much?" It was little more than a whisper.

"So much," he answered, "that I must not talk about it to you—now. But there is one thing you could do for me—if you would."

"Yes . . . ?"

"You could come into my shack with me for one moment, so that, afterwards, your presence will remain. You could . . . ah, if you would, my dear, kiss me—good-bye."

They were inside now. There was a stillness. Then, as a mother might, as tenderly as a woman might, as passionately, Poll drew his face to hers and kissed his mouth. The compound of pain and tears, of bitter tenderness and regret, smote his spirit to knowledge. He tried to speak, failed . . . Poll drew him to a chair. She had stolen Paradise just then, and the unutterable sweetness of the theft was still upon her. Well, why not? Why not prolong the theft? What did it matter that he thought her Rosa Duchene, Rosa Duchene who never, in her silly little life, could have so loved him? She was Poll and she had made him look like this.

NARRATED, by permission, from the Paramount-Cecil B. deMille photo-play. Scenarioized by Beulah Marie Dix and Sada Cowan from Leonard Merrick's story, "Laurels and the Lady." Directed by Mr. deMille with the following cast:
 Poll Patchouli Dorothy Dalton
 Rosa Duchene Mildred Harris
 Arthur Phelps Conrad Nagel
 John Rodriguez Theodore Kosloff
 Prince Talat-Noi John Davidson
 Samar Julia Faye
 Manuel Clarence Burton
 Pedro George Fields

"Arthur," she said, very softly, so softly that he might not detect Poll Patchouli, "Arthur, if you won't, I must. Will you marry me, dearest? Will you let me stay with you, here?"

El Paso was sympathetic. The people liked her own affairs. They liked Poll Patchouli, too. She had stood little or no nonsense from Rodriguez and she had always fought for right even in the cantina. Their hearts were touched and their imaginations appealed to at Poll's act.

With Rodriguez alone she had trouble. But Rodriguez was fundamentally a coward. He knew that Poll meant business and he told him her knife would reward his tongue if he should open up. "This is a matter of life with me," she told him, "for you it's a matter of death if you interfere. I take it you know better, Senior."

Rodriguez laughed. "When the angel face gets back his light, Poll," he sneered, "I'll get you back at the cantina."

"It won't matter then anyway," said Poll, dully.

Fool's 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. To have the dancer's hair caressed, 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 she was the only woman he had ever loved. To pretend and pretend and pretend while her spirit ached for the reality. To taste the sweetness of the knowledge that her money was making him comfortable, her lies making anomalous heaven of his earth.

Lies . . . how inspirationally they came to her. The money . . . she had sold his poems, she told him, and with laughter wedded to tears she placed a slim cook-book in his hands and told him it was the published volume.

"At last, Rosa," he said to her, "at last you and love are immortal."

Then came the great surgeon to El Paso. He was to be there for one day. Rodriguez told her of him, of the miracles he had worked, the light he had evolved out of darkness. Only one day. Then he would go on, never, perchance, to pass that way again. Arthur would never know. The darkness would continue. The myth of Rosa would continue. Fool's Paradise would continue, with the ache that had nurtured from ecstasy. Arthur had said his blindness was permanent. He ought to know.

Ah, but how he loved color! How often he had said to her, "Is the sunlight on your hair now, Rosa? Making it gold?" Or "Is the moonlight touching you, sweetheart? How your white face must gleam, snow as saffron! Sacrifice. Ah, now she had to sacrifice. That was the heart of hearts in the beautiful body of love.

Poll called 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, Rodriguez' sweetheart. The cantina dancer. 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. He had forgotten them 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 Patchouli any more. She never fought back.

Then, abruptly, Arthur Phelps came back. To El Paso. To Poll Patchouli. He went straight to the hotel where he thought she might be working. She had torn 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 in search of Rosa.

At the hotel they told him she was again in the cantina.

The cantina! Rodriguez 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?

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.

Fool's Paradise

(Continued)

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, Arthur asked himself, had her decision come with his arrival in El Paso? Why, in the past two years, had this not come to pass? Poll's eyes . . . ah, he had it. Pride was urging her to this step. Pride was a paltry thing as against the fool's paradise she had given him.

Roderiquez was threatening now. "You leave this cantina in five minutes or I leave my knife with you," he said. "My knife never missed its mark yet, Senor."

Arthur took out his watch. Three leaden minutes ticked away. Poll cried out to him, "Don't you know that he means it? Why do you stand there like a wooden thing? Arthur . . ."

Arthur smiled at her. "Then come with me," he said.

Poll shrieked her "No! No! I shall remain. You go, I tell you! We . . . I do not want you here!"

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 a darned shrewd eye, none the less. His poor little native wife was having a frightful time over Rosa, to which fact Rosa seemed blissfully—conscious.

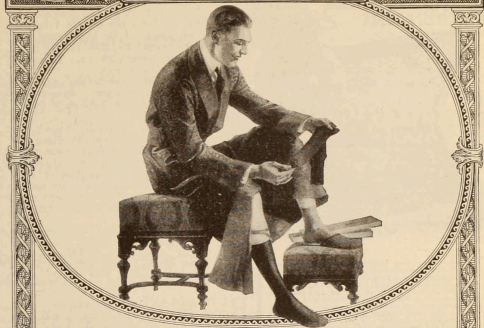
"At first, I thought she was a child, and I made me an altar of her innocence and prepared to offer up frankincense and myrrh—my heart and my very bad poems. (That cook-book, sweetheart!) The Prince seemed to think the same, and we played battledore and shuttlecock with her whims as though they were matters of life and of death.

"She was having a royal time. We were suffering. That came to me one day in a garden when I told her of what you had done and she laughed and said you were 'lost to the stage.' Out of the tremendous thing it was she could laugh . . . make a jest. From that day on there was a taint to her voice. There was a shrillness to her voice.

"I found Talat-Noi, too, regarding her with inquiry as well as ardor. I had come across half a world of pain, of travel, of eagerness. I wanted compassion and I got coquetry. I found myself wondering what you would do. Then I found myself *knowing*. The surety of what you would do enveloped me, warmly. My awakening had begun.

"Talat-Noi invited us to witness the yearly offering of a young lamb to the sacred reptiles. It was a tremendous ritual to the Siamese and tremendously loathsome to me. Rosa, the Prince and I occupied a throne. I could not help notice the personal preparation of Rosa. Evidently she had thought of the whole as a sort of background for her beauty.

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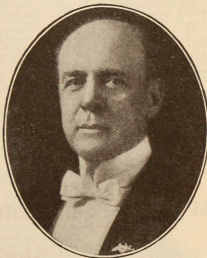
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(Concluded)

"The entire performance was hideous, and when I saw the tiny white lamb about to be thrown to the reptiles I rescued it and incurred the frenzy of the mob. Talat-Noi managed to turn them off and save me, but he ordered me from the temple I had, it seemed, profaned." I had incurred the wrath of the Sacred Reptiles.

"I bade Rosa come with me. Talat-Noi commanded her to remain.

"This," he said to her, "is the appointed moment of your final choice. Make it here and now." There was authority in his manner.

"I held her arm. 'Come!' I urged. "It was borne in upon me that Rosa was having a tremendously jolly time. She saw herself as the heroine of a dramatic occasion, Talat-Noi and myself as her supporters. She was keying herself up for an appropriate response. She took her cue. "Raising her glove she flung it into the

pit of Sacred Reptiles. "He who brings back my glove to me," she said, "wins me!" The words rang out, absurdly, profanely.

"Talat-Noi bowed his head. Through his impetuous Orientalism his essential reaction remained hidden. He jumped into the pit. For a woman's sily whim. "Oh, well . . . your rest is brief. He could not make it alone. I went in after him. We struggled back—appropriately enough, no doubt, to her feet, and I bestowed her glove upon her. Still dramatic, she hailed me as her love.

Poll's arms sought him and he smiled. "Does it matter what I said," he finished, "except that I told her I belonged to one woman only? That she loved no one save herself and to herself she had better remain true? Ah, then I knew, my dear! After the half-gods go . . . you gave me the sight of my eyes again and the sight of my spirit, too."

Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 93)

RUTH ROLAND was dragged into court the other day on the losing end of a subpoena—and all 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 fashionable part of Los Angeles and she had failed to have the grass trimmed to comply with fire regulations. So she was forced to say "Good morning, judge. I'll sure get that lawn cut right away if I have to cut it myself."

PAULINE FREDERICK gave a Rodeo on her marvellous grounds in Beverly Hills on Sunday, July 3rd, for the benefit of the Los Angeles Orthopaedic Hospital for crippled children.

Probably nothing exactly like it has ever been seen and it certainly did enormous credit to Polly's big heart, charitable instincts and executive ability. Over \$7,500 was raised.

A large ring was arranged, surrounded by a small wooden grandstand, fenced in from the boulevard by high canvas. The program included most of the well known cowboy stars and riders and the audience was brilliant in every respect.

Polly herself acted as hostess, master of ceremonies, ring master and chief attraction, I think, for she looked adorable on her spirited horse, clad in full regalia of chaps, sombrero, vivid orange silk shirt and tiny, polished boots. Her horsemanship is a joy and she carried off her difficult role with the pep and poise that is so completely her own.

George Beban acted as announcer and added to the afternoon with a lot of weird and woolly jokes.

Will Rogers and the Three Rogers children were probably the most successful event on the program. The kiddies rode

their mounts for father to do his roping stunts upon, as well as doing some very tricky trick riding themselves.

Roscoe Arbuckle—not being much of a horseman—nevertheless did his bit in a clever way by pretending to get caught in the middle of the ring. It took him some time to make his way out past the horses and he had the grandstand in convulsions by the time he arrived in his seat.

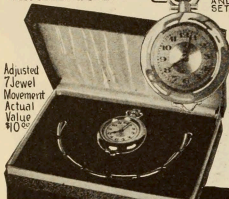
Tom Mix did a lot of fancy riding stunts, and—since Pauline Frederick is the idol of the cowboys collectively—they were all on hand to demonstrate what a real "contest" looks like.

One event that proved a knock-out, was the sack race. Miss Frederick handed each man a sack—and the man who could unite his sack, put on what was in it, and get around the track to the finish first, won the race. To see Tom Mix adorned with pink silk corsets and lavender garters, Hoot Gibson in a lace camisole and a blond wig and Will Rogers endeavoring to don a bathing suit evidently intended for his seven-year old son, almost brought down the grandstand.

Among the many celebrities who attended were the two latest honeymoon couples—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton. Mrs. Moore (Renee Adoree) had a difficult time negotiating the high steps of the grandstand in her extremely narrow skirt—and once seated couldn't enjoy the show wondering how she'd ever get down, but really she didn't have a thing to worry about. She looked perfectly sweet—as far as could be seen. Mrs. Keaton (Natalie Talmadge) was in sport costume of white silk, with a brilliant knitted scarf. Madame Nazimova was there, in a henna hat and a queer, but fascinating looking smock affair of blue.

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DID YOU KNOW that there are only two college women in motion pictures? That out of the many beauties the screen can boast, only two have "college educations?" Why aren't there others? If you want to know, read November PHOTOPLAY.

Movies in 1940?

Probable strides of
the screen in the
next two decades.

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 travelogue 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 scientist, the advertising man, the teacher, the employer of men and women and what has been called the visual educational expert.

To most people, educational films merely mean a screen exposition of flora or fauna, mountain streams, biology, natural history, possibly a little chemistry and mechanics. Such reels are really very few. There is a far more vital and important movement going 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 eyes of only a few people. They are designed to accomplish certain ends and recent experiments have proved out theories which a few years ago might have seemed to be wild dreams of the enthusiast.

Some of these productions rival in photographic quality the best of our star dramatic productions. They run from one reel to five. They are the work of a few specialists who are students of psychology, sociology and personal efficiency.

They are produced for the men of big business.

In downtown New York more than one "big business" office has a portable moving projector in the vault and a silver screen that rolls up like a map. There is also a clerk who knows how to run off the reels; and for audiences, some of the richest and most powerful men in America gather around at intervals and watch the unrolling of the pictures, made to accomplish the purpose of the interests they represent.

Another service that the moving picture is rendering is in the field of mechanics. The perfection of the "X-ray" film has interested the technical units of some of our biggest industrial enterprises.

Now that films have made good as a medium for the rapid transference of

How increased my salary more than 300%

by
Joseph Anderson

I AM just the average man—twenty-eight years old, with a wife and a three-year-old youngster. I left school when I was fourteen. My parents didn't want me to do it, but I thought I knew more than they did.

I can see my father now, standing before me, pleading, threatening, coaxing me to keep on with my schooling. With tears in his eyes he told me how he had been a failure all his life because of lack of education—that the untrained man is always forced to work for a small salary—that he had hoped, yes, and prayed, that I would be a more successful man than he was.

But no! My mind was made up. I had been offered a job at nine dollars a week and I was going to take it.

That nine dollars looked awfully big to me. I didn't realize then, nor for years afterward, that I was being paid only for the work of my hands. My brain didn't count.

THEN one day, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man just like myself. He, too, had left school when he was fourteen, had no image, and had worked for years at a small salary. But he was ambitious. He decided that he would get out of the rut by training himself to become expert in some line of work.

So he got in touch with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton and started to study in his spare time at home. It was the turn in the road for him—the beginning of his success.

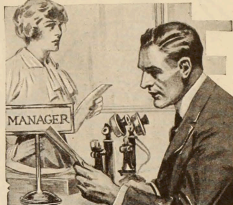
Most stories like that tell of the presidents of great institutions who are earning \$25,000 and \$50,000 a year. These stories frighten me. I don't think I could ever earn that much. But this story told of a man who, through spare-time study, lifted himself from \$22 to \$75 a week. It made an impression on me because it talked in terms I could understand. It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could do as well.

I tell you it didn't take me long that time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course had marked came back by return mail. I found it wasn't too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fascinating a home-study course could be. The I. C. S. worked with me every hour I had to spare. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Four months after I enrolled my employer came to me and told me that he always gave preference to men who studied their jobs—and that my next salary envelope would show how much he thought of the improvement in my work.

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 I have 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 mail the coupon. But that one simple act may change your whole life.

If I hadn't taken that first step four years ago I wouldn't be writing this message to you today! No, and I wouldn't be earning anywhere near \$75 a week, either!

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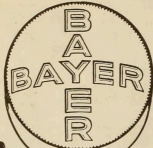
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Movies in 1940?

(Continued)

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The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

thought and ideas, we may safely predict the course of this branch of the art say twenty years from now.

In the first place, the 12 universities today rendering a complete educational film service will probably be increased to three times that many and instead of an average of 250 reels in their technical libraries, they will have nearer five thousand. There will not be a school house in the United States or Canada—(Canada has progressed very far in this direction) without its movie theater and projection machine. There will not be a school janitor in our cities who will not also be a projectionist of ability and carrying a union operator's card.

There will not be a text book that is not supplemented with illustrations that move, revealing, explaining the lessons and cutting down the time of our teachers 60 per cent because of the rapidity of thought transference by means of visualization. Every school child will spend less time in getting an education because visualization by actual test cuts down the study period 40 per cent. New mechanical devices will be pictured by means of animated cross section diagrams, for the benefit of prospective investors of capital.

The tiresome tables of 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 travel.

A half million homes in the United States will be saving dimes for new movie reels to project from the pocket size home projection 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 to the rising generation of housewives in high schools (as is already being done on a small scale, with success).

The family album will be an "animated" one and instead of a leather covered book, it will be a series of film cans, stored away for projection when the subjects are grown up.

A business man will press a button beside his desk and immediately start a movie on the opposite wall while his visitor witnesses intricate mechanical operations in the factory five hundred miles away.

Public parks will give the people free movies instead of, or in connection with, free concerts, on huge screens that can be seen a block away or more.

The wonders of America's national parks will be exploited in Europe on the screen; American business will show foreign buyers who our products are superior—by means of the movie—in 1940. The armchair globe trotter will sit back in his easy chair, pipe in mouth, before the fire and climb the Matterhorn or the Jungfrau, enjoy the winter sports in the Engadine or the thrills of a lion or elephant hunt in Africa, merely by pressing a button, after having little Willie or the housemaid pull down the shades.

The public will get its pictorial entertainment on the movie screen instead of in the columns of newspapers due to the ever increasing paper shortage. Topical Weeklies will become topical dailies and the news events of this morning will be pictured on the theater screen tonight.

Athletic contests will be decided upon the indisputable proof of the motion picture made by means of the Novograph or slow motion process which slows down all actions eight times or more.

In 1940, instead of gazing upon a flat world of gray and white, with occasional

black, the film world or shadow world will present itself in natural hues by means of color cinematography.

Objects instead of being flat against the silver screen, will present scenes and objects in perspective—thus leaving only one element missing (and that may come by 1940—who knows?)—the element of sound.

In 1940 there will be no flicker and no sound from the projection room and film will be nonburnable and not dangerous.

In 1940 the best creative brains in the world will find their greatest rewards in the motion picture art and the literary tone of the serious drama will be equal to that of the better class novel.

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.

Surgey, which has already benefited by over 100 reels 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 thousands 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 a reel on the teeth, will gain by visual exposition of its soundest truths for the benefit of dentists to come.

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 his end no matter what it be. Tuberculosis, in cattle, hogs and human beings, will be stamped out or reduced, by means of the impressive warnings and lessons that the moving picture can present—in terms that even the illiterate can quickly understand.

In 1940 the bedridden hospital patient will lie on his back and watch the unfolding of an interesting comedy on the ceiling, thrown there by inverted projectors and started by the hands of his nurse.

The soldier of 1940 will spend more time in the darkened movie auditorium than he will on the training ground—learning the tricks of soldiering from the millions of feet of 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 films already have made "annuals" of one reel or more, delineating the man'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 even now being done on an ever-increasing scale.

In 1940, criminology will movieize every crook, his gait, his face in motion, etc., for the modern roge's gallery.

Titles 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 J. R. Bray has already produced an amazing picture that startles the onlooker by weird views, scientifically correct, of the surface of Mars and Flammarion'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 indications of rapid development.

By 1940 all of these ideas and more will have been made entirely practical and may be commonplace.

No invention since Gutenberg'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 conveying information to the unlettered 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!) From the first title the G. A. seemed fascinated. As the story unfolded scene by scene, his eyes were glued upon the screen. His lips were parted in a smile, and once in a while an exclamation of pleasure escaped from between them 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 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 chest 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."

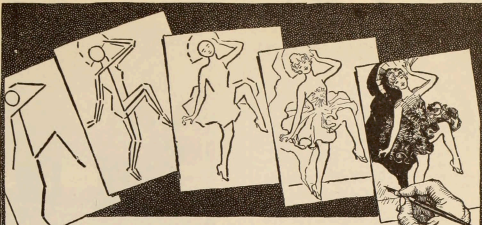
"Eventually 'The End' came, and the lights were snapped on in the projection room.

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.

"But 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?"



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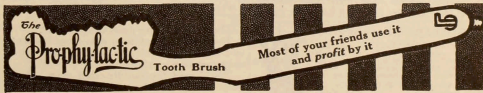
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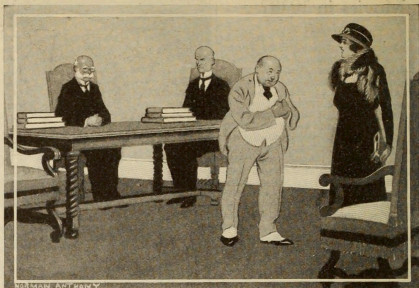
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"We're really delighted to have you with us," said the little man.

For the Purposes of Discussion

A chronicle of a meeting held by some gentlemen who would do a little uplifting.

By MARION CLARK

AS I advanced into the narrow, austere room the tall, thin man looked up.

So did the stout man, in the tight collar, and the middle-sized man. But it was the small, bug-like man who leaped from his place, at the head of the long table, and advanced to meet me. As he came forward—with a smile of welcome, that was almost too glad, upon his mouth—I was reminded, suddenly, of a certain nursery rhyme. It came back to me, with a note that was almost a note of warning, from the past—came back so vividly that when the small, bug-like man opened his lips to speak I almost expected to hear him say:

"Won't you walk into my parlor?" And, as his out-stretched hand groped for mine, I almost found myself supplying the rest of the sentence—"said the Spider to the Fly!" Instead of which—

"We're really delighted to have you with us," said the little man with a suave politeness that was only instead of convincing.

From their places around the narrow table, I felt the eyes of the thin man and the stout man upon my face. But the middle-sized man's unswerving glance had fastened itself upon my blushing ankles. I have always figured, with the French, that short skirts are healthier than long ones—a matter of dust, you know, and microbes. . . . I was about to explain this to the middle-sized man when he spoke.

"I think," he said and his voice was as sharp and cold as an icicle, "I think that the young lady has made a mistake. This meeting is being held for the purpose of discussing the blue laws, not—" he paused, significantly.

"But," for the first time, I spoke. "But I was sent, by my paper, to cover this meeting. There's no mistake, I'm sure."

The power of the press is very great! The middle-sized man rose from his seat and his eyes traveled rapidly upward until they met mine—almost.

"Oh!" said the middle-sized man. And then he added, "I hope, in your article—you are planning to write an article?—that

you will spell my name correctly. So many reporters have only used one 'S'."

The small bug-like man was fluttering ahead of me, to the table. He pulled out a chair, held it for me. As I sank, rather gratefully, into it the stout man spoke. His tone was worried.

"We expected a much larger meeting," he told me, plaintively. "I don't know what could have happened to the others! Perhaps—"

"Perhaps—" supplied the thin man. "they're not coming!" I decided, at that moment, that the thin man was the most human one in the crowd.

"Then," the middle-sized man seemed to be the master of ceremonies, "then I think that the meeting had best begin. Will Brother—" he glanced inquiringly about the table, smiled a chill, superior smile, and then—"I will lead in prayer," he said blandly.

He prayed, inarticulately, and for quite a long time—about minor matters, mostly—long pretty personal things. It seemed to me, as he prayed, that he was laying an unnecessary amount of detail at the Gate of Heaven. But he went on blandly, passing many a good stopping place. When he paused, at last, the stout man was openly mopping his brow. And it seemed to me that there was an unnecessary amount of fervor in the thin man's "Amen!"

I HAVe been the odd one at many a strange meeting. I have attended seances, and protests, and uprisings. I have interviewed actresses who quoted from the Bible and evangelists who chewed cloves during the whole of the session. And so I settled down, comfortably, to listen, as the small, bug-like man took his place at the head of the table and called the meeting to order.

"We are here," he said pompously—the smaller a man the more pompous he usually is!—"We are here to arrange, for the masses, a saner outlook upon life. We are here to lead the masses to God, and to the right sort of Sabbath-keeping!"

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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—

"I think 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—but for the present—"

The stout man was sitting forward, finger 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—any things?"

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 to 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 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—"

"Amen!" breathed the stout man.

"And wait for Monday!" I said almost to myself, finishing the sentence.

"To stay at home will be a real treat to some of the people," he went on, "the masses should cultivate a home atmosphere—an atmosphere of sanctity. In the serene quiet of that atmosphere they can find their souls—"

"I've heard," I said slowly, "that the law can regulate the height of a woman's slipper heel. And that it can make a sculptor stop working upon a statue. And that it can forbid Sunday-pleasures. But can the law make the people find their souls? Will staying at home—help?"

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!"

I smiled, with a child-like innocence, into his round flabby 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 lines vers libre,

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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 in a two room flat. Sarah works in a sweatshop, making button holes, 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 some park. Sometimes I think that Sarah would never know God if she did not have her carefree Sundays. Sometimes I think that she touches hands with the Infinite at crowded Coney Island or in a darkened Avenue A picture theatre. I wonder if staying at home in the two rooms will make Sarah Klein any the wiser. For the many other Sarahs—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. Only the thin man raised his head. Did I imagine that his left eyelid was drooping, slightly?

As I closed the door, carefully, behind me, I heard the middle sized man speak. "Too bad," he was saying regretfully, "that stocks are obsolete . . . Stocks would solve so many problems . . ."

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A 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 blue-prints and specifications of a Beau Brummel of the screen. His refusal was based on the contention that to be identified as the collaborator in so bizarre and startling a sartorial creation would irreparably injure his aesthetic 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 it was sufficient. 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 strive to stagger and bembur 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 a hard-working and respectable tailor a man of family, perhaps, and a deacon in the church—to shoulder the responsibility.

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"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 gave a lot of ham pictures a tumble but failed on a star."

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The dance-hall is an unequalled 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 icicle in hell, the only "good" girl in the place—the cigar-chewing proprietor is probably after her, or after her claim, or after her father—they throw the hero out until he demonstrates with his fists his right to stay—the "big action" centers here—he takes her away—and usually they burn the terrible place down in the last five hundred feet.

All mighty pictorial, and an unequalled trellis up which to train the red vine of melodrama. But how many scenario-writers or directors have used the dance-hall except as a narrative convenience, or have tried seriously to understand its business in that wild desolation, to show its kindnesses as well as its cruelties.

The dance-hall as a diva grew out of the dance-hall as a desperate necessity. The

gold-hunting hordes were not hermit savages, but lonely beings from civilization. Had there been no relaxations, no places of warmth and light and commingling, no huts of memory and music, the northland would soon have been peopled by dead men and lunatics. The first dance-halls on every frontier were places of crude comfort and an attempt at laughter—God knows there was little enough of that beyond their rough doors! Good men stumbled over their bare floors, great men raised untrained voices in their elemental chants, honest women sang to outlanders with dimmed eyes the simple songs of home. And under the same roofs, perhaps, Babylon has been shamed, and the Bacchic festivals made to resemble a post-Volstead tea-party!

So much like human life, these Northern Lights under a cold, dark sky! One might add their goodness to their badness in the greatest epic of the wild!

Opposing Censorship

DOUGLAS 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 in theaters in states where censorship is being agitated by the professional reformers.

The first fade-in discloses Rupert Hughes sitting at his desk reading a booklet entitled, "Rules of the Censor." There is a pained expression on the author's face as he puts down the book of rules and writes:—

"The moving picture is about fifteen years old. Sin is somewhat older than that, yet the censors would have us believe that it was not Satan, but Thomas A. Edison who invented the fall of man."

Samuel Merwin, writes a moment, then

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 Stanlaw:

"The censor will not permit an unmarried woman to bear a child. Therefore in filming "The Scarlet Letter," please play Hester Primm as a pure woman and have little Pearl 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.



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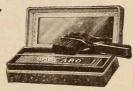
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Censored

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 darned old censor canned 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 every-
where;
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 shorn;
But my hopes were dashed to pieces, now I'm lonely and
forlorn,
The censor said, "Suppress it, it's too near September
Morn!"

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 109)

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 "Panthea".

WIN, WINNEPEG.—You write 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 up the whole book to list them. I am not small and wiry, neither am I fat and ponderous. I am just right. "Harriet and the Piper" with Anita Stewart, has been released. Anita is married to Rudolph Cameron. Priscilla Dean is Mrs. Wheeler Oakman. She was born in 1896. "Reputation" and "Conflict" are her two latest pictures. Mahlon Hamilton is married.

Y. 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—I like him personally and also consider him one of the best actors on the screen.

MERELY MARGIE.—There are no ladies six feet tall in pictures. Katherine MacDonald, 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 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 has been on the screen since 1918, but was on the stage before that. Miss Cotton is still Miss Cotton.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

A GIRL'S CLUB.—If your letter was not answered, it was because you did not give your name and address, broke one or all of the rules at the head of my department or asked questions which had been answered before. Olive and Alma Tell are sisters; that is their real name; they don't give their respective ages, but they are not twins. The Tells were born here and educated abroad. Betty Blythe has no children. Neither has Enid Bennett—although I have heard that the stork is on its way to the Bennett-Niblo household.

FATHER OF SIX.—You say you deserve a lot of credit for your family. I would say that you can't very well get along without it. Colleen Moore a great emotional actress? I wouldn't go so far as to say that. Miss Moore is a clever little girl, and pretty, too, but she is not exactly a Bernhardt. Elliott Dexter, Lasky, Hollywood.

MILDRED.—Thanks for the picture of you in your new hat, which you think is so becoming to you. Yes, I think it is more becoming to you than you are to it. Mabel Normand's new picture is "Molly O." for Mack Sennett. Mabel is not married.

L. M., JERSEY CITY.—You want me to tell jokes to you as I do to all the others. I didn't know I did. However, here's a joke which is not new or original, but which I think is charming. A little girl was at Sunday School where the teacher was explaining the lesson. "This is Peter," she said, pointing to a picture. "Oh," said the little girl in a surprised voice, "I thought Peter was a rabbit!" That is what I call a real joke. Ethel Grandin is twenty-five; Charles Chaplin thirty-one.

HELEN.—Tom Gallery is Mr. Zasu Pitts. He is in Vitagraph's picture of George Randolph Chester's "The Son of Wallingford." Tom was born in 1896, which seems to be a popular year for movie folks to be born in, has brown hair and grey eyes.

ETHEL M. J.—What a nice cheerful creature you are. I suppose you find comfort in that little line, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." Florence LaBadie was the star of "The Million-Dollar Mystery." She was killed in a motor accident in 1917. Miss LaBadie was one of the most popular stars.

A. L., PA.—According to some people not so well-informed as they might be, Vincent Blasco Ibanez has written two horse stories "The Four Horsemen" and "Mare Nostrum." Pearl White is the new moving picture actress whom the Spanish writer knows personally and whom he is going to write into a new book, according to report. Edith Johnson has light brown hair and eyes; she is twenty-five.

EDWIN C. M., CHICAGO.—Thanks, thanks, said he salaaming. Mighty nice of you to say those things, and I really appreciate it all. Lillian and Dorothy Gish will be featured, not starred, with Joseph Schilliant in "The Two Orphans." D. W. Griffith is always advertised "star" of his own productions. Dorothy is Mrs. James Rennie. Lillian is not married.

CURIOS.—Your originality is positively startling. The late Cyrus Townsend Brady wrote "The Island of Regeneration," in which Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno starred in the old Vitagraph days. Miss Storey made two pictures for Robertson-Cole and then left the screen again. Wish she'd come back; I've always liked her.



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Questions and Answers
(Continued)
MARGARET M. M.—The Bible is printed in 650 different languages and dialects. There are twelve editions of it for the blind alone. Yes, Eileen Sedgwick has completely recovered from an operation for appendicitis. She was born in 1896. Estelle Taylor is twenty-one years old. I can't convey to Estelle your good wishes at present, as she is at this writing motoring through New England on her vacation. Later, I will.

RICARDO 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 confidence in itself. You might address Edith Thornton there. I have no recent information regarding her.

Mary Pickford Never Went to College
YET she is the Queen of the Movies, America's Sweetheart; she has perhaps accomplished more, been a finer influence for good, 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.

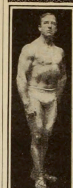
RAY W., ST. LOUIS.—Surely—come right in, there's plenty of room. For improvement, did I hear you ask? Scena Owen is playing the leading role in Cosmopolitan's new production of Arthur Somers Roche's story, "Find the Woman." Betty Compson, Lasky, Eugene O'Brien, Selznick.

KATHERINE B., REDWOOD CITY, CAL.—Confucius died at the age of seventy-two. He believed that man should "slight nothing, forget nothing, leave nothing to chance, nor should he say, 'this is good enough.'" Another saying was: "What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the small man seeks is in others." Dorothy Phillips and Sonia Markova are widely different persons. Miss Markova's real name is Gretchen Hartman—in fact, she doesn't exist any more, now that Miss Hartman uses her own title. In private life she's Mrs. Alan Hale, and the mother of a baby boy.

R. S., OKLAHOMA.—Eva Novak was a star for Universal, but only had a six months' contract with that 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. picture. Jane was formerly Mrs. Frank Newburgh, 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 fools. It is not all of them. Eugene O'Brien does deserve better stints than Selznick gives him—I agree with you. He used to be great opposite Norma Talmadge.

Would the Law Let You Marry?



Many states have passed stringent organic laws requiring physical examination of both parties before a marriage license can be issued. Those who are not physically fit will be unable to marry. Where do you stand? Can you afford a clean, healthy, virginal specimen of high metabolism? Or are you a defective, torn and weakened by youthful errors and excesses? Will you be forbidden to marry the woman you're in love with in the whole world and be doomed to the misery of a life of regrets and longing? It looks hopeless to you—but there isn't!

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_____ (X) Hay Fever	_____ (X) Insomnia	_____ (X) Falling Hair
_____ (X) Headache	_____ (X) Stomach Weak	_____ (X) Weak Digestion
_____ (X) Thinness	_____ (X) Flat Feet	_____ (X) Gastritis
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_____ (X) Nervous	_____ (X) Turpitude	_____ (X) Nervousness
_____ (X) Deficiency	_____ (X) Indigestion	_____ (X) Sleep Troubles
_____ (X) (X) Deformity	_____ (X) Nervousness	_____ (X) Stomach Disorders
_____ (X) (X) Barriage	_____ (X) Rheumatism	_____ (X) Development
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(Continued)

LORAIN.—What is Wally Reid's speaking voice? Why, it's a—a voice. You know—just like any other voice. That is, 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 me from Adam. Except, maybe, that I will be wearing more. I can't tell you the names of all the photoplays in which Dick Barthelmess has appeared—not that I don't know them, but because we would 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 Marguerite Clark. At present he has his own company, making "Tollable David." Married to Mary Hay, the little dancer.

PEG H., PITTSBURGH.—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 letter, and 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 three corners of my hall-bedroom. Write again.

M. C. F.—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 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 sir 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 believe he isn't married. He was born in 1887, and his address is Post Road, Rye, N. Y.

CLARICE.—You say you just love Hope Hampton. I don't mind telling you that I don't blame you. Hope 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-Kork. Douglas McLean's wife is a non-professional. Wallace Reid was *Eric Treni*, the young English Captain, in "Joan the Woman."

L. M. V., KANSAS.—I didn't take a vacation, because I don't believe in theft. You ask me which I prefer, the mountains or the seashore. I think 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. Gladys Leslie appeared recently in "Jim the Penman," "Straight Is the Way," and "God's Country and the Law," in which she is starred. She is married.

A FUTURE CORRESPONDENT.—I don't quite see how you can be a future correspondent when you're 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 Woodring, and was the first movie queen. Her first picture since her return to film activity is "The Unfoldment," not yet released. May McAvoy is probably the "newest" star, as she was elevated to stellar 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. Harold Lloyd was born in 1892.

ELSIE, FORT WAYNE.—There is a story about Buck Jones in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. 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 with my name in it, although you say 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. Bill Hart isn't dead; he has merely retired. And at that they say it's only a Bernhard, 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 conferring with Sir James Barrie about "Peter Pan" and who will play it. If Mary Pickford can't, I'd vote for May McAvoy, the *Grizel* of "Sentimental Tommy" which Robertson directed. Jack Pickford will make "A Tailor-Made Man" for his own company. Elaine Hammerstein is her real name; she is the daughter of Arthur and the grand-daughter of Oscar of the same house.

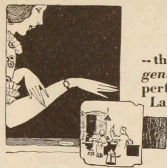
F. M. E. K., JERSEY CITY.—You say the foot that used to rock the cradle is now stepping on the accelerator. I suppose there is some truth in that, Thomas McLean, Lasky, Hollywood. Tom was born in 1884; Eugene O'Brien is three years older than Tom. I hope you are good at figures.

H. S. C., NORFOLK.—I can't tell you how much I enjoyed your letter. If my answers have given you half the pleasure your letter has given me, I am fully repaid. You want Winifred Greenwood, the motion picture actress, to communicate with her sister, at 411 East Freemason Street, Norfolk, Va. If you do not hear from her, write to her care Lasky, Hollywood, where she was playing some time ago. I haven't her present address.

ALICE E. H.—You ask too many questions. Enclose stamped addressed envelope and I'll answer the others by mail. Douglas and William Fairbanks are not related. Mary Miles Minter is nineteen; May McAvoy twenty; Doug thirty-eight; Viola Dana twenty-four; Ethel Clayton thirty.

JUAN DE LA CRUZ, MANILA.—I'm always pleased to hear from you—in fact, you are one of my favorite correspondents. You remember you sent me those beautiful neckties. Your questions happen to be answered elsewhere this month—all except the pronunciation of Carl Laemmle, Universal's president. It is Lemle, accenting the first syllable.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

(Continued)

FLUFFY, MELBOURNE, ENGLAND.—I don't mind your writing a bit—either in chirography or sentiment. Particularly the sentiment. 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 "Serenade," under his brother Raouf's direction and opposite Miriam Cooper, who in private life is Mrs. R. A. Walsh.

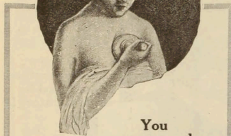
MARY E. SMITH, NEWPORT.—A few wonders of the modern world are the airplane, radium, telephone, wireless, and motion pictures. Of the medieval world, the Great Wall of China, the leaning tower of Pisa, the Catacombs of Alexander, and the Coliseum of Rome. Of the ancient world: the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, 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 and 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 Cosmopolitan's production of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," 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 Nest"—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 Holt is married, my dear. Address him Lasky, Hollywood. Ethel Clayton has no children; she was born in 1890. Miss Clayton in "The Thirteenth Commandment." You bet I like her.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

A FAN, IDAHO.—You tell me a riddle, and then answer it in the same letter. You say 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 didn't know that—about girls, I mean. No mention is made of a page in the cast of "A Damsel 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 don't mention it: *Joan Carver*—Barbara Castleton; *Pierre Landis*—James Kirkwood; *John Carver*—Russell Simpson; *Prosper Gael*—Richard Tucker; *Jasper Morena*—Sydney Ainsworth; *Betty Morena*—Gertrude Astor; *Rev. Hollivell*—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 anyway.

H. D. C.—Bessie Love enrolled as a member of the summer school at the University of Southern California. Mary Anderson is Charles Ray's leading woman in "Two Minutes To Go." Mr. and Mrs. House Peters have a baby son. 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 like him immensely. He always drops in to see me when he's in town. He is married to Frances Ring, 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 Crossman in "Mistress Nell." Later he appeared in stock for two years, toured with Elsie de Wolf, William Collier, David Warfield and others. His first film work was for Lasky, where he is today as a star in "The Fighting Hoop."

ERMINIE.—Aren't you frantic! 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 Ralston" who played Jimmy in Mary's "Pollyanna," but I do know that if he reads what you call him, he will never come back

C. P., PHILADELPHIA.—Fannie Ward will be forty-six on November 23, 1921. She looks about twenty-six. I don't mind telling you that my birthday is also November 23. I am not the same age as Miss Ward. No—I won't tell you the difference. I repeat: November 23. Have you all got that firmly fixed in your minds?

MARIE, OHIO.—You are most unusual, or a fortune-teller has told you that you are. Rudolph Valentino was born in Castellana, Italy, on May 6, 1895. He is five feet eleven inches tall, and weighs one hundred and fifty-four pounds. Valentino has the title role in Paramount's "The Sheik." He was married to Jane Acker; divorced.

OLIVE MARY.—I have disregarded your request to print only your initials because if I shall disregard a request once in a while I shall become downtrodden and oppressed, and I wouldn't like that; I am not a Russian. Pearl White's real hair is red, so they tell me, but I have never seen it. Miss White wears a blonde wig on the screen. Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed." Ethel Clayton in "Wealth."

A GASTON GLASS ADMIRER.—I will be glad to resemble M. Glass if you'll like me any better. The question is, how does one go about it? M. Glass has beautiful black hair, with, if I remember correctly, the slightest suggestion of a wave in it. I have very brown and very straight hair. However, sometimes barbers can help a fellow a lot. By the way, the last time I was in a barber shop who should walk in but two young ladies—both with bobbed hair! They had a hair-cut and a shampoo. Isn't there any place a man can have a little peace—not to mention a shave? 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 more correspondents 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 good taste. Harrison Ford was married to Beatrice Prentice, but he is divorced. 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 handsome cowboy," he is with Fox, in Hollywood. I agree that Lillian 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 with impunity—which means getting away with it. Bebe Daniels is not married. She has had a variety of screen leading men: Jack Holt, Jack Mulhall and Harry Myers, to mention a few.

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 Morsco'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. If all my letters were as nice as yours, I would be almost happy. Theodore Roberts will, I am sure, send you a picture if you address him care the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

MISS A. T.—Marriage may not be a failure, but the bride never gets the best man. You know that as well as I do. Awfully glad you are going to be married. Congratulations and all that sort of thing. Gladys Walton is married; address her Universal City, Cal. Florence Turner, same company. The Mack Sennett company is at Edendale, Cal.

(Concluded on page 127)

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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—when, he doesn't divulge. He's five feet ten tall. Lucy Cotton and Virginia Valli are his latest lovely leading ladies. Evelyn Vaughn is his wife.

ELLIS B., OMAHA.—You envy me all the work I do, get 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 the film people. Katherine MacDonald has her own studio in Los Angeles. Cecil deMille's new picture is a filmization of Leonard Merrick's "Laurels and the Lady," retitled "Fool's Paradise." The story appears in this issue of Photoplay. It features Dorothy Dalton, Mildred Harris, and Conrad Nagel. Julia Faye is in the cast.

CURIOS, HARTFORD.—Well, I wish you were so curious. Here, however, is the cast of "Scarlet Days"—which is so long I've saved your other questions for next month. Alvarez, Richard Barthelmess; Chiquita, Clarence Seymour; Rosy Nell, Eugenie Besserer; Her Daughter, Carol Dempster; 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 I follow my own rules. I don't ask much of you; merely your identification as an evidence of good faith; but evidently that was too much for you. Your latest epistle gave all the details which I do not ask: the color of your hair and eyes. Nevertheless; James Kirkwood, Ann Forest and Hollister had the leading roles in "A Wise Fool," a Paramount production directed by George Melford, released in June, 1921. Studio addresses are found in the Studio Directory, published monthly in this Magazine.

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 not acting any more. They made a great team, didn't they?

M. MAX L., ROLL 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 was born in Boston in 1904, was educated in Portland, Oregon, and played in Universal comedies with Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons, the now extinct comedy team, before that company starred 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 related to Alice Joyce. Miss Joyce, who is in real life Mrs. James Regan, Jr., has retired for a while to await an event of unusual importance in the Regan, Jr. household. Mary MacLaren 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!

JACQUELINE, WILKES-BARRE.—Actresses by the name of Jacqueline? Well, there's Jacqueline Logan, the former Follies beauty who has played leads for Allan Dwan and Lasky; and then there is Jacqueline Saunders, who needs no introduction under her well-known nickname of Jackie.

ISABELLA.—Julian Eltinge made a number of pictures for Paramount. He is scheduled to appear soon in a screen version of "The Fascinating Widow," but I don't know when it will be released. He's been in vaudeville during the past year. Eltinge is not married.

WILLIAM F., NEW YORK.—Thelma Salter is not in films at present. I suspect she is at the awkward age right now, but she will doubtless return to the screen when she is a full-fledged young lady. Frank Keenan has been devoting his time to stage productions. He presented "John Ferguson" on the west coast and is now preparing a revival of "Rip Van Winkle." I doubt if a studio would grant your request for a strip of films. Photographs used in lobby displays are stills, not reproductions from film.

C. B., TEXAS.—Charles Ray is, I believe, an only child. However, if he happens to have a brother or sister somewhere, you won't like him any the less, will you?

MARIAN M., HOLLYWOOD.—If Eugene O'Brien has not married since I wrote an answer about him an hour ago, then Eugene O'Brien isn't married.

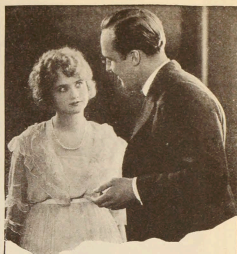
MARJORY.—I suppose Percy Marmont has an age, but he doesn't give it. Mr. Marmont is married and has several children. Monte Blue is, too—married, I mean. Blue was born in 1890. Carson Ferguson opposite Betty Compton in her first stellar production for Paramount: "At the End of the World." Betty has the world at her feet, if that has anything to do with it.

H. K.—George Webb was the deep, triple-dyed villain in "Black Beauty." In spite of his bounding her in that picture, Jean Paige is coming back in a new Vitagraph. David Powell was born in 1884. He doesn't divulge his wife's name except to say that it is Mrs. David Powell.

MISTY.—You certainly are. John Barrymore has brown eyes, so you win the bet. What was it—that picture of him in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY? It's worth framing, I must admit. Mrs. Barrymore was Mrs. Leonard Thomas before her marriage to John, and before that, Miss Blanche Oelrichs. The John Barrymores have a baby daughter, born March 3, 1921.

R. D., CAIRO.—Priscilla Dean in Cairo, Illinois? Not that I know of. Priscilla hasn't even been to the Egyptian Cairo. She is Mrs. Wheeler Oakman. Mary Miles Minter is vacationing—not working—in Europe. She was accompanied abroad by her mother and her sister, Marguerite Shelby. Mary isn't married. Bebe Daniels in "Two Weeks with Pay" and "One Wild Week."

GLADYS, WAXABACHIE, TEX.—You don't know how to pronounce Carl Laemmle? Well, I'm not sure I do either. Suppose you try it: Lem-lee, with accent on the lem. Dick Barthelmess accents the first syllable of his last name. Betty Compton has no brothers or sisters that I know of, but then I might not know of them. You might write and ask her, care Lasky studio in Hollywood.



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