In this Issue — 

How the Motion Picture Saved the World

A Sensational Revelation by William A. Brady
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of
Cleanliness
and
Good Cheer

A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year

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It is common knowledge that the quality of all others that America has brought to the Allies is buoyant morale, lightness of heart—and it is common knowledge from coast to coast that it is Paramount and Artcraft Pictures that have been adopted by the whole nation as the romantic fuel of its cheery temper.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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VOL. XV No. 2

JANUARY, 1919

Cover Design — Marie Doro
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Next Month

BEGINNING Geraldine Farrar's Own Story

FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY, on sale everywhere January 1st, will be distinguished by the first installment of the most remarkable record of womanly accomplishment ever published: Geraldine Farrar's own story of her life, her struggles and her triumphs. Miss Farrar is without doubt America's most celebrated lady of the arts, for she has achieved mastery in two widely separated fields, and overwhelming popularity in two worlds. In the zenith of her beauty and artistic enthusiasm she had done in the arena of music what Alexander did to the known earth: conquered it all. But, like Alexander, did she pause to weep? She did not; she did what Alexander deemed impossible—she found a new world to vanquish.

That world was the vast dominion of the photoplay, and it is safe to say that her motion picture subjects gained in less than three years, outnumbered by one to the vassals of her voice, gathered in the operatic battles of a decade.

Quite naturally the life-story, the self-record, of a person of such extraordinary achievements surpasses in tense interest any external accomplishment. A great deal has been written about Miss Farrar, but at last Miss Farrar has consented to tell her world-wide audience, through the medium of PHOTOPLAY, the true story of herself.

The first of the several installments, appearing next month, will deal with unpublished chapters of her childhood and young girlhood and her early days in Paris.

With this wonderfully human narrative go unpublished family portraits, childhood pictures, rare off-stage groups and photographs of the artist in early roles.

THE ART OF JOHN BARRYMORE

A study of the genius of the acknowledged superior of all the younger Amer-
Next Month

Italian actors. Having won the highest honors of the native stage, Mr. Barry-more thought it no more than honest to say: "I shall never abandon the screen, for it has taught me many things I could never have learned elsewhere."

The Confessions of a Male Vampire

If the truth were known, our most artful vampires are certain handsome and romantic gentlemen. One of them will reveal his secret in "Photoplay." If the truth were known, our most artful vampires are certain handsome and romantic gentlemen. One of them will reveal his secret in "Photoplay."

The Early Days of Kay-Bee

The fascinating and never-told romance of the greatest group of picture pioneers—excepting the immortal Biographers—absorbing reminiscence and rare illustrative remembrance.

Personalities

No happening is as interesting as the person or persons who caused the thing to happen. So the real life of those who mimic life is a perpetual fascination.


Other Features

February "Photoplay" will contain the usual surprises—timely features of varied nature that can't be announced here, and in addition:

Interesting new fiction, beautifully illustrated;

The splendid duotone art-section, Scientific and educational articles:

Rube Goldberg's second cartoon tonic—an unpropose scream;

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The Scientific Way to Make Soup

A Prize Recipe

The Van Camp Soup we deal with here started with a famous French recipe. It won the prize in a Parisian culinary contest. A noted chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris brought it to our kitchens. The original recipe was considered the finest soup of its kind in existence.

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TWENTY-ONE years ago; in the fall of 1897, J. Stuart Blackton directed his first motion picture. It was a Spanish flag fluttering in the breeze—a huge hand (THE HAND OF BLACKTON) rose slowly into the picture, seized and tore down the Spanish flag and hauled up the Stars and Stripes. This “production” was fifty feet in length, running time less than one minute. The Spanish-American War was on and the little film aroused wild enthusiasm in thousands of theatres where American patriotism was at fever heat.

During succeeding years in the progress of the growing Motion Picture Industry “THE HAND OF BLACKTON” was seen in “The Haunted Hotel,” the first trick picture made in America, “The Life of Moses,” the first five reel production made anywhere. “The Christian,” Hall Caine’s wonderful story, “The Island of Regeneration,” Cyrus Townsend Brady’s popular novel, and still later in “The Battle Cry of Peace,” written and produced by Mr. Blackton, the first preparedness propaganda picture ever made. In contrast to the “Spanish Flag,” the “Battle Cry” measured 9000 feet in length and required two hours and a half running time. Following this came the military and industrial mobilization picture “Womanhood,” “The Glory of the Nation” and “Missing.” Mrs. Humphrey Ward’s successful novel, hailed by the press as “the best war picture of the year.” So much for past achievements.

For the present and future “THE HAND OF BLACKTON” will be seen in “The Common Cause” by J. Hartley Manners and Ian Hay Beith, an epic story dealing with the great cause of Humanity—the Getting Together of the Allied Nations, in “Safe for Democracy” by Anthony P. Kelly, which as its title denotes sounds a clarion call for the democratization of the classes, and in “The Battle Cry of Liberty,” written by Charles T. Dazey and J. Stuart Blackton, a sequel to the famous “Battle Cry of Peace,” which shows the way to real liberty for all the peoples of all the world.

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This book will be of especial value to all who contemplate scenario writing, and who do not know scenario form. In other words, it will be invaluable to the man or woman who has a good story, but who doesn’t know how to put it together.

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By Capt. Leslie T. Peacocke

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“You are.”

“I ain't.”

“You are.”

What would have happened next if you were a boy? A frightful mix-up. With the calm unreasonableness of youth these two boys found without even knowing each other—just as you have fought many a time—just because you couldn't help it.

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take Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer by the hand and go back to your own boyhood.

A BIG HUMAN SOUL

Perhaps you think you have read a good deal of Mark Twain. Are you sure? Have you read all the novels? Have you read all the short stories? Have you read all the brilliant fighting essays?—all the humor of the old and the historical ones?

Think of it—25 volumes filled with the laughter and the tears and the fighting that made Mark Twain so wonderful. He was a boundless giver of ideas and humor. He was yet much more, for, while he laughed with the world, he was loyally pledged with the sadness of human life, and sought to find the key. Beneath the laughter is a big human soul.

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Mark Twain wanted everyone in America to own a set of his books. So one of the first things he asked was that we make a set at so low a price that everyone might own it. He said: “Don’t make five dollars. Don’t make editions to sell for $200 and $100 and $1,000. Make good books—books good to look at and easy to read, and make their price low. So we have made this set. And up to now we have been able to sell it at this low price. Rising costs make it impossible to continue the sale of Mark Twain at a low price. New editions will cost very much more than this Author’s National Edition. You must sign and mail the coupon now. If you want a set at a popular price, do not delay. This edition will soon be withdrawn, and then you will pay considerably more for your Mark Twain. Now is your opportunity to save money, now is the time to send the coupon to get your Mark Twain.

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Photo Jun. 19th

10

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**The Magic of a fine, soft skin**

**ONLY BY THE PROPER CARE CAN YOU GAIN THIS CHARM**

IT DOES not "just happen" that some girls retain the loveliness of a fine, soft complexion. Only by faithfully using the right treatment for the skin can you gain this charm.

You, too, when you were a baby had a fresh, fair skin. Gradually, your skin has lost this magic beauty which rightly belongs to it.

It is exposure to cold winds and, most of all, to dust and dirt that makes the skin coarsen. By proper treatment you can offset these harmful influences; you can bring new life to your skin.

Your skin is changing every day as old skin dies, new forms to take its place. You can make this new skin what you will.

Examine your skin closely. Its pores should be hardly noticeable. If they already begin to show conspicuously, it is a sign that you have not been giving your skin the proper care for its needs.

Begin tonight this treatment for reducing enlarged pores and making the skin fine in texture. Use it persistently.

**To make your skin fine in texture**

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

You can feel the difference the very first time you use this treatment. Within ten days your skin will show a marked improvement — a promise of that greater smoothness that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

For a month or six weeks of any Woodbury Facial treatment, and for general cleansing use for that time, a 25c cake is sufficient. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of special treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder.

For pale, sallow skins

Do you lack the exquisite color that comes and goes? Write us for directions for the new steam treatment for pale, sallow skins. It will bring to your skin the fresh, glowing color for which you have longed.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOTRAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG has used his quaint comedy conceits to find very positive talent in several young players. Here is Sally Long, another newcomer, who is starring in his camera sketches of metropolitan life.
AFTER a year's disappearance in managerial litigation, Anita Stewart comes back to black-and-white life with her popularity apparently undiminished. Briefly past twenty, she is, in pictures, a veteran of veterans.
LEONA HUGHES is one of the answers to the question: Who will be the ingenues of tomorrow? You have seen her in Alice Brady's recent photoplays, and she has had some stage experience as well.
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew came to pictures from the stage, and now they have gone to the stage from pictures—temporarily—in "Keep Her Smiling," a spoken comedy like their comediettas of the screen.
MARJORIE RAMBEAU has been more fortunate in dramas than in scenarios, though she has appeared in many photoplays. Here she depicts Columbia, a very brief allegory in Blackton's new picture, "The Common Cause."
WHEN Texas Guinan played "The Gunwoman" for Triangle last winter she gained immediately a large and devoted following. Her admirers will be glad to hear that she is returning to the screen, via World.
NINTEEN hundred years ago a Star in the East heralded the first Christmas.

Today, a Star in the West promises the peace and good-will that were prophesied by the orb of Bethlehem

That Star is America.

America is the one great healer and restorer left in the world, the strong-limbed sister whose hands are left unbroken that she may bind up the hurts of those the good fight for freedom has overthrown.

Every industry, every profession, every art we have must do its utmost to make well a world the Nibelungen wolf has torn.

As a spiritual Samaritan the art of the motion picture — which is entirely America's—is more effective than all the other arts combined.

It will be the Great Healer, the Great Harmonizer, the Universal Friend, in just the degree that it is optimistic, clean, progressive and fearlessly strong.

Whether it will be those things—when the moment comes for its mighty service—or a characterless, impotent trifle, depends upon you.

The majority of the films that will be rushed to all Europe when peace comes will be films that your money has caused to be made, that your patronage has permitted to endure.

A year ago your selection was a forecast of mere neighborhood entertainment.

Today you are the untitiled censor for millions longing to lift their faces to light and life once more.

From this moment choose among the pictures that come to you those that are clean, optimistic, progressive, intelligent.

At every other Christmas you have received; at this Christmas it is in your power to give, and to keep on giving, to a world spiritually starved.

Put the white fire of splendid humanity within the Star in the West.
The Wilson of
The Film
Business
The personality and achievements of the man who wrote the great story on the next page.

By Julian Johnson

BRADY found the business of picture exhibiting a hopeless tangle of stagnant feudalism, and made it one nation of progressive endeavor.

If you don't like figures of speech, let's say the same thing in plain terms of record. On September 2nd last there were two hostile main camps, with a score of faiths, sects and politics in each camp. On September 3d the American Exhibitors' Association and the Motion Picture Exhibitors' League of America had ceased to exist, and in their place was one body, the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry, Exhibitors' Branch, with one faith, no politics, and a very general artistic and patriotic enthusiasm. In the afternoon of that day Brady had contrived to get the leaders of each faction in the same Chicago hotel, though in different rooms, whereupon he acted as messenger, arbiter, go-between, suggestor and dictator until peace was declared and union came.

You may feel that the exhibitors and their trade arguments concern you very little. In that feeling you're both right and wrong. Their trade routine is no more your affair than the by-laws of the butter-and-egg men, but the effect of their doings as a whole, as an organization, is vital, for the exhibitor is the middleman who stands between you and the producer; and I think it is not too much to say that Brady's amalgamation of all these warring interests, his enforced peace, if you like to call it that, pretty nearly saved the whole situation in the eyes of the War Industries Board.

This task demanded one man who could qualify not only as a master politician but as a master showman. Brady, unquestionably, was the only man in America who could fill the great demand of the hour.

That's why I have called him, and I think with absolute justice, the Wilson of the film business, for he brought harmony and unity to American motion picture exhibition just as Woodrow Wilson has brought harmony and unity to the Allies.

Brady as a man is vastly more interesting than any of his interesting accomplishments. For a quarter of a century he has been a dominant factor in American theatracl, a promoter of the popular drama and the fosterer of high-brow plays at the same time, the discoverer of great acting talents, the patron of American authors, an authority on pugilism, a national political force, a builder of theatres, a pre-eminent stage manager, a motion-picture manufacturer, a motion-picture director, and, throughout the great war, the confident and close personal friend of the President of the United States. He was appointed by the President in 1917 to organize the motion picture industry as a fighting arm of the government.

At the same time his withdrawal, months ago, from all personal interest in picture manufacture, has enabled him to control a situation not only national, but international, without any possible taint of self-interest in the actual picture business.

Mrs. William A. Brady is better known as Grace George, one of the finest actresses of the English-speaking stage, and their happy union of nearly twenty years is a tribute to the congeniality and home-making qualities of a busy man and a busy woman. His daughter, Alice, is a screen-star who needs no introduction in these pages.

The universality of the Brady talent is best appreciated by those who have beheld him, directing singers and even the orchestra, set an awry musical comedy right on the night of its dress-rehearsal, when its kinks defied composer, author, director, conductor, impresario and stars alike. The writer has seen him—coat off, hard-bitten cigar in one corner of his mouth—doing just that thing.

Jim Corbett was his protege and "find," and today he is probably the foremost dopester of the fight game.

Mr. Brady was born in San Francisco.

Mr. Brady, suggesting a scene to Lew Fields and little Madge Evans, in the World days when he had a personal interest in picture manufacture. Above, left, a Brady portrait.
How the Motion Picture Saved the World!

When our government used film to cement the morale of France — the insidious use of our unclean pictures by the Hun — the tragic failure of the motion picture mission to Russia.

By William A. Brady

To a great many otherwise intelligent people the motion picture is only an entertainment, never anything more than a toy, no more important than the comic paper with which you kill time in a barber-shop.

I want to tell such people in particular, and the readers of Photoplay Magazine in general, just how important the motion picture is, how powerful it has proved itself to be, what a world-factor it has become.

A little more than a year ago the motion picture saved the world. Saved the world!

That sounds big, and it is big, because it is not soap-box oratory. It is truth, a matter of government record. This magazine, I think, makes known the fact for the first time, and it is the biggest piece of news the picture business ever let loose. Here's the story of that salvation.

It was the darkest hour of the war. France and England were bent, but broken. America had come in, but she was only getting ready, and struggling Europe had little more than her word and her good will. It was the exact moment for a great German psychological drive. German whispers, German arguments, German persuasions. German discouragements drifted all over France on a wind that blew from the North.

"All you will ever get from America is promises!"

There could be but one response: to prove the whole people of France that the Germans lied.

Not thousands, but millions of feet of film were rushed across by the United States Government, and were shown in all parts of France simultaneously. France saw a moving, living, rushing negative of every vicious argument Wilhelm's agents had put forth.

France drew a long breath. It smiled. It cinched up its belt, and — with its American brothers — began to give their answer to the Germans at Chateau Thierry.

That is how the motion picture saved the world. Anything which can be a great power for good can also be a great force for evil. That's a natural law as applicable to the motion picture as it is to fire and water.

About the time America was getting its myriad celluloid tongues ready to call the Germans liars — and before that time — Germany itself was a great believer in and purchaser of American films.

Unclean pictures; morbid stories; vampire tales; gangster and gunman reels — every sort of cheap, suggestive, sensational, unnatural melodrama and prurient sex-fiction that it could pick up in the neutral countries around it, or that its American agents could smuggle to those neutral countries to these pictures, especially among neutrals where it still had free access. Germany gave the widest circulation possible.

"Here," sneered the representatives of Potsdam, "is the saviour of civilization! This is America — typical America — who is going to preserve the world for democracy. They abuse our Kultur; here's theirs. These gunmen and thugs are only average Americans. These vampires represent their women of leisure. Now then, which do you want in Europe — our civilization, or what these barbarians think is civilization?"

Needless to say, these dirty and desperate arguments were not wholly convincing to the intelligent citizens of Sweden, Switzerland and Spain. But they did damage enough.

I have given you merely an advance summary of two chapters of war history that remain to be written. (Continued on page 106)
Those Workless Fludays — What the screen celebs did in their four-weeks’ layoff.

AND I THOUGHT SHE WAS AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS!

NOW, CHILDREN, WE’LL GO DOWN TO THE BLACKSMITH SHOP AND SEE PAPA.

I HIT THE BULL’S-EYE — I’LL TAKE A CIGAR.

I’LL WRITE A NOTE SAYING I’M WILLING TO DECLARE AN ARMISTICE AND TALK TERMS.

THERE’S $14.10 DUE ON THE PIANO.

HE HASN’T EVEN PAID FOR THE REAR SEAT OF HIS AUTOMOBILE.

YOU’RE MISSED, GENTLEMEN — CAN’T YOU SEE I’M NOT ME?

THE CAMERAMAN HADN’T GO BROKE BECAUSE HE UTILIZED HIS EXPERIENCE IN TURNING A CRANK.

THANKS, LADY — I HAVE A SICK WIFE — SHE’S SICK OF ME.

THE FOUR WEEKS’ LAY-OFF GAVE THE VAMPIRE A LITTLE TIME TO Devoted TO HER CHILDREN.

BILL HART AND THE OTHER WILD WEST SPECIALISTS MUST KEEP IN PRACTICE, WORK OR NO WORK.

WHEN THE SCREEN HERO’S SALARY STOPPED HE HAD TO WEAR A BEARD TO STALL OFF THE INSTALLMENT MEN WHO FURNISHED HIM WITH ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.

DOCTOR, I’M AFRAID I’M BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE A HUMAN BEING AGAIN AND THEY WON’T BE ABLE TO USE ME IN THE COMEDY FILMS.

THE CUSTARD PIE COMEDIAN FEARED HIS HEAD WAS GROWING BACK TO ITS RIGHT SHAPE BECAUSE HE WAS NOT BEING HIT WITH A CLUB EVERY OTHER MINUTE.

R. L. Goldberg, the famous cartoonist, has signed an exclusive magazine contract with PHOTOPLAY. His droll observations on various phases of motion pictures — of which this page is the first example — will be a regular feature in coming issues.
"Cheyenne Harry" — from N. Y.

He has some record. In fact, he is under suspicion of being a pretty good actor.

Harry Carey was raised right anybody.
Which only goes to show that crooks and western bad men are not always what they seem.

For Cheyenne Harry—the boldest bandit who ever roamed the plains or rescued fair ladies—former crook bank-robber, confidence man, forger—was born and raised in Manhattan.

He was not a wayward youth. When a child, he was never permitted to handle a gun. He was awfully good about going to school, and washing his ears. He even went through New York University—all the way through; he has a diploma to prove it. He had studied to become a lawyer. But he didn’t stick to it—Harry was always truthful, whatever else they might say about him; he couldn’t tell a lie.

But—now comes the sad part. Harry, one day, while poring over Blackstone, had an idea. It came to him suddenly. He stayed up real late one night and wrote it out. It turned out to be a plot, and he put it in a play, and called it “Montana.” It was accepted and produced. And from then on, he went from bad to worse. He kept on writing plays; “The Heart of Alaska” was another. Finally it got so he began to act in his own dramas. It is terrible to think about—a strong man, who might have been a lawyer—sinking lower and lower in the social scale, from playwright to actor, and from legitimate actor to—motion pictures. Yes, Harry went into the movies.

With Biograph. He acted in more than one hundred Biographs, and in them he did his best—and dirtiest work. He won infamy as the foremost player of underworld characters on the screen. He was Bad. He never got any fan letters.

Then he had a company of his own for a while, but of course we can’t hold that against Harry. It was called The Progress—sive, but it failed to live up to it. Then—came Universal, and Harry Carey became a westerner. A real westerner. They have given him a line of plays in which he rides, and shoots, and rescues substantial young western ladies in riding boots and feminine sombreros.

His ranch in the uplands beyond Newhall, California, domiciles, besides Harry and his “heavy” in pictures and best friend in real life, Joe Harris, several dozen dogs—of which a fifteen-year-old pensionnaire named “Judge” is the favorite—horses, cows, turkeys, ducks, pigeons, pigs, and rabbits. It’s the simple life now for Cheyenne Harry, who never understood the business end of a gun until he had signed his contract to play westerns.

Of course blood will tell. Before the cameras at Universal City, Harry rolls his own cigarettes and inhales, but after the day’s work is done, he goes home and lights an old pipe and reads Herbert Spencer or a book on navigation—long ago he piloted a craft off the Maine Coast.

A resume of some of his old Biograph pictures brings to light such clear-cut titles as “The Sheriff’s Dilemma” and “The Miser’s Legacy.” For Universal, “The Stolen Treaty,” “The Master Cracksman,” and “A Knight of the Range.” Carey has written over one hundred scenarios.

Others of his pictures for Universal have been “Hell Bent,” “A Woman’s Fool,” and “Three Mounted Men.” With each of these he has improved his prowess with the six-shooter; his trigger finger is extremely agile, and he is proficient in the rescuing of those persecuted daughters of the plains, with whom he rides into the sunset in the last reel.

In real life, however, Cheyenne Harry rides alone.
Phyllis Haver feels that her form of art has made her susceptible to cold only around the shoulders, hence this cunning chunk of Fitch fur has become the filler in a delectable chicken sandwich. Fitch is most comfortable, also, when worn with a delsarte pose of the hands. Try it some time.

Proceeding in a downward curve to the right, beneath little Miss Haver's invisible feet, an immediate upsweep will lead you directly to Miss Harriet Hammond; who, as your reliable eyes inform you, has just bought a wonderful Russianesque ' thingumbo' of moleskin, trimmed with ermine. Apart from the fact that there is a charming tasseled toque of the same, we haven't a thing more to say.
When the Arctic Came to the Tropics

THOUGH you're not used to thinking about Mack Sennett's living China in anything except its natural state, it's quite true that the weather gets chilly, if not actually cold, in California in winter-time; and it's also true that the water-babies are just water-babies in working hours, and afterward are little ladies of fashion, beneath the smartest plumage that modistes and milliners and trappers can bring them.

Photos by Stagg

Virginia Warwick's kolinsky is a sinful luxury in war-time. But isn't a girl who goes without clothes all summer entitled to something extra in winter?

How do you like Ethel Lynn's choice? Miss Lynn took this great coat of beaver, trimmed with taupe fox as to collar and cuffs. Personally, we don't know very much about furs but we are quite sure that the beaver will be pleased. We would be, if we were a beaver.
“My Gang”

A narrative inning for a lot of real fellows always seen and never talked about

By Cliff Smith

Did you ever hear of a Western star who was a real cowboy? Possibly one or two, but not more. The majority of the spotlight lariat-throwers are actors of virile ambition and husky physique, who have found the transition from the formal plays of society to the plainsman's big outdoors both easy and exciting. But did you ever hear of a “cow outfit” around one of these stars that wasn't real? Never! You may be sure that the hands have punched and branded and ridden after mavericks in dead earnest. Some of their stories are genuine romances; others are quaint comedies. Cliff Smith, Triangle's last Western director, was once a cow-hand himself, and writes of his pals, the renowned and redoubtable old Triangle gang, in rough affection.

They're a silent, funny, bunch, that gang of mine. Wouldn't be no more use trying to interview them than the Sphinx. They aren't in the habit of talking much and when they do talk it's not about themselves. I've seen them sit around all day not making more than three or four remarks. But like the boys in the good old days that rode herd and busted bronces for “thirty a month and chuck” all over this western country, they sort of seem to know what the other fellow's thinking about.

Don't talk, don't smile more than once a month, but behind the “poker faces” that are part of their code, they've got the keenest sense of humor, the quickest minds and the kindest hearts in the world.

Cliff Smith has directed the biggest western stars the screen has ever had. And he says that his "gang" is about the most important thing on the lot.

Most anybody can be a western star but it takes a darn good guy to be Western atmosphere.

I've been directing western pictures for more years than my wife likes me to admit. I've directed the biggest western stars the screen has ever had. And I'm here to state that my gang is about the most important thing there is on the lot to me.

You've never met my gang, of course, not even semi-officially. They seldom if ever get their names in the papers nor on the screen. Lots of times they don't even get their faces on the screen. But take them out of any good western picture I've made and they'll leave a hole seven stars, twelve beautiful leading ladies in distress, and fourteen heavies can't fill.

Who is it gives you the thrill when his horse jumps over a cliff, turns a somersault in midair and is still galloping when he comes up? Who does the roping stunts that make you sit right up straight in your seat? Who uses a gun with both hands and can hit the ace of hearts going by on a freight car sixty miles an hour? Who sticks to that "snakey" horse when it couldn't walk straight on anything but a corkscrew? My gang.

Do you want to know where the best bronc riders, the fiestiest two-gun men, the fanciest ropers are—the boys who used to set Texas, Arizona, Wyoming and Oklahoma by the ears? In my gang, to say.

Take Abe Farra—Abe was champion broncho buster of the world in 1911 and 1913. He went down from Montana to the big contest in Oklahoma and cleaned them up right. He rode nine horses couldn't anybody else ride, and then wound up with Corkscrew, the hardest horse to sit on around those parts. Abe's one of those smooth faced, quiet guys who hasn't anything at all
One place they had a horse they allowed was plumb no 'count at all. So they took up a collection and if I rode him I was to get the pot.

Well, it's funny to me nobody else couldn't ride that horse. I didn't have much trouble looking at the world from on top o' him. 'Course I got on him layin' down and had to fan him a bit on both sides with my gun, but him and me foregathered when it was over. There was

$2.50 in that collection and I went right off and found me that Wild West Show.

"I had bought me a little dude of a hat—twasn't really much good as a hat, but I sort a took a notion to it—and the show outfit didn't think much of me. They had a horse was sort a hard to sit on and a mule that sure was bad, but somehow I managed to ride 'em and got my job. I had a swell pair of spurs—maybe that accounts for it. Anyway I stuck around quite a spell and then, when its days was numbered, I rustled me a job in the pictures."

If there's anything he can't ride we haven't produced it. But Abe's ambition is to write love stories—the kind you sell to the magazines for important money.

Billy Patton, another lad in the gang that sure enjoys sitting a snaky horse, is from Texas. There was a time when Billy was with the rangers. The truth is Billy had a came near being a hero. Bill—"Whispering"—Smith. Bill says there's nothing to it but I got the dope pretty straight that he stood off eighteen Mexicans in '14 when all the trouble was popping on the Mexican border. When I asked him about it he got real peevd.

"Who's been tellin' you that stuff?" he wanted to know. "Of course you know Mexicans ain't real men, nowh."

But I had to let him off here a while ago. He didn't put a new notch on his gun because Mexicans don't count in the Texas code; but the sheriff back there wrote him a real nice letter asking him if he'd just as soon come back and face a jury, just to keep the Texas record for law and order clean. "Whispering" answered he'd sure accept the kind invitation if they'd send him a round trip ticket. They did and he went, but it didn't take him long, because he was back in time for the next picture.

I guess Pete Morrison became a movie cowboy because there wasn't any place else where he and Brownie could keep on rooming together. Brownie is Pete's horse. Talk about devotion to a woman?

(Continued on page 109)
The SQUAW MAN

Narrated, by Jerome Shorey, from the photoplay.

(Copyright, 1906, by Edwin Milton Royle and Selena F. Royle)

I
t was not to save his cousin, Henry, Earl of Kerhill, from disgrace, that Jim Wynnagrate was leaving England and by his sudden and unannounced departure tacitly pleading guilty to the embezzlement of charity funds of which he and Henry were joint custodians. Truth was, he despised Henry, not merely because he knew that his cousin was a thief, but because the remainder of his character was in harmony with this fact. Nor was it with any Quixotic idea of sheltering the family name, that he allowed the world to think he, rather than the Earl, was guilty. As the shores of England merged with the horizon he mused bitterly upon the pleas that had been made for him to take the blame upon his shoulders, for the sake of the family. And they all thought it was for the family he had done it. How little they understood!

All Jim hoped, all he asked, was that his action should restore to Diana her peace of mind, if it were not too late. Diana was Henry's wife, and Jim loved her. That was all right. Jim had infinite capacity for concealmg his emotions. He never had hinted the truth to Diana, but when Henry, one day in a jealous rage, accused his wife of being too fond of Jim, she became confused and betrayed the fact that Jim's affection was returned. Jim discovered this accidentally, and realized that nothing but unhappiness for the woman could result from his remaining in England. He had already decided to go away when the fact of Henry's peculations was discovered. So much the better. Jim could use this as the excuse for his departure, and, he believed, undermine Diana's faith in him so that her love, if it had come to that, would be killed. Diana could not love a thief.

Night closed in about the ship, and still Jim Wynnagrate stood at the rail, peering through the gloom for his last glimpse of England. As the land and the sea became one vast mass of grey, shapeless and impenetrable, the face of Diana seemed to take form in the empty spaces, the beautiful face of Diana, proud yet kind, and to Jim it seemed that she smiled, and that in the smile there was a promise.

Two types of men are drawn irresistibly to the western plains-those who find in the arduous life a challenge to their courage and determination, and those who find in its wide, untravelled spaces, opportunities for undetected crime or opportunities for escape when crime is detected. Cash Hawkins was one of the latter. Like all of his kind, he was at heart a coward, blustering only when accompanied by his wolf-like gang. He was known to be a cattle-rustler, but in that remote corner of Wyoming there was not a sufficiently strong organi-
stand him in good stead. Naturitch looked upon him as little short of a god.

The Continental Limited pulled into the little town one day with a leaking boiler-tube, and the passengers were informed that they might as well look about and enjoy some wild western scenery, as it would be several hours before the repairs could be made. Two men and a woman left one of the Pullmans, and strolled about the town. The curious travelling caps the men wore, told that they were English, and they stared at everything with true British curiosity, not unmixed with superciliousness. They were attracted by the dance hall-saloon.

"You too, Queenie," he commanded. "Come on in and get your liquor."

In an instant Jim was at Hawkins’ side.

"Put up that gun," he commanded. Hawkins looked up at him, with a surly snarl. But it was no time for dispute. Jim was facing him, and there was fight in his eyes. With a curse he dropped his gun back in its holster and slunk out of the saloon.

"By Jove, if it isn’t our friend the embezzler," exclaimed Applegate.

The Earl looked away uneasily. Diana gave a little cry, and

came to reach for his own gun, when a sharp report was heard, and Hawkins dropped where he stood.

Then controlled herself.

"What’s that?" demanded the Sheriff, who had been a witness of the incident.

"Oh, come on, Sir John," the Earl said petulantly. "We’ll be missing our train."

"No yuh don’t," said the Sheriff, blocking the way. "If this here Britisher’s an embezzler, I want to know about it."

"Then find out about it for yourself," the Earl snapped. "Out of my way."

The outburst was so unexpected that the Sheriff, open-mouthed, obeyed, and the visitors started for the door. But not until Diana had found opportunity to whisper in Jim’s ear:

"Oh why did you go? I know you are innocent."

Just that, and she was gone, but to Jim it was as if the heavens had opened for an instant. It reawakened his courage, that she should have this faith in him.

The Sheriff, always on the alert in the interests of his friend
Cash Hawkins, would not allow the incident to be closed without asserting his authority a little further.

"What's this about you being an embezzler?" he demanded of Jim.

"Haven't the slightest idea," Jim replied with a smile. "Never saw the people in my life. Mistaken identity, I suppose. Any objection?"

The Sheriff took a long look into Jim's eyes, and decided he had no further comment to make. There would have been no time, in any event. While Jim's attention was engaged with the Sheriff, Cash Hawkins had flung open the door of the saloon, and flanked by half a dozen of his followers, guns in every hand, shouted:

"Hands up."

It was no time for parley, and Jim obeyed. Cash had the drop on him, and hesitation meant death. He doubted that Cash would have the nerve to shoot him in cold blood, but still the situation unquestionably was ticklish. Cash was in a rage over Jim's interruption of his sport a few minutes earlier, and the old scores remained unsettled. Besides, Cash was secure in his knowledge that the Sheriff was his friend. The tendency in those days was to take for granted that every man was capable of looking out for himself, and except for flagrantly

unprovoked murder, invoking the processes of law was looked upon with disfavor. These things all flashed through Jim's mind as he stood facing Cash, whose bestial features were lighted with unholy triumph.

Cash's right hand twitched a little. It looked as if he was about to fire. Jim was considering whether it would be worth the chance to reach for his own gun, when a sharp report was heard, and Hawkins dropped where he stood. A quick examination showed he had been shot through the heart.

The Sheriff, whose zeal for his friend was out of all proportion to his intelligence, wanted to arrest Jim, but an examination of Jim's gun, as well as that of his men, Bill and Grouchy, showed that every chamber contained a loaded cartridge, that the weapons were cold and the barrels clean and bright.

"Well, somebody must 'a killed him," the Sheriff insisted.

"That seems a reasonable conclusion," Jim assured him, "and it's up to you as Sheriff to find out who did it. But I don't believe anybody around here will mourn if you don't, especially owners of cattle."

That night Jim strolled away from his cabin, out under the stars. His mind was filled with thoughts of Diana, and of her faith in him. How splendid she was, as she stood there in the saloon, defying Hawkins, proud and fearless! How pitiful that she should be chained to the weakling Henry! Well, that was all past. He would never see either of them again. Henry would take good care that they never came that way.

As he stood on a slight rise of ground, Jim saw a figure approaching swiftly toward him through the darkness.

"Who's that?" he called, with his hand on his gun.

"Me—Naturith," a woman's voice replied.

"Are you looking for me, Naturith?" he asked.

She did not answer until she was close beside him.

"Me kill him," she whispered.

"You!"

"You save me from him, me save you," she explained simply.

"But where were you?"

"Me watch—side room—he ready shoot —me shoot first," and she handed him a little revolver, hardly more than a toy beside the artillery of the plains.

"I'll keep this," Jim said. "If they find the little bullet, and see this gun, they'll know you did it. I don't suppose there's another this size in Wyoming. But how can I ever repay you?"

For reply she whispered a few words in her own language and slipped away as silently as she had come. Jim could only guess the purport of her remark, but he sensed something to the effect that she was his slave and would serve him whenever he needed her.

Jim's debt of gratitude to Naturith was soon redoubled. Riding along a treacherous canyon trail one day, in search of stray cattle, his horse slipped, and he fell into a cave known as Death Hole. Strange mineral springs sent off poisonous vapors in this narrow and almost inaccessible gorge, and animals and men shunned it. The Indians surrounded it with superstitions, and would make long detours to avoid it. As Jim fell his head struck a boulder, and he lay unconscious at the bottom of the Hole. An Indian tracker had been his companion, and hurried back to the camp to inform Tabywana of Jim's plight. But while Tabywana would have done anything in reason for his friend, he was of the older generation, and he would neither venture to defy the superstition, nor order
any of his tribe to do so. Naturitch heard the news, and, unseen by her father, hurried away. She too believed in the superstition of Death Hole, but something stronger than superstition drew her on.

There was no time to warn the cowboys—the poison fumes would have done their work before they could be brought. So she sped through the steep defiles, and with almost superhuman strength, dragged the object of her devotion to safety.

Nor was this all. When, with the aid of her tribesmen, who were willing enough to help when Jim had been extricated from the Hole itself, she had taken Jim to his cabin, she refused to leave him. The poison had entered his system, and there was no doctor to be had. So she brought to bear all the lore of the aborigines, and nursed him back to health. When he had recovered sufficiently to be about, Jim went to her one day and said:

"Time for you to go back to your father now Naturitch."

She shook her head. "Me no go back again," she said, and no argument could alter her determination.

Jim was lonely. The comradeship of Big Bill, Grouchy, and the other cowboys did not suffice. The thought of his loss of Diana never left him. But the gentle ministrations of Naturitch, through his illness, seemed to supply something of the need that was growing within him. She was not of his race, but she was adaptable, and was willing to forego all to be with him. She asked nothing but to be permitted to serve her self-chosen master, and her face, which was beautiful with all the unsullied beauty of nature, would light up with joy at the least word of praise from him. But Jim, knowing what it would mean for her to stay, did his best to force her to go, and even appealed to her father. But the old chief only shook his head, a little sadly. So Naturitch stayed, and when a few months later Jim saw her working on a tiny pair of mocassins, he sent for a minister.

"Thus Jim Wynnigeate, cousin of an Earl, became a squaw man. Ordinarily it was a term of reproach. Men who married Indian women were, frequently, outcasts from their own kind, and by their adoption of an Indian mate they still further isolated themselves. But Jim commanded the respect of the community, and while many looked askance at his marriage, they still held him in respect, although avoiding him a little, that there might be some slight indication of their disapproval of these mixed marriages.

If the few years which followed did not bring Jim actual happiness, they brought something perhaps a little more positive than contentment. He
The Gish home is a big white house on Serrano avenue, a street in the Western part of Los Angeles that always seems to be a river of sunshine. It is set back at the end of a deep lawn, and an unroofed portico runs across its whole front. On the broad cement rail of this portico behold the Gish Enfant Terrible, simultaneously kidding Mrs. St. Johns and the photographer.
Black Sheep Gish

"Gee, I've got a nice family—all but me!" says Dorothy the Disturber.

By Adela Rogers-St. Johns

"HELLO," said Dorothy Gish, with the unaffected simplicity of a child, "I'm trying out my new uke. We've got a jazz band on my set now and I have to keep in training."

She sat down on one end of a perfectly enormous purple velvet divan, tucked her feet under her, kid-fashion, and began to laugh. Out of a clear sky it bubbled, that laugh—just girl. And there you have the secret of Dorothy Gish and her superlative charm—just girl—the sort of girl you adored in high school, and worshipped out of it—the girl you waltzed with under soft, shaded lights—the girl that's always held a little, wee place in your heart—

"Mother'll be here in a minute," she announced. "She's doing some Red Cross thing, of course. My mother," with that positive, almost belligerent little stare that belonged so completely to the famous "Little Disturber" of "Hearts of the World," "is the nicest woman in the world. She's always doing something for somebody."

She laid down the beloved ukulele and pulled her knees up under her chin. Try it yourself and you'll be convinced that Dorothy can't possibly be more than twenty years she proudly claims.

"There's just one thing I want you to say for me," she remarked, with a giggle. "I wore a wig, a black wig, in Hearts of the World and I'm wearing it in all my new pictures. My own hair's blond. See this?"

She took a strand of the apricot, silken stuff that curled about her ears and gave it a yank. "That's my own, and it's naturally that color. Gee, everybody thinks now that I'm a peroxide, just because of that black wig. Why, the other day I was helping mother at a Red Cross booth and some woman spotted me. She stood and looked right in my face and then she said to the woman with her: 'Well, I've seen Dorothy Gish twice before. The first time she was a blond, the next time she was a brunette and now look at her!'"

It was too much for Dorothy. She turned over, kicked up her heels and went into a regular fit of giggles! But it is quite true that Dorothy is essentially blond. There is a Watteau shepherdess in the Wallace Gallery in London for which she might have posed.

"I've gotta stop that," she said, sitting up with a face grown suddenly serious. "Mother says I'll have wrinkles all over the
place by the time I'm forty. But, gee, anybody ought to have wrinkles at forty, hadn't they? Seems pretty old to me. I just can't help laughing. Seems to be my nature.

"Now, Lillian—here's a funny one. You know we were brought up with the Pickfords. Well, Mary and I always seemed to be the ones that started things. We used to hear mother say, 'Lillian is too good to live.' And then Mrs. Pickford would sigh and say, 'Yes, that child is almost too good for this world.' Then Mary and I would follow Lillian around all day to see if she wasn't going to fall over, or something. It fascinated us. But Lillian is still like that—so quiet and good. Gee, I've got a nice family—all but me. I'm the black sheep.

"Oh, there was a woman sat next to mother and me one day at a matinee of 'Hearts of the World.' The woman watched me on the screen for a few minutes and then she turned around to me and said, 'I'll bet that girl is a tough one. She couldn't pull that stuff so well if she wasn't.'"

"The Home of Smileage" — the government theatre at Camp Taylor, Ky.

A NEW plan of getting Smileage Books into the hands of soldiers who want them has been proposed to the moving picture exhibitors and has received the approval of some of the biggest men in the industry. As Smileage coupons are now used in the government theatres in the forty-six largest camps, where something like 500,000 men are always kept for training, it is no surprise that about 1,000 requests for Smileage Books are received daily at the Smileage Division offices at Washington.

The new plan is to run a "Smileage Night" once every month in each theatre.

Ten per cent of the gross receipts on that night are to be devoted to the purchase of Smileage Books to go to the men, who come from the same city the theatre is in. That is, the money raised by New York City picture houses will buy Smileage for New York City boys in camp "over here." The Chicago funds will keep Chicago boys supplied, and Cedar Rapids cash will enable Cedar Rapids soldiers to have a good time in the camp theatres, "on the folks back home."

As over 5,000 cities and towns have established permanent Smileage sales agencies, the entire country is pretty well covered. This additional method of assisting each local Smileage fund should enable the local chairman who has direct charge of the sales in his city, to keep all "his boys" supplied with Smileage coupons.

Smileage coupons are based on the theory that people back home enjoying a show would be glad to take their khaki-clad friends to the show with them if said friends were around town. As their friends are in camp, Smileage provides the acceptable substitute. For the soldier who has a Smileage Book simply exchanges the Smileage coupons for his ticket to the camp theater, and thanks the person who sent him the book for sending him the seat, as it were, by long distance.

Many cities supplied their men with one-dollar or five-dollar Smileage Books when the men went off to camp. Of course, the coupons swiftly disappeared, for the average soldier takes his friends in "on Smileage." Then the demands came to the Washington headquarters, asking how to secure additional Smileage. These demands were referred to the cities from which the men came, and each city took care of its own soldiers. The requests were coming in too fast for most of the local chairmen, so the aid of the picture people comes at a most timely moment.

Each "picture house fund" will be kept separate. The books bought through the funds will all be marked as coming from the various picture houses. Smileage will thus serve as a pleasing reminder of the home town and the fact that the people back there want the men to have as good a time as military regulations permit.

Red Cross hospital directors in fifteen camps have sent in urgent calls "for as many Smileage Books as you can send me" to the Smileage Division of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities.

It is to provide funds to maintain exactly this sort of work that the theatres will give ten per cent of their receipts. The feeling is strong that the extra patronage on "Smileage Night" will not make the entire cost of the donation fall on the house owner.

He Hated to Correct Him!

ONE of Pershing's colored soldiers, in going vigorously over the top, suddenly confronted a German reservist from St. Louis. The militant disciple of Kultur fell bravely to his knees and shrieked in English: "Spare me! I have a wife and six children at home!"

"Man, you're wrong! What you got at home is a widow and six orphans!" answered the Ethiop.

And immediately he took suitable steps to prove himself a perfectly truthful member of the African M. E. Church.

Which brought us naturally to the "Little Disturber" and her origin, for there can be no doubt that Dorothy Gish has created a type of girl new to the screen and one that will follow her name as the "Music Master" has followed that of Warfield, or "Leg" that of Laurette Taylor.

"Well, she's partly a real girl," said Dorothy, and her eyes, under their peculiar lashes—black, feathered with gold—grew serious. "We saw her in Paris and followed her all one afternoon. She walked exactly as I did in the picture, only she brought her feet down harder—like this." She gave me the Little Disturber with amplifications. "She was wearing a peach-colored georgette, with a real lace collar, one of those things that made a tailor-made person like me break the tenth commandment every time I looked at it. And partly, she is—me, I guess. There's one thing makes me pretty glad everybody likes her so well. I won't have to cry much for a spell, and I'm sure glad. I hate to cry."

How About a "Smileage Night" In Your Theatre?

Announcing plans for an organized method of providing entertainment tickets for our soldiers and sailors.
A Lover—Off and On

Having made a study of romance at home, Niles Welch is putting his affectionate disposition into business.

A CONTRACT was recently made between the Famous Players-Lasky corporation, party of the first part, and Niles Welch, esq., party of the second part, providing that the party of the second part is to appear as a featured player in Paramount and Artcraft pictures for a period of four years.

Niles Welch doesn't grow old or prosaic during that period. And if it is true that one's home life influences his business, then Paramount and Artcraft needn't worry over this acquisition of screen youth. For Mr. and Mrs. Welch are established in a comfortable and beautiful little bungalow near the Lasky studios in Los Angeles, where they are showing how happy young married couples can be when they set their minds to it—as well as their hearts.

Jesse Lasky has confessed that he had been trying for a long time to corral Mr. Welch, and that having succeeded he felt much gratified. For you see Mr. Welch can do a great many things besides look young. To be perfectly frank about it, he is an actor of exceptional ability who plays roles exemplifying vim, nerve and virility, qualities which belong to youth.

Niles Welch is unique in that he deliberately and with malice prepense and forethought set out to be an actor. He began qualifying himself for his career when he was younger even than he now looks to be. He was born in Hartford, Conn.—oh, well, if you must have the date, it was July 20, 1888. Soon thereafter his parents went to Europe, where they lived for some years. Niles began his education in England, took another installment in France, and then returned to Concord, New Hampshire, where he prepared for college at St. Paul's School.

He entered Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University, with the class of 1909, and topped off with a course at Columbia University. Thus he acquired a cosmopolitan education which all finished artists should have.

While at Columbia Mr. Welch took a prominent, but not too prominent, part in all student activities, including football and rowing, and not overlooking amateur theatraicals.

He simply went out of his own accord and found an opportunity to take a post-graduate course in dramatic art in that most grilling and unrenuminorative school, a stock company. For three mortal years he stuck to the job, playing in that time several million different parts—or, at least, so it seemed to his ferved imagination—until at last his soul revolted.

By this time motion pictures were coming along nicely, holding out prospects of substantial reward to actors who could act. Welch obtained an engagement with Vitagraph which lasted for a year. That was enough to establish him firmly in the new art. Next followed a year with Metro and other engagements with Paramount, World, Universal, Pathé, Select and Goldwyn pictures, Mr. Welch growing steadily in finished artistry.

He played the leading juvenile role opposite Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington," and then things began to happen. So many letters were received from exhibitors and their patrons expressing delight with his work and suggesting that he should be featured regularly in Paramount pictures that the four year contract was inevitable.

Without neglecting his duties in make-believe romances, Mr. Welch found time to work in a little private romance of his own, which in due time led a charming screen actress to the altar as Miss Dell Boone and away from it Mrs. Niles Welch.
Educational Films

A department of service in the application of the motion picture to one of its greatest fields of usefulness.

By Henry MacMahon

Do you know that the dormouse has never felt the thrill of hanging up his stocking on Christmas eve—simply because he sleeps without a break from November to March? Do you know that the python can eat a pig four times its own size and not feel stuffy?

Perhaps you do; maybe you have read about it in a book. You have, then, relied on the written word. But would you not be more interested and would not the impression be more lasting and vivid were you to see—actually see—the dormouse sleeping while autumn turns to winter, or the python in the midst of swallowing his portion of food, whose size Hoover could never sanction?

Motion pictures showing the lives and habits of animals is but another great, new phase of the educational film. In the series, "The Living Book of Nature," Raymond L. Ditmars is accumulating a priceless "library" for the eyes and brains of those who are interested in animals—whether that animal be a lion from Africa, or an alley cat in Toledo. Already Mr. Ditmars has dogged his camera fifty-three different animals during their most interesting hours. Often months were required to collect a reel showing such difficult bits of action as the life of our distant friend, the skunk, or Mister Katydid grinding out his love song.

Professor Ditmars, a member of the New York Zoological staff and otherwise a famed animal authority, has devoted the past five years toward transferring the moods and peculiarities of animals to the screen.

At right—Reptilian camouflage. These pale green serpents from Brazil look like the vines of the tropics. These creatures lived weeks in the Ditmars' studio until they became accustomed to crawling naturally among settings imitating their native jungle, when they could be "shot" by the camera.

In earlier years Professor Ditmars told what he had discovered in books, but the possibilities of even more vividly revealing animals in their natural haunts came to him through a study of the motion picture camera.

"In 'The Living Book of Nature,'" explains Professor Ditmars, "I am not looking for thrills or for camera tricks, but rather studies of the animals to reveal characteristic traits, habits and life histories unnoticed or unattainable by those who wander casually past the cages.

"None of my work is in the nature of made-up acting, and even in the monkey house I do not train the simians after the manner of the professional stage trainer, but rather educate them to investigate the extent of their mental capabilities. Stage training is largely the infliction of fear and punishment, but our method is entirely one of imitation and suspension. Thus the monkeys learn to handle knife and fork, to wear clothes, to perform intricate mechanical tasks, simply by watching and imitating human beings doing these things. For instance, there isn't an animal in our monkey house that won't put on a hat if it is handed to him. As favorable opportunities occur I accumulate film bits of their intelligent actions until finally I have a pretty complete life-history of the monkey from the lowest to the highest stage of intellectual development. It may take the better part of a year to build up this one film subject, but while I
Premo! there's the lighting and camera all set. The hard part of it is the katydid, its habit being to sing only in the dark and to quit when the scene is illuminated. I recall then that the katydid's lay is one of courtship and the song is exclusively a masculine one—made to entice the females by a musical note caused by the rubbing together of the wings. When one male katydid starts up, the others will join in and try to outvie him. So I provide a lusty chorus of males out there in the near-by dark, and by and by my captive he-katydid, though in the full light of the motion picture arc, will begin to think that those other fellows are putting something over him, and he will sing too. "I've taken the camera into the rattlesnake dens in Connecticut and New York States and photographed the free reptiles and their young in action. I have filmed the wild deer, the small game and even occasionally the bears in the Berk-shires, the Catskills and northern Pennsylvania. But the intensive study of the animal world can best be carried on in connection with a great and varied collection of animals such as the Zoological Park offers. "In one of my reels I show a fight to the death between a mongoose and a cobra. The mongoose, as is well known, is the poisonous snake-hunter, its importation into the United States is forbidden, and I had great trouble in obtaining a license for a specimen, which I subsequently returned to the Orient. The cobra repeatedly coiled itself and struck at the mongoose which dodged every attack. Ever the snake tried to bury its fangs in its four-footed adversary and ever the mongoose was too quick for him. At the death grapple the mongoose got around behind and bit the cobra in the tail; this caused the cobra head to rear up, and the mongoose jaws were upon it like a flash, inflicting the wound in the neck which ended the snake's struggles. "Another film shows the swallowing by a python of a pig four times its size. This sounds incredible. The explanation is that the python's jaws, instead of being attached each to the other like mammalian jaws, are divided above and below, and the orifice of the throat is also elastic, the bones coming away from each other as the muscles are

A scene from E. M. Newman Travel Picture released by the Educational Films Corporation of America, showing the Great Wall of China.
stretched wide to their utmost tenacity. The pig having been killed by constriction, the right upper jaw moves outwards and away to encompass one end of the carcass, next the left upper jaw encloses the left side of the body, next the right and left lower jaws move forward upon the prey and pull in the lower part of it, until the pig is all in and gulped down by a tremendous series of slow swallows. The process of digestion takes from eight to ten days. In this snake-incinerator, the entire pig is reduced to nothingness—hide, hair, teeth, squeal and all. I've had dentist friends of mine disbelieve my statement that snakes can digest teeth. For proof, I've let them put human teeth into the body of a rodent that was subsequently swallowed by one of my pet snakes; then the animal has been kept continually under observation, and it has been shown absolutely that no traces of the teeth anywhere remained.

Of equal interest with the land reptilians are the pictures of submarine monsters I obtained from Italy some little while ago. Pictures of devil-fish, I grieve to say, are often faked, but these were the real thing. The Italian submarine pictures were made in specially devised deep-water-tanks at Naples and near Tahiti and Samoa. Actual colors of the deep were photographed by polychrome, and we reproduced them here in laboratory though the laboratory experts kindly assured us that no such greens, blues and purples could possibly have been found at the bottom of the sea! I edited and titled the pictures and added to them some combats of my own between giant turtles and sea-monsters, but ninety per cent of the pictures were Italian and to Italian scientists the picture is due for this amazing record of the sea.

"Now I am engaged in revealing the mysteries of Nature in the constructive efforts of its creatures. I may mention here the nests, hives and hills of the birds, bees and ants; the big spider, the trap-door spider which digs its home in the sand, encloses it in silk 'wallpaper,' and constructs at the top a weather-proof, hinged trap-door which is indistinguishable from the surface of the desert; the spider of the Tornado Zone which reinforces its tree nest with stones; the pike biting the green leaf stem and the brongo trunk; the prairie dogs, so common in the West, as skillful on the land as the beavers in the water, kicking the upturned soil into the hillocks with mathematical exactitude and tamping it down with their heads, providing a rain-proof home which sudden storms cannot demolish. I have been working recently on subjects such as these, my aim being to show the truly creative intelligence that lurks in these creatures."

Ditmars' studio-laboratory at Scarsdale (N. Y.), is a magic workshop wherein the scientist performs his cunningest feats and makes his noblest experiments. He is a modern Merlin of props, scenery and lights, an enchancer who gets much out of little, like the mediaeval philosopher extracting gold from lead. Props? You would laugh to see them. Red, white, pink and neutral gray stages, wire sticks and small range of every color, the natives of the tropics; giant golden-leafed palms, jade of particolored shells and marine specimens from the Seven Seas; trays of bones, ancient and modern; eggs assorted and as the produce men say "extra fine;" mosses, plants, the paraphernalia of tropic or temperate vegetation.

For every little animal that he pictures there, Ditmars makes a habitat identical with its natural conditions. He constructs the peacocks, the rattle-snakes, the sea-horses, the green turtle, the crab, the octopus, the coral, the spider, the coral, the pelican and all their accessories. He uses the latest in electrical art, the streamers, the rainbow-arc, the neon gas for the escape of the coral, the complete analogy of natural light, the exquisitely adapted to every creature or plant, the star, the bright star, the white light, the light of the sun and the sun, the living light, the natural light. The result is an opened-up vista of the animal life of the earth and the sea, the future of the photography of animals by a soft, diffused light. He watches very carefully the shadows, corners and sides of the picture, bunch lights being used in addition to the big arcs to light these up. For occasional daylight work, the large top of the studio can be lifted off.

Raymond L. Ditmars is a city boy with a love of animals strongly developed by park wanderings and by some youthful experiences as a lad-of-all-work in the menagerie tent of a big circus. His parents used to live in a Harlem apartment house over against what was then the northern wilderness of Central Park. The boy knew every nook and cranny of it, and it was his home. He went to school in the neighborhood, and the family that the quary were non-poisonous grass snakes of a harmless variety. He was finally allowed to keep the snakes and to add to their number, amassing a collection of several score which he attended to and photographed. Fourteen he got a job in the American Museum of Natural History. For seven years he worked there, being finally promoted Assistant Curator of Insects. Then he went into newspaper work, writing animal stories. For the N. Y. Times and another four years, he had to go to the Bronx to interview Director Hornaday of the newly started Zoological Park. He found his future chief in a hut of the wilderness, the first neighbour. After obtaining all the journalistic facts about the new project, he said: "I've a collection of three hundred snakes on an upper floor of my home which I'd like you to look at!" "Three hundred snakes!" said the Director, astonished. "Boy, where did you get them?"

"Collected them," said Ditmars briefly. Director Hornaday came to see the collection, and young Ditmars promptly offered them to the New York Zoological Park. "Yes, we are pleased to accept them as the nucleus of New York's Reptile Collection, but—" he laid a friendly hand on the lad's shoulder, "on one condition, when they go to the Park, you go with them!" And that's how Raymond L. Ditmars became a member of the New York Zoological Staff just under the present director, a decade of uninterrupted labor he has received academic recognition from many learned bodies in various lands, has written, illustrated and published two enormous tomes on "The Reptiles of North America" and "The Reptiles of the World," under Mr. Hornaday's supervision has augmented the mammals and reptiles of the park to the largest collections of their kinds in the world and has found time in the last five years to study the animals moving-pictorially. His series of fifty-three subjects constitutes the first definite transference of a natural science from a literary and a "still" illustrated form to a moving picture form.

"Once," said Mr. Ditmars, after a lecture, "a gentleman told me that he couldn't believe that dormouse and python stuff without seeing it. I took up motion pictures to silence such skeptics and think I have succeeded."

**Did You Know**

--- That the only song the katydids sing is one of courtship, and that sung only by the male; that keen rivalry often occurs for the hand of some fair katydid, and that the he-katydid who sings the prettiest is the chosen suitor?

--- That the lizard catches its prey by darting out its tongue in the shape of an umbrella?

--- That the trap-door spider has a weather-proof, hinged door to his home, indistinguishable from the surface of the earth?

--- That a python can swallow a pig-four times its own size—and still have room for dessert; that this same snake is alleged to be able to digest human teeth?

--- That in the ocean there are fish able to instantly change their color to that of their surroundings—"chameleons of the sea"?
The CAPTAIN’S CAPTAIN

Louise Grayling wished hard for some excitement, and got it—with trimmings—and everything.

By
Leigh
Metcalf

Tarrytown, Monday evening

DEAREST WINIFRED:
Well—here I am—at Aunt Euphemia’s house, where I shall remain all summer unless Dad sends for me, or I pine away in loneliness. I feel about as outraged as a newly-captured tiger upon being caged for the first time and offered a bowl of corn-meal gruel.

Tell me, pray—what is a girl to do in a prison like Aunty’s house? Such a bunch of ogres—even the ice man looks haughty and offended when you attempt to smile at him. No noise, no excitement—nothing but stiff, staid ceremony. Oh, for a fire or a murder! I have just been wishing that a burglar would sneak into the house—a nice friendly burglar, with a sense of humor. But, oh dear—I suppose burglars are too unconventional for Aunty! Imagine me, Winnie—trying to warm up to a formal crowd of inert Grundies who have been antiques for perfect ages. What, pray, is the restlessness of youth to Aunt Euphemia? I was just looking at her baby pictures and do you know I can recognize that same hauteur and unbreakable dignity?

Listen, Winnie: the first minute Dad comes home I want you to send me a wire. For I won’t stay in this dead place a minute longer than is necessary. I never will forgive him for going away on that business trip, permitting Aunty to drag me to Tarrytown, just because she thinks it wouldn’t be “prop- er” for me to remain at home with everyone gone.

However, I don’t intend to tire you with my dreariness—even though you did make me promise to write you everything. And so, because dreariness is all that drips from my pen tonight, I’ll stop.

Tarrytown, Tuesday morning.

Oh, Winnie—I must whisper a thrilling idea that came to me during the night! I suddenly remembered that Uncle Abe Silt had written me not so long ago, asking me to visit him at Cape Cod. He is a storekeeper there you know.

“No noise—no excitement—nothing but stiff, staid ceremony.
Oh, for a fire or a murder!”

And so I think I’ll sneak away to Cape Cod. Don’t gasp, dear. It will be interesting and who knows but what I’ll unearth some excitement there? Cape Cod is quite a picturesque place, I understand—where they get cod liver oil and all. And codfish. The people are very plain, I understand, and very difficult to shock.

Don’t tell a soul yet, Winnie. I am going to make overtures to the housekeeper today. I am quite sure I saw her wink at me during breakfast when I declared to Aunty that cigarette-smoking was a graceful feminine habit. Aunty is going out on a calling tour. And if I am to sneak away, it must be done quickly. More later.

Louise.

Somewhere on Cape Cod, Wednesday morning.

WINNIE—I’ve gone and done it! Revolt was as inevitable as Hun defeat. The housekeeper is a real sport. Just after Aunty had gone yesterday, I sneaked up to her and sobbed out my plan on her shoulder. She melted into liquid sympathy. Then I sprang my idea. “I’m going to sneak off to my Uncle’s—at Cape Cod!”

She swallowed a gasp but said: “I think I understand, dearie!”

And so I packed my things in a jiffy and by noon was gone. And here I am! No stiff, staid ceremony or any of that stuff. Oh, it’s a relief after Tarrytown and I must go out and stir up some excitement.

If only Aunty doesn’t come and spoil it all. But the housekeeper promised to tell her that I had left the house suddenly, after receiving a wire, and didn’t tell where I was bound.

Uncle Abe is a dear old fellow. He has whiskers like Ulysses, only, unlike him, is afraid of water. I know he doesn’t like water because Betty (more about her later) said so. And that is strange, considering that he was born and reared within sound of the breakers. I intend to investigate.
However, even if he is afraid, his brother, Captain Amazon, isn't. Amazon is a sea captain and Uncle just loves to tell of his exciting adventures. A ferocious old captain, he must be, and wonderfully courageous. Last evening I sat charmed—actually charmed—while Uncle told of Amazon's amazing adventures. There are several others rival story-tellers—ex-sea captains—but they can't pretend to match Uncle's true stories. Joab, a retired mariner, is especially eager to discredit Uncle's stories, and bullies the old dear unmercifully.

And Winnie—there's Betty—Betty Gallup, a typical sort of woman for this place, with a masculine way about her, unlimited nerve and a habit of making Uncle step lively. She keeps house here. One would think she really disliked Uncle—if one didn't observe closely. I have watched her, and really, Winnie, there's the oddest, prettiest light that shines in her eyes when she is near Uncle Abe. It's just as though only the tiniest little obstacle were all that kept her from flying into his great arms. And it is easy to see that he cares for Betty. I heard him sigh this morning when he was watching her. The sort of sigh that—well, like Bobby Wescott made when he wanted to dance with me (conceit!) and my card was filled. There's something between the two dears—I wonder what keeps them apart?

Well—I'm at the end of this sheet and must move about a little and forget that Aunt Euphemia has probably sent out the chief of Tarrytown police to look for her scapegoat niece. Goodby for this time.

P. S.—I nearly forgot a very thrilling part of my trip here. I met the most unusual person—a snobbish fisherman. Perhaps not snobbish, but certainly independent. You see, I got off at the wrong station coming over, and I chartered his launch to ferry me across the cove. He refused to take any fee. And—oh, Winnie, imagine! His launch became shoaled out from shore and without hesitation or invitation, grabbed me in his strong arms and carried me to land. And the surprising thing about it was that I wasn't angry! His name is Lawford Tapp. There—isn't that a nice little thrill for a starter?

**Louise.**

"Why is Abe's bedroom door locked?"

Betty demanded. My heart jumped, but Uncle's wits were quack, this day. "Because I want it locked!" he roared.

**Mystery!** I like the sound of that word—after Tarrytown! Mystery always precedes excitement. It concerns Uncle Abe. This afternoon I was putting away my things and discovered some old scrap books in the dresser. They contained old clippings—stories of the sea. Imagine my surprise to recognize that every one of the many stories Uncle has been pinning on to this Captain Amazon. The old sneak! Why should he plagiarize (I think that was what my English teacher called it) just for the sake of bragging over his brother? I intend to find out... right now!

* * * * * * *

I found out! Dear Uncle. He was down in the store when I searched for him. I lured him outside and while we were walking along the beach, he started another reminiscence of this Amazon person. I used it as a cue.

"But—I read that story, Uncle," I said.

His face fell and his flushed back to his ears. Cruelly I went on, demanding to know why he misrepresented fiction to be fact. Then he opened his heart.

"My mother was frightened before I was born, by a frightful wreck," he said quietly. "And I can hardly bear sight of the sea—and so I—" He went on to tell how he felt being a landlubber among the stalwart, unafraid fishermen and mariners. I was beginning to understand a little. I held his arm fondly. He finished.

"an' so I invented a brother—so that he could hold the respect I can't command." He looked off toward the house, where Betty Gallup was putting around the porch.

"I didn't care so much about men ridiculing me," he said.

"But Betty—she isn't afraid of the sea!"

We walked in silence for a while. Suddenly I was seized with an idea. I did so want to help Uncle with the men—and Betty. I clutched his arm, eagerly.

"Oh, Uncle," I gasped, "I have it! Why not win Betty's greater respect and remove the taint from the minds of the people—by being your brother yourself?"

He stared at me aston-ished. But before he could voice objections, I plunged into my plan, sweeping fear quite out from his heart. Then we were interrupted by Mr. Tapp, who ran up, pleading with me to go with him in his launch. I couldn't refuse—even though my mind was a medley with thinking of my great idea. I wasn't half civil to Mr. Tapp, I know. I wonder who he really is? He doesn't seem to be ordinary—not a bit. Adieu.

**Louise.**

P. S.—On advice of
Uncle, I wrote a note to Aunty today, telling her where I was and assuring her that I was in good hands and quite well and happy.

Thursday.

Our plan worked splendidly! Uncle Abe is now the terror some "Amazon," whose prowess he so lustily sang in the past. He is now the blustering,-domineering captain, boss of the store and unafraid of Betty Gallup or any retired mariner in Cape Cod. The whole shore is thrilled! And to think that I—a mere girl, recently run away from a fashionable Tarrytown home—at the bottom of it! Oh, this is a lark! I'll tell you all about it.

This morning Uncle and I got together while Betty was out, and looked over one of his books, "The Sea Scorpion." In it we found a wonderful portrait of a fierce-visaged sea captain—"Captain Gridly."

"You must resemble him," I determined, and Uncle nodded. Upstairs, the page before us, we got busy. Uncle's heart broke when his beard had to go under the shears. But we preserved it all and locked it in the dresser for resurrection. Then we mixed a heavy dye in the washbowl and smeared it over his pale features and managed to put together some wild, weather-worn clothing suggestive of a lifetime at sea.

I sent for Uncle Abe's chest, which Perry, station agent, called for immediately. Soon Betty returned. Close behind her entered Uncle. Betty whirled around as he stamped into the room. She gasped and stared, speechless as he glared at her, thundering:

"I suppose you're Betty Gallup. I'm Captain Amazon Abe's brother."

His voice was thunderous. He swaggered about, more impressively than has ever been pinioned on any stage. "Excellent," I commended mentally, hiding behind a curtain.

Then I stepped out, feigning surprise and fear.

Betty hadn't yet found her voice. I nearly choked trying to make a gigue sound like a nervous murmur. And yet I was a little nervous and so was Uncle. For all his bravado, I could see his knees trembling a little. Uncle grudgingly explained that Abe had gone on a cruise for his health. "I'll take his place while he's gone."

Then Betty regained a little of her poise. She snifed suspiciously. "It doesn't seem likely that Abe would go away on a ship," she retorted, and walked out, leaving us two alone. I could see Betty stopping outside and telling the news to every one she met. I grabbed Uncle's hand and found it shaking.

"Cheer up," I encouraged, "it is working fine!"

Presently Aunty came back and outside I heard her telling Joab that Perry said he didn't ship Abe's chest because Abe didn't leave town! I could see she was suspicious.

Misgiving number one thus presented itself. Why hadn't I done something else with that chest?

However, my misgivings were forgotten when I followed Uncle into the store. The benchwarmers there stared at him openmouthed and arose, subjection in their eyes. Straight through their midst swaggered the hero of the hour, and in a thundering voice announced himself. The first thing he did was to declare all credit business off, which made me grin. "Cash only goes," he said, "while I'm master of this ship's store." And cash he got too. Not even Joab dared to bully him, but shrank back into his chair, cowed.

Presently Betty burst into the store, coming from upstairs, with a question on her lips.

"Why is Abe's bedroom door locked?" she demanded, addressing Uncle.

My heart jumped. We had locked it so she wouldn't discover Uncle's clothing, and beard. But Uncle's wits were quick this day. He roared:

"It's locked because I want it locked!" daring her to insist.

But though Betty went out without further question, I can't help from feeling a little uneasy. The fact that the chest wasn't shipped and the locked door have aroused Betty's suspicion. She is championing the man she loves—I can see that. While it makes me happy, it frightens me—right at this stage of the game.

Thursday night.

This evening Lawford Tapp called for me in his car. And—Winnie—he confessed that he wasn't a fisherman, but the son of the rich family whose great country home lays up the shore. It surprised—but didn't particularly please—me.

That's nice," I said coolly. But in my heart I was disappointed. You know, Winnie, how I abhor the "worthless rich." I had half a mind to ask him why he didn't go to work. And yet—I must say there's something fascinating about him.

Louise.

Friday forenoon.

And now what do you suppose has happened? Aunt Euphemia is here! All because I wrote that silly old letter, telling her where I was. She raved and stormed, of course, demanding that I return with her instantly. But how can I—and Uncle right in the midst of his re-making?

And, oh Winnie—when Aunty saw him, she immediately wanted to know who he was. Betty said sourly: "His brother!"

But Aunty looked at his disappearing figure suspiciously.

"I don't understand," she said. "Abe has no brother!"

And then Betty was surely bewildered and angry. I ran out and caught up with him, telling him to brace up. "Everything will come out right," I said, feeling it wouldn't. Then Aunty called me and I had to return to the house. She demanded to know who he was. I fidgeted and set my mind to working and finally thought of an answer:

"Well, Aunty," I whispered, "if you must know—Uncle Abe is hiding in his locked room as there are people seeking his life and this man is posing as his brother, protecting him."

This didn't seem to get over very good, although I thought it sounded rather well. She seemed to take it for granted though that I was telling the truth, but demanded that I leave with her immediately. "Unless you do," she said, "I'll wire your father." Then stalked off to the hotel.

But, Winnie—how can I leave—now? It's up to me to see
that Uncle gets out of this scrape with flying colors. And I
will—I WILL!

LOUISE.

Friday—evening.

Winnie—I must relieve my mind or it'll burst! Alarming
tales have occurred! To begin with, after lunch a boat
landed with six Malays and Bengalese, and a white officer,
who explained that their ship had been submerged. And do
you know that the coolies have been dogging Uncle ever since
they landed? This evening just about dusk I saw one of them
staring in the window and a little later a shot rang out and
the window pane fell shattered to the floor. Uncle was in
the room but escaped unhurt. Later we found "The Sea
Scorpion" opened and the picture of the captain slashed
through with a knife. What does it mean?

While we were studying the book we heard some mysterious
racket outside in the dusk and presently in through the door came Perry
and Joab and some others, escorted by Betty—and they were carrying
Uncle's chest! My heart jumped.

As they got it in the doorway they left it drop, by mutual accord, and
it crashed to the floor, bursting open. You should have seen their eyes
when the heap of old clothes fell out as—as though they expected to
see Uncle's body fall out.

Perry and Joab and the others, jealous of Captain Amazon's thundering
personality, are encouraging Betty to think that Amazon has done away
with Uncle. She has had to think, for when they found the trunk de-
void of Uncle Abe, they all stared at Uncle and then at me and shouted:

"Where is Uncle Abe?"

I could see that Uncle was aroused. He reached for the man nearest him
and gave him a prodigious shove. Then he searched for the clothes
but all had got out and they got, well me!

I am just about in tears. I heard someone outside talking
about calling the police. This is becoming terrible. And to
make matters worse, Betty was skulking around upstairs and
found the wash bowl with the red stain mixed in, which
we had used on Uncle's face, and she sneaked out with it, after
the others had left. And I think I know:

And to think—they imagine that I am Amazon's accomplice! I
feel that the climax is near. If these fools outside do as
they threaten and arouse the police—but I can't write more
tonight—

LOUISE.

Saturday.

This morning Lawford Tapp called and asked me to walk
with him. I couldn't refuse, even though I felt little like a
chat right then. He asked me the meaning of the gossip.
It seems that news of my implication in the disappearance
of Uncle Abe has gotten up to the shore to his people. They forbid him seeing me.

"They kill people—call you a fishwife," he said with a
wry smile, "and they say that you are Captain Amazon's ac-
complice in crime. I made them retract the first, of course—but the latter—"

I interrupted warily. "I'm no fishwife, or any other kind
of a wife. And as for murder—well, I refuse to say a word
—yet!" Then I added warmly: "I should think you'd be
busy doing a man's work instead of prying into other people's
affairs!"

He flushed deeply, which made him handsomer than ever,
and then silently walked off up the beach. I hurried back.
There was too much tension to permit my giving him much
thought just then.

As I entered the house I heard a second gunshot! Fearfully,
I rushed through the doorway and came upon Uncle Abe
beholding over the bird cage, shattered on the floor, and morn-
ing over the prostate canary—his beloved pet! Poor big-
hearted Uncle Abe! Through the window, I saw one of the
coolies disappearing in the distance. Impatient, I grabbed

for the book of sea stories and turned to the slashed portrait
of "Captain Grid!

I began skimming through the chapter opposite titled "How the Drunken Crew Landed and Wrecked
a Hindu Temple, Killed a Priest and Escaped."
As I perused the chapter lightly, suddenly a tear was trickling on
the shoulder of Uncle Abe, sunk into deserted silence on the floor.
"Uncle," I whispered, "I've discovered about the coolies and
the shots! They think you are Captain Grid—whom wronged
their people."

And as we read the Chronicle of the vandalism, the important-
ance of Uncle's regaining his own personality and dropping
this hideous and dangerous masquerade came over me. I told
the Uncle so, too. "I'm going upstairs and piece together your
beard," I informed him, getting up. "I have a faint suspicion that Perry and Joab are going to return soon, meaning mis-
chief."

And I was off up stairs.

I sat down and with
feverish fingers sought to mend the beard onto a strip of cloth. Sudden-
ly the closed door opened and Betty sprang out. She had been spying, and I—warily of the whole mystery—flung myself on her
and said:

"Oh, Betty—Betty! There was
no murder! It's all a farce—a put up job."
And I confessed the whole story. While I was talking, she
would not—not until I begged her to come to the staircase and observe
Uncle Abe—still mourning over his canary. This scene succeeded in
convincing her and she whipped herself into action for Uncle Abe—the man
who needs her—must.

"I must hurry out," she gasped.
"They—they are alarming the police."
But I stopped her. "You mustn't tell. That would spoil the whole plan.
Abe will be reincarnated by the time they get here."

Betty saw the wisdom of this and pushed down
stairs, to delay them all she could.

Then I did a peculiar thing. Winnie. I do not know what
strange impulse came over me, but I made the descent of the
stairs as in a dream. Straight for the medley of Malays I
stepped, without hesitation or the blink of an eyelash. It
was as though I walked in a trance. And the coolies were
affected, paralyzed. I walked to the center of the room and
made a sudden dive for the revolver; got it, and fired it
against the wall. Then I called to Uncle to run
upstairs and don the beard and his own clothes and to hurry back.

It seemed I stood there a lifetime—menacing the coolies.
And already through the window I could see the mob hurry-
ing toward the house—led by the police! Then Uncle came
bounding down the stairs—three at a time—the REAL UNCLE
Abe—even though his beard was the tiniest bit awry. Just
then a coolie made a move and I fired—shattering the bullet
on the arm.

Imagine—Winnie!

By that time Uncle was at my side and I gave him the revolver even as I heard shouts outside and a battering on
the locked door. I saw Uncle bravely take my place before
the enraged coolies; I heard a great crash and saw the door
fall in, Joab, the police and others pouring in, with Betty hang-
ing back anxiously. Elbowing through the crowd came Law-
ford.

And then—things grew vague and I sank to the floor and,
calling myself a silly little weakling, fainted.

You can't imagine the relief now, Winnie. And fag-
gracious! I just told Aunty that I'd leave with her in
the morning. I'll be actually glad to stay with her the rest of
the summer. It's been an exhausting few days, but I wouldn't
have missed it for worlds. For Uncle is now an idol in his

(Continued on page 105)
After Lunch at Chaplin's Studio

When Charlie went out to La Brea avenue, in Hollywood, he told his architects to build him a palace of humor that would have the homey spaces of an English manor-house. So, after the noon feed-bag is taken off, you may find a lot of huskies on a sunlit patch of sand shooting a medicine ball at each other. It's much healthier than the ancient practise of shooting craps behind a bank of Cooper Hewitts.

Subject, a stenographer and a rose. We know the rose is pretty, for we saw it. You can see the stenographer for yourself, so why shouldn't you get right into the contest and write your own lyric? Try it - it surely won't be any worse than ours!

Beholding this pleasant-faced lady and her evident occupation we started to write a pun to the effect that even costuming seems easy in such environment - but puns are worthy a Prussian, and we haven't the heart.

Here, at least, Chaplin realism is not accentuated. For, as the Marquis of Queensberry taught us years ago, tennis isn't properly played with the net at half-mast. However, such criticism shouldn't mar the interesting fact that this fine court is supplied for the recreation of the hard-working slaves of the film business, leading the cramped, pitiful, airless lives that are the forlorn lot of all that must go to the cold and gloomy state of California.
Under Four Flags

Excerpts from the Government's Fourth Official War Film

The Division of Films, Committee on Public Information, has already given general circulation to three patriotic and inspiring ensembles of photographic motion: "Pershing's Crusaders," "America's Answer," and "The Bridge of Ships." The first was the Division's hastily mobilized shock unit, a varied assemblage of reels visualizing the Expeditionary Force. It was received with general enthusiasm. The second—the "Answer" picture—must have hurt the home-grown Huns deep down, for it showed the tremendous material preparation, at home and abroad, for this war of liberty. And the third must have been an optic knell for these same Huns, since it showed that we could not only make the land, but the sea, safe for democracy.

The fourth picture, named above, is not only a general look at the great business now being carried on by America-England-France-Italy & Co., but is the first specimen of film production as a genuine government industry. The United States motion picture establishment is at last under full headway, and is delivering pictures not only effective as propaganda, but worth while as matters of history and specimens of art.

Below—The dull sky, the quiet trees, the venerable painting of war by D. W. Griffith. Yet, probably men—members of the 166th Infantry, 42nd Division.

In 1870 Germany had the Mighty Old Man of Politics in Prince Bismarck, but her line of Cabinet antiques today puts up a sorry front before the Venerable Lion of France, Premier Georges Clemenceau. The French Premier is here chatting with America's Captain-General, Pershing, before the latter's headquarters.

Men of the Quarter-Master's Corps unloading 155-millimetre shells at an ammunition dump somewhere near our galloping front. Recall some of the things you were told about war-costs in the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, and then figure out how many of these presents for Prussians you paid for.
Zero hour for aviators. These young Americans were photographed in the clear, early light of a cool autumn morning, waiting for the bugle-call to summon them to the clouds. Notwithstanding their Arctic muffling, the ground-weather is delightful—but there is some thermometric difference between the ground and 15,000 feet.

Building at the left and the wide stretch of white road suggest a sun—the only man who saw this as a picture was the photographer. The —are just trudging through a French village enroute to do a job of work the Huns.

Behold a Filipino recruit in the spud brigade! "Under Four Flags" is really a misnomer, for there are so many flags and national emblems in the allied ranks that a mere assemblage of standard-bearers would make quite a procession in itself.
FIRST I'll Tell You

What Happened to Mary.
She Started from Los Angeles,
For New York,
To Meet her Mother,
And Talk Over
That New Contract.
She was Sidetracked in 'Frisco,
To Speak for the Fourth Loan—
At the Ship-yards there, where
She Induced them to Part with
A Million and a Half Dollars' Worth.
Then she Came On to Chicago.
She Was Tired Out; and
Wanted to Rest.
She didn't Want them
To Know she was There. But
Wherever she'd Go,
People would say,
"There's Mary Pickford!"
At the Blackstone Hotel,
She tried to eat dinner,
But instead
She Sold Bonds;
And at the theatre
She Co-Starred

With the Dolly Sisters,
And they Sold Some More.
At the Theatre,
When they Saw her,
They Screamed,
"There's Mary!
Get Up on the Stage,
And Make a Speech!"
But Mary Said
She wasn't Much of a Hit
On the Stage, and
Guessed
She'd Stay where
She was—
And Kept on
Selling 'em.
Just Once,
When she was Hurrying
Out of her Hotel,
She Thought she Might Get By
Unrecognized. But

Mary Pickford
sold a million and
a half dollars' worth of Liberty
Bonds for the
Fourth Loan in the
San Francisco bay region.

There was
A Little Girl—
Not More than Eight—
With a Pinched Face,
And Hungry Eyes,
Who was Selling Flowers;
And she Sliced Up,
With a Bunch of Violets.
She Looked Up—
And Saw Mary.
Her Eyes Shone, and
She Gasped,
"You—
You're Mary Pickford!"
I Thought,
All the Time,
You was a Angel."
She Put Out a Timid Hand.
And Touched Mary's Dress.
"Why—
You're—You're Real!"
She Gulped; then—
"Please take these Flowers—"
And Held them Out—
"For Nothing; I
Wouldn't Take Money
From You."
Mary Patted her Hand,
And Slipped a Ten Dollar Bill
into it;
And Smiled,
And Afterwards Turned
And Looked Back,
And Waved her Hand.
The Kid Never Moved.
But then
Came Bad
News from California
That Sister
Lottie
Was Ill, with
Influenza.
Mrs. Pickford
Met Mary in
Chicago.
And
They hurried home
To Los Angeles.

(Continued on page 100)
WHEN people in the film business heard that Harold Lockwood was dead there was a general shock such as a fatal accident brings to a small village.

In his profession he was duly modest, a steady worker, and consistently progressive in the arts of acting, though—unfortunately—the material accorded him was not always what it should have been. Away from studio Lockwood was a clean, wholesome, worthy young American citizen in the very best sense of the term.

He died in his thirtieth year, leaving a wife and one child. The last decade of his life comprised more activity than comes to most men who endure to seventy. He was born in Brooklyn, and, after a brief experience on the stage, was taken up by Edwin S. Porter, who, if you are familiar with screen history, you will recall as one of the great prime movers of this industry, and a founder of Famous Players.

Porter was then part owner of the Rex company, and young Mr. Lockwood played juvenile leads in turn for Rex, Nestor, New York Motion and Selig.

His first Famous Players part was opposite Mary Pickford in “Tess of the Storm Country.” He also played in “Hearts Adrift.” After other Famous assignments, including a picture or two with Marguerite Clark, he signed his well-remembered Mutual contract, and co-starred with Mae Allison.

The climax of his fruitful career was reached as an individual star with Metro. Included in the list of his best-known pictures are “Big Tremaine,” “The River of Romance,” “The Come-Back,” “The Haunted Pajamas,” “Broadway Bill,” and “Lend Me Your Name.”

Harold Lockwood — Died October Nineteenth, 1918
You've been introduced to those heroic devil-dogs, the Marines, in every theatre, every newspaper, every magazine and by nearly every Liberty Bond exhorter in America. Below, the first returning likeness of the man who has done the largest individual part in making their glory a matter of permanent record: Leon Caverly, their official motion picture photographer in France. Mr. Caverly is not one of the gentlemen who take pretty bits of specially posed action far, far from the thud of highly emotional shells. Note the ready gas-mask? That's a matter of business, not ornament.

On August 17th Lieut. Maurice S. Revnes (Headquarters, 77th Division) found this crumpled page from July PHOTOPLAY in No Man's Land. Possibly it had fallen from the pocket of a charging doughboy. Strange, isn't it, that this particular page should have been devoted to a tale of that devastated France to which it finally found its way! It is a part of the fictionalized version of Mr. Griffith's "Hearts of the World."

California, whose visual products have caused the building of scores of theatres in every corner of the world, can still boast her original playhouse, just as it was in 1840, when it was opened. This rare temple of thespis and its adjacent saloon—pictured above—are to be found on a somnolent street in Monterey. Things don't change much, in monaural Monterey.

Here's an Italian cinema, turned into a temple of mercy. Above it waves the American flag; inside it the American Red Cross is ladling out soup to a hungry town; behold the little folk—who once screamed with delight within, at the antics of Carlo Ceplin—patiently waiting with their pails.
The Literary Secret Service

There are only thirty-six stories in the world, but every Scenario Department is expected to find one new one every day.

By Randolph Bartlett

HERE is a kink in the Cosmos. Will one of those incessantly optimistic individuals who go about declaring "all's well with the world," step into the spotlight and explain why it is that, although there are fifty-seven kinds of pickles there are only thirty-six kinds of stories? This inequality is the more tragic when we pause to consider that while probably no person ever went stark, staring mad over the fact that he could not think of some kind of pickle he never had tasted, several scores of young men and women have become prematurely gray, and go about day and night tearing out their hair by the handful, trying to think up new plots and situations for moving pictures. To save them from the asylums several producers have evolved a sort of literary secret service, a situation census, a vital statistics of ideas, a dramatic card-index.

Before examining the method by which these plot-bounds trail screen stories to their lairs and trap them, it might be well to draw attention to the fact once more, that there is no such thing as an original dramatic situation today. The revered gentleman who wrote the Book of Ecclesiastes and remarked "There is no new thing under the sun," said something. If you don't believe him or me, ask Bob MacAlary at Paramount, or Gene Mullen at Vitagraph, or Tony Kelly, or June Mathis at Metro, or C. Gardner Sullivan, or any of the other boys and girls who turn out the scripts. And this remark was made about 400 B.C.

Then, about two thousand years later. Count Gozzi, a Venetian dramatist, made the thing more specific. He wrote down a list of thirty-six dramatic situations and drew a big black line underneath the list, remarking, as Ethel Barrymore was destined to observe a couple of hundred years later, "That's all there is, there isn't any more." Two Germans batted in, in the German way, and tried to tell Gozzi he was off his base, but after they had made a vain attempt to sink him without warning, they admitted he was torpedo proof.

And to nail the thing down, if you don't believe the evidence of all these eminent dead ones is valid as applying to moving pictures, consider this excerpt from a conversation I had with Mr. MacAlarney:

"What do you think of Gozzi's thirty-six—"

"Thirty-six!" he exclaimed. "I wish there were thirty-six. There isn't a handful," and he held up one hand with the five fingers spread, fingers rough and calloused from pawing through books and manuscripts in search for new stories.

When I returned to my hermitage I looked up the Gozzi but and was inclined to agree with MacAlarney, so far as practical purposes are concerned. For a good many of the dramatic situations he described were taken from the original Greek, and if the Greek was original he was also unhonored by the censor, and a large proportion of the thirty-six situations would horribly even Ivan the Terrible.

So there you have it. There is just about a MacAlarney handful of fundamental dramatic situations, and yet the moving picture producers, urged on by an avid public, sing on:

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun Sees no five-reeler finished or begun!"

By sheer force of necessity, it is natural that the Paramount-Aircraft organization, with its heavy production program, should have worked out the most elaborate method of checking up on new picture possibilities. There are just two sources of material—published books and magazines, and manuscripts submitted by independent writers. A regular corps of readers is engaged. A magazine arrives and is assigned to one of them. The reader peruses every story, and submits a brief analysis of the plot of each, recommending for further consideration any that he considers suited to the screen. These are followed up, but whether used or not, a record of each, available or otherwise, is kept on file. This file has a cross-index so that a story can be located through the name of the author, the title of the tale or the name of the star whose characteristics its leading character most closely approximates. Independent manuscripts are handled in exactly the same manner. No story that goes into the Paramount office is ever forgotten. Mr. MacAlarney may never see it, his assistants may forget its existence, but the big, silent, growing file has the record, and the file has a perfect memory.

Note the big surprise that came to me in this little journey:

"Perhaps fifty percent of the pictures we produce," said Mr. MacAlarney, "are from stories which we have rejected at least once."

"Do you mean that the authors keep sending them back, improving them under your direction, until they suit you?"

"No—I mean that we take them in their original form after having first turned them down. It may have been that we did not need just that kind of a story at the moment. It may have been that we were not quite convinced it would make a good picture. It may not have been timely and it may have been that we were all wrong, and had to think it over before we discovered our error. This is the whole spirit of this organization. We
Photoplay goes find play, brilliant job isn't. a was day the Smalley

reorganizing as left, then comes staff—He not where World, day century them a little Flatbush, among a and picture, which wore help—And drifted eleven always a—

Gozzi's original and of Flatbush, as a French and Italian, and turned them from fiction. The staff writers of the library with instructions to find ideas, more especially among old and forgotten books. Results were immediate and gratifying. One reader reported "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," a French novel a century old. Fifty years ago it was made into a play, "The Art of Being a Gentleman." Today it is a World picture, "The Golden Wall."

Out in Flatbush, where Eugene Mullen conducts the literary department of the Vitagraph activities, they have a staff which combs magazines and novels, but are going through the process of reorganizing and extending it. The majority of the productions here, as elsewhere, come from published books and stories. At Paramount eleven productions of sixty recent productions were from original manuscripts. At World, on the contrary, the staff writers have been developed, and half of the material comes from this source, one-third from original stories submitted, and the small remainder from published tales. Practically all the Goldwyn productions are from published works and plays. At Metro the output is about evenly divided. Just how these scouts feel about the race for material can best be described in their own language.

"Famous writers," Mr. Mullen remarks, "clever as their novels and plays may be, must positively first master the technique of the screen before their contributions can be of much value. Some of them, on the strength of their fiction successes, have submitted stuff to this office often so inexpressively bald in treatment, that the men in whose hands their attempts pass cannot contain their disgust. This is a pity, and let us hope, a temporary condition, for the screen needs good stories now as it never needed them before."

"We try to keep in touch with the most successful authors," Miss June Mather of Metro reports. "I think authors are beginning to realize that there is a great field in the moving picture world and are offering their stories with a greater amount of warmth than previously. Within the last six months our scenario staff has furnished five stories. We do not, as a rule, encourage our staff writers. We prefer to develop the outside writer and would much rather have his story suit the screen. We find that the average original photoplay writer will tell his story narratively and not in situation. A situation is the keynote of the photoplay. These authors, however, are encouraged, and an attempt is always made to explain to them just exactly what we wish."

Until quite recently, the sleuthing of the plot-hounds, in their search for material, was impeded rather than aided by the more successful authors themselves. For years they had looked upon the screen as an interloper. Today the stage is something else again. The author whose story is dramatized seldom objects to the necessary changes made to adapt it to the stage. He sees that the stage is different from the book, that it expresses the idea in an entirely different shape, that a new form is necessary. Yet, when it goes into third speed, and is placed on the screen, he will scream like a wounded elephant because the book is not followed line by line. Yet the day is rapidly approaching when the author will see that the silversheet has its advantages, and those who know its intricacies should be left to handle matters for themselves.

Jimmie Blue

By Harry J. Smalley

WHERE'ER he came from, no one knew—
Just drifted "long, as boys will do.
He hung around the lot awhile;
And always wore a happy smile—
And then one day, a job he cops—
Became assistant to our "Props!"
And things grew brighter when he came
Into the studio; his name
Was Jimmie Blue.

The brightest kid I ever met—
We actors soon made him our pet.
His cheerful ways, his pep and vim—
No one could help a liking him!

All of us at the studio
Were pals of Jim, you'd better know!
A happy, careless, wisecrack lad.
The skies of life one color had
For Jimmie: blue!

One morning Jim did not appear
For work as usual, which was queer.
We then discussed the absent lad
And learned some things that made us sad.
It seems the blithesome little cuss
Had borrowed coin from all of us!
Your truly lost ten iron men,—
It was a day of mourning when
Our Jimmie blew!
Making the World Safe for the Author
How one scenario chief handles the problem—and the directors

By John Ten Eyck

ISTEN, Mr. Director, this is for you. I'll murder you, as sure as my name is Mack, if you resort to that old movie trick of showing the girl tripping blithely up to the doctor's office and knocking on the door, or any other introduction of her in this story. We don't care a d— about who she is, or where she's living, or whether she uses Jockey Club perfume, or eats with her knife, or any other attendant embellishment which is usually resorted to in introducing these movie queens. We are only interested in her when the doctor opens that door and discovers that his girl has been kind enough to pay him a little visit in the midst of his troubles. W. M."

Thus Willard Mack, Great Panjandrum of the Goldwyn studio at Ft. Lee, is doing his bit in making the world safe for the author. The foregoing is just a sample of the fragments of personal advice and injunction to be found scattered through Mack scenarios, so that the director may understand that what is writ in the scenario is writ, nor all his piety nor tears can alter it.

In a measure, I am inclined to sympathize deeply with the young woman who, breaking into the movies, sits about day after day, finally plays her two or three little scenes, then waits eagerly for the picture to be released, and while waiting tells all her friends about the great achievement. The picture released, she hardly recognizes herself in the two or three feet remaining of the scenes she believed so important. On the other hand, I sympathize still more deeply with the audience when the entire action of a picture is stopped in order to impart the information, partly obvious and the remainder non-essential, that Angelica, the belle of the village, is in love with Percyvale, visits him against her parents' wishes, and that the role is played by some young person of whom one never previously heard, nor will remember.

(NOTE: Listen, Mr. Director, this is for you. I'll murder you, as sure as my name is Mack, if you resort to that old movie trick of showing the girl tripping blithely up to the doctor's office and knocking on the door, or any other introduction of her in this story. We don't care a damn about who she is, or where she's living, or whether she uses Jockey Club perfume, or eats with her knife, or any other attendant embellishment, which is usually resorted to in introducing these movie queens. We are only interested in her when the doctor opens that door and discovers that his girl has been kind enough to pay him a little visit in the midst of his troubles. W. M.)

CU of Alice as she greets the doctor.

TITLE: "I WAS DOWN TOWN SHOP LIO AND I THOUGHT I'D RUN IN AND SEE YOU."

Full shot of office.
Doctor leads her to chair—then sits down. She continues to chatter:

"DO YOU HEARD ABOUT THE TWO PRISONERS AND LODGE?"

A page from a recent Goldwyn manuscript, showing Mr. Mack's gentle and refined hints to the director who will ultimately receive this burning document as the foundation for a five-reel photoplay. At the left, Mr. Mack's most frequently used fighting face.

This seems to be the Mack idea—seems to be, because Mr. Mack is not an approachable person and is to be known only through his work. You might describe him as a ninety horse-power violet.

Scenarios are not the most interesting form of casual literature. Boy and man, I have been reading them ever since the motion picture industry was first in its infancy, which is hardly back several harks. I never have encountered any which I would select deliberately to while away a dull hour. They are informative, rather than entertaining. But there is personality in a Mack scenario, and without personality in the scenario there is unlikely to be much of that quality in the finished product. The man has a certain driving force, which often comes out in matters that are apparently mere routine. For example, his scenario describes two men escaping from prison. The average scenario will inform the director that the men lower themselves from the prison wall by a rope. Here is the scene as Mack orders it:

"Show outside prison wall. Bill and Dan come down the rope, and when they are both down Bill, with a dexterous twist, snaps the rope off the spike. He coils the rope inside his jacket and they move off in the darkness. These shots must be done at night, using an overhead arc, the same as is used in prison yards. This gives us our shadows and real darkness when the men move out of the circle of light. Please accept this as final—I will not tolerate daylight shots for these."

Here is that visualization which marks the scenario writer who knows what he wants. The story from which these excerpts are taken is "Laughing Bill Clyde," a Rex Beach tale in which Will Rogers made his first screen appearance. Mr. Beach knows the things he writes about. He knows the north, Alaska especially, perhaps better than any other writer in the world. Mr. Mack, I believe, knows Alaska too. Few directors have had that advantage, as has been demonstrated from time to time by the atrocities that have been committed in the
name of Dawson. In one of his asides to the director, therefore, Mr. Mack observes:

"I know that Rex Beach will hold me personally responsible for any indiscretion or discrepancy in the story. Therefore I must warn the director that wherever the equipment of the scene puzzles you, see me before you shoot and I would like to see one Alaskan picture in which the detail is so faithfully carried out that all the old sourdoughs all over the U. S. will yelp with joy when they see it."

And here are a few of the "Stop, Look, Listen" signs that Mack posts in his scenario:

"Be sure and make Sam drunk," he interpolates, in a scene where a rowdy character in the gold rush days accosts a young woman who has just arrived in the north. "I do not wish to create a false impression of Alaska in the old days, because a good woman was a d—- sight safer in Dawson or Nome than she ever was in New York. The distinction between good and bad was drawn much finer than it is here in the big city."

Again: "I do not wish to see guns and knives hanging on those characters in the bar-room scenes. The indiscriminate carrying of firearms was not tolerated in Alaska, at least not this side of 1898."

Again: "Please, when you shoot the Bonanza saloon and dance hall, which are all supposed to be morning scenes, do not show a lot of girls ambling around. It was a big night and they're all asleep."

There is nothing revolutionary in all this. After all, it is much the same as a bank manager telling the cashier that he much keep his books straight.

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**Lady-Spies — By Delight Evans**

**The Caption Writers,**

Credit them with a Past.

One has been

A Favorite in the Sultan's Harem;

And we understand also:

That Crown Prince Wilhelm

Thought a Whole Lot of her.

They are Always

Stepping In and Out of Motors,

And Meeting Bearded Men

In the Park.

They Lower Window Shades

All the Time—

Signalling

To the Spies Across the Street.

They Put the Papers

In a Safe Place—

For Instance,

In Their Pockets,

Or Fastened in the Window Shade—

(No Wonder Wilhelm sent 'Em!)

There are No Lengths

To which they Won't Go.

Why, one Even

Laid her Hand on the Hero's Coatsleeve—

(She just had to Have those Papers.)

Usually

The Hero

Is an Intelligence Officer—

(He doesn't Look Intelligent.)

The Lady-Spy

Figures Largely

In Scenes showing

A Jeweled Hand

Pouring a Sleeping-Potion

Into a Wine Glass.

(On the Wilhelmstrasse

They Do It.)

She Lets him Come To

In her Own Boudoir: and

Let's Everybody in the Audience Think

There's Going to Be

Something to Censor.

There Never Is,

She Can't Spy

In Anything but a Spangled Gown.

For the Close-ups,

She Registers Cummy—

A Curious Kind of Cummy—

It's Gotta be Different.

The Lady-Spy always

Has an Accomplice, who,

The Sub-titles Insinuate,

Is Part of her Past

Back in Berlin—

(But he Looks to Us

An Awful Lot like

Heinrich Lutz,

The Butcher Around the Corner.)

Spies have Past,

But Seldom Futures.

The Lady-Spy

Is Always Led Away

In the Last Scene—

(After the Detectives have Come

And Found the Papers,

And the Girl-who-Loved-the-Hero—All-the-Time

Twines her Arms

Around his Neck, and calls him

"My Hero"—

She Can Have him—

Why, then the Lady-Spy

Passes Out,

And Throws Back her Head,

And Laughs at them in Passing.

I Don't blame her.

And so

She Sweeps out the Door, and

Off the Screen,

And out of the Picture—

As you Knew all Along she Would—

And you Get Up

And Wander Out,

And thank Heaven

We’re Winning this War.

And the Next Night,

You Forget,

And Go to Another Picture—Show,

And there’s the Same Spy,

And the Same Papers—

Just the Same Old Stuff—

And you Think

"To Hell with the Kaiser!"
PRIDE OF KENTUCKY

If anything were needed to finally convince the last doubter that these United States form one nation, the great war has supplied that need. In France, Michigan and Alabama boys, brigaded together, are winning hand in hand; at home, North and South have united in pouring out not only their best, but all their support and relief of a great common cause.

At the Cameron home in Virginia, on a Spring afternoon, the whole neighborhood had opened its thrifty hands to shower their contents into the patient lap of the Red Cross. Not everyone had much to give, few had much to give, but all were giving as though to give were an excess of happiness. The Camerons themselves, much richer once than now, were putting upon the altar of mercy "Southern Pride," a great and ultimate gift of horsemanship. They could not give money, for they hadn't it; they could only proffer a living thing that was nearer their hearts than any gold could be. True, Southern Pride had sprained a tendon in her foreleg, and might never run again, but did that lessen her intrinsic value in the family's eyes? Not at all!

So Lucille Cameron stood there, a bit brave, a bit terrified, crying in a voice that was a bit shrill in spite of its determination to be calm: "One dollar a chance, ladies and gentlemen! You stand to win Southern Pride, daughter of Selim Bey, who, as you all know, was undisputed champion at one mile!"

The hand that held the tickets trembled, but the blue eyes smiled dauntlessly. Lucille was not exactly pretty; she was more than that; she was fascinating. She had that for which many a merely pretty girl might give her dimples and her teeth; fascination.

Slowly, her tickets were taken. As we have intimated, the spirit of mercy in and around Cameronville was infinite, but like Cameron House, the district had more spirit than coin.

Far back in the shadow of the deep, high-pillared porch sat Lucille's father. Colonel Cameron had been a boy not old enough to fight in the days of the Civil War. He had seen and heard it all and he grew up fired with the chivalry of a lost tradition. He was indeed a gentleman of the old school, and a scheme of life such as his demanded a million a year, at least. Now, the weight of sixty years of dreams and debts lay upon him like a silver cloud; in the bright sunlight beyond, Lucille, his darling, was trying vainly to raffle the last of his horses. Vainly! There was the tragedy. His hand went to his pocket... should he spend the few silver dollars there in helping out his little girl...?

Just then the gate banged determinedly, and among neighbors and neighboring farmers strode one obviously not of them. Jim Luce was such a hale fellow generally well met that few had noticed a shifty eye that had a habit of settling nowhere, like a buzzing fly. Today that eye roamed restlessly across the crowd, lingering not at all, except when her head was turned the other way, on Lucille.

"Well, Miss Cameron—how about it?" Luce squared himself in front of the nearest to her, his hands in his pockets, his feet wide apart. He had a habit of recognizing and mastering helpless people's emergencies, and he recognized this as one of them.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, swallowing hard—"I've got twenty-five that I just can't seem to sell!"

"I'll buy them—for you," responded Luce abruptly, flashing forth a sheaf of green money. "Ten—and another ten—and how about five ones—nice new Federal Reserve ones—made 'em all myself—that's why they're so new." And he laughed at the dull and ancient witticism as if it were his own.

Lucille laughed, too, from sheer nervousness and happiness. She would have laughed at anything that had been said to her in that relieving instant.

She jumped down and the drawing for Southern Pride commenced immediately: Luce made his way to the portico. Colonel Cameron rose to meet him.

"Got your message at the hotel half an hour ago, Colonel," said Luce, with elaborate cheerfulness, shooting a hand to the older man. "What's the big idea? Anything I can do?"

"I wanted you to come down... to come down..." Colonel Cameron looked cautiously around. "I wanted you to come down and relieve me of my oil stock—the stock you
photoplay.

"Of course not—right to my point again! You're just getting to the age where a man of your physical vigor and fine mentality ought to enjoy life—enjoy it thoroughly! The paltry little twelve thousand you put in my oil stock means nothing to me. You can have it tomorrow—now, if you say so—but honestly, Colonel, I couldn't be more deeply interested if you were my own father. Hold on to that stock six months, three months—and you've a competence, a fortune, for all the rest of your years. For Lucille it means—"

"Miss Cameron, suh!"

"I beg your pardon. For Miss Cameron it means travel, education, every advantage that any girl in the world may ask!"

Colonel Cameron smiled, and put out his hand to Luce.

Meanwhile, the Cameron estate was the chief subject of discussion at that very instant in Judge Tabor's sober, ill-fashioned little office on the main street of Cameronville. The old jurist, in the rusty suit of solemn black he had worn a dozen years, faced a handsome boy whose khaki shoulders were crossed by single bars of silver. A wound stripe told, too, that Gregory Haines had been invalidated home from France.

"And that's the story of the family," Tabor was concluding. "A high spirited, proud old man—a girl that—a true Southern girl, sir. We don't say more when we want to compliment a girl down here."

"Then do me a favor," returned Lieut. Haines, "and say nothing about this mortgage now. What? You've told them to well, tell them that you were mistaken; the holder doesn't want to foreclose after all. Uncle William is dead. He might have finished the proceedings, but I won't. An old man, a young girl. I'm going back, and I may not come home—you see, don't you?" The boy rose, as if the argument were finished.

"I see you're white, all the way through," answered Judge Tabor, with vigor. "You must meet them, anyway, and see the place. It's a great old estate. I think it was your uncle's intention to put it right in your hands, but the stroke took him before I had started the action. Come along, sir!"

So Gregory Haines met Lucille Cameron.

A few minutes before, Luce had left the premises. At the turn of the road Jack Schuyler, his henchman, waited him a furtive, anxious smile on his weak but not vicious face.

"Easy as selling hop to a Chinaman!" ejaculated Luce. "Two minutes of big bull on his oil stock, and you couldn't have privy the old man away from it with a crow-bar!"

"Been tough if he had stuck for a refund, though," laughed Schuyler. "I've only got fifteen bucks left."

"You're rich," returned Luce. "That cute little chicken trimmed me till all I've got is ten ones—but they look like a roll, at that."

Three people neared Cameron House. Two of them were Judge Tabor, and his friend and sub-rosa client, Gregory Haines. The third was Johnny Tweed, a down-and-out jockey.
Pride of Kentucky

NARRATED by permission, from the photoplay of the same name, written by Tex Charwate, and produced by Goldwyn, with the following cast:

Lucille Cameron........Mae Marsh
Gregory Haines........Clarence Oliver
Jim Deluc.................Clifford Bruce
Colonel Cameron........W. T. Carleton
Johnny Tweed............Tannany Young

To do this he had first to get Cameron more completely in his clutches, and he was, accordingly, ingratiating and full of stratagems to please. He learned early of the old man’s weakness for horses—on crooked books rather than bad debts had, indeed, gone a large part of the Cameron cash—and began planning a trip to Saratoga. Luce was a fellow who might today have twenty thousand dollars and tomorrow, twenty cents. He played dishonest racing wherever he could. He was known from Saratoga to Tia Juana. But Cameron, always proud, always slightly suspicious, grandly refused the suggestions of invitation, rather than invitations direct, which Luce persistently tossed in his way.

Yet there was that annoying soldier Haines! Luce, with the cunning of a political trickster, sensed that he would win two battles at once if he could decisively drive between the Northern officer and the Southern aristocrat.

His chance came to him more quickly than he thought.

In Judge Tabor’s office one day, seeking an endorsement on some rather irregular papers which even the easy local bank refused to honor, he chanced to see, in an open strong-box, the Cameron mortgage—in the name of Gregory Haines!

"After what has happened, suh, no man can say that is not a sporting proposition!"

The attraction between Gregory and Lucille was mutual and instant. Colonel Cameron liked the boy, too, yet he was, after all, only a Northern soldier, and was it not a Northern soldier who had killed his own father? So, when Lucille was more than obviously attracted, her father was reluctantly resentful and suspicious.

The sudden cessation of demand on the part of Judge Tabor’s client was a great mystery and yet a great relief to Cameron. Never once did he connect his long-gone and oft-transferred mortgage to young Haines. Haines was to him, a mere incident, a whilom protegé of the somewhat eccentric judge, to be tolerated but not encouraged accordingly.

Confused by Gregory, who charmed yet dreadfully embarrassed her, Lucille stode out of the house and to the stables, where—the Red Cross fete having ended—the ransomed Southern Pride was now safely returned.

A strange little fellow, old, wizened, shrewd yet not repellant, was arguing hoarsely, almost pitifully, with Dan, the suspicious negro stableman. He turned suddenly, and, like lightning, switched his appeal to Lucille.

"Lady, lemme have a chance to take care o’ this filly! Me an’ her pa, Selim Bey, was pals for three years. You must know me, lady—I’m Johnny Tweed—that won the Championship with old Selim at Saratoga!"

“You—Johnny Tweed? Why, you were ruled off, Johnny.”

“Fer booze, lady—fer booze! Not fer crookedness. I never pulled a horse nor doped one. An’ me an’ the booze is divorced these six months. Why, lady—this here tendon swellin’ ain’t nothin’ serious in my hands! I’ll make a champion out o’ Southern Pride!”

Johnny stayed—without pay, for they had little to give him except a mattress and a generous share of old Dan’s food.

And every day brought Lucille and Gregory a little nearer together. They walked, talked, drove, sat in the moonlight together. Jim Luce resented this for two reasons. First, because it meant a lessening of his power over Colonel Cameron; second, because it spoiled his chances with Lucille.

What he called his love for her leaped upward like a great impure flame. Real love could never find lodgment in such a heart as Luce’s, so as the days went on, he thought only of getting her in his power.
Judge Tabor refused to sign Luce’s queer documents—but what did he care? He had won a bigger victory than if he had won a whole crooked book at Saratoga. He prepared to play this victory in the proper place and only at the proper tempo. He waited until afternoon before visiting Colonel Cameron. Then, as had been his custom, he sat down to chess with him. They played one game, half of another game, before Luce spoke of anything but the pieces and the plays. Then, as if it had been a single syllable about the weather, as he lifted a Bishop away from Cameron’s Queen—”Well . . . I see . . . is that move correct? . . . I see that at last young Haines has gotten what he came after . . . your mortgage.”

Colenet Cameron rose in his place like an automaton when the string is not pulled, but yanked. The board flew up in Luce’s face, and the chessmen flew all over the floor.

“It’s a lie, suh!” roared Colonel Cameron—and as quickly apologized. Then, in the face of the sweetly-smiling Luce, he shouted anathema upon all Northerners, and cried for his hat. As he was starting for Judge Tabor’s office Gregory Haines saved him the trip by opportunely entering.

The accusation was hurled forth like a bullet. Haines, taken aback, stammered that it was true, but . . .

Lucille, who had heard everything, came quietly from behind the library portieres.

“Mr. Haines”—now she contemptuously ignored the fact that he was an officer—he had been living on your charity for two months. My father is a gentleman, and you should not have presumed—”

“Lucille! Can’t you understand, at least?”

“If Mr. Haines will excuse me, suh, I shall retire to a cleaner atmosphere!” thundered old Cameron. “Mr. Luce”—turning to that delighted but dissembling varlet—“my daughter and I are very pleased to accept your invitation to visit with you in the North! We will leave in the morning!”

He whirled out. Luce, with a smile that was a smirk for Lucille and a sneer for Haines, followed him. For a moment there was silence.

“Lucille,” said Gregory, in a low voice, “I am so sorry, because . . . I love you. Am I to blame because my uncle left this mortgage to me? I have only tried to protect you—”

“I don’t wish to be protected!” Lucille was one scarlet blaze of scorn. “Do you think that I, a Cameron, have no pride? I wish that I had never seen you!”

Gregory was silent and quite still for a full half minute. “Goodbye—Miss Cameron.” And he was gone.

Lucille would have given her heart’s blood to call him back. As she saw him going down the steps she knew that she loved him more than he could possibly love her. Almost unconsciously she stretched her arms toward him, but the dead and haughty aristocracy behind her—the ghosts of proud ancestors—stilled her voice.

In the morning they went away.

New York was very wonderful to the little girl who had known only sleepy towns and old-fashioned folk. Jim Luce’s easy flash, his wide acquaintance and his real though rough courtesy during their first days there did much to disarm Lucille of her great original prejudice. Besides, had she not loved a gentle boy—only to have him turn out a plotting villain? It was when Luce made love to her, though, a sticky, unhealthy sort of love, that all of her heart cried out for Gregory and against Jim.

Schuyler was a great aid to Jim. It was Schuyler who fixed the stock farm trip—a borrowed stock farm, introduced as “one of Mr. Luce’s country properties.” And it was there that Jim showed off a horse that was really his: Torpedo, the whirlwind supposed to clean up everything at Saratoga.

Still, Luce had no chance to the last word in Lucille. Several times he had isolated her for the moment, and had seized her hand, said a word—always she evaded him, and had gone back to the party.

A dinner in his apartment was the last card Luce could play.

“We are one people, one nation—’” and one family,” added Gregory.

His pasty-faced, inscrutable servant prepared quarters for the night for them: for Lucille, a pretty little bed-room, replete with the dainty accessories that a woman demands; adorning, an ample apartment for Colonel Cameron. Luce’s own room, as Lucille gratefully noticed when being shown about by their host before dinner, was at the far end of the hall.

Luce had found one of his periodic easy touches, and how much cash he spent on that sumptuous meal his guests never knew. But there was course upon course, and distinguished wines and aristocratic bourbons, until Colonel Cameron was living again in his garretous, glorious appraoch, while Luce seemed merely with him. Dismayed, disgusted, and piloted only by the impassive old servant, Lucille crept up to bed. She locked and bolted her outer door, and put a chair against it. She turned the key of the door leading to her father’s room, too, but at first the lonesome little girl had an inclination to leave that portal quite unfastened.

Once Lucille had

(Continued on page 103)
"Mother-Not-Ashamed-of-Her-Daughter"

Which, for a celebrated beauty and prominent screen star you'll admit is going some.

Did you know Kitty Gordon is an Indian name? You didn't? Well, neither did we until just the other day. Then we found that translated, "Kitty Gordon" means "Mother-not-ashamed-of-her-daughter." This is not the unexpurgated Indian, of course, but it will serve.

You see Kitty—who is an international celebrity and beauty and the possessor of the world's most famous back—was not supposed to have a daughter. Her press-agent was quite firm about it. He would permit a sister, but a daughter—never! So he went about telling everyone that the seventeen-year-old young lady with Miss Gordon, who was going to act in Miss Gordon's new pictures, was Miss Gordon's sister, Vera Beresford. But Kitty herself crabbled his act. She indignantly denied that Vera was her sister and stubbornly insisted on acknowledging Vera as her daughter. And for an international music-hall favorite and celebrated beauty and prominent screen star you'll admit that's going some.

It was in the London "halls" that Miss Gordon first won recognition. Later she extended her popularity to this side of the Atlantic. Her American debut was not a marked success, as the vehicle, "Veronique," did not give her an opportunity to make a real impression. However, she came back in the leading role of "He Came from Milwaukee," with Sam Bernard, and scored an instantaneous hit. An engagement in the Wintergarden show, "La Belle Paris," followed. After that she was starred in Victor Herbert's operetta, "The Enchantress." Then came vaudeville and a tour in "Pretty Mrs. Smith." Later Miss Gordon formed a vaudeville partnership with Jack Wilson and the team was a big headline feature. In 1916 she went into pictures with World, appearing in "As in a Looking Glass." She continued with World for some months, leaving to do one picture, "Vera, the Medium," under the auspices of the short-lived G. M. Anderson corporation. Under the William A. Brady regime at World she contributed to the World program, and remained until the newly-formed United Pictures Productions offered to star her at the head of her own company.

Miss Gordon was married in England to the Hon. H. H.—now Captain Beresford, youngest son of a noble British family. Vera was born in England seventeen years ago, and she attended school abroad until, in 1914, she joined her mother over here.

"And now," says Vera, "now I'm in Pictures. I'm not studying and I'm not worrying about anything but my picturework. I do hope I'll have a chance, in Mummy's new pictures, to show what I can do."

Miss Beresford has already played with Pauline Frederick in "Paid in Full" and "A Daughter of the South."

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**THE NATION OWES a great debt of gratitude to the soldiers in France who fought in the first line of attack and to the wage earners at home who backed them up. Peace has imposed new duties upon us all; let us work to perform these duties even more earnestly than when war was on.**

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR

W. B. WILSON, Secretary of Labor
Madge Kennedy,
from a portrait taken in her home, New York City, a few weeks ago for Photoplay Magazine. The comedienne says she can't remember her first dramatic role now without smiling. It was the Queen Mother, in an amateur performance of "Hamlet."
Neé Madge Kennedy

And afterward—well, how can she be called else, after making a national acquaintance under that name?

By Dorothy Allison

SOME people always seem to belong in a fragrant, old-fashioned garden, some belong in a huge, dim cathedral, and others, alas, in a dark, gloomy dungeon surrounded by a slimy moat.

Madge Kennedy always seems to me to belong on a college campus. Not to the part of it, heavens no! You couldn't imagine anyone less like the traditional idea of the academic woman than Madge Kennedy. But the jolly, slangy side of college life that goes in for midnight suppers and rushing freshmen and senior hops.

Even her dressing-room out at the Goldwyn studios looks like a college girl's room in a sorority house. It is done all over in gay and festive cretonne and plastered with snap-shots of her friends. There is a scarlet tam and a tennis racket on the window seat and a white jersey sweater hung behind the door. You almost look about for the dance program stuck in the mirror. Instead of dance programs there are costume sketches but the general effect is the same.

And when Miss Kennedy jumped up from the window seat and said “How-are-you-awfully-glad-you-came" she looked so exactly like a college widow that I told her so. She smiled her sophomore smile at me.

“That's funny," she said. “Because I started in life as something very like that. For about a year I was a student in the Art Academy here in New York." 

“You were going to be an artist?" I gasped, much impressed.

"Not exactly an artist," she corrected. “But I thought perhaps I might be something like an illustrator. You know, the sort that illustrates stories with beautiful seven foot heroes and clinging vine heroines with huge eyes. I hadn't any very definite plan about it. My main idea was to get to New York.

“You see, mother and I had been living in California and the art school gave us a good excuse to come East. Never shall I forget those first months in this city. I had a young friend at the art school—he has become a successful illustrator since then—and we used to go across the river to Pali-sade Park and ride on everything in the place just like Fatty and Mabel. It was the thrill that comes once in a lifetime!

"Then they started putting on private theatricals at the Academy. There was one little comedy the academy people liked so well that we gave it in

“She always seems to me,” says Miss Allison, “to belong on a college campus, though you can’t imagine anyone less like the average academic woman."
HERE is the branding scene in "I.O.U.", which is Willard's Mack's dramatization of Hector Turnbull's photoplay, "The Cheat," such a great success in the hands of Fannie Ward and Sessue Hayakawa a few years ago. "I.O.U." is the first big play to cross from screen to stage. It is now playing in New York, but it is not a great success. Mack's dramatization is a most unconvincing job, and changing the heavy from Japanese to East Indian—at the government's request—has immeasurably weakened the story. The principal players are Mary Nash and Jose Reuben, shown here.
A Score of Slackers. As these lines are written it is the last week in October, and the motion picture industry in America is doubtfully ornamented by at least a score of slacking leading men who ought to be, and are not, in the service of the United States.

As enlistment is always in a fluid condition, some of the twenty may have listened to their consciences as well as their draft boards by the time you read this. But there seems little prospect of this patriotic consummation. The camouflage that secured them while voluntary enlistments were not only permitted but impressed has by now, in all probability, overgrown them like a set of vines.

This is not an indictment of the photoplay field as a whole. It is a selective and particular indictment of a certain small number of our genius heroes, who love to romp through our projections in immaculate uniforms as much in danger of dirt as a Newport girl's bathing suit is in danger of water.

As a whole, the industry has made a genuine American response; the sons of its magnates are privates or seamen; more than one of its inconspicuous lads has won the cross of war; several of the best character men of the business have been in a long, long time, some of the girls are yeomen of the Navy or are in the Red Cross.

In the group of leading men referred to there is no man above thirty-five years of age. A dozen or so, under thirty-five, must be omitted for very real dependencies, or, in two instances, for conspicuous service in their respective civil stations.

How small, in comparison, is that other list of principal actors, the list of service that contains the names of Foxman, Warwick, Pallette, Harlan, Lloyd, Kerry, Oakman, Pickford, Vernon, Lytell, . . .

And the gold star for Rankin Drew, who died in the air in France.

The Passing Lecturer. Every human advance discommodes the few for the convenience of the many.

One of the safe, dignified and entirely worthy human institutions of the last generation was the lecturer. He put a fillip in education, decoded the great cryptogram of history, widened the narrow horizon and provided a caffeineless substitute for the suspiciously stimulating theatre. Altogether, he was a sure though mild tonic with positively no narcotic reaction.

Yet the iconoclastic movie has finished this harmless, altruistic gentleman as remorselessly as Thanksgiving finishes the turkey.

The relation of the lecturer and the screen is that of the stage-coach and the Pullman. Where one sufficed the other has fulfilled beyond expectation, and then has anticipated. The public lecturer today is nearly as extinct as the buffalo, save where the shrewdest of his kind have become the camera's orderly or staff officers.

Such Is A young Western leading man of Fame. Considerable screen prominence was convinced that Griffith had nothing on him as a national acquaintance.

Last month he came to New York, was flat-teringly received by the trade, and decided—since he had army inclinations—to study French.

One of the international beauties of the metropolis was mentioned as a teacher both efficient and interesting! Scorning introductions, the youth addressed her, straight off, in the lounge of a great cafe. He told his linguistic ambition, and she said that she would be delighted to instruct him. They made an appointment.

"Is it necessary," he murmured as they parted, "to give you my name?"

"Certainly not!" she answered, cheerily. "You're Mr. Carl Laemmle."

The Undiscovered Country. There is such a thing, even in photoplays. This country covers four-fifths of the world's surface. It is the sea.

With our grand return to marine supremacy we are not going to become, we are now, a seafaring nation. No land or time possesses the mystery, the romance, the unbridled action of the vast reaches of the ocean. Every folk except the Russians have spread the splendors of their ultimate imaginations upon the water.

At the moment, the negotiation of marine locations is practically impossible, but it is hard to understand why our peace-time search for pictorial sensations, which led us out upon the plains, down into the cities, up upon the mountains and back into forgotten wars reached out to the winds and tides so seldom. The motion picture author has fooled a good deal with tiresome fishing-village types that perhaps never existed outside some old-fashioned romancer's imagination, but he has seldom gone beyond the three-mile limit into the trade-winds of deep water imagination.

In time of war, prepare for peace. The tale of the plains is about spun. Let us make ready to visualize the everlasting chants to dramatize the eternal broncho-busters of the deep.
Stars. There is acting, good acting, and action. There is straight acting, at its best, upon the silver cloth of our picture theatres, but it is seldom performed by the stars. With few exceptions, the stars play themselves through every scenario. There are of course exceptions, of whom that Mary who needs no further name is perhaps the chief example.

While this is to be deplored, the stars are not wholly to blame. This is a business of types, and the average photoplay is not a development of character, but the more or less happy adventure of a hero. In the end, a play gets the actors it demands, or it isn’t given. Now and again we have a romance, an adventure, whose scenes can only be illuminated by a light of real humanity. Such compositions are the high spots in our photoplay year, and do much toward developing any or all of the latent talents of those who play in them. Infrequently a John Barrymore comes along, and makes a living man out of a mankin in manuscript, but these ecstasies in the professional playgoer’s life are not repeated often enough to harden him against thrills.

Some day, when we are making fewer photoplays and better ones, our picture dramatists will recognize the truth that the only creature whose infinite variety time cannot stale nor custom wither is the genuine human being. Then the hero will have to be an actor or get behind the glass eye and rustle the scenery instead of obscuring it.

Most of our compositions, today, really compel the comment that “the artistic feature of the tableau is the acting of Mr. Hatton”—or Mr. Roberts, or Mr. Lewis, or whoever the un-heroic but lifelike performer may be.

The Table-d’hote. Who revived it? The hotel men? Chef McAdoo’s dining-cars?

No. The movies.

The table-d’hote is more than food, although, as food, it is more familiar. The standard moving picture show has never been a la carte, and when the high-grade and so-called high-priced houses became the vogue of cities the optical course dinner became as firmly fixed in American habits as the gastronomic course dinner of two generations ago.

It is arranged with a view to good digestion and to variety. The succession of moderate quantities of travelogue, news, feature and comedy is directly comparable to the restored succession of soup, fish, roast and dessert, and shares its common sense.

An Ill-Wind. It is to be hoped that the ill-winds of influenza blew the dust of motion picture ages out of some hundreds of America’s photoplay-houses. If they did, we have another example of evil serving the powers of good.

There has been a brand of so-called theatres notorious for discomfort and medieval sanitation. Not the high-priced screen resort of the great city, with its marble balconies, rainbow lights and sterilized ventilation like unto a hospital; not the neighborly little gathering place of the small town, spick-painted, span-swept, and as much a personal pride as its owner’s wife’s kitchen—neither of these offends, but the continuous show in the big community, the second-run house, the cheap theatre of crowded districts, the drop-in grindery just under the lee of the great department store. Many of these places have not been closed, save from midnight to mid-morning, in half a dozen years. A little gilt on the front, a little paint on the screen frame, a fixed chair here and there, and the owner felt that he had done his whole duty to the public health. Boards of health have compelled the absolute renovation of scores of these germ-hatcheries in the past month. Wherever they have left one ungerred by the germicidal finger they have not done their duty.

Have you one of these dusty, rusty, rusty joints in your town? If you have, its menace deepens the longer it stands. Knock it straight into the washtub—now—while the public conscience is still awake. Make it open its windows, put in a ventilating system for winter as well as summer. Make it plane its grimy floors and paint them. Kick about its menacing old upholstery.

Make your theatre safe for democracy and all the other cies.

Mr. Griffith and The Ancients.

Wandering from the reds of war and the grays of convention into the upper blue of mere speculation, we wonder if David Wark Griffith will ever again give us a play of the ancients?

Let us hope so—and admit in the same breath that the probabilities are slight.

Mr. Griffith wrought a miracle in his picture of Babylon, the superb keystone of “Intolerance” despite its bewildering overlay of confusing modernity. Those who know Mr. Griffith best are aware that one of his great conceptions was a mighty story of Egypt and the first grandeur of mankind. Another of his dreams compassed the well-springs of religion. Still another would have visualized the birth of all contemplative thought and philosophy in an India so long gone that even its rock temples are dust.

If none of these are ever done by Mr. Griffith the loss to the people will be great, and the loss to the motion picture, as an art, will be greater. For Mr. Griffith, in common with Flaubert, Shakespeare and d’Annunzio, has a gift that appears few times in a century: the faculty of recreating the strife and love and laughter of a distant day in a manner that might make Syracuse, Sicily, and Syracuse, N. Y., twin and contemporary towns. In the illumination of his hands Artarea, queen of Babylon, is as much our neighbor as any of Maj. Rupert Hughes’ little heroines.
FINALLY, the comedy.

After an indifferent feature, after a routine news-reel, after an average scene—after anything—we list the funny film.

Why? Why do we make laughter only a sideshow, while giving our greatest homage to a little man with a syncopated walk and microscopic moustache? Why do producers, press-agents, exhibitors and even audiences make laughter the tail of importance, while demanding so much of it that the humorous studios had to work right through the recent Spanish vacation to catch up with their orders?

Perhaps we have reversed the relative importance of our emotions. Or perhaps we have been judging by the length of the picture—quantity still has a vast hold on the public.

I'll venture this assertion, anarchistic as it sounds: our comedy-makers, as a whole, deliver immeasurably better goods than our feature-makers. Better in point of ingenuity, originality, and entertainment value. Now this comparison is not made for individuals. I'm not putting Harold Lloyd alongside D.W. Griffith, nor am I setting "The Cook" up against "The Bluebird." Here's what I mean: opposite the total recent output of any four dramatic studios I'll put the product, for the same period, of four comedy studios, and, basing the comparison only on the same percent of the whole output of each, I'll show you that the comedy studios put in more thought, more care, more expert photography, more down-right creative endeavor—and got a far more diverting result.

Here you'll find a masterful achievement with some old melodrama like "Sporting Life," there a tender poem of the shadows like "Missing," yonder a revelation like "Revelation." But what of the feature-host that accompanies these occasional greatnesses? Isn't it true that most five-reelers are love-stories of a pattern, with the expected virtues, the stereotyped heroines, the conventional villains?

On the other hand, let us consider the occasional output of Mr. Chaplin, the none-too-rapid production of Mr. Arbuckle, the rather too-rapid offerings of Mr. Sennett, the wild farces of Mr. Lehrman, or the late oddities of that present gob, Mr. Lloyd.

Mr. Chaplin shares Mr. Griffith's situation as the most eagerly awaited producer in motion pictures. Why? Because every audience has come to know that his successive entertainments, like those of Mr. Griffith, are the fruition of long days and weary nights of intense study and experiment, heroic cutting, endless rejection, continuous retake and infinite patience. When you see a new Chaplin picture your ticket does not insure a laugh every two seconds, but it does entitle you to witness the ultimate endeavor of an artist who has completely mastered his business. Do you have this same assurance when you face the transparencies of most of the famous dramatic stars? Write your own answer.

While there is only one Chaplin, Mr. Arbuckle crowds him hard as a prodigulous worker and genuine originator. Here is another man who should be honored for his stern self-criticism, for his determination that everything he puts out shall be worth while.

Mr. Sennett, the first master of both these laugh-chiefstains, waters his high percentage with the aqua of quantity. No man possesses the diving-rod that goes unerringly to the spring of inspiration, but where Chaplin and Arbuckle are prone to keep on digging until they hit it, Mr. Sennett comes out on a time-table. Consequently the amount of uproar from a Sennett audience varies.

Lehrman is the wild man of screen farce. Manifesting no great originality, he nevertheless exaggerates to the human limit. Does Mr. Arbuckle blow up a building? Mr. Lehrman kisses his actors good-bye—and blows them up. Does Mr. Sennett cautiously use a lion? Mr. Lehrman ties a knot in his lion's tail, and kicks him out into a group of shrieking clowns and soubrettes.

Mr. Lloyd is not yet travelling fast enough to make a flat entry with these speedsters, but he is promising comic material, and when he comes back from the submarine base at San Pedro I predict his steady advance as an expounder of mere and sheer entertainment.

I may be a Philistine, but when I go out looking for a good time on the screen there are mighty few dramas that could draw me away from a new composition by one of these boys. I had rather get a good laugh than a weak emotional thrill any night, and I feel that that sentiment is general. There is a group of so-called screen comedians whose perfunctory pie-throwing and meaningless knockabout deserves no patronage and invites downright suppression, but their trade buffoonery casts no shadow over the lustre of the great few.

It seems to me that bringing honest, unrestrained laughter to serious faces in serious times is a pretty good public service. The material which causes such laughter is fairly shrewd cartooning, too. Too much of our sentimental drama and romance is not life at all, but bald falsehood caramel-coated. Most of the stuff that is really laughed at on the screen is life—real life—comically twisted in a Coney Island mirror.

In "Shoulder Arms" Charlie Chaplin so easily and perfectly gets away from the bewilderment of trousers, the rattan cane and the immortal derby that his escape, at last, is scarcely the matter of a moment's thought.

Here he is in khaki, canvas leggings and army hat—yet how many of us have insisted that the gentlemanly essentials named in the preceding paragraph were an absolutely necessary part of his success? "Shoulder Arms" is the glory-dream of a recruit. It is a
perfect handling of a delicate subject, and in its treatment the comedian has shown, more completely than ever before, his faculty for getting inside a character, and grasping, as if by intuition (but really by hard work) all that character's salient points. The best thing about this film is that the rookie sees his own little weaknesses, his hardships, his hopes, his glories, his quaint vanities and small fears—he sees himself. If this film is not 100 percent triumph in our army camps in Europe all bets and guesses fail.

Right in the midst of a guffaw one stops to admire a skilful mastery of even the new technique of war. Camouflaged as a tree, and motionless in a grove, he is absolutely undiscoverable until he moves. What a chilling satire on Flanders rain, too, is that scene of sweet slumber in the inundated dugout! Daintily shaking out his submarine pillows the comedian tucks the watery blanket about his shoulders—and sinks beneath the black flood with only the phonograph horn to show him air. Looking at this passage is enough to give one pneumonia by suggestion. The customary hint of breezy amour is lightly, deftly touched in a momentary scene with the cynical and evil-thinking crown prince.

Being completely funny on a background of completely terrible war is not only difficult, but dangerous. As far as we can see, only Chaplin and Bruce Bairnsfather have been wholly successful and wholly apropos.

MY COUSIN—Artcraft

Enrico Caruso's first photoplay is better than most people's anticipations, and not as good as it might have been. This is no paradox: to most people Caruso is merely an Incarnate voice, the world's greatest tenor; but people who know Caruso, and know his broad comedy vein, must realize that this play, lively as it is, does not properly exploit Mr. Lasky's really immense inspiration. Whether this is the fault of Caruso, or of a management and directorate who were altogether too obsequious to Caruso, I can't pretend to say. Here's an opportunity, a number of months ago, seized upon Jesse the Impresario; the greatest personality in the artistic world, to a lower or middle-class Italian, is Caruso. He fills the entire universe. Were a poor maker of plaster images, then, to claim relationship and get away with it, his whole neighborhood would bow and scrape before him. Which is exactly what happens, and la bella signorina, daughter and heiress of the table d'hote, sweeps forward on the tide of her own strength. An incident shows that lo divino tenore never even heard of the wretched sculptor—and down goes his house of cards—only to be built up higher than ever, even to love's full fruition, when Caruso, taking pity on the lying lover, hails him as "my cousin." I'll say that all the authors in America, in convention assembled, couldn't have gotten out a simpler, more human, more wittily true plot for Caruso to work with. An accident has I am wrong in viewing this piece as somewhat of a disappointment; it will please, it will surprise. Even. But, in the first place, Caruso's own name is dropped from the tenor character, the meaningless name of "Carolyi" is substituted—and there goes the reason of the whole thing. As the halfwit Michelangelo of the plaster, our celebrity is simply delightful as the artist of the Metropolitan Opera House, he is altogether too grand. The subtitles simply fawn, and where they should trip with the feet of wit, they wear arctics and colouses. Much good material was taken in the opera house. Caruso as the moulder was well directed: Caruso as himself—or Carolyi—seems not to have been directed at all. Evidently, everybody salaumed and got out of the way, and the resultant action is of the pre-Selig period. Carolina White, the celebrated American prima-donna, gave graceful and girlish life to the opposite role.

WOMAN—Tourneur

Maurice Tourneur's new picture, an extensive allegory with the one-word name above, is one of the most beautiful things physically that has ever been made, with the most superb lighting and photography, and further evidences of Mr. Tourneur's positive genius in grouping and general composition. Nevertheless, it has one cardinal fault: a lack of any sustained interest, composed as it is of separate and distinct episodes, with no central human theme to bind all these together. In argument, it is an exposition of woman's place, and service to the human race, throughout the ages. Most of the episodes show woman at her worst: Eve led lad astray in the Gar-
den: Messalina, wife of the just Emperor Claudius, might be described by many evil words; Heloise, a virgin, is responsible for the death of the philosopher-monk, Abelard; the fisherman is deceived by Cyrene, the lady from the sea; the Civil War soldier is betrayed for a trinket. The prologue and epilogue, however, are entirely modern, and are of an identical interest. As a beautiful exposition of camera art, “Woman” is the event of the year; as a drama, it wears the same curse that “Intolerance” wore. Tourneur starts nowhere, and arrives gloriously and artistically at his destination—the same place. Many people, including such women as the celebrated Russian dancer Flora Revalles, Diana Allen, Gloria Goodwin, Ethel Haller, Fair Binney and Florence Billings, participate.

EDITH CAVELL—Plunkitt & Carroll

Under the long but nevertheless dramatic title, “The Woman the Germans Shot,” a pair of independent picture producers present Julia Arthur, distinguished stage artist, in a vehicle quite worthy of her talents, and of the subject. It is full of the right kind of propaganda, and shows the damnable ways of the Hun when he happens to be riding the red horse of Victory. Miss Arthur’s work is magnificent. Her support is good throughout, and there is no attempt to drag in battle scenes; nor is the play marred by mawkish sentiment and twaddling cartooning of Germans—always the mark of the weak scenarioist or the director devoid of real ideas.

SALOME—Fox

This edition of the adventures of Herodiade’s daughter is not a sin against morals; it is only a vast, colossal assault on common sense. It means...nothing. Mr. Edwards, the producer, is even more at sea than when he produced “Cleopatra,” truly a new chapter in Alexandria history; but is it all Mr. Edwards’ fault? I have an idea that were Mr. Edwards let alone he would be putting on straightforward, ordinary tales of matter-of-fact life, instead of acting as nominal guide through these bewildering mangles of record and tradition recently affected by Miss Theda Bara. As Salome, Miss Bara does not resemble the tigerish princess of Judea as much as a neurasthenic taking sun-baths. No wonder Herod killed Salome after her dance; I took the Washburn-Crosby—generally—why not now? There has been a prodigious expenditure of money; large numbers of people appear and disappear; big scenic edifices have been erected. And all to no purpose, for we have a story unworthy even a nursery fable, a drama without a whit of dramatic interest, characters which are characterless, and the shocking murder of John the Baptist without reason whatsoever. Miss Bara was not content merely to vamp the prophet; she revamped him, insisting that he appear as a beardless male ingenuous. Nevertheless, Al Roscoe’s performance of John is the only assumption of any reasonableness or dignity in the picture.

THE HEART OF RACHEL—Hodkinson

This story of life might have happened—probably has happened more than once. The thing that commends it, despite a certain amount of sordidness, is its simplicity and humanity. Miss Barriscale plays, as well as she has ever played anything in her life, Rachel, wife of a widower who has a daughter but little younger than herself. Unable to stand an alliance of father and daughter against her, Rachel gets a divorce and takes a young family physician. Still, all is not smooth for the physician’s eye is eventually caught by an actress, whom he ardently desires only to the moment when his wife offers to step out of the way of their future happiness. He then goes to Europe, and Rachel, with her two children, travels on alone until, years later, the illness of one of the children brings them together again. Doesn’t sound like much in a little synopsis, does it? Neither does life nor a Tolstoi novel. The charm of the piece is its unforced action, the naturalness of its characters, and a certain inevitability of fate that you find in real existence and great fiction. A superb cast graces the play. After Miss Barriscale, as Rachel, we find Herschell Mayall as the father, Ella Hall as the daughter, and Herbert Heyes as the physician-husband. Little Ben Alexander plays Rachel’s son. Jack Cunningham made the scenario from a story by Kathleen Norris, and Howard Hickman directed.

“The Great Chance,” in which Select puts forward Alice Brady, was Fannie Hurst’s novel, “Golden Fleece.” Miss Brady and certain location scenes in the Catskills are the excellences of the piece.

Dorothy Gish and her adopted infant in “Battling Jane.”

World politics in high places and fights in many places are the features of “Unexpected Places,” a Metro melodrama featuring Bert Lytell.
Photoplay Magazine

THIRTY A WEEK—Goldwyn

—or, how the chauffeur married the millionaire's daughter, and the trials that came to their love and faith. In its essential ingredients, Mr. Buchanan has turned out something that might be attributed to Bertha M. Clay, and enjoyed only by the gum-eating elevator girls. But as it happens, the trashy little story is largely salvaged by good acting and an altogether superior production. Tom Moore's personality will usually make up for many lacks in material, and it does here. Tallulah Bankhead, as the young plutocress who compels him to keep her out all night—by removing a part from her car—in order to make him marry her, reveals considerable beauty and entirely too much temper in the quarrel scene.

HIDDEN FIRES—Goldwyn

This feature is one which, like numerous others, seems to have been more or less delayed in reaching its public by influenza. However—it permits Mae Marsh to play two characters in a story which has rather more possibilities than the scenarist took time to unearth. One of Miss Marsh's assumptions is Peggy, presiding officer of a hotel news-stand; the other Louise Farke, daughter of a Boston family of wealth, and like other women of her sort, destined to sink into the morass of idleness, booze, drugs and final extinction through sheer lack of occupation. The best part of the story—the most dramatic part—is the substitution of Peggy for Louise to placate Louise's supposedly dying mother. Upon this, and its consequences, depends a plot that might have been big. There are no performances of especial distinction other than Miss Marsh's.

THE YELLOW DOG—Universal

The best thing about "The Yellow Dog," it seems to me, is that it returns Arthur Hoyt to the screen. This very good actor has been absent, in directing and kindred film services, for a long period. As a play, the saffron canine isn't much. Elliott Clawson, who dramatized Mr. Dodge's serial story of the same name, found it a narrative, and left it one. As reading matter, it told interestingly of a resolute villager's successful attempt to oust the yellow dogs of German spydum from his small town. As a picture it still tells about it, and argues about it, with the best things Mr. Hoyt's acting of the 100% American, and the valiant services of a patriotic band of boys whose watchword is "How do you know?" when they hear any ulterior remarks about our war. The melodramatic passages are wholly unconvincing.

THREE X GORDON—Paralta

It has been a long time since we wrote anything about J. Warren Kerrigan. But here he is, in much the same sort of play that he always used: and, in its kind, a moving and entertaining sort of picture. Kerrigan represents the traditional absolute son of rich parents, eventually ousted by a disgusted father. With a pal, the abandoned one hits a farm at harvest time, and by the time the hay is in there has been such a change that however his exterior he certainly has a new soul in the old body. He then goes into the reclamation business, and starts a reconstruction camp for denatured rounders like himself. The result—material success, family reunion—and girl. This entertainment is without sophistication or subtlety, but if Warren Kerrigan is one of your admired actors, you will like it.

THE FORBIDDEN CITY—Select

Norma Talmadge's large October vehicle might be described as "Madame Butterfly" turned inside out, and then turned outside in. For what happens to Toy's mother is what happened to Cho-Cho-San, only more so, and what happens to Toy is not at all what happened to Cho-Cho-San. The love of the Mandarin's daughter San-San for John Worden, the Consulate secretary, results in her death in the "alley of flashing spears," while her half-breed baby is reared to be a palace plaything and by-word. But Toy, the child, has her own idea of things, and escapes to Manila, where she meets her lieutenant, and the rest is love and difficulty—and love. While for sheer dramatic opportunity "The Forbidden City" does not compare with some of Miss Talmadge's recent plays, as a thing of beauty (Continued on page 92)
Speaking of Love—

Let’s talk about Montagu, in respect to stature the biggest leading man in captivity

By Randolph Bartlett

There are men whom it is impossible to think of as babies. If you ever think of such a man’s beginnings at all, you are apt to find yourself hatching some such theory as that concerning the advent of Pallas Athena who, after her father, Zeus, had swallowed her mother, created such a furore in the old gentleman’s interior that he had Prometheus split open his bean with a hatchet, whereupon Miss Athena stepped out, armed to the teeth—dressed to kill, as it were—and became right away a goddess of war. There are, as I have intimated, men who make you feel that they could not have passed through the first two or three of the stages of man as described rather uncomplimentarily by Shakespeare in “As You Like It.” You cannot picture them “in their nurse’s arms,” much less doing the things that the veracious Bard of Avon declares is customary at that period.

On the other hand, there are men concerning whom you almost involuntarily exclaim, “What a cute baby he must have been.” These are the male ingenues, the civilian wearers of wrist watches, the cigar-stand Romes, the disporters of pink silk handkerchiefs with a corner coyl protruding from the breast pocket, the smokers of perfumed cigarettes, and nine out of ten of them “dance just simply divinely.” When you find an individual of the male persuasion whose appearance and manner compel you involuntarily to think what a joy he must have been to his mother between the ages of one and half past three, you can know right away what a trial he must have been to his father between the ages of sixteen and whatever he is now.

Reverting to the more pleasing type, I know of no better specimen of this variety of the genus homo than Montagu Love. It isn’t merely that he is big, for when a man is six feet, one inch from toenail to topknot and keeps all the material between the two poles within the weight of 195 pounds, he doesn’t look big, for the same reason that the interior of the Pennsylvania Terminal in New York does not look big, or the great pyramid—the proportions are right. Dimensions alone will not bring the desired result. There are many huge men who leave an impression only of helplessness, or ludicrousness, or clumsiness. The truth is that it is much more difficult for a large man to be impressive than it is for a small one, but when he accomplishes it he is almost overwhelming. But even more than being impressive—it is almost as easy for a German to tell the truth as it is for a big man to be romantic and get away with it. As placing Montagu Love definitely in the category of men and actors, it is necessary only to add that he is the biggest leading man in captivity.

And here’s another rather general characteristic of big men—they would rather talk about anything under the sun than themselves. Just by way of getting a subsoil of fact for this dissertation I sent Montagu one of those “Who’s Who” blanks to fill out, with neat little dotted lines for all the salient facts of existence. Usually when I send one of these, it comes back accompanied by half a dozen typewritten pages, containing information for which there was no room on the aforesaid dotted lines. Here is how Montagu submitted it:

Birth—Obviously.
Parents—Two.
Educated—Forcibly.
First stage appearance—Awful.
Career—Chequered.
Favorite recreation—Filling out these damn fool blanks.

The mountain, in short, refused to come to Mahomet in this easy method. To lime my bird it was necessary to brave the perils of the Jersey shore and the intricacies of the World Studio at Ft. Lee. He had been having lunch with the prettiest girl in the World. (Who was she? I would be glad to provide the information only that I am allowed only a certain amount of space for this article, and I have to be careful to economize my words. If I wasted words on such irrelevant matters first thing I knew I would have no room left to write about Montagu Love, which, I take it, is the principal object in hand. So don't ask me who is the prettiest girl in the World, for I haven't time to tell, but I will say that her picture appeared on the cover of Photoplay last winter.)

As soon as the P. G. in the W. had gone to her dressing room, I hauled out the biography blank and protested.
"It's a looker, Monty," (yes, I call him Monty—one is inclined to after meeting him two or three times). "Now look here, Monty, this won't do at all, you know." (You see, Monty being English one naturally drops into the use of the British idiom in talking to him.) "You know, old chap, what I want is some stories of your adventures in—"

"I'm an actor," Monty interrupted. "I don't believe it is a good thing for an actor's private life to be exploited. I'll tell you what I know about the drama and—"

"But that is exactly what I don't want. The fans—"

"I know all about the fans," Monty boomed me down. "And I don't want you to think that I don't appreciate the fans and their viewpoint. But I believe this—that to satisfy the curiosity of the fan is the worst thing possible in the interests of the fan himself or herself. Curiosity was created to be forever denied satisfaction—a little more round, don't you think?"

"I don't give a hang," Monty said petulantly. "As I was saying, as soon as the player becomes an actual individual, half the romance is gone, and the fan loses half the former enjoyment, for romance is more than half of the drama."

"But how about Mary P—"

"I know all about the big exceptions," Monty interrupted again. "But the general principle remains. This is what has been the ruin of the stage—these peeps behind the scenes, this intimacy with the machinery of the drama and the private lives of the players."

"Probably so. But what I would like to get is a few personal reminiscences of your first profession, painting and sketching, of your art student days, and of your work for the London papers. How about a story of some of your experiences at the siege of Port Arthur, where I understand, you represented the London Times, and other periodicals, sending out sketches which were reproduced all over the world?"

"Of course the greatest need of all," was his response to this request, "is stories that will call for different scenes than those we get into the habit of using, because they are different stories from the ones who seem to be available. For the same old type of fluffy romance—"

"Is it true that your first stage experience was in China, where you went after the Japanese-Russian war, and substituted for a member of a company who fell ill, and from that beginning went to London and played at the principal theatres, finally coming to America with Cyril Maude in 'Grumpy'?"

"The films of the future—"

"Is it true that you almost had Spanish Influenza and were saved from it only by the constant attentions of your valet Victor?"

"One of the principal difficulties—"

"Were you really born in Calcutta? and how old were you when you left India? Is India anything like Kipling describes it in 'Kim'? Is it true that a man born in the Orient never overcomes the constant call of the East and always goes back? When are you going back if ever? Have you ever recovered the use of your broken wrist? What size collar do you wear? Wha—?"

The director saved him. The scene was waiting. The answers to these vastly important questions may never be known, for I at least will never again brave the perils of Jersey and the intricacies of the World studio in the forlorn hope of getting Montagu Love to talk about himself.
Photographic reproduction of the special charter issued to the Cinema Club of Columbia University, now associated with the Better Photoplay League of America in that organization’s constructive work.

Better Photoplay League Gains Support of New Allies!

Organized movement for better pictures receives response from New Jersey to Los Angeles—progress of the month

By Myra Kingman Miller

The West!—the energetic West,—is ever to the front in movements that require enthusiasm, cooperation and energy, and Los Angeles, the Golden Key city, with her usual foresight has seemingly anticipated the Better Photoplay League of America. Our hats are off to Los Angeles!

Mrs. Janetta B. Wright, Chairman of the Los Angeles, California, League of Good Films, writes a most interesting letter in which she says that, in reading Photoplay she discovered that the Better Photoplay League of America was doing along national lines what the citizens of Los Angeles had been doing for several years along local lines. She congratulates the Better Photoplay League of America on their work, stating at the same time that the Los Angeles League is not now holding meetings regularly inasmuch as the workers are all busy in war activities, Mrs. Wright herself being in Washington, D. C.

Now here is one point and the only one in which we differ from Mrs. Wright and the Los Angeles League. Better Films are not only considered by the National League but also by our Government as a war time activity and a most important one. Think of the atrocious, insidious, under-mining pro-German, anti-Ally thoughts that have been subtly presented through the motion picture to an unsuspecting public. During the first year of our participation in the war! One producer now is a guest of the nation in a small room where the draperies at the window are one and a half inch iron bars—all because of his special activities along
Advisory Patrons of Better Photoplay League of America

Cardinal Gibbons, Head of Catholic Church in America, Baltimore, Md.
Samuel Gompers, Pres., American Federation of Labor, Washington, D. C.
Daniel Carroll, National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America, Florence, Ia.
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Samuel A. Dixon Editor Assn., of Methodist College Presidents, Alibon, Michigan.
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Daniel Chapman Jordan, President, Emeritus member, University, Palo Alto, California.

Mary E. Woolsey, Mount Holyoke College, S. Hadley, Mass.
MRS. Flora Warren Seymour, Representative National Association Women Law-
yen and Corresponding Secretary National Federation College Women, Chicago, Ill.
Mary Roberts Rinehart, Novelist, New York.
Sophia Imogene Loeb, Editor and Publisher, New York World, New York City.
Mrs. Mabel Potter Daggett, Author "Women Want," New York City.
James Strong, President, University, New York City.
Mrs. Booker T. Washington, President National Federation of Colored Women.
Tuskegee, Ala.
Mrs. Frederick Schaff, President National Congress of Mothers and Parent Teachers Association, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. John E. Tingey, President Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Society, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Editorial Director, Bureau of Statistics and Research, Dept. of Education, Baltimore, Md.

this line. He fully realizes that the Better Film movement is a war activity! On the other hand, think of the realistic, vivid, patriotic films that have stirred the very heart of the nation and have brought the people to the masses, rich and poor, high and low, educated and otherwise, the vital truths that we wish impressed in their minds?

The Better Film movement not a war activity? Now as never before, the thinking, discriminating patriotic citizens must become active factors in regulating this gigantic influence that is abroad in our country; remembering always the slogan of the Better Film League, "Motion Pictures are the greatest factor in the education of the masses today, and as such demands our attention and influence."

But to go back to Los Angeles. In forming her League for good films, Los Angeles has followed exactly the course outlined by the National League— that is by asking every philanthropic, civic, educational, religious, and fraternal organization in Los Angeles to become a member of the League by sending a representative.

Let me quote from their chairman a statement which is worthy of nation-wide dissemination: "Our League was organized in the belief that there are good pictures, educational and entertaining films being produced and that both producers and exhibitors are anxious and willing to produce and exhibit these good films as far as we, the League members, help them get the world. And we believe that through our efforts, through clubs and other organizations we will reveal the desire for good films through the box office receipts."

The quotation from Mrs. Wright sums up the whole situation. This Los Angeles League is working along constructive, rational lines and they are destined to become a great power and influence, and as these same representative citizens have cleared up their film habits, other lines, just so in a few years, they will be able to look back on their work in the League for Good Films and proudly show to the world a great city where there is no desire or demand for an objectionable film—a city where there is no Better Film problem because its citizenship enjoys only good films, patronizes only good films.

We feel that the Los Angeles League has pointed the way for the big cities of America to adopt and we are very grateful for the information sent, that we may be the means of giving publicity to their work that it may thus help scores of other cities who have hitherto searched for some feasible method by which to attack this problem.

It is to be hoped that the Los Angeles League will immediately resume meetings with the full realization that they are doing a great work. The Better Photoplay League of America will be glad to give them special suggestions along the line of specific war work.

The foregoing shows work under way and the following is just a glimpse of what the forward-looking people of today see in the Better Photoplay League of America.

"I desire to suggest to the club women here in Haddington, New Jersey, in the course of an address I am scheduled to make this winter, that they start a branch of the Photoplay League. Will you therefore," etc.

This is a paragraph from a letter written by the Reverend Augustus Walton Shick, Rector of the Grace Church, Haddonfield, New Jersey. Mr. Shick is one of the Eastern group of big, broadminded clergymen who are helping to make the world a better place to live in.

Under the leadership and influence of men like these, communities take on a newer, better outlook, and organizations like the Better Photoplay League lead them forward into their fullest usefulness. "We shall look forward with interest during the coming months to hearing of the organization and progress of the Branch League of Haddington, New Jersey. Episcopalians, Scientists, Jews, and Protestants alike recognize the future possibilities of the League. Note the following from J. Mortimer Bloom, Rabbi of Temple B'rith Sholom, Springfield, Illinois: "The Better Film movement has sent me a book regarding the Better Photoplay League of America? Some of us would like to organize a branch of the League in this city."

And thus the good movement is spread from the metropolis of the corn belt in Illinois to the land of the Cyclop mosquito — (where you cannot find them anymore)— the home of presidents— New Jersey. From the poppy-blown fields of California and the wind-swept plains of the Great Northwest, the forests come a united choral of approval and requests for information, and gladly and most cheerfully do we welcome them.

The film companies are "sitting up and taking notice." Doesn't this look promising? For, after all, the pictures that are not made cannot be seen and even the Editor of Photoplay has dropped into line, for we notice in the December issue, he has quoted Mr. Ricord Gradwell, President of the World Film Company, that "The Better Film movement is the most important thing for World is it clean? When one considers that pictures are an affair for families and adolescent children as well as for the casual grown up their moral tone becomes as grave a responsibility as the patriotism of a government official."

Another film company has shown itself in tune with the spirit of the day, namely, the Art Film Company, 54 North Second Street, New York. The following is their release: "The Photoplay League of America is creating greater and greater enthusiasm in the people who gather at our studio each day, so much so, that I have finally been prevailed upon to permit the use of one of our rooms as the headquarters for the Phila-
delphia branch when formed, and to advise you to that effect. I therefore take great pleasure in so advising you, and assure you of my hearty cooperation in organizing the branch here, if no such branch is already existing."

It is evident to the most casual observer from the varied personnel of the authors of the quotations in this article, that the Better Photoplay League has struck the popular chord of the day and just as if to emphasize it comes a message from Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Marquis and Marchioness of Aber-
deen and Tamair, from Ely House, Dublin, Ireland, where they are residing, that proudly acknowledging receipt of a letter from the Editor and gladly accepting a place on the Honorary and Advisory Patron list, wishing the League every success and trusting that its activities will extend over the water.

These people are all back of the Better Photoplay League of America. ARE YOU? If not why not? Think it over and then act! Form a Branch Photoplay League in your own city if it does not already exist. If it does, become a member and be a factor in one of the biggest uplift movements of the day.

For further information, address the Better Photoplay League of America, 185 Madison Avenue, New York City.
"Camera—Kamerad!" During the American advance in France in August the motion picture camera got a startling and unexpected tribute. Cranking in some scenes in a still-burning and newly-occupied village, Lieut. Edwin H. Cooper, of Harrisburg, Pa., was suddenly confronted by seven Germans, who debouched about a corner and mistook his formidable army film apparatus for some dreadful new type of Yankee machine gun. Up went their hands, and they yelled in terror. Not until he turned them over to an advancing detachment did he reveal the joke.
The Spanish Invasion

The advancing Army of Influenza found most of the shadow cities empty—the Great Vacation and how it was spent in California.

By Alfred A. Cohn

Flu Flurry Figures

TEN thousand picture theatres—80% of the total in the United States and Canada—closed for a period varying from one week to two months. Loss in gross receipts at these theatres: $30,000,000 estimated.

Theatre employees deprived of income: 150,000.

In California, 60% of all production activity ceased.

In the East, production ceased completely. Strange to say, the comedy companies—all of them in California—did not stop working at all, nor was their personnel seriously affected by the epidemic.

Star salaries stopped for four weeks, on the uniform and generally accepted basis of a four-weeks' extension of the stellar contracts.

In facilities, Metro was the heaviest loser, by the deaths of Harold Lockwood and John Collins.

sales and endeavoring to ascertain his military status in the National Capital.

Nor was Charlie Chaplin hit by the new order. He was "between pictures" and was spending most of his vacation at Catalina Island in pursuit of the festive waves. (He was not the only one which weighed 168 pounds en deshabille.) Roscoe Arbuckle was on the Island at the same time, doing a comedy which bears the interesting title, "Camping." Roscoe also kept busy during the "flu" flurry.

The first victim of influenza in the film colony was Bryant Washburn. Bryant had been east with a company of Lasky players including Director Donald Crisp and Margery Wilson, doing some scenes for "Venus in the East." When their train reached Los Angeles, Washburn, Crisp and Miss Wilson were seriously ill. They were among the first influenza patients on the Coast, but did not suffer any lasting effects. However, completion of the picture was postponed for the usual four weeks.

Wallie Reid was the first to draw a vacation, as he was far ahead of his release schedule. He spent most of the time on a hunting trip. Anna Little, his co-star, knitted several bushes of socks and took long auto trips with her mother. Lila Lee took the occasion to tie back to her beloved Broadway to visit her foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Edwards, and to be "Cuddles" again, until the holiday season should end. Ethel Clayton spent most of her time at Camp Kearney, visiting with her brother, who is in the army. Vivian Martin enjoyed a mountain trip and Constance Talmadge went on location with Sister Norma, who arrived on the Coast simultaneously with the "flu" to make "The Heart of Wetona." The exteriors were made in the San Jacinto mountains and the interiors at the Lasky studio. C. B. DeMille was the last to suspend. He was engaged on a production similar in theme to "Old Wives for New," but with the emphasis on the husbands this time. The leading players in it are Elliott Dexter, Theodore Roberts, Gloria Swanson, Lew Cody and Sylvia Ashton.

Blanche Sweet and Clara Kimball Young disregarded the suspension and continued work at the Griffith studio.

(Continued on page 97)
A New Portrait-Study of Marie Doro, An Ingenue of all Nations

We started to write an impression, but gave it up because, after a fair wind of fancy and a propitious start, we couldn't decide on the next thing to say. In reality, Miss Doro comes from the Middle West. But when a young woman in her twenties has to reflect whether English or French is her native language, plays Chopin like a Pole, makes tea like a Russian, knows all the best people in Bombay, reads d'Annunzio in the original and is the favorite house-guest of half the British nobility what hope is there of pinning her to any particular page of your Rand McNally? In our opinion Count de Strelecki mistook her for a temple-belle from the lower Ganges.

Here are the ladies of "Heart's Desire" — a scene from Miss Doro's favorite and most recent photoplay. The milk business is something like the film business. There must be producers and distributors. Here you have the combination: producer, Mrs. Holstein Bovine; distributor, Miss Marie Doro. The distributor carries the milk in her large, left-side pocket. The heavy rope that you observe between them is to keep Miss Doro from running away.

Marie Doro, posed especially for PHOTOPLAY by Count John de Strelecki, New York City.
Whenever we see a pergola we think of what the rich old lady from Iowa said to the architect who one of those things. She answered: "No, sir! I like tea as well as anybody—but I ain't a Russian.

Fannie Ward's

A NUMBER of motion picture women have larger incomes than Fannie Ward, but she is the only one of her kind, so far, to manifest the possession of a generous independence in the European fashion of a thoroughly imposing establishment. Miss Ward's handsome house in Hollywood—previously half-toned in these pages—was a sumptuous residence, but it, and especially its grounds, are not to be compared with her new home and its artistic gardens at 255 South New Hampshire street, Los Angeles. Only Julian Eltinge's Italian palace can beat it as a regal dwelling. Fannie Ward's love of a fine house is not the frantic determination of a newly-rich income to put it over her neighbors and associates. Her theatrical career was crowned with complete artistic and financial success abroad before "abroad" blew to pieces; hence her well-paid movie career has merely meant the realization of long-cherished dreams.

Above, a view through the sitting room and the dining room, taken from the drawing room. The sundial at the right, is, according to its owner's declaration, one of the absolute necessities of her domestic happiness.

The sunken garden and the marble balcony overlooking it. Directly beneath this balcony is the garden's tenderest inhabitant, a huge-leaved banana plant, so susceptible to slight cold that few of them endure even in the mild airs of California.
asked her if her projected home would have
and I make it in a plain, old-fashioned tea-pot."

New Home

Excepting Julian Eltinge's
Italian palace the most
sumptuous photoplayer's
domicile in the world.

At the foot of the marble stairs leading to the terrace
and the sunken garden. These steps are a replica of
a flight belonging to a villa in Florence.

Miss Ward in her study, whose wide portiered doors, as you see, open into her own simple sleeping apartment.
The thermometer had gone way down to 58 above when this frigid photo was made. Girls are something like flowers, and when you have to transplant one or the other from Southern Texas it's too bad that you can't carry the climate along.

Frappéd
By Marion

weather, are still wearing lightweights and pronouncing October fifteenth, with its 58 degrees, a grand day.

"And why, Corinne Griffith," asked the callous one—(the girl is none other than Corinne Griffith)—"why are you wearing your fur coat, when it is only October fifteenth, and the temperature but 58?"

"Because," she replied frostily, "I am not going to take any chances of freezing to death. I came very near it last winter, and I don't want to go through it again."

Poor little southern rose, shivering in the snow! One could almost write a poem about it. Born in Texarkana and raised in New Orleans, Corinne Griffith had never left the south until she was coaxed into the movies. And her first winter in them was spent at the Vitagraph western studios in California. Last winter was her first in New York, and she didn't know what it was going to be like when it started. But she knows now. "And," she says between shivers, "if I didn't simply love my work, I wouldn't be up here, letting myself in for more snow stuff."

That picture of hers, "A Girl of Today," released sometime ago, was made last winter, and in the screening Miss Griffith had several close calls from death by freezing. It was, you remember, the coldest winter in New York since Washington crossed the Delaware. The scenes of the picture called for Corinne and her company to work on

_It_ was October fifteenth in Flatbush, a part of Brooklyn, and the site of the Vitagraph company's eastern studio. The temperature was 58 degrees Fahr.

On this day, there might be seen on the Vitagraph lot a slim, shivering figure. Approaching, one might ascertain that this was a young girl. Though she was wrapped from nose to toes in a big fur coat, her teeth were chattering and her lips were blue; and her nose, if one could see it, quite red. Besides this, her eyes wore a far-away, pathetic look.

This may sound like the beginning of a Victor Hugo novel in which he plants his location. But wait—this isn't the half of it.

On the same day in Texarkana, Texas, which is one side of the triangle formed by the borders of Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas, thermometers were unanimous in declaring 58 degrees. And it was to Texarkana that the thoughts of the poor shivering girl wandered. In fancy she was back home,—back where the southern sun smiles genially, the winds from the Gulf blow caressingly,—where, in short, they have climate, not weather.

But this is to be sombre and realistic and all. The girl in the big fur coat still shivers, while the natives and others who had become accustomed to Flatbush and its

Miss Griffith and Robert Gaillard in a scene exposition of the young woman's emotional partly at the back of Mr. Gaillard's head on her hair. This little profile also answers see the most girl in
the ice-blocks of the Hudson River, in the snow-fields around Albany, and at the great Ashokan Dam, the heart of New York's water supply. While working on these frigid scenes she collapsed from cold and was on the verge of freezing. They placed her in an automobile and rushed her to her home. The cold she contracted then resulted in a long and painful illness. Is it any wonder, then, that Corinne does not welcome the prospect of another long hard winter and more snow stuff?

"Snow," she says, "makes grand scenery. But it doesn't appeal to me as a play-ground. I'd always wanted to see snow, but I didn't ask to be buried in it. Ice, too, is all right as a refrigerant of food and drink, but it loses its value for me when it is splashed all over the landscape in huge hunks. It may all be very picturesque, but who can appreciate artistic effects in snow when one's feet are frozen and one's nose is red?"

Miss Griffith was reared in a convent, and naturally knew nothing of snow and such until she landed in New York. She was a popular society girl in the Creole city, and had come into prominence through winning first prize in a beauty contest. It was at a society affair in New Orleans, where Corinne posed in tableaux and danced, that a moving picture director—F. Lin Sturgeon, of Vitagraph—was introduced to her. He saw her as a "screen proposition" and— you have probably heard the story—put the question right up to her, "How would you like to go in pictures?" Corinne's assent was easily gained, family opposition encountered and overcome, and the little southern girl soon embarked on a screen career.

She made good from the start, when she played small parts in western Vitagraph's short-reelers. Her director, observing her, said, "Watch that girl; she's going to be a star some day." And Corinne hasn't disappointed him. After a year of leading-lady roles for Earle Williams and Harry Morey, she was featured alone, and then starred. Her most important screen solos have been in "The Clutch of Circumstance," "Love Watches," and, more recently, "Miss Ambition" and "The Adventure Shop." These have gone far towards making her a fixed star—whether she likes snow-stuff or not.

In real life she is Mrs. Webster Campbell. Campbell is also a well-known picture personality, whose screen appearances have been mostly with Vitagraph. You will remember, too, his work for Lubin, Ince, American Beauty, Lasky—he played in "The Evil Eye" with Blanche Sweet—and in such pictures as "A Meddler with Destiny" and "The Love Doctor" for Vitagraph. With his wife he was featured in "New York, or Danger Within!" the Vitagraph propaganda play by Robert W. Chambers. One really cannot find it in his heart to rebuke Mr. Campbell when, in answer to the question "What is your favorite role?" he replies, "Corinne Griffith's leading man."
 Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL YORK

Cecil B. DeMille, director-general for Lasky, who made "Joan the Woman," "The Little American," and "We Can't Have Everything"; the one photoplay director who really looks the part; the producer of a thousand screen battles—is going to war. When he has completed his current production—and from present indications that will be about November fifteen—he will go to Washington to secure himself a commission in aviation. DeMille has been a student of aviation for some time, and last year bought himself a 'plane and spent his spare time motoring over Hollywood until he had mastered the science. The Lasky studio will be closed entirely for a week after DeMille finishes his present picture.

Kenneth Harlan is now a sergeant in the 143rd Field Artillery, in France. Harlan, you remember, was with Universal when his draft call came; and trained at Camp Kearney, California.

Allan Dwan, who left the Fairbanks company in the middle of a picture he was directing, is handling the megaphone for the new Clark Kimball Young production. When he has completed it, Dwan will return to the Fairbanks organization to resume his direction of Douglas.

The first gold star in the Universal service flag is for Lawrence R. "Larry" Peyton, who died fighting in France. Peyton is the first of the coast actors to go. Peyton had served in the Spanish war, and when his old regiment was sent to Camp Kearney, he went down and enlisted, although he was over the draft age. "How Could You, Jean?" with Mary Pickford, was Peyton's last picture—he played Oscar, the Swedish man of all work. He was Gaspard, the coward, in "Joan the Woman," and played in Universal's serial, "The Red Ace." Peyton was in the 157th Infantry, a Colorado regiment.

Jack Sherrill of the Frohman Amusement Corporation, is the father of a baby girl. Mrs. Sherrill was Lillian Forbes.

John Hancock Collins, Metro director and the husband of Viola Dana, died October 23, after an illness of less than a week, a victim of pneumonia following the Spanish influenza. John Collins, though only twenty-eight years old, was one of the ablest members of Metro's directorial staff, with many Dana productions to his credit. He also directed most of his wife's Edison pictures. A New York boy, Collins was first associated with moving pictures at the old Edison studio, working his way up from an assistant to a full-fledged director. Perhaps his most ambitious effort was "Blue Jeans," the Metro picture from the stage play, starring Miss Dana. Besides his wife, he is survived by his parents and one brother.

Louise Vale, wife of Travers Vale, the World director, was an influenza victim, succumbing to the disease after an illness of only two days. Mrs. Vale died in Madison, Wis., where she was visiting her mother. She will be remembered for her work in Biograph pictures several years ago, and more lately for World.

R. W. Lynch, vice-president of the Triangle Distributing Corporation, and brother of S. A. Lynch, succumbed to pneumonia following an attack of Spanish (Continued on page 84)
The wrong and the right way to manicure

Cutting the cuticle is ruinous! When you cut the cuticle, you leave little unprotected places all around the tender nail root. These become rough, sore and ragged; they grow unevenly and cause hangnails.

Soften and remove surplus cuticle without knife or scissors. Just apply a bit of Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, to the base of your nails, gently pushing back the cuticle.

Cutex does away with all need for cutting or trimming, and leaves a firm, smooth, even line at the base of your nails.

In five minutes the most delightful manicure you ever had

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (these come in the Cutex package), dip it into the Cutex bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. Rinse the fingers carefully in clear water, pushing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

If you like snowy-white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish with Cutex Cake Polish.

In cold weather the cuticle often shows a tendency to become dry and rough. When this happens, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort.

Now see how well-groomed your nails look. Keep them looking well. Give them a Cutex manicure regularly.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c, 65c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c, and Cutex Cuticle Comfort is 35c.

A complete manicure set for only 21c

Mail the coupon today with 21c for the complete manicure set shown below. It contains enough of the Cutex preparations for several manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 701, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

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influenza. Lynch was on a business trip to the west coast when stricken.

**Myrtle Gonzales** died in Los Angeles, October 23, from a complication of heart trouble and influenza. Her death is said to be indirectly due to a fall received a year ago while riding for a "stunt" picture. Miss Gonzales will be remembered for her work in Vitagraph and Bluebird-Universal productions. In private life she was Mrs. Allen Watt, and she leaves—a seven-year-old son by a former marriage. Her husband is in the army.

"The Spirit of '76," the Goldstein picture that was branded as pro-German by the United States Court, has been completely revised, its title changed to "The Eternal Spirit of '76," and in its new form and meaning has been commended by the same Federal authorities who first condemned it. The revised version will be used as propaganda, stamped with the seal of the United States. The fate of Robert Goldstein, producer of the original film, will not be affected, and he will fill his ten-year sentence for treason in a Federal prison.

**Edwin Arden**, actor, playwright, and manager, died from heart failure, following a rehearsal of a new play in which he was to have starred, called "Three Wise Men." Arden played in support of many of the great actors of the time, including Edwin Booth, Thomas W. Keene, Clara Morris and Maude Adams. He has written many plays. His most notable motion picture appearance was in the Pathe serial, "The Exploits of Elaine," in which he played with Pearl White, and recently with Anita Stewart in "Virtuous Wives." Arden is survived by a wife.

(Created on page 88)

This is a new picture of Baby Marie Osborne, the "Mary Sunshine" of the films, her mother, Mrs. Leon T. Osborne, and little brother. The baby is also an actor, he is playing minor parts at present but undoubtedly will rise, since he has a star for his sister.

**George Fisher** is at Camp Kearney, California. You will remember him opposite Bessie Barriscale and Mary Miles Minter.

**Polly Moran**, the former Sennett comedienne, who has been appearing in vaudeville at the New York Palace, brought with her from Hollywood an adopted baby.

"He's part Wop and part Irish," explains Polly, "he was born with a stiletto in one small fist, and an Irish shillelagh in the other, and he is going to be able to fight his own battles."

Wonder what Polly will do with him when she goes over seas as a member of the Over There Theatre League Entertainment Corps? Miss Moran is to head what will be styled the 'Sheriff Mary' unit.

**Harry Carey** picked up a paper and read Universal's advertisement for "Crashing Through to Berlin."

"Well," said Harry, "there's a picture called 'Come Through.' Then they had 'Smashing Through,' and now it's 'Crashing Through to Berlin.' I hope they don't ever ask me to play the stellar role in a drama of real life and call it 'You're Through.'"
Every woman can safeguard her beauty and solve the problem of increasing her attractiveness by using Resinol Soap, which helps nature to heal skin trouble and ensure a good complexion.

Your skin is like any other fabric—subject to wear and tear—exposed as it is to sun, wind and storm. If your skin is rough, unnaturally dry, or excessively oily; if it chaps or reddens easily, is subject to blotches, or if slight irritation produces burning, smarting, or itching, you will find in Resinol Soap a means which will help greatly to overcome these ailments.

Resinol Soap removes dust, dirt and waste matter from the skin, but at the same time it benefits the skin cells, soothes irritation, and exerts a healing and tonic action.

A week’s trial of Resinol Soap will convince you that you should always use it for your skin’s sake as well as for your pride in having and preserving a good complexion.

Ideal for the hair—especially if there is a tendency to scalp trouble. Unequaled for the bath—soothes and refreshes a “tired” or irritated skin. Incomparable for nursery use—to keep baby’s skin soft and fresh.

All druggists and dealers in toilet goods sell Resinol Soap.

Resinol Shaving Stick gives a free non-drying lather which makes men really enjoy the daily shave.
Why-Do-They Do-It

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlife-
like, ridiculous or merely incompetent? 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.

No Curfew Here

LAST week I went to see Alice Brady in "The Better Half." Perhaps if anyone reading this has seen it they probably noticed that at 2:30 in the morning there were about six kids under twelve years old running around in the streets.

G. K. OMAHA.

Producer’s License, Pr’aps

WHERE does Triangle get the phoney license plates they use in their pictures? In "Daughter Angle," with Pauline Starke, we see automobiles with New Jersey licenses with the "N. J. — 1918" on the left of the large numbers as the 1917 licenses were, instead of above them as the new ones are. And in numerous other pictures, for instance "Madame Paulette," we see, on the New York license plates: “N. Y. — 1918” along the bottom instead of on top.

G. E. D., PASSAIC, N. J.

We Were Puzzled, Too

IN "His Own Home Town" Charles Ray writes a play, based on his own experiences, naming it "His Own Home Town;" his sweetheart, Carol Landis (played by Catherine MacDonald) induces her manager, who is looking for a suitable play in which to star her, to purchase the above. I fail to see the suitability; in fact the leading role seemed to me to be decided a man’s part. If not, why did Charles act it in the first place?

L. A. R., SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Some Houses Get So Dusty!

WHY is it that in so many pictures the
man is high dusting and cleaning as late as five o’clock in the evening?
You’ll see them dusting about the stairs, tables and chairs in the pictures when their mistresses are serving dinner.

HELEN MILLER, MANHATTAN, N. Y.

Scared White, Perhaps!

I want to know. I saw "A Woman of Impulse," with Lina Cavalieri. Good picture. But you know the mulatto housekeeper — Mary Alden — "Birth of a Nation" stuff? Well, in the interiors she was made up to look like a mulatto; and she did. But when it showed her outside, on the veranda—but since it was supposed to be Down South perhaps I’d better call it a "gallery"—why, when she was looking in at the window, spying on the villain, her face was quite white. Perhaps it "went white." But just the same I’ve heard it remarked that a leopard cannot change his spots, nor an Ethiopian his skin. What about it? Anyway, Corinne Uzell was great in the part.

"INDIANA READER," FORT WAYNE, IND.

A Great Ship for Sexless People

HIS Majesty Bunker Bean” was, no doubt, one of the best
of the recent releases in spite of a very noticeable slip.
There is supposed to be action on board a trans-Atlantic steamer.
In the stateroom occupied by Jack Pickford everything is roll-

ing about and falling over, and even the steward can hardly walk across without losing his balance. But upstairs on deck all is perfectly tranquil. Also, in the dining-room everyone eats with perfect ease and not even a drop of water is split! This certainly is the ideal steamer and the Paramount people ought to build them.

H. W., YALE UNIVERSITY.

Some Speed!

LAST Saturday I saw "Peg O’The Pirates." It was a pretty fair picture, but this little incident might interest your columns of the PHOTOPLAY:

Peg’s home is seized by pirates. In her excitement she hides in the fireplace where her face gets jet black from soot. The captain orders her to be taken on board the ship where she is made prisoner. (Her face is still black.) She explores her cell and then finds a trap and at last—as she comes down stairs her face is snow white.

Perhaps those dirty-faced pirates were kind enough to give her a basin of water before letting her empty the rum barrels.

Helen Truckebrodt, N. Y. C.

Dodging "Subs," Mebbe

IN "The Marriage Ring," Mr. Merten buys two tickets for Honolulu via the steamship "Sonoma" of the Sidney Short Line. I obtained this fact from a close up of them.

If Honolulu was Mrs. Merten’s destination, why did she board the "President?"? This ship belongs to an entirely different company, the Pacific Steamship Co., and sails from Seattle to San Diego and vice versa.

BYRON J. SCHWAB,
LINCOLN, NEB.

Ukulele Facts

HAVING read a great deal about the genius of Maurice Tourneur and having seen many of his splendid plays, I was prop-
erly impressed as to his wonderful di-
recting ability. Therefore you can imagine my horror when in "A Doll’s House" I saw a ukulele gayly adorning one of the walls as innocently as could be. These instruments of torture were scarcely known or heard of in the United States fifteen years ago. So I hardly could believe that Ibsen would have used them in his play written about fifty years ago. I even doubt if the girls in Norway and Sweden to-day know how to sit in the moonlight and make the neighbors suffer.

Although I do only possess the grand total of seventeen summers this was almost too much for my sense of humor.

ANNE O. NIMES, VENICE, CALIF.

Help! Help!

IN "Bound i’ Morocco," with Douglas Fairbanks, how is it that the Sultan and his friend can sink in a pool in which before we had seen swimmers standing up and splashing each other?

B. W. H., WOONSOCKET, R. I.
A CALENDAR for Beauty's Boudoir

Fitting in its French daintiness to take its place in beauty's boudoir, this Djer-Kiss Calendar will serve as a daily reminder of the Parisian charm of all the Spécialites de Djer-Kiss—Extract, Face Powder, Talc, Sachet, Toilet Water, Végétale et Soap.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
YOU know what it did to your family and to every family in the neighborhood. You all had it. And the big movie family wasn't immune. It was a case of suspended animation for the whole industry in October, when the epidemic of Spanish influenza, dubbed "the flu," swept the country. Few companies, east or west, escaped the scourge. The studios in sunny California and the studios in Manhattan and Fort Lee suffered alike. With splendid impartiality the disease attacked stars and press-agents, presidents and prop men. The mechanical forces were stricken—even if the stars and their directors had been able to get down to work, there wouldn't have been any sets to work in or any lights to work under, because Pete Props and his gang were at home with the "flu." If they had somehow managed to get the pictures out, there would have been no press-agents to exploit them. No new contracts were signed, nor any new companies formed, because Cyrus Simplex, president of all the film corporations, had to keep his hands under the covers or his doctor wouldn't have given that for his life. The theatres were all shut down, by order, but they probably would have had to suspend operations anyway; the organist at the Dreamland, our favorite suburban theatre, was laid up with the Flu, and what is a photodrome without an organ? And where was the Public? At home, in bed, combating the common enemy.

If you want to know what players had it: well, Charlie Chaplin couldn't laugh it off, even though threatened with pneumonia. Texas Guinan didn't escape—she was cast for an important part in "The Love Defenders," a new World film, but she caught the flu, and couldn't begin work.

Shirley Mason was to leave for California and the Famous Players-Lasky studio in Hollywood, when she came down with it. She had almost recovered when her husband, Bernard Durning, was stricken. Durning developed double pneumonia and for a while little hope was entertained for his recovery. Viola Dana, Miss Mason's sister, who had only a slight attack of influenza, was in a dangerous condition because of a nervous breakdown brought on by the death of her husband, John Collins, of influenza.

Mae Marsh and her sister Marguerite, each passed through a severe siege of the disease, and Mae's departure for the west coast studios of Goldwyn was delayed several weeks.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 84)

Youth's page (Continued)

Bill Russell thought he had "just plain gripe" but changed his mind, after he was delirious for twenty-four hours. Tom Meighan looks husky, but he had it as bad as any of them. Howard Hickman had only a slight attack.

The Flu kept the world waiting for news about Mary Pickford's new contract. Mrs. Pickford was in New York talking it over and Mary was on her way east to join her mother when the news of Lottie's illness sent them back.

Harold Bolster, husband of Madge Kennedy, has received a Captain's commission in recognition of his work in Washington for the Government. Miss Kennedy was with her husband in Washington until she was called west to resume her picture work for Goldwyn.

Louise Glau is back in New York. Incidentally she has brought suit against Paralta Plays Inc. for $7,500 for five weeks salary, long overdue.

When the World Film Company signed Texas Guinan to play a leading part in "The Love Defenders," Lee Kugel, World publicist, sat down to write a puff about Texas for the papers, only to discover that he had no material on hand. He called Miss Guinan on the phone and asked her to give him some information about herself.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Kugel," replied Miss Guinan, "only—I am in a great hurry just now. Would you mind if I sent you down a story?"

A few days later the porter at the World offices came in and told Mr. Kugel someone had sent him a gift. "Bring it in," said Mr. Kugel, smiling. In walked two men, loaded down with two huge suitcases and four packages. Mr. Kugel opened them. They contained press matter, newspaper clippings, scrap-books, and pictures of Texas Guinan.

(Continued on page 98)
Cold weather whips out of the skin all its natural moisture

The reason your complexion suffers in winter is because the cold weather whips out of the skin all its natural moisture. With each exposure to the cold, the skin becomes tighter and rougher until it cracks and breaks. It loses all its delicate color.

How to protect your skin

Before going out protect your skin by an application of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Compare the fresh, soft condition in which it keeps your face with the drawn, dry feeling that generally follows exposure to cold, windy weather.

Based on an ingredient which doctors have used for years for its softening, beautifying qualities, Pond's Vanishing Cream is of the utmost value in overcoming all dryness and restoring the normal pliancy to the skin.

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Without thorough cleansing of all the dust gathered during the day, the skin cannot be clear and fine-textured. Pond’s Cold Cream was prepared especially to give the skin a perfect cleansing. Try it for your bedtime toilet tonight.

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Or we will send you free samples of each cream

Mail the coupon below for free sample tubes of each cream. For enough of each cream to last two weeks send 10c. Get the samples today and give them a week’s test. You will find that your complexion has become lovelier than ever.

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Marguerite Clayton
in a tense moment from
"The Egg"
Essanay Play
TIMED SIXTEEN, JAMAICA, L. I.—Sixteen is often sweet but seldom timely. Behold that rare aves of these crowded war-days—a maid with a blush born of the moment and an amiability no less confusing because it is unconscious. I won't tease you any more. So you met Julian Eltinge's mother? Julian is back on the vaudeville stage now. I'm sure Jackie Saunders would be delighted with the gift of a honey-comb. If I give you her personal address you will send the Answer Man one, too? Let me know. No. Norma Talmadge is twenty-one; Mary Miles Minter, sixteen. Glad your two soldier brothers look on Photoplay as a "God-send." Write soon again—and don't forget the honey-comb.

VASHTI, PORT HUDSON.—That was our very own epigram: Nothing can cease like success. The original was "Nothing succeeds like success;" there have been a good many variations on it. Yes, I like Bill Hart; "The Border Wireless" is one of his best. He was in Chicago recently, and came up to see Photoplay. He's a big man, and kinda shy, and real Western. You bet I like Bill.

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—Your letters have enabled me to endure the "lu" suspension with reasonable equanimity. The theatres are open again now, Allah be praised. So you had nice letters from Julian Johnson and Delight Evans. You don't mention the poor old Answer Man in the same breath with them. All of your comments interested me. You are quite right about that serial discussion. Will tell "Stars" editor you want a horoscope of Pearl White. I suppose because Miss White is so very busy. So you like Dot Gish's black wig.

MOONET, ALABAM.—You don't mind, do you? Of course, I am frivolous. Frivolity is the froth of life. Treated flippantly, life is sparkling champagne. Approached seriously, it is stale beer. But I forget—perhaps you cannot appreciate my comparisons; might even take exception to them. Forgive me. Story with Lew Cody coming.

L. S., NEW YORK.—The last time I saw Robert Cain was with Lina Cavalieri in "A Woman of Impulse." He was born in 1882; on the stage he played in "The Mis-leading Lady," "The Deep Purple," and "The Man of the Hour." His screen career has been with Mary Pickford in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" and "The Eternal Grind," with Pauline Frederick, and Doug Fairbanks, and in various productions for other companies, not so well known. He is five feet ten. Believe a letter addressed to him care the Berzerie Agency, Aeolian Bldg., N. Y.

Another Recruit
By Leigh Metcalfe

UNABLE, because of a faulty wisdom tooth,
To go to war—
I, Yank D. Dandy, once aspired To let off patriotic steam in a film In short, what I desired Was to become a dashing American war hero On the screen; a type All Americans might well admire. I memorized the manual of arms Borrowed money from my poor old father To buy military equipment. Read Andreas Lattke's psychology of men in war And then, inspiring patriotism I assumed my veriest martial pose And waited around the studio.
At last I was recognized By the war-drama director And given a job— Playing a Hun spy. Where is the nearest recruiting office?

Jane G.—No, no, Pearl White isn't dead. Don't believe all you hear. Jane.

H. G. W., JERSEY CITY.—Two. The En-swer Man and his amanuensis comprise the Answer Department. She has red hair and she finds your questions most amusing. But then she would laugh at anything. Some of the studios allow visitors but a permit is required. Can't help you out any, I'm afraid. Yes, most meetly.

M. G. R., CLEVELAND.—I don't know. I have asked myself that same question time and again; over and over. And always I come to the same conclusion—I don't know. It's awful not to know, isn't it? Finally is the only perfection. I'm sure I don't know, either, why Petrova wears those clothes. "Missing" was very good. Yes. Now look here—when an actress gives her age as sixteen, you can't very well contradict the lady, can you? I think you're altogether too intolerant. No.

A. L., L. L., RED LODGE, MONT.—I am quite sure little Miss Corbin will send you her photograph; Fax studios, Hollywood, Cal. Madge Evans, World, Fort Lee. Write to me soon again and tell me all about yourselves. Are you in school, you two?

E. P., LEXINGTON, CAL.—Gee—you ask about a hundred questions and then say, "This is a pretty large order, but then the Answer Man is capable of big things." So what can I do but answer them all? Virginia Pearson is thirty; Raymond McKee—who is now a devil-dog (Marine)—is twenty-six. Anita King doesn't give her age. She is now making a trans-continental tour advertising a brand of automobile tires. With Balboa last. None of those you mention are married that I know of. Vernon Steel in that Clark picture. Bernard Thornton with June Caprice.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

TREASURE CHEST, ERIE.—Boy, howdy—shake! Doug's new ones are "He Comes Up Smiling" and "Arizona." Pearl White's new serial is "The Lightning Raider." Floyd Buckley was the "Hooded Terror" in "The House of Hate." For a twelve-year-old you write a remarkable letter. And you'll get a personal reply soon. Handed that to the "Why-do-they-do-it?" Ed. Let's hear from you often.

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to enjoy the facilities of our Answer Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which 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 the Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write to the 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, Chicago.
Photoplay Magazine

E. L. M., Chicago—Jack Mulhall is back with Paramount now, playing opposite little Lila Lee at the Lasky studios in Hollywood. I should rather guess I like Miss Lee. Bill Desmond will send you his picture; he recently signed a year’s contract with Jesse Hampton. Bill is a fine fellow—big, with the blue eyes I ever saw. It haven’t a chance if you like Bill. Harold Lockwood died, in October, of the Spanish influenza epidemic; they lost also one of their ablest directors—John Ley Mason, Lasky, Hollywood; Viola Dana, Metro; Eugene O’Brien, Paramount. It wasn’t too much trouble and we are glad you like us and wish you would write again.

EUGENIA, GAYLED, CAN.—I can’t tell you how to become an actress, my dear. I wish I could find the picture company of my own and make all you nice girls-who-want-to-break-in, stars in it. But I fear ‘twould be impossible. I can sympathize with you wanting your picture in Photoplay’s art section, however. Lila Lee, Lila Lee, I am engaged to Lois Wilson, I believe; at least neither of them has denied it. Write to them. No

SAN DOMINGO.—Your description of that fair Isle turned me positively green with envy. I’m coming to San Domingo some day. That picture is of Mary Pickford, who is generally called “America’s Sweetheart.”

Love, HARRISONBURG, VA.—I don’t know whether you intended that “Love” for me, or as a nom de plume. Anyway, I accept it both ways. Conscript in the Marine, Moronco studio, L. A.; Billie Burke, Famous Players; Mae Marsh, Goldwyn, Culver City; Margaret Sylvestre, Famous Players; Glacia, back with Ince; Theda Bara, Fox; Pearl White, Pathe; Jersey City, N. J.; Dorothy and I spent a month in Warnow studios, Hollywood; Beverly Bayne was last with Metro; Wallie Reid, Lasky; Dough Fairbanks, Artcraft; Antonio Moreno, Western Vitaphone. You’re entirely welcome.

DORIS DAVIS, MOUNT, ILL.—Norma Talmadge is twenty-one, and in private life she is Mrs. Joseph Schneck. Niles Welch is thirty; born in Hartford, Conn., she is fifteen. She has appeared in “The Cruise of the Make-Believes,” “The Secret Garden,” “Such a Little Pirate,” and “Puppy Love.” At this writing the last has not been released. You bet she’s a colorer.

CYNTHIA, ST. LOUIS—You are glad Julian Johnson is back? So are we. I told Delight Evans about it, and she wrote your address so she can write to you and thank you. You say, “I like Photoplay’s interviews; they are so human. The sugary interviews called ‘chats’ and ‘talking’”—Miss Pickford played in “Hearts Adrift,” sure enough, and Harold Lockwood was in it. But that dance on the beach was done by a professional and she wants you to say how much I appreciate the nice things you say. I want you to write again.


E. S. WALLACE, K. C.—Why, Photoplay has not neglected Elliott Dexter. Didn’t you see that story, “Elliott and the Admirable Tessa” in November? We select for personality stories those players who are most in demand by our readers. It’s all up to you, see. You want to see more about Jack Holt? All right.

(Continued on page 110)
Xmas Selections

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Your selection will be sent at our expense for your approval. It places you under no obligation. When thoroughly satisfied that you have received the best value for your money, then make acceptance according to

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opportunity “The Forbidden City” does not compare with some of Miss Talmadge’s recent plays, as a thing of beauty, but it is beyond all of them, and the star’s portrayal of a Chinese girl is so perfect that director Franklin throws that perfection fairly in your face on an amber-eyed close-up. Always, Norma Talmadge is an artist. In one or two details the play missed its celestiality by an odd margin—notably the scene in which the Pekin palaces are guard, to overcome an unwary foe, resorts to a bare-room wrestling match, a thing about as unlike the Chinese character as anything that may be imagined. Your Oriental moves move so swiftly, so certainly; an overrunning flower pot, the plunge of a knife, strong strangling fingers — and the outward course of events flows so serenely that even passers-by cannot tell what has been done. Tom Meighan enact a man of varied years in Worden, the Consulate secretary who loved Toy’s mother, and Reid Hamilton is the young lieutenant.

THE LADY OF THE DUGOUT—Jennings

Boys, get out the yellow-backs. You’ll need them for reference, for here come the ex-bandits Al and Frank Jennings, living over in celluloid much that they say lived in actual outlaw reality years ago. At any rate, I went in to this one knowing a mere roughneck impossibility—cheap sensationalism—and I found it a rattling adventure story, with more than one touch of sweetness and genuine human interest. The Robin Hood element is worked in, of course, for who could justify any outlaw literature that didn’t rob the rich to give to the poor? So the Jennings boys, after gaining permission to run a bank-cashier and locking him in his own vault, find a woman abandoned by a drunken husband, alone and hungry with two little children in a dug-out. Anyway, they help her make the most of the rest of the story. The fact that this episode happens to be very natural and human is what makes “The Lady of the Dugout” more than a mere spiced dime novel.

TONY AMERICA—Triangle

Francis McDonald puts this picture over by sheer ability to characterize. As a story, there is not enough to it to make it worth any consideration whatever. Antonio, an Italian fruit-peddler, in a fervor of patriotism discards his last name and takes the name of his adopted country. The fact that his faithless, horse-thief of a granddaughter, a rascal-German, but not the rest of the idea; and the fact that McDonald looks like an Italian, and can most whole-heatedly act like one, furnishes the entertainment.

THE PRETENDER—Triangle

The kind-hearted cowboy, and his readiness to venture anything to help a lassie, is the theme of “The Pretender,” of one William Desmond’s last Triangle enterprises. A school-teacher, coming West in advance of his sister, is thrown among her, and, with a broken leg, is carried to Bob Boldwin’s (Desmond’s) shack. Obviously, unless the school is kept, the school-master will have no job. But the determination of a man named Bob commences his career as a pedagogue. He is not strong on larrin’, but he is a Lucidorsia for discipline, and no one can say that at least there isn’t order in the school. When the sister arrives her presence is looked upon with village suspicion, and a chase after an absconder precludes the love-episode which winds up the sketch. The vigorous way in which the young people of their parts sends the piece over the top.
More Shells—Fewer Casualties

BACK of every war activity lies—coal. Ships, shells, guns, transportation. For all these we must have—coal.

The more coal, the more shells with which to destroy the machine-gun nests of our enemies—and thereby save the lives of our own boys. The larger the supply of coal—the shorter the war and fewer casualties.

Our annual output of coal has increased a hundred million tons since we went into the war, while no other nation has even been able to maintain its output during the war.

Another fifty million badly needed tons can be saved—to help shorten the war.

Save coal.

Close up the unused rooms and turn off the heat. Put on storm doors and windows—put them on early. See to it that the weather strips fit.

Don't heat your home above 68°. A higher temperature is unhealthy, anyway.

Burn wood where you can.

Keep an eye on the furnace—don't leave it all to "the man."

If you feel that one shovelful of coal won't make any difference—think of it as a shell for the boys over there.

If you find yourself burning two lights when one will do—turn one out.

You, who have bought bonds and thrift stamps, you who have given of your money for war charities, given until you have felt the pinch, you whose sons and neighbors' sons are over there, will you not give up, too, just a bit of lazy, enervating comfort to help hurry along the job those brave boys have tackled?

Save light and heat, save coal.

To learn to operate your furnace efficiently, get from your local fuel administrator a leaflet entitled "Save Coal in the Home."

UNITED STATES FUEL ADMINISTRATION

Contributed Through Division of Advertising

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by
THE PUBLISHERS OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
thing. "Battling Jane" firmly plants Dorothy Gish as an individual star, and, further, is the best piece of direction yet credited to Elmer Clifton.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Captain Adrian Gil-Spier has here made a very creditable scenario from Henry V. Esmond's play, produced originally on the New York stage with Maxine Elliott playing the pseudo-gypsy whose gaieties of apparel now encompass the refined curves of Miss Elsie Ferguson. I have observed that the criticism generally levelled at this piece is that it does not contain material enough for a five-reel photoplay, and, is, besides, an idea better translated by lines than tableaux.

In this I don't agree. The trouble—I think—is that the whole world has lost a reason for any sympathy with the story. Why should any woman of means, and especially an Englishwoman, be so tired of social existence, and so unable to find any occupation worth while, that she takes to a Romany caravan of her own, and a life so wholly irresponsible that the gentleman with whom she inevitably falls in love is easily convinced that she stole the silver plate off which she feeds him? If the world were still flat and the sun something to do, I think this, and that gentleman's solemn determination to reform the wild but strangely fascinating creature, would be capital material for a romantic comedy, acted on a grand scale. But, by and by, so many centuries are removed from 1913, the notion is too absurd even for fiction. Miss Ferguson and Eugene O'Brien gracefully ornament this passage of idiocyliness.

SECRETS STRINGS—Metro

Olive Tell, both as a beauty and as an actress, has long been one of the articles of my screen cred. She has done much to justify my faith in the stage, and little to justify it in motion pictures. "Secret Strings" gives her a better silversheet chance than she has ever had, and she improves it to the limit. It is not a great story. It is not even an unusual story, and we might well deplore its rather narrow and usual groove were it not for its clever development, a very unusual element of surprise, and the care with which it is played. Miss Tell has a part for which she is admirably suited—the lovely and trusting wife of a bad man who, completely holding her trust, gets her into service in a house where—he convinces her—a deed for a mine has been long and unlawfully hidden from its rightful owner. In reality, the famous jewels of the family are all this husband of hers seeks. The surprise—that I'll best not reveal, but it is as good a trick in a crook play as we've seen in a long time. Miss Tell is sweet, womanly, sincerely convincing. The cast is admirably selected.

IN BRIEF—

"The Return of Mary" (Metro). A well-knit story of railroad adventure, plots and plotting, written by Hale Hamilton, and enacted by Miss May Allison and such competent players as Darrell Oss and Claire McDowell.

"Everybody's Girl" (Vitagraph). The romance of two little milliners, enacted by T. Joyce and May Hopkins, and written originally by O. Henry, an American who could write of milliners about as his French fellow-craftsman, Henri Murger. "Pals First" (Metro). James Lackaye, in a superb character portrayal, the beautiful Ruby de Remer as heroine, and Harold Lockwood, all together making good possible entertainment of a rather impossible novel. "The Make-Believe Wife" (Paramount). A French comedy, though Edward Childs Carpenter did write it. Lingerie, intrigue and Billie Burke are the principal performers.

"The Man From Funeral Range" (Paramount). A rather commonplace, but nevertheless vigorous melodrama of Westernies, written by Ernest Wilkes (originally) and principally acted by the now-familiar combination of Wallace Reid and Ann Little.

"Sex and Little Fingers" (Paramount). The Zukor-Lasky organization seems to be straining a point to get mere whimsicalities for its orchid-like little twinkler, Lila Lee. Odd and interesting at first, this play soon grows tiresome despite a generally pleasing atmosphere, fine production and well-rounded cast. James Oliver Curwood wrote the story, and it does his reputation no honor. Tommie Roberts gets what acting honors aren't appropriated by a remarkable chimpanzee.

"Mirandy Smiles" (Paramount). Vivian Martin in a quaint, old-fashioned characterization.

"Hobbs in a Hurry" (American). An inconsistent story, somewhat counterbalanced by good direction and an athletic hero, William Russell. It's about a mine area.

"Rosemary Climbs the Heights" (American). A more or less believable story of art, perhaps admired more as the most dramatic assignment Mary Miles Minter has—perhaps ever—had.

"Just Sylvia" (World). The fantastic and story-bookish adventures of a poor little girl with a wish—a wish that looks like a cheque. The circumstances are real, and prevents an old man from being imposed upon, Barbara Castleton.

"The Grouch" (World). A melodrama, an interesting tragedy of impending action, and the expected happy ending. Montagu Love is the chief performer.

"A Perfect 60" (Goldwyn). Mable Normand has announced that until the war is over, she will have no professional thought other than to make people laugh. In support of this very good resolution her picture panders forth forthwith. "In the midst of a seaside surf written by Tex Charwat, directed by Charlie Giblyn and generally well put on. I contend that almost any of Mabel Normand's recent vehicles would be more enjoyable in two reels, but are used here, and spotted with laughter in five. This is true here, and you will find, especially toward the end of this piece, moments which may be described as truly all to the Normand, "Hugon, the Mighty" (Bluebird). Monroe Salisbury is an actor of more than usual limitations, but within those limitations he has, fortunately, a distinct following. Hugon, the French-Canadian, finds him at his best, a story of the North woods.

"All Night" (Universal). This might be the title to a French farce, but it isn't. Instead, it's a story of wild household adventure and still wilder family meddling, with Carmel Myers as the star. Mary Warren and William Dye are best of the people in Miss Myers' support.

"The Rainbow Trail" (Fox). Dustin Far- num drew Zane Grey's "The Light of Western Stars," and William Wright draws this, by the same author. William Farnum's personality is so powerful and extraordinary that it makes Grey's story even better than it really is—as a screen vehicle.

"The Gentleman's Boots" (Select). Constance Talmadge, in a captivating light comedy.

"Mother, I Need You" (Carleton Production, with End Markey). You certainly do. Enid, also, a story wouldn't do you any harm.

Every advertisement in PHOTOLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Spanish Invasion

(Concluded from page 76)

Sweet completing "The Unpardonable Sin," and Miss Young finishing "The Road Through the Dark," Dorothy Gish, at the same studio, completed "The Hope Chest" and went on a vacation which she spent in an endeavor to—what do you think? You’d never guess it. Well, she has been trying to reduce—yes, really. Dorothy imagines that Old Man Avoirdupois has designs on her. The treatment consisted chiefly in drinking orange juice in the morning instead of eating breakfast.

At the Triangle studio, the epidemic order merely hastened the disintegration of what was once the most formidable factor in filmdom. Olive Thomas and Alma Rubens, the two remaining stars, were disposed of by the payment of whatever salary was due on their respective contracts. Taylor Holmes alone remained on the star payroll, and it was understood that he also would be "paid in full." The studio was prepared for the influx of Goldwyn players, the first of whom to arrive, Tom Moore, being already on the job. Mae Marsh was the next of the Goldwynites to reach the Coast after most of the family had been attacked by influenza. Mrs. Marsh, who preceded her daughter, sustained a stroke of paralysis in San Francisco but is on the road to recovery.

At the Vitagraph studios there was a complete suspension. Earl Williams anticipated it by going back to New York, where he mixed up a dish of grief for the Answer Man by marrying Miss Florence Walz, a Brooklyn heiress, to whom he had been engaged for several years. Or did he? He strenuously denies it! Besie Love, Antonio Moreno and Carol Holloway were among the other Vitagraphers to take a vacation. There was no cessation at the Ince and Sennett studios, and at the Brunton studio the number of companies was more than doubled during the epidemic. This company engages chiefly in a studio rental business and among the stars working there when others were vacationing were Besie Barriscale, Dustin Farnum, Madame Vorska, Gloria Joy, Kitty Gordon, Lilian Walker, Suee Haya-kawa and Frank Keenan, although the last named enjoyed an extended vacation in New York. Helen Keller, the famous blind girl, was also engaged here on her multi-reel propaganda picture.

D. W. Griffith gave himself a vacation after completing a propaganda picture for Provedit Marshall-General Crowder in which Bobby Harron and Richard Barthelmess have the leading roles. He spent it going over the financial returns of "Hearts of the World" and getting ready. Julian Eltinge got the Gotham fever after the completion of "Over the Rhine!" and hied himself to Broadway to get ready for a vaudeville tour early next year.

At Universal City, each star was given the usual four weeks' vacation and the same routine was carried out at the Fox Coast studio, but there was no complete cessation at either place. At Metro, Bert Lytell and Mae Allison enjoyed trips to nearby resorts while the studio was being prepared for the reception of companies migrating from the Atlantic side.

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Know What Energy You Get

The Government standard for measuring foods is the calorie.

We measure food needs by calories. The average man needs 3,000 calories daily. The average woman needs 2,500.

This is what some common foods yield in calories per pound:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Calories Per Pound</th>
<th>Quaker Oats</th>
<th>1810</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Round Steak</td>
<td>890</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Leg of Lamb</td>
<td>660</td>
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<td>Salt Codfish</td>
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<td>Perch</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Oysters</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Canned Peas</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Potatoes</td>
<td>295</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Comparing cost on the calorie basis you find this:

The average cost of meats and fish at this writing is ten times Quaker Oats.

The average mixed diet costs five times Quaker Oats.

Yet Quaker Oats is much the greatest of these foods. It is almost a complete food—almost the ideal diet. Foods which cost ten times as much cannot compare with oats just the richest, plumpest oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. No puny and insipid oats are ever mixed in this grade.

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Without extra price, you get super-flavor when you ask for Quaker Oats. This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the richest, plumpest oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. No puny and insipid oats are ever mixed in this grade.

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Plays and Players

 Engel Gracious Annabelle!" a stage success of a season or two ago, is to be translated into celluloid by Famous Players, with Billie Burke in the role created by Lola Fisher. Herbert Rawlinson is to play opposite Miss Burke in the screen version of the Clare Kummer play.

Marguerite Clark is now in Washington, where her husband, Lieutenant H. Palmerson Williams, is stationed. Miss Clark will return to New York in a month or two to begin work on her new Paramount picture, "Mrs. Wigs of the Cabbage Patch."

John Sunderland, who plays an important part in "The Silver King," for Artcraft, has sailed for France. He has already served three years in one aviation corps in Belgium, and his one year in America has given him a thorough rest. Sunderland is married to Claire Whitney.

Roy Stewart is negotiating with Astra-Path. The cowboy star has not yet affixed his signature to the proffered Pathe contract, but it is believed they will come to terms later on.

Maxine Elliott is suing Goldwyn for $50,000. This amount, says Miss Elliott, should be hers in part payment for ten weeks' service for which she was to receive $100,000. Miss Elliott is no longer in motion pictures.

Irene Castle is in London now. She headed a program at a "Helping Hand" matinee, under the patronage of Queen Alexandra, for the daughters of fallen and disabled soldiers.

You may remember a page in "Photoplay" for August showing Cecil De Mille's gallery of freak motion picture films? De Mille added another unexpected happening to his collection of them when Noah Beery, who plays Tuba-Bana, the aged Indian in "The Squaw Man," fell from his horse in a fast ride.

Film producers are bidding for the picture rights to Al Wood's stage hit, "Friendly Enemies." Carl Laemmle wants it for a Universal special feature. If he gets it, he'll discard the original title and tack on an explanatory one—something about Berlin.

"Daddy Long Legs" is to be filmed at last. Henry Miller was loath to part with it, but Mary Pickford coaxed him into it—to the tune of $100,000 from her own pocketbook for the film rights.

H. O. Davis, of Triangle, wanted "Daddy Long Legs" last year. The price at that time was $30,000. Davis wouldn't pay it. That price was met by a concern, but Miller raised it to $35,000. Another company would have paid $35,000, but it went up to $40,000, and they refused to go that high. Mary was bound to play "Daddy Long Legs" sooner or later, anyway. It was as inevitable as the Kaiser's finish in one of Universal's crashes through to Berlin.
Plays and Players

(Concluded)

PREPAREDNESS NOTE: Fred Stone has dispatched a communication to the manager of the Hotel Adlon, Berlin, Germany, asking him to reserve a suite of rooms for next spring for the use of Mrs. Stone and the three little Misses Stone and himself. Stone requested that the rooms face Unter Den Linden, so that he and his family may have an unrestricted view of the American troops as they march by.

"SNOWY" BAKER has arrived. He is, you may be relieved to learn, famed as the Douglas Fairbanks of the Antipodes. It is said Snowy can outjump any kangaroo in the world. Baker has already appeared on the screens in Australia. Spike Robinson, of the Douglas Fairbanks company, when asked about this new athletic star, said, "Snowy" Baker? Aw, I ain't never heard of him."

HAMPTON DEL RUTH, who was to have had his own company, signed instead with Henry Lehrman and is now writing scripts for the Fox Sunshine Comedies.

ANITA KING, former Lasky and late Balboa star, who was making a trip across the country in an automobile to advertise a certain brand of tires, was injured at Michigan City, Indiana, near Chicago, when a train struck her machine while it was crossing the railroad tracks. The machine was demolished, but Miss King escaped with a few minor injuries.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS was given $5,000,000 as his share to collect for the Fourth Liberty Loan. When he went out to get it, Douglas Jr. went along. An imposing Police Inspector caught Douglas Junior's eye at once. The youngsters kept edging nearer and nearer the Inspector, his eyes fastened on the brass buttons. Finally he summoned courage and said to the blue-coat, "Say, are you the Chief of Police, and do you boss all the policemen in New York?" The Inspector modestly replied that he was not the Chief, only an Inspector. "Well, isn't that important?" asked young Douglas. The Inspector explained that it was the Inspector's position on the force was, and Douglas, satisfied that the Inspector was entitled to his uniform, climbed into the car with him. Doug Jr. sat on his father's knee and helped him sell bonds. And they did sell em—turned in the allotted $5,000,000 before night.

THE Triangle studies at Culver City have been leased by Goldwyn. Picture starring Farrar, Pauline Frederick, Mabel Normand, Madge Kennedy, Mae Marsh, and Tom Moore, as well as the Rex Beach stories, will be made in California. J. G. Hawks, formerly the one thousand scene scenarios, will work for Goldwyn.

ALMA HAVLON was recently married to Louis Wyll, an actor in the e. c. legitimate. They are now in California, D. W. GRIFFITH has received a letter on the stationery of Windsor Castle, England. "Would seem King George and Queen Mary fancied "Hearts of the World.""

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It adds wonderfully to your beauty, charm and expression for your eyebrows and lashes to be slightly darker than your hair. COLOR-INE makes them appear naturally dark, as if you will naturally appear by the light, and that the tinted end is so fine that it can be used with any color in your hair. It makes them appear much longer and thicker. It is impossible to detect COLOR-INE after it has been applied. It is impossible to get up a preparation which would darken the eyebrows and lashes permanently, as it would have to be so strong that it would prove injurious. COLOR-INE is so mild that it is absolutely harmless, yet any application will last several days. More convenient and satisfactory to use than any ordinary eyebrow pencil. Thousands of our customers use it regularly with very satisfactory results. FREED'S for bottle sufficient to last several months. Always complete with enough of it for the price of the bottle. Sold by every drug store. Give it to your hair and beauty stores. Order a trial bottle today and if it does not entirely satisfy you in every way we will refund your money at once.

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Train for Nursing—NOW! The war is responsible for a scarcity of nurses in hospitals—their regular nurses are going to the front. Demand for trained nurses now greater than the supply. This is your opportunity to train in a famous institution, trained for work and ready to accept for a position at $20 to $30 per week. Your name and address on a postcard is enough to give you further information. AMERICAN TRAINING SCHOOL, Dept. B, 1535 N. LaSalle St., Chicago.

Rely On Cuticula For Skin Troubles

All droplets, Soap 25c, Ointment 50c, Tincture 25c. Sample each free of Charge. Dept. B, Boston.

How the Motion Picture Saved the World

(Concluded from page 25)

One more such chapter will concern the great film propaganda prepared here for Russia before she slipped into anarchy — the irritating, incomparable and inevitable mystery of science and commerce. Every since the dawn of history the people of the earth have been seeking some common bond of communication. Here it is: the first answer to the Tower of Babel; the Universal Language. The greatest friend of the motion picture in a place of authority today is the President of the United States. Mr. Wilson realizes more keenly than most film manufacturers the power of the film in war and peace. He knows what a lot of his subordinates never realized—that the screen is a code which makes neighbors and brothers of all nations.

When I remember what Mr. Wilson has said and written about the motion picture—what he has said and written to me—I cannot but smile at the clumsy stupidity of a treacherous attack like that of George Klein in his recent letter to the War Industries Board; in which he, not engaged in the manufacture of new photoplays but in the marketing of old ones, artfully recommends a shut-down of all productive activity for a year as a matter of war-time welfare!

The great evils of the photoplay industry today are ignorance, self-sufficiency and suspicion. It takes charity to make progress. You must let the other fellow live to get the larger life yourself. You have got to give today to make tomorrow. Yet those are the things the majority of picture men refuse to do. They sit tight, grab everything in reach, and glare at each other. Ignorance is a tremendous but youthful folly of this business. Ignorant, narrow-minded, uneducated men have been its curse. More especially, men without imagination. Illiterate men with imaginations have sometimes moved the world.

I am such an enthusiast over the screen as an educational, civilizing factor that I see this as the great field of the future, rather than mere picture-play production.

Can you fancy anything greater than Woodrow Wilson's "History of the American People" on the screen? So visualized, this work will—say "will," because it certainly will be pictures—make us a people 100 per cent patriotic, and give every boy and girl an inspiring and personal acquaintance with every incident of consequence since the landing of columbus. An understanding of the national purposes and faiths not to be had in a thousand texts. The motion picture will breathe the life of history into every other study, from geography to botany, and even into higher mathematics. It will be the first genuine college of trade, because it will show one people's real needs, and and faculty to supply. It will be an international preacher of peace, and a more solemn warning against war than any coalition of statesmen.
Imagine the thrill of seeing your name here

IMPOSSIBLE—you say? Not at all! How many times have you secretly cherished the thought that you could create better "movies" than some you've seen on the screen?

What's more—there is such a famine in photoplays that the leading producers, stars, directors and scenario editors want you to put your ideas to work. They believe that any intelligent person can create good, workable "movie plots" by putting into practice certain fundamental principles of photoplay technique.

And these the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing gives you in language so clear and simple that anyone can understand. Remember—there has never been anything like the Palmer Plan. It is the first method of photoplay technique that shows you by direct example how to prepare your stories in the action-language of the screen. It is the first Plan of its kind to receive the whole-hearted indorsement of the motion picture industry.

Today—send for our new illustrated booklet—"The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Shows how you can turn your "movie" ideas into money—gives "close-up" descriptions of many who started low and climbed high—shows how you, too, can win success in this highly paid, uncrowded field.

Send for your copy today—it's free.
Mail the coupon NOW!

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584-F—1, W. Helman Blds., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Please send me, without obligation, your new booklet—"The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Also—Special Supplement containing autographed letters from the leading producers, stars, directors, etc.

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that. For I can't imagine anything more appealing than the spectacle of Madge Kennedy being "just a little bit sad."

Just about here, the college-sophomore theory received an awful jolt. On her dressing table is the picture of a very good-looking young man who might be anybody's leading man except that he doesn't look "stagey!

I started to say so, but was interrupted by a squeal of delight from Miss Kennedy.

"Do you really think he is good-looking?" she beamed. "I have another picture—a smiling one—much more handsome than that. I've always thought that Harold—Mr. Bolster—had the jolliest little world. You knew, didn't you, that I am Mrs. Bolster?"

Which wiped out forever the college girl picture, but left one just as charming in its place.

Years ago when "The Bells!" was a new play and "The Black Crook" was shocking our grand-parents, there used to be a traditional idea of a person known as a "play-actress." Perhaps she really did exist, this sinister lady in black velvet and picture hat who gave you two fingers to shake while she started her flirtation.

But she is a far cry from her to the young actress of today who has happened to go on the stage just as any other happy, healthy, talented young girl might take up journalism, in a serious way or go in for interior decorating. She is delicious and refreshing and a joyous vindication of the profession. If you want to know what she is really like, meet Mrs. Harold Bolster, nee Madge Kennedy.

The late Henry Woodruff was the actor-manager who saw Miss Kennedy at the Academy. He introduced her. Encouraged by Miss Kennedy asked him for an engagement. He gave it to her, in "The Genius.

The fortunes of the stage brought Madge Kennedy to Cleveland, where she played in two seasons in the Coliseum stock company. That was over six years ago. Soon after came the opportunity she had been waiting for—a part in "Over Night," which gave her ample scope for her ability as a comedienne. Followed "Little Miss Brown." Then "Twin Beds" and "Fair and Warner," in which she showed the character of the misunderstood wife. Both fared had long runs in New York, and it was remarked at the time that "Madge Kennedy's cock-tail in 'Fair and Warner' seemed destined, like Ten- nyson's, to run on forever." She established a notable reputation as a heroine in boudoir farce, and this led to her screen engagement.

Her first Goldwyn picture was "Baby Mine," from the comedy by Margaret Mayo. Other pictures of the same type in which she appeared early in her career as a film star include "Nearly Married," Edgar Selwyn's comedy-drama; "Our Little Wife," and "Friend Husband." Later she made "The Danger Game," "The Kingdom of Yore-Dude" and "The Service Star," "A Perfect Lady," from the play by Channing Pollock and Renold Wolf, and "Primrose," recently released, complete the list of her celluloid successes.

When Jimmie Joined the Movies

By Mary Carolyn Davies

When Jimmie was a little boy, he took his clock to pieces. To see what made it go, and still my orange never cows:

For now that he is twenty-one, he hopes to save the nation by leaving Jones' store and going off for aviation.

Instead of selling silks and lace, a derby or a tie; He's in an aviation camp,

And learning how to fly. He never spoke of weather.

In his letters now. He writes about the aviation tests

And taking trial flights.
Pride of Kentucky
(Continued from page 60)

gone, Luce threw off his mask of merry revelry, and got down to the grim business of tracking the old Colonel, stark but sportive, utterly sleepy and completely helpless. This noble task was not hard to fulfill, and, presently, Colonel Cameron was helped upstairs and dropped upon a bed—not his, but Luce's.
In the room that had been assigned to Cameron Luce removed a shoe and threw it heavily upon the floor. A slight answering sound told him that it had awakened the girl.
"Lucille!" he called in a thick, indistinguishable voice. "I—I'll—"
"A moment more, and the girl, with only the lightest of wraps about her night-gowned shoulders, had opened the door between and stood centre—the beast!
"What are you doing in my father's room?"
"This is my room tonight, my dear. Your father was going to have it, but he's too drunk to know the difference."
He held out his arms.
The girl avoided them, and put her father's opened bag between herself and her prisoner. She started, unexpectedly, and, to the center of the room. As her hands fell upon the bag, her right hand touched a thing the ancient Southerner always—though somewhat hideously—carried when he travelled: an old and heavy Colt's revolver.
It was Luce's turn to shrug when the gun was pointed at him.
"Now," said Lucille, "take me to my father. And when we find him—I want him to take this gun, and kill you!"
"This isn't the South, my dear. If I shot in the State of New York, your father will go to the electric chair."
The man saw that his speech had gone home.
"Forget it! No one will ever know!"
Bewildered, now, and realizing that Luce spoke the truth, Lucille locked the connecting door and pocketed the key. Then, still keeping Jim covered, she passed through the outer door, locked that—and suddenly, in an access of pity or fright, threw the key over the transom. Then to her own room, where she sat rigidly awake, gun in hand, until sunrise.
But they saw no more of Luce. His man had been summoned, unexpectedly, to Saratoga.
Colonel Cameron and his daughter did not remain to breakfast, for neither had an appetite, and he, overwhelmed by remorse, thought himself unworthy of her presence the night of the preceding night. She did not enlighten him.
A new and unexpected interest awaited them when they returned to town and their hotel. Lieutenant Gregory Haines was at the bottom of that interest, but they did not know why.
All they found was a jerky and almost illegible letter from Johnny Tweed, saying that he and old Dan had pooled their little fortunes to transport the now thoroughly restored Southern Pride to the Saratoga races. She was even at that moment on the way.
Colonel Cameron was at first curiously angry—then full of explosive laughter and a sudden-born ambition to beat Luce's Torpedo. The thought swept racing-blooded Lucille, too, like a flame. To beat Torpedo! As a matter of fact, neither Dan nor Johnny had had in years enough cash to get Southern Pride as far as Washington. Haines, called back to France the first of the following month, had persuaded the susceptible, loose-screw bracer and the proud old stableman to let him, quite sub rosa, send their faith to the Northern track.

Another Movie Queen
Margaret Marsh
feminine star of the super-serial "The Master-Mystery" writes us as follows:
"May I tell you that I am more than pleased with your preparation, "LASH-BROW-INE, which I consider splendid for promoting the growth of the eyebrows and eyelashes. Most sincerely,
Margaret Marsh."

If Nature has denied you the priceless heritage of long, luxuriant eyelashes and well formed eyebrows, it is now quite possible for you to have them if you will apply a little

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persistently for a short time. Miss Marsh and many other stars of the screen and stage, as well as women prominent in society, all use and highly recommend this efficient and harmless preparation, which nourishes and promotes the growth of eyelashes and eyebrows, and so adds greatly to the charm and beauty of the eyes and face. Will you not try "LASH-BROW-INE?"

Two Sizes, 50c and $1
Send price and we will mail you "LASH-BROWN-INE, and our Maybell Beauty Booklet: "The Woman Beautiful," prepaid under plain cover. Remittance by check or money order. Satisfaction Assured or Price Refunded.
The wonderful success of "LASH-BROW-INE" has caused the name to be imitated closely. There is only one genuine: "LASH-BROWN-INE.
Avoid the imitations. Remember the full name "LASH-BROWN-INE."

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WILSON EAR DRUM CO., INCORPORATED
299 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.
Thoroughly distrustings his recent host, now, the repellant old Southerner took the last of his money—and his daughter—to Saratoga. The current of the race was in the blood, and in or out of the try-outs the daughter of Selim Bay was the dark wonder, the whispered menace of the Saratoga track! He was living again his great career of a man-child. He lost little to bet, but he would bet it all. As for Lucille, she welcomed anything, everything, that would ease her heart.

Lucy, too, was small of Southern Pride's marvelous fleetness.

The filly was legitimately entered in his class. Torpedo, he knew, would otherwise have everything his own way. Johnny Tweed. He drew the second post—hiss got his spokes, Spike Lasker, an honest jockey, as Southern Pride's rider. Furry, Lucille realized that he could not hire the horse pulled.

Oddly enough, before the surprenant entrance, the night before the race, with a spray of drug—rather painless hypodermic thrust into a quick-jumping animal; a steady, though not a speed, escape.

Jack Schuyler, the weak-hurt-not-wicked, drew the black bean of dope villainy.

Johnny, returning from a late supper, faced him squarely as he pulled and raked at the great jockey in the middle of the room about in fury—then fall back in amazement. "Jack!"

"Johnny!"

"I was coming to see you old pal," evaded Jack, weakly. And Johnny believed it.

"Haven't seen you since Mexico, have I? Got a clean job and a good horse, Jack—"

"My God, you've been gone!"

Though Jack Schuyler was square enough to stick by his old friend rather than his dirty new job he served Jim Luce admirably enough. The next day he heard that Johnny drunk, for the first time since the Camerons had known him. Then, half-drunk himself, and remorseful, he sought his master to make confession of failure.

At that moment Lieutenant Haines, on the road home, in the three days of his American leave had taken a cab—at the station—for Lucille's house.

Jack found Lucille eating a nervous sort of supper, and feeling restless and矾.

As they heazn to talk Haines, unseen, entered the booth adjoining and ordered a chicken sandwich and a cup of coffee. The officer was very much interested in their talk.

But the talked thing was going better.

Dazed, stupefied by the might of his taken choral, but animated by a mightly sense of duty that overrode all else, Johnny Tweed, in the room, thid by the telephone at hand, called Lucille—and fell unconscious. The girl made out the jockey's voice, but could not get his message. She reached out for the stanchion for the stalls without awakening her father.

And just then, with a snort of race, Luce, below, exclaimed: "Aid of old Cameron, can you cultivate just this thing?"

"Cameron be damned!" returned Jack Schuyler, as hotly: "I'm not going to pull anything on this Johnny Tweed. I made a spurious rookery, that's more than enough. What about your race? I'm going to whip everything, and, unby the phone, called Lucille, and then put up her telephone, and called Lucille, and then put up her telephone, and called Lucille—..." and then Jack Schuyler turned his back on the telephone. "Where's that hypodermic?"

Before Haines could face them, Lucy and Schuyler had melted from the room as if by magic.

Knowing that he had no difficulty in locating Colonel Cameron's room. The meeting between them was awkward, but necessary, pierced their mutual embarrassment. The young officer told quickly of what he had heard, and together, without a word, they turned to Lucille's room. It was empty.

It is quite probable that neither Lucie nor Luce lived the same day again. When Jim's big hit sent him crashing, unconscious—"You coward!"—whispered Lucille.

"War is war," returned Luce, pleasantly. They held out their hands! He rapped, in a very different tone. She did not hold out, but he caught her, whirled her roughly around, and she realized that he meant to bind her to a stanchion while he roused the rumination of the great daughter of the great Selim Bay. She broke away, struck him violently with her clenched fists, and ran to the door. In...
A coincidence came to the aid of the officer of the law. He happened to be in the side room of the saloon where Hawkins was killed, and he brought the business up to make repairs. There, under the boards, an Indian bead pouch containing a number of small caliber cartridges was found. It had been left there by the bullet that had gone through an opening beside the partition, the day she shot Hawkins.

The Sheriff went to his office and com- pared the cartridge with a gun that had been taken from Hawkins' body, and they corresponded. No other but an Indian woman would have carried cartridges in a beaded pouch. No Indian woman but Naturitch could be the one for killing Hawkins, so the Sheriff reasoned, and swiftly called several of his deputies into council. It was necessary to proceed with caution against so resourceful a person as John, espe- cially as it was important to avoid unnece- sarily antagonizing old Tabywana, father of the suspected woman, and chief of a tribe of Indians who might be difficult to handle unless the Sheriff had plenty of evidence to back his accusation.

Meanwhile, events at Jim's ranch were surfacing. Some remarkable thing was doing. That same afternoon Jim, looking down the road to- ward town, saw a cloud of dust approaching, which soon resolved itself into the one person, the vicar, and his occupant, besides the driver, were Diana and Sir John Applegate. Diana was dressed all in black. Jim's heart leaped to his throat. He knew the man was his father's chief, but he did not have an heir. He had only a daughter, and that was not enough for him. There was a contingency he had not foreseen. Henry was young, in good health, and Jim had never considered such a possibility as Diana became.

So, when they had finished their meal, he instantly leaped up and almost sent him reeling. If Henry and Diana had no children, he, Jim Would inherit the estate.

It was true. He never had considered the possibility of coming into the title. Al- though he was next in line, he was only a cousin, and it had seemed absurd. He took four times a day, and a lion got to him before he could save him. He was terribly mangled, and knew he was going to die. Then he confessed about the embezzlement, and insisted that it should be written down and that he should sign it in the presence of the Countess and myself. We have the facts become known, very diplomatically, among those with whom it is in the public interest and the circumstances, so now there is nothing to stand between you and your proper place as the Earl of Kerhill.

Jim looked over at Diana, and her eyes were shining. He trembled. Now Naturitch was standing in the doorway.

"There is something between me and that planet. I am the only man who knew that Naturitch with an almost imperceptible motion of his head. "Be very careful what you say. She is faithful, and I do not want to hurt her feelings."

The silence that followed was broken by the voice of a boy calling, "Daddy, daddy," and Hal came running in and flung himself into his father's arms.

"You son?" Sir John asked.

"My son, and hers," Jim replied, adding, that there might be no mistake, "We are married."

"Then he is your heir, the heir to the title," Sir John went on.

Jim only drew the boy closer to him. He knew he could not take Naturitch to Eng- land, for he would have to violate a violation of his entire code of honor to desert her and go himself. But he knew also that he had no right to deprive his son of the birthright he, himself, and everyone before him, had. Sir John, Earl of Kerhill that was to be, was entitled to education, to a place among men who would one day help to rule the British Emp- ire. He was entitled to an opportunity to become one of those rulers himself.

"Against this, what had life in Wyoming to offer the lad?"

"If you insist upon remaining here," Sir John answered, "at least you must let us take the boy back."

"Need I tell you that I will care for him as if he were my own?" Diana asked, incul- tively.

Jim drew a deep breath. He knew how hard it would be for him to give up his son, and that it would be ten times harder for Diana to do so. But the boy was going, what opportunities were awaiting him. To Naturitch it would be as if he were dead, or even worse, for though he was living, he was someone unafraid to see him. Still, the boy must go.

"Come for him tomorrow. He will be ready," he said, and Sir John and Diana rose to the door.

As they departed, Diana took Jim's hand and looked steadily into his eyes.

"I want you to feel that I understand, and to sympathize with you," she said, and he pressed her hand, not daring to trust his voice.

When they had gone, Jim explained to Naturitch as gently and patiently as he could. He should not be hurt, though his son's son, the only heir, that he would be chief far across the great water, and they must let him go. Whether Naturitch understood or not, she acknowledged it, and he could go forward. So Jim took his father's chief, and all the pride of his race she crept away and hid her grief in an all night vigil under the stars.

The stoical mother did not come back to the ranch. The son was shot. Again Naturitch, that he would not arrest her, that he would not, that he would be chief far across the great water, and they must let him go. Whether Naturitch understood or not, she acknowledged it, and he could go forward. So Jim took his father's chief, and all the pride of his race she crept away and hid her grief in an all night vigil under the stars.

The stoical mother did not come back to the ranch. The son was shot. Again Naturitch, that he would not arrest her, that he would not, that he would be chief far across the great water, and they must let him go. Whether Naturitch understood or not, she acknowledged it, and he could go forward. So Jim took his father's chief, and all the pride of his race she crept away and hid her grief in an all night vigil under the stars.
The Squaw Man

(Concluded)

now he had lost them both. Yet his pity for Naturich made his own grief seem small in comparison. As he pondered, he heard Big Bill's voice calling for him.

"Here comes the Sheriff and a posse," Bill shouted. "Guess they're after Naturich."

Jim ran out, and was astonished to find that with the Sheriff was the wazoo containing Diana and Sir John and Hal.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"It means that this here lady and gent was in town the day Cash Hawkins was killed. I'm here to arrest Naturich, and they've got to stay for the trial as witnesses."

"Can't tell how they may hook up with the case," the sheriff replied, confident of his position, with twenty heavily armed men behind him.

"You Vindicate that lady and gentleman go, or—" Jim began.

Grand Crossing Impressions

(Concluded, from page 50)

The newspapers said: "Earle Williams is To Wed Brooklyn Girl," I had to Find Out all about it. He was in Town For an Hour, between Trains; he Had to Eat Dinner; so I Went to his Hotel. Right Away I asked him, "Is it True?"

"Why," he Began— When A Girl Selling Liberty Bonds Came Up, and Said, "Now, Mr. Williams, You're Just to Buy Some More Bonds." And he said, "I Know It." And Bought a Few More. Then we Went in to Dinner; and he Did his Best To Eat, and Be Polite, While He Looked at his Watch Every Few Minutes— "Mr. Williams, Will You Tell me, Is it?— And then the Orchestra Played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Mr. Williams Rushed Right Out, and Called a Taxi, "I've Got Just Five Minutes To Make my Train For California— And Just In— And I Caught up with him— And Got it Too— and Said, "Here I am, and Is it True?""

He said, "To Tell the Truth, I Really Don't Believe In the Public's Demand To Know All About The Private Lives Of Us Players. However, In this Case, Here's the Station!" I Rushed After him, I was All Out of Breath, but— "Is she a Non-Professional?" I Simply Had to Find Out. The Porter Grabbed his Bags. He Held out his Hand— "Good-bye," he pleaded. I Yelled after him, "Are You Married? MARRIED!"

He Came Running Back. "You're Married? Congratulations!" And went off again. The Train was Starting. I Ran. "No!" I shrieked; "Yes!" Are you Married? What's her Name, and had you? Known her long— Or is it Only a Rumor?" The Train Pulled Out faintly. His Voice came back, "No— I'm not— Married— Not engaged— Never have been— Not going to— Yet— Bought so Many Bonds— Really Can't Afford it!"

All Aboard!

CLEVELAND exhibitors declare that the lightless nights are having a grievous effect on theatre attendance. "I have been told by many of our operators that they are afraid to come out onto the darkened streets Monday and Tuesday evenings.

"Why cannot exhibitors follow the classic plan of the energetic political candidates who assure a full vote by bringing out the voters in trolley houses? An exhibitor could round up a jolly big crowd of darkness-fearing patrons in that way. Patrons afraid of lightless streets, could be furnished by enterprising exhibitors with a postcard form, to be filled out in some such fashion as

Mrs. J. Rufus Willington and nine children will be ready for the Elite theatre bus when it calls Monday evening at 739 Darkalleay road.

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STUDIO DIRECTORY

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

AMERICAN FILM M.G., 6227 Broadway
Chicago: Santa Barbara, Cal. (4).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 165 Fifth Avenue
New York City: 514 W., 51st St., New York City (1); Fort Lee, N. J. (1); Hollywood, Cal. (1).

ROBERT BRYDON STUDIOS, 5200 Melrose
Los Angeles, Calif. (1).

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, La Baule and Le Trangere, Hollywood, Cal. (1).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Grove St., Los Angeles, Cal. (1).

ESSAYAY FILM M.G., 1235 Angle St.
Chicago, Cal. (1).

FAIRBANKS PICTURES CORP., 6281 Selma Ave.
Hollywood, Calif. (1).

FAVES PLAYERS FILM CO., 443 Fifth Ave., New York City: 135 W., 51st St., New York City (1).

FOX FILM CORP., 120 W., 16th St., New York City: 1141 Western Ave., Los Angeles (1); Fort Lee, N. J. (1).

GALUMMO, Fishing, N. Y.; Jacksonsville, Fla.

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 14 E., 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (1).

THOMAS INGE STUDIO, Other City, Cal.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 164 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 447 Fifth Ave., New York City: 6244 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (1).

MIDTOWN PICTURES CORP., 1176 Broadway, New York City: 3 W., 61st St., New York City (1); 1625 Lilian Way, Los Angeles, Cal. (1).

MUTCH FILM CORP., 1680 Broadway, New York City.

PATER ENCHANCE, IND., 328 W., 43rd St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (1); ROLLIN FILM CORP., 655 California Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (1); PARACELA, 9771, 5200 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (1).

ROTHECKER FILM M.G., 1234 Division Pathway, Chicago, Ill. (1).

SEALE PICTURES CORP., 729 Second Ave., New York City.

SELB PICTURES CO., 729 Second Ave., New York City (1).

SELENIK, LEWIS L., ENTERPRISES INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City (1).

TRIANGLE COMPANY, 1417 Broadway, New York City; Ctbr City, Cal. (1).

UNIVERSAL FILM M.G., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Costa Mesa, N. J. (1).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E., 13th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 4; Hollywood, Cal. (1).

WHARTON, Inc., 1740, N. Y. (1).

WORLD FILM CORP., 129 W., 40th St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (1).

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223 Washington Street
NEW YORK

The Famous French
Deshirsatory Powder

75c and $1.50 in Canada

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The Captain’s Captain
(Concluded on page 46)

own right, having held the cookies off, single-handed, until the police took them over. Betty Gallup—the dear woman is so glad because the one she cared most for had proven himself entirely worthy of her affection, a real man by the simple measure of the Cape people, unafraid of human vil-lainy or of the vastness of the ocean. (This sounds like a dime novel, Winnie, but you don’t know how afraid I am by it all.)

Uncle proved himself really clever in explaining his quick return—

"Submarines kept me from sailin’, ‘Pears I’m just back in time—Amazon ducked and these fellers was after Niece Louise."

Which everyone believed. I must pack now.

LOUISE.

Sunday morning.

Uncle Abe is really gone this time—gone to sea. He wants to not only prove he’s unafraid, but to give his beard time to grow.

"Against Betty yankin’ it out," he explained as he smiled in her direction.

Aunty and I leave in half an hour.

LOUISE.

Tarrytown, Sunday afternoon.

Now that I am back at Aunty’s (and mighty glad of it), I have discovered that one of the most important phases of my great adventure has been almost totally ignored, in all the excitement. Imagine a girl forgetting her own love affair! For I guess that is what you can call it.

It’s that good looking fisherman—Lawford Tapp. Remember—I wrote last that he went away, stung by my slur on his la-ziness? Well, he met me at the station and managed to isolate me long enough to say that he was going to work for his father and that he wanted to come to Tarrytown soon to see me and that—oh, Winnie—I like him heaps! And he said his folks were proud to know such an ingenious young lady. That is—if I may be sarcastic—dear of the thing.

And I’m going to church this evening and be as meek as a mouse. And now, Winnie—if I have been incoherent in these letters, you’ll simply have to come up here and I’ll verbally fill in the blanks. Come next Sunday—can’t you?

LOUISE.

P. S.—Don’t come next Sunday—I’m sorta expecting Lawford.

L.

Perfectly Conventional

WHEN you go to see May Allison in “Thirty a Week” watch out for the kitchen scene. It cost a few thousand dollars. Yet, it’s just a plain kitchen scene, with the usual prop—stove, sink, and kitchen cabinet; nothing to indicate inflated expenditure in the making of it. And we’re not counting May’s salary either, or the overhead expense, when we make the above asser-tion.

It was this way:

May Allison was down on her hands and knees scrubbing the floor. The director was yelling, “That’s it. May—keep it up—that worn expression—you don’t like to scrub floors”—and the camera was grinding mer- rally on, when all at once May gulped, made an effort to compose herself, and crumpled up in a wiffling heap. She spoiled feet and feet of film, which had to be re-taken, just because a black mark on the scene, supposed to say, “I don’t scantly know Marse John, he ain’t mufin’ to me,” became rattled and said instead, “No, miss, dey—dey ain’t mufin’ between Marse John and me!”
When you can't get your S-B Cough Drops don't blame the merchant. He has done his best, so have we. We are cooperating with the Government to save sugar and are shipping large quantities to the boys 'over there.' Therefore there will be a temporary shortage in some localities. Use Smith Brothers if you can get them. If not, Keep away from Coughers.

Drop that Cough
SMITH BROTHERS of Poughkeepsie

The "Womanly"
Way To Remove Hair
El-Rado Sanitary Liquid

Washes the hair off by dissolving it. Women fairly revel in the comfort and cleanliness of hair-free underarms. After using El-Rado chiffon sleeves can be worn without any dress shields. Entirely harmless. Ask for "El-Rado" hair remover at any toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 50c and $1.00. Money-back guarantee.

Orders filled direct on receipt of stamps or coin if dealer cannot supply you.

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ARTHUR SALES CO

Over Night—
A Movie Star!

She had been just a humdrum secretary in a humdrum New York office—and she had blossomed into California's finest movie star.

This is the story of a girl's life in the movie world of Los Angeles—'that happy-go-lucky country where fortunes and stars are made on an impulse'—where life is full of sights and laughter and dancing—where men and women live and breathe the fascinating atmosphere of the studio until it becomes real to them—more real, perhaps, than the tragedies and comedies of their own lives.

Go today to your book-seller's and get
THE CLOSE-UP by Margaret Turnbull

$1.50

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 92)

GIRLIE, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—Oh, yes, we have heard of Bloomington. We were even there once. Your letter was handed to the Editor, who will undoubtedly do something with it; we don’t know what.

I BOWD.—You did not. “Goose-flesh,” you say, “as well as the goose-step, seems to be characteristic of the German people.” Yes, but isn’t it noble of the Kaiser to refuse to abandon his “try-try-try?” subjects? His name will go down in history. Almost as pathetic as Wilhelm, we think, is the spectacle of last year’s movie idol, vainly, according to Leigh McAlley, “trying to win the waving moon.”

Interview with Mary Pickford in July. Grace Darling isn’t dead; that was Ruth Darling who was killed in an automobile accident. Emmy Wehlen, Metro, Lilian and Dorothy Osh are not married. Nor is Julian Eltinge.

CONSTANTINE T. CLARK, NEW ORLEANS.—We are delighted to have such an appreciative reader. Praise sometimes kills and often corrupts; but we thrive on it. Mary Miles Minter will send you her photograph if you write to her at the American Film Studios at Santa Barbara, Cal. Enid Bennett, Inc.

P. C. L., SUSQUEHANNA, PA.—The star in that picture has curls and a pout, and sometimes he’s called America’s Sweetheart; but if there’s anyone else in the world who doesn’t know her we’ll give them a Third Liberty Loan button. In the only production of “The Sea Wolf” that I know of, Robert Bosworth played Wolf Larsen; Robert Rawlinson, Humphrey Van Welden; and Viola Barry, Maid Breeze. June Caprice isn’t playing just now.

ALICE M., NASHVILLE.—You seem to be a self-appointed censorship board of one. Of course, I agree with you that the bathing girls are altogether too prodigal of their charms—that, is, with a bare dozen or two exceptions.

R. J. OF JOPLIN, MO.—Glad you’re feeling better. That last gloom of gloom you sent me made me cry. What with the theatres closed and everything. I think that you are like a lot of others—when you want something to talk about you pick on motion pictures. But you can’t convince the Answer Man that they are going to the dogs. Yes, but if all the stars acted as their directors told them to act, they would be directors, not stars.

J. G., BROOKLYN.—That was Tom Santichi in “The Spook.” Bill Farnum surely justified that title when he wallowed Tom Farnum is not a westerner by birth; he was born in Boston.

A COUNTRY CONTRIBUTOR.—You ask us if we have observed that Margarita Fisher was widening her range. Yes, we have noticed the amazing development of this young woman. And you think Theda Bara, in “Salome,” is the hideous replica of John’s head, displays shocking bad form. However—You’ll find that address in the studio directory.

R. M., ST. LOUIS.—My suggestion, as a war conservation measure—that Mack Sennett keep right on making more pictures like “Those Abandoned.” I feel that mention that I could worry along with less of the lady-stars who are playing these women who have so much to stand. Just a suggestion. I heard Mabel Normand was born in Scotland, and you want an interview with her? Very well. Lasy.

RALPH E. W., KINGMAN, KAN.—Ah, Ralph, we are low-brow. We never read any Russian novels, and to our unenlightened minds the most enjoyable feature of photoplay entertainment is the audience. Who is our favorite actress? It wouldn’t be policy to tell you, but don’t mind admitting that Mary Thurman is one of them. Irene Castle, you see, is Mrs. Vernon Castle, and sometimes uses one title, sometimes the other. Does that settle up? Vernon Castle, of the Royal Air Force, was killed in an airplane accident. Irene is overseas now, entertaining the soldiers. Mollie King is no longer in pictures; she is twenty years old, and you may address her, Hotel Ansonia, N. Y., Leon Bary. Thanks.

Dear Answer Man:

I’D LIKE TO KNOW—
I wish you’d Tell Me.
Why
Don’t
They Censor
Popular Songs?
You Know,
I Dropped In
To see some vaudeville
The Other Day
And
I Got In On
An Act
That Called Itself
“Devere and Devine—
That Klassy
Kill-Ball Kouple.”
The Better Half of it
Was in Black Bombazine. She would Sing.
The Man
Didn’t Have Much to do.
The Songs they Sang
Were
About the Old Men, when
The Young Men Were Away.
Another, a Sad One,
About No-Man’s Land, and
Breaking the News to Mother
If I Can’t Get Back.
The Third:
“What Would You Rather be a Colonel
With an Eagle on your Shoulder.
That would go with a Chicken
On your Knee?”
Well,
They were Still calling them Back
When I Left.
The Large Picture I saw
Was so Cut Up
By the Censors
I Didn’t Know
Whether it was a Comedy or
A Drama.
Why?
Answer me that.

OLIVE THOMAS FAN, CLEVELAND.—Of course I’m your friend. But I am not sure that I can see into it we have a “clear unbroken picture of Olive Thomas on the
And a “Story of My Life,” written by herself. In the art section for December there’s acookie picture of her, and there will be a story later on, perhaps. Sure next time I see Olive I’ll tell her all about it.

RUTH B., KANSAS CITY.—No, I didn’t have it. That’s awfully sweet of you to tell me that, but really, I—Being the bashfullest A. M. in captivity, what can I say? Except that you live up to your own name. You say you can easily judge a city’s pep by its picture theatres. Yes, I’ve heard that Dallas
is a great fan center. How about K. C. ? Latest Marguerite Clark interview was in July, 1918. Wally Reid, April and June, 1918. We ran all of the 1910 issues. Winifred Allen with Dick Barthelness in "For Valor." That other picture is too old.

Billy T., Toledo—Jack Pickford is married to the admiral of the fan whose question I answered just before yours. But of course if Jack knew that a beautiful Toledo, young lady was breaking her heart about it—The only consolation I can give you is the address of a beautiful Niles, Mich., young lady whose heart is also breaking, and you might correspond with her about it. Why, that's Billie Burke on the road to taking vampires? I'm sure I don't know. George Walsh, Fox; Bert Lytell, Metro; Tom Moore, Goldwyn. That depends.

Inez W., Seattle—What do you mean about "Is Marriage Sacred"? (Essanay.) I always thought it was. But have you ever noticed—there is no character in fiction or in drama who gets so many laughs as the poor hen-pecked husband? Somehow or other we like to see the husband get the worst of it. Speaking of home life, I think Douglas McLean doesn't say how old he is, but he's not so very old. Bryant Washburn is twenty-nine; married to Mabel Forrest. Jack Pickford is in the Navy. No record.

J. H., Cleveland—You say all Mary's leading men are convincing. Would you find it better the way Tarelli in "Stella Maris." Tarelli is seen in Anita Stewart's new picture, "The Mind—the Paint Girl" and "Virtuous Wife." He's also in the talking picture, "The Storey," the latest is "Under the Greenwood Tree," for Artcraft, with Elke Ferguson. Owen Moore isn't in pictures at present. He was very ill with influenza. Thanks.

M. O'C., Fort Wayne, Ind.—Norma Talmadge. Anyone who ornaments a soldier or a sailor to ask him when he thinks the war is going to end isn't an awful war and does he get enough to eat, and are all those things they say about the Germans true, and so on, is stimulating patriotism without. That sort of thing makes the victim all the more anxious to get to the front—as quickly as possible. That's a sunshade.

Tomboy, Albert Lea, Minn.—So you had the "flu." Well, "flirting with the angels" is a facetious expression commonly employed in discussing one's narrow escape from an early ride down the River called Styx—facetious in most cases because the patient was not likely to have an opportunity of joshing the heavier hour anyway. Never mind; Eugene O'Brien has signed a four-year contract with Paramount, so you'll see him often.

Wops, Quincy, Fla.—Why Wops? Have you a mop of that unruly red hair? I once knew a girl who had unruly red hair—only I made the mistake of calling it red, and now I know a girl any more. Wallace MacDonald has gone to war. He's probably busy winning this war and hasn't got much time for autographing pictures. No, No, No. Yes, F. X. Be and Beverly Bayne are married. If you like, we can print your name and address so that a "lonely soljer," when he reads this department, can write. Eugene O'Brien, Jesse; we have met Mary, and Dous, and Bill Hart, and Marguerite Clark, and Wally Reid, and Madge Kennedy, and Theda Bara, and the Gishes, and Bill Desmond, and Olive Thomas, and Texas Guinan, and Tom Meighan, and—oh, lots. Now don't ask us which one we like best.

Clint O'Cairl, Camp Beauregard, La.—White. Your letter was awfully funny. You just bet we will.

Violette, Independence, Mo.—I saw one of those "Unconditional Surrender" signs hanging on the window of an undertaking establishment. Mrs. Bryant Washburn was Mabel Forrest. Bryant is twenty-nine. Hedy Lamarr played "Honey" in the Skinner stories.Edith Story isn't married. She has a farm on Long Island and an apartment on Riverside Drive in New York. She is in the middle twenties. Billie Burke is thirty-two; Jackie Saunders, twenty-six; Shirley Mason, seventeen; June Caprice, nineteen; Mary Miles Minter, sixteen; Baby Marie Osborne, seven; Madge Evans, eight. Miss Clark's hair is own; it's a reddish gold. Yes. That's all. Thanks.

Ruth H., Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Ill.—Kenneth Harlan is in the Army now, training at Camp Kearney in California. Don't know exactly when he'll be discharged. And don't be so sure that was the Answer Man you saw in the window. It might have been the office boy.

Mephistopheles, Winnipeg—I am, you say, a most exceptional man, of above-average intelligence, of good-natured character, possessing besides infinite patience, colossal memory, plus a keen sense of humor that reconstitutes Wait a minute until I look up all those hard words. And only the assurance that I actually possess all of these qualities, I suppose, emboldened you to feed toward my encyclopedic sanctum your rather prolix epistle? Exactly. Can't thank you enough for all the nice things you say about Photoplay and its editorial staff. It's all true, too, You'll get it. Come again soon.

Grit C., Hobart, Ola—Your few puzzled questions are encountered as follows: Charlie Chaplin is not m'vrried; he is twenty-nine. James Cruze in "The Million Dollar Mystery," Frankie La Badie is dead. Harold Lockwood died in October, of Spanish influenza. Dustin has his own company; William is with Fox. Dustin, William Dun in that. He's not telling. In California, Francis Krepp was with Pathe. I hear that he is forming his own company now. Yes, Thank you.

Just Marie—We are fully cognizant of the hazards of writing to girls who sign themselves "Just Marie," without any reminders that "Mother doesn't really want me to write to strangers but in this case," etc. In this case the answers to your questions follow closely: Virginia Lee Corbin is six years old. Yes, she has been with Universal; for the last two months she worked with Ben Wilson and in a series of pictures written especially for her and directed by Alin Holubar. Last with Fox; address her Fox Studios L. A. No. I doubt if little Miss Corbin could put you in pictures.

Marie, Manor, Cal.—You may say "Darn," if you wish, although as a rule I don't. "But only the boys have been to a picture-show since October, 1917?" And here I've been thinking I'm in hard luck because I haven't seen a movie for two weeks. I went into those Waxworks with Metro. Mary will send you one. I'm sure. He's married and he isn't in the movies at present, but when he comes back, I'll let you know at once.

"I'm too wise to forget Kondons" "No fear now of sudden changes of weather—draughty stations or Pullman berths—with a tube of Kondons handy. "For Kondon's snuffed up the nostrils night and morning, is guaranteed to clear my head—prevent colds—relieve catarrh."

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Mary Mays, Edmonton, Alberta.—How old are you? You'll have to write and ask them. Marguerite Clark, Famous Players; Carmel Myers, Universal; Mildred Harris, Universal—Wern; Others, Thomas, smile, and Mac Marsh, Goldwyn. June Caprice is no longer with Fox. Hope the Health Commissioners, in their zeal for safeguarding the public health in the theaters, won't prohibit you from laughing at Charlie Chaplin on the ground that fun is contagious.

Florence O'R., Oshkosh.—I have never been in Oshkosh. I have often thought about it but have never had the opportunity of coming to Oshkosh. Ethel Barrymore Colt has three children. She has been one of the most popular of the American stage girls, and had her debut in December, 1913. It is said that she is better on the stage than on the screen. Kathryn Williams was in "We Can't Have Everything," about thirty-three.

Pauline Frederick Admire, Lafayette, Ind.—A woman should be seldom seen and never heard. She reveals no sentiment—but I will admit that my ideal women are all stars in the silent drama. Don't call me "Mr. Oracle"; there are a few questions I can't answer, and I don't like to be regarded as a favorite. Mrs. Willard Mack, is about thirty-three, with brown hair and blue eyes. None whatever. Wallace Reid was in 1892 and has been the same since he entered the theater. Olive Thomas' birthday was October 20, so it's too late to send her a card now; you'll have to wait until next year. Theda Bara is twenty; come whenever you can and stay as long as you like.

Mabel H., Boston.—As I write this, I haven't seen a picture for two weeks. Two weeks since I've heard "Smiles." I've ordered a $100.00 pipe organ in our favorite suburban theatre. Two weeks since I've seen a picture in which the Kaiser was considered to—two weeks without a glimpse of Mary, Marguerite, or any of the girls. Two weeks—a helpful two weeks. Darn the Kaiser.

Rex C. Gifford, Phila.—You say you have an idea of some movie directors secrets? I believe that all the lawyers are round and florid gentlemen who never smile; that all ingenues must laugh, without rhyme or reason; that all children must come out of their mothers' feet, before the fireside; that all parents have gray hair and a worried look;—you must admit that the sins of their film children would tend to make them harassed and worn. Lilian Gish and Mae Marsh in "The Birth of a Nation." Kenneth Harlan is twenty-three; he is at Camp Kearsney now. If you keep Bobby Harron, you aren't married. Griffith Studios, Hollywood.

M. Q. Buffalo.—Barbara Tennant isn't playing now. I am not sure about that. For my part, I prefer to look on the bright side of it and be thankful that the vamps who want to play "Juliet" and the ingenues who are simply dying to do "Cleopatra" can't all have their very own companies.

D. Montgomery, Chi.—What's become of the movie matinee girl? Is she doing war work? I miss her. She's a longer time than I was. I have been from one feminine, but not very virile, world to another. I am getting to be a fussy old woman. Of course, I haven't time to be fussy. But I do have a strange feeling that she is becoming a mainstay of the film world. She is the pitiful part of it that is disappointed before I ever met one of her. I am not sure I believe in her after all. Perhaps she wasn't real. Annie Russell will appear in the screen for the first time in Metro's "Wilson or the Kaiser" as Edith Cavell.

?, West Lafayette, Ind.—How mysterious are you? I showed your letter to Delight Evans and she said she remembered you. We are both much pleased that you like us. But we were not able to promise you four years and expect to subscribe for four years more, and then some. Between us two, I'll tell you why I took this job on Photoplay—simply because we both earn $5 a month, gratis. I can't answer that question. The other investigations research will let you know later. Many thanks and come again.

R. F. K., United States Troops, Ray, Arizona.—"Puss Puss"? That's a burlesque troupe of my line. Write to Ann Pennington at her home, 142 West 44th St., New York.

A. Borden, Cooleook, N. H.—What is a punk punt? How do your letter strike me? It struck me all of a heap. (Yes, that's worse than yours.) "Don't hurry," you say, "in answering my questions. I subscribe for Photoplay; simply because it is a very long course as an Answer Man, I have never met anyone quite like you before. Florence Reed was born in Philadelphia thirty-five years ago. Her father, Roland Reed was a famous actor. Thomas Holding with Panama Frederick in "Sold." Besse Barriscale in "The Heart of Rachel." Charlotte Greenwood isn't in pictures now, Mae Marsh's new name, "South of the Border."" Photoplay is a fiction form in this issue. Seena Owen was to play with her husband in a Fog film, but illness intervened. She was born in Spokane of Danish parents. Alan Forrest.

Tomboy, Albert Lea, Minn.—Again! Harrison Ford with Constance Talmadge. Norman Kerr with Universal last. Did you see it in "The Talk of the Town." Dorothy Phillips? Corking picture. Tom Moore, his p. a. informs us, wouldn't ride in a car, for anything. His own or any- body else's. He is a Von Bismarck and he dotes on the L, but how he hates a car. Here's the cast of "The Doctor and the Woman." :K: "Le Moyer, True Boardman; Sid: "Mills, G. Albert Roscoe; Carlotta, Zella Caull; Joe Drummond, Carl Miller.

C. C. of Buffalo.—I should certainly refer those comedians to the non-essential list. Niles Welch in "The Secret of the Storm Country" and "The Face in the Dark"—not "in the Park," as you put it. Blanche Sweet has her own personal manager. Mary Carney's management. Lottie Pickford is reported to be considering a vaudeville engagement. Mary Pickford? Mrs. Owen Moore.

Adelaide, Brooklyn.—I love to read the ads. I am particularly intrigued by the clothing-ad young man who is always escorting a pretty lady in a red coat. It is the couple who advertise rubber-heeled shoes—refusing an invitation to ride with a "No, thank you; we'd rather walk." I shall take this into consideration, and believe me if anyone asks me to ride I won't turn 'em down. None of those pictures have ever appeared in book form that I can think of, except "The Safety Curtain," which was adapted from a novel by the English writer, Ethel M. Dell. "De Luxe Annie" was from the stage play of the same name. Thank you.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Questions and Answers  
(Concluded)

F. A. R. FRESCO.—Bill Furnum was born in 1872, and was educated in Buckport, N. Y. He was on the stage from the age of six, played in "The Prince of India," "Vir-gin-ius," and starred five years in "Hien Hur." With his brother Dustin, also a famous legitimate actor, he starred for two seasons in "The Littlest Rebel." He was on the stage for ten years. You appear to know all about his screen successes. He is married. Of course I don't blame you for liking him.

DESMOINES FAN.—The theatres opened today. Yours is the last letter I am going to answer. I am going right out and take in every picture-show in town. I won't care whether it's a Fox super-production or a travestee; anything they put on the screen would look good to me. I will rej oice even at a W. S. Hart re-issue, and scream at a Vitagraph comedy. Gosh, I'm glad they're back. Mae Marsh and Mabel Normand, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

FRANCIS MACDONALD-ADAMS—Fisher-ville, Mo.—And we thought there wasn't a town in Illinois in it, and here it is. Neva Gerber was born in Chicago—I hate like everything to disillusion you when you were so sure she was a native Californian—1805. Do you have any brothers and sisters, Miss Gerber? That's the right address.

THELMA—So you remember those old Mutual serials, "Runaway June" and "Our Mutual Girl?" Norma Phillips played in them. She was on the stage the last I heard. Awfully hard to keep track of all of them. The Hayakawas were born in Japan. No. Others answered elsewhere—except—I lost this in the mail. Florence LaBadie was the heroine in "The Million Dollar Mystery." Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron. I was talking to Earle Williams the other day and said the fans all like to see him play opposite Miss Stewart, and Earle admitted he didn't mind it at all—that she was, in fact, his favorite leading woman. That's William Wallace Reid's real name. Sure enough.

A FAN'S FAN.—I'll tell you the letters we get from you fans are great. You and others like you inspire the Magazine to its best endeavors, and with such stimulation as yours this department should never be dull. George M. Cohan is married. Watch out for the story about Cohan; it's a whiz. Life seems to me to be a series of compromises with one's ideals. Many, many thanks.

CANADIAN.—I like your name and wish you'd have let me use it instead of the obvious alias. You didn't like Elsie Ferguson in "The Lie?" She is very good. I think. Pearl White is not married, but I think she has been married. Helen Holmes was with Selma last, but I don't know her present address. Of course. Soon. Wisdom and understanding? Vastly different! I would rather know less, and understand a little more. As it is—

HELEN, DULUTH.—Mae Marsh isn't married. Madge Kennedy's husband is Captain Harold Bolster. Theda Bara is not married. Your other questions are answered elsewhere. Not so awfully. Why?

R. G. V., BALLMAT.—Mary and Bill have not retired and have no intentions of doing so. Nor has Pauline Frederick. She's with Goldwyn now, you know. May Allison. From door, Hollywood. Life is but a cloak for death? Some poor pessimist gave voice to that thought once before. I don't believe all I read, fortunately.

H. V. S., ROCHESTER, MINN.—Why, hardly a mouth goes by that we don't say something about Douglas Fairbanks. Shirley Mason is married to Bernard Durning. Jackie Saunders is Mrs. E. D. Horkheimer. The others are not married. Beth Sully. No. The Pickford contract has not yet been signed; but Photoplay will let you know as soon as it is. Bossie Barriscale doesn't say how old she is. That's nice of you.

JUST TEXAS, HOLLYWOOD.—Oh, you're too darned cheerful. Every silver lining has a cloud, you know. Besides, he's married. Another dream shattered; another youthful heart smashed. Rave on, Muriel. Edna Emerson.

MURIEL G., who sent me her picture.—Yes, you do. Thanks.

ELIZABETH B., NEW HAVEN.—Dorothy Dalton is not married. She is twenty-five. Yes, I like to see her; she is always interesting. Write Mary at the Mary Pickford studios in Los Angeles. Good luck; come again.

An Artillery Suggestion — By Peter Milne

Oh, why not hang the pistol from the parlor chandelier, Or sink it in the bath tub for a change? Or lock it in the safe with mother's lavarilier, Or tie it to the faithful kitchen range?

Oh, why not hide the weapon in brother's number twelve, Or drop it in the vitals of the clock? Or pile it neatly with the linen on the shelves, Or wrap it in the folds of sister's smock?

Oh, why not place it safely 'neath the mattress on the bed, Or hide it 'twixt the top and bottom sheets? Or clamp it in the cupboard after all the family's fed, Or store it with the cabbages and beets?

Oh, why not forget about it with this rank bit of verse, Or bury it along some distant shore? Or put it any place in all the universe Instead of in the old top drawer?

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DISFIGURING streaks of gray and unruly silver threads are an unnecessary affliction now, for science has solved the problem with a real hair color restorer. This reliable, efficient preparation has been used by hundreds of thousands of progressive men and women with perfect success. It is no relation to the crude dyes which your friends cultivate. You can use it without anyone's knowledge, and be absolutely sure of results. Prove this by cutting out, filling out and sending the free trial coupon. It brings you, by return mail, the trial size bottle and special comb which verifies every statement we make without expense to you.

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Users of Mary T. Goldman's are not satisfied with any less efficient preparation. Nor will ever accept cheap imitations. We will send the trial bottle and comb by return mail. You can buy the full sized bottle at your druggist's or direct from us if you prefer.

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No field ever presented such a wealth of diversified matter, appealing to so vast an audience.

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"Our Bridge of Ships" - General Film Co.
"America's Answer" - "Under Four Flags" - World Film Corp.

The Bureau of War Photographs is a department of the Division of Films. The Division of Films also directs the great War Expositions presented by U. S. and Allied Governments.

Presented by
Committee on Public Information, George Creel, Chairman

Through The Division of Films, Charles S. Hart, Director, Washington, D. C.
BACK from the Holy Land, home from the Crusade came the adventuring nobles, squires, and men-at-arms, by devious ways, perilous and slow. In castle halls and village inns they told their hero tales of Jerusalem’s first capture; and it is from scattered fragments of song and legend that we must piece together our picture of that crowning triumph of medieval chivalry.

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Photoplay Magazine

"The National Movie Publication"

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While the gourmets and pessimists would have us believe that the grand romance occurs only on the screen or between printed pages, there are just enough of them in real and undeniable life to prove that the misanthropes are wrong.

The March issue of Photoplay Magazine will record just such a great living love story, in the romance of Lina Cavalieri and Lucien Muratore.

You know them. Perhaps you are acquainted with both their arts. At any rate, their photoplays have become familiar around the world, and those who are fortunate enough to live within sound of the Chicago Opera Company realize what a great singing actor M. Muratore is.

Mme. Muratore (Lina Cavalieri) has not been heard so extensively in this country, but she is one of the most celebrated living Italian sopranos, as well as being a beauty of international renown. Much of her most noteworthy singing has been done in the capitals of South America, where she is a continental favorite. She shares her husband's penchant for screen acting, and is a photographic type whose loveliness is unique.

The story of her career, her struggles and successes is a romance in itself. So is her husband's. But climaxing these twin romances of perseverance and achievement is the great romance of their meeting, their love, their marriage, and the artistic duet that has been their life together.

This never-told story has been written for Photoplay in most absorbing fashion, and will be illustrated with intimate and unpublished pictures.

The Prussian Writing-Men

This doesn't mean pen-pushers, who were once under the domination of that out-of-office and generally unwanted individual, Mr. Hohenzollern.
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It means certain men—many of them distinguished—of the writing craft in America, and their unfair treatment of the motion picture. This is an outrageous situation, a virtual league of otherwise capable individuals against a new expression.

Photoplay Magazine realizes that in opening this discussion it may be springing back the cover of Pandora’s box. There is always a danger that a new movement will lose its purpose when it reaches the stage of a new novelty. But this is not her purpose. She has neither the purpose nor with her new movement large enough to carry it. She is not her purpose.

The Fortunate Brothers
Meaning, in translation, Duskin and William Farnum, whose long annals of success has given the world many and various stories of the world of success. They will soon be published in the world of success.

Other Features
"The Early Days of Kay-Bee" and "The Confessions of a Male Vampire," announced for the current issue, have been held over for the premiere of Florentine’s March number. With them there are a number of unusual written and unusually illustrated stories of place and personality which should be of absorbing interest to every lover of motion pictures.

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The Narrow Path—Paramount.
What the World To Nothing—Paramount.
Three Men and a Girl—Paramount.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
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Every advertisement in *PHOTOPLAY* MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
STATISTICS show that Ann Pennington was born in Trenton, N. J.—but why speak of vulgar things like statistics? "Penny" helped to make the Folies an institution. Lest she forget: her studio address is Famous Players.
THE dusky and fervent "Polly" Frederick has traversed the lens-shot path for more than two years now, for Famous Players and, lately, for Goldwyn. She has joined the procession of cinemese to the west coast studios.
E N profile: Violet Heming, a pleasurable personality on our screens, where she has been a Gilbert Parker heroine, and most recently a participant in Farrar’s first Goldwyn, “The Turn of the Wheel.” Now in “Three Faces East.”
THE sunny-haired Gish, snapped at her South Serrano street home in Los Angeles, is appearing on the celluloid in "The Greatest Thing in Life" (Griffith-Arclait), in which we would say Lillian assumed the title role.
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG is said to have paid a pretty price for the screen rights to Max Marcin's stage success, "Cheating Cheaters," which will be her next vehicle. Miss Young, born in Chicago, has been in pictures since 1910.
CARMEL MYERS, a rose of Sharon blooming in Universal City, acknowledges Nazimova as her aim in art. "I want," says Miss Myers, "to play tragic things on the stage." Meanwhile she is a heroine of frivolous film fiction.
"It's Califilmia now," said Madge Kennedy, when she returned to her native state. She will work at Goldwyn's Culver City studios. The new Kennedy expression is "Primrose"; author, Cosmo Hamilton; leading man, John Bowers.
BLANCHE SWEET reappears on the silver-sheet in "The Hushed Hour."
Following this she plays the heroine in Rupert Hughes' novel of the war, "The Unpardonable Sin," in which she is directed by Marshall Neilan.
To A Young Girl Going to a Photoplay:

If it were not for you the photoplay would not exist. There might be motion pictures of events and industries, but there would be no romance. Romance is what the photoplay is made of, and you are the finest half of romance, which always burns with the fire of youth or glows in youth's reflection: recollection.

You are hatted and coated and furred; one hand swings your heavy marching order of powder-puff and small handkerchief; your other hand firmly clutches your admission-plus-war-tax — yet, wait a moment: why are you going to the photoplay?

To idle away an hour?
To escape the dinner dishes?
To be one with the heroine in her paradise of happy-forever-after?
To dream over your ideal hero — so grandly different from all the men you know?

Here is something to remember: the only art which ever did anyone any good was an art which was honest. An honest art is one which bears a true relation to real life. Real life, not a dream about life, is what each of us has to live.

Any photoplay which calls up that frank, healthy laugh of yours; one which makes you want to do something worth while in the world; one which plants the seed of ambition in your receptive mind; one which touches your sympathies and makes you feel kind toward people; one which bares to you the tenderness and strength, the helplessness and power of a real man's love — photoplays like these are more than mere entertainment. They will actually help you in realizing the vital and splendid womanhood which lies at the end of every American girl's rainbow of youth.

Avoid the photoplay that makes you ashamed of your father and mother; and the one that makes you sorry for yourself; and the one that makes you envious of "rich girls;" and the one that makes you look down on Jimmy because he hasn't a "dress suit;" and the nearly-naughty story that ends suddenly in a perfectly-proper marriage. Also, remember this: there aren't any screen "vampires" in real life, but if there were, men wouldn't fear them; they'd laugh at them. And you wouldn't wish a man to laugh at you — you'd rather he'd hate you!

Now, pass in and observe your photoplay.
The Story of My Life

The babyhood, childhood and ambitious early youth of the most distinguished American artiste—a self-told tale.

PART I

My memories go back to my third year, and that recollection has to do with music. I can see a great square room, with a cheery log-fire in one wall and a massive, old-fashioned piano in another corner. The piano towered miles into the air, as my baby-mind calculated space, for it was only by the greatest straining on my tip toes that I could reach the keyboard.

This was in our home in Melrose, Massachusetts, on Mount Vernon street. The old house, my birthplace, still stands. That was where the world began for me, and, as I have said, it began with a strange consciousness of music. Long before I could walk I hummed and crooned continually and although I attacked no special significance to that—all mothers maintain their babies sing themselves to sleep—my mother interpreted the practice to indicate a great musical gift.

To me, my career has always seemed a thing pre-arranged. Looking backward, over each phase of it—clear back to the era of "piano-patterings"—I cannot help but feel that the "Farrar luck" I am so often accused of possessing to an uncanny degree is nothing but the manifest generosity of a guardian-fate, who had my appointed path all chalked down in some wonderbook. Each phase of my career seemed so essential and contributive to the one before and after it. My daily living has always seemed so truly a succession of preparatory experiences, all flowing toward one objective.

Do not imagine that merely because I believed my career to be in the groove of an unalterable fate that I did not work to win. I struggled against hardships that only operatic aspirants know about. I fought aside every possible hazard to hold to my life-long-ambition.

My mother did not believe that my early inclinations for music were surprising. She had expected and hoped for it, for both she and father were of a music-loving lineage.

My mother tells me that her father, Dennis Barnes, was a violinist of natural talent. His father owned the greater part of Middlesex Falls, near Boston, of uncommon interest because of the many Indian legends that were attached to it.

One of the landmarks was an Indian cave, and that is where little Dennis Barnes used to take his toy violin, for which he paid twenty-five cents, and the bow which he made himself by pulling hairs from the horse's tail. A little later on, one of his uncles presented him with a real though inexpensive violin.

Their was an old Italian vender who passed the cave every other day or so, and one day he heard my grandfather playing and was so amazed at the beauty of the sounds that he listened for a long time. The next day he came to the cave with his own violin, a fine old instrument, and from then on the little boy and the old fruit peddler, who evidently had seen better days, played together.

Ten years later, when Dennis was seventeen, this same instrument was delivered to him by a stranger, with a note explaining that the old Italian had died and that his last wish was that the violin be presented to him. That was his proudest possession, and later in his life—when he had become a minister—he found great diversion in stealing off to play.

It is said that when he grew to be an old man, he never went to sleep without placing the instrument beside him. Unquestionably, he would have been a wonderful violinist, if his father had encouraged him or if there had been sufficient money for him to go abroad for lessons.

My mother inherited a strong musical instinct from him, and because her father was himself thwarted in his artistic career, he hoped to see the fulfillment of his longings in his daughter. In addition to being able to read the most difficult music at sight, without being taught to do so, she had a beautiful soprano voice. Her father wanted her to study the violin; she tried, but found that she liked the piano better.

At a very early age she decided to go on the stage—that she would either study for grand opera, if she had sufficient voice; not granted that, she would go in for light opera. She studied elocution and took vocal lessons with a local teacher while attending high school. She graduated at sixteen, and was just preparing to leave New York to arrange for a hearing with a well-known voice teacher, when my father, Sidney Farrar, then the embryo baseball star, came to Middlesex Falls, saw and conquered, with
By

Geraldine Farrar

the result that before the year was over my mother was Mrs. Sidney Farrar.

She had every intention of keeping on with her career, but again Fate intervened, for before long I came along.

My mother tells me when she was expecting me, she thought continually of the time when I would be old enough for her to be free to leave me with a nurse part of the time, so that she might give several hours a day to musical studies. She was constantly at the piano, poring over opera scores, improvising little bits of her own. For my mother's talent was of a creative nature. Those who believe in prenatal influences can draw their own conclusions as to how this all affected me.

Mother says she named me "Geraldine" after the "Lady Geraldine," a poetic character whom she greatly admired at the time because of the fact that she was so unhesitating and positive in her daring unconventionality. My mother, with all her puritanical inhibitions, tells me she had a secret admiration for all that was unusual and unafraid, and although she did not by any means condone wickedness, she thought more highly of a person who had a strong character, whether it was for good or for evil, than one who was negative, namby-pamby.

I do not think I was yet five years old when my mother decided that my passion for music should find its outlet on the piano. I had hardly begun the scales however when my spirit revolted against the routine of lessons. I found my efforts to remain docile at the keyboard swamped and overrun by a medley of original harmonies and rhythms that clashed hopelessly with my teacher's instructions.

Mother and the teacher both often despaired of my learning the scales in the conventional fashion. I could not help but toy at the piano. And for some peculiar reason I always preferred to play upon the black keys. To this day I respond more completely to the softer half-tones of the sharps and flats than to the white keys. But when mother asked me why I hated the white keys I said that it was because the "white keys seem like angels and the black ones like devils and I like the devils best!"

By this time all my mother's dreams for her own world-fame,
phenomenal success, on the singing stage, were transferred to
my own little being. For her personal sacrifice, I can never
be sufficiently grateful, and for her wonderful fulfillment of
all my needs and wants, her insight and intuitive knowledge
of what was right to do in professional matters, I can
never pay her sufficient tribute.

From my mother also, I inherit my energy, and from
my father, my happy disposition, and absolute ref-
usal to be worried for long under any circumstances.

At the age of five years I was sent to school.
Miss Alice Swett, one of my early teachers, alive
today, would probably be able to tell you what
sort of a pupil I was. I fought restraint or ar-
bitrary rule and even though I was respectful
to my elders I often found my will tearing
free and carrying me quite away. Those
years in the Grove street school at Mel-
rose, when I was reaching into girlhood,
were a chronicle of romance and ex-
citement, chiefly the latter. Through
those years as I strove to be an
orderly little girl, was that un-
swerving determination to do
nothing, in preparatory, but
that which would help me
become a singer. During
my years in the Grove
street school at Melrose
I tried hard to hold
myself in check, so
that I might go
patiently through
the prosaic for-
mative period,
to reach the
glorious ca-
reer of my
dreams
latter on. I
was full of tem-
per and continual high
spirits which frequently
sent me into
orgies of sing-
ing and dancing, acting, interpreting tumultuous emotions within, idealizing my-
self into glorious characters of which I read and imagined.

In one of these moods I wrote a play, "Rapunzel of the Golden Hair." I
think I got the idea out of a suggestion in a fairy tale. I remember that I
specified in the play that the heroine was to be a fair-haired damsel, quite in
keeping with the romance I had been reading. I realized a terrific blow when
I felt that I could not be this heroine, for the reason that my hair was most
distinctly dark. I do not remember whether or not I altered my heroine. I was
passionately fond of animals, particularly cats and (Continued on page 90)
Cohan and the Movies

“When will people realize that Screen and Stage are entirely distinct professions?” asks George M., in his first picture interview.

By Julian Johnson

If George M. Cohan were a German we could call the Motion Picture his Paris; he got no farther than the suburbs, though nothing had ever stopped him before.

At The Lambs Club, in one of the late days of autumn, I said to Edwin Wallace Dunn: “I should like to talk to Mr. Cohan about pictures.” He answered: “Mr. Cohan will talk readily enough—about anything except pictures.

Mr. Dunn has long been Mr. Cohan’s voice in the wilderness of Manhattan. I mention him not as a press-agent, but as a suppress agent. The psalmist of Broadway has long ceased having thrills at finding his name in the papers. Though a most accessible and agreeable man, you’ll agree that he can’t be on tap for reporters all the time—while incidentally writing plays, composing music, penning ballads, rehearsing stars, mingling in national issues and attending to his share in the direction of a great theatrical enterprise. His need is a man who knows what he wouldn’t say on any given subject. He has him in Dunn.

Our debate ran back and forth and up and down, and finally we separated on this basis: Dunn said that on any discussion of picture subjects his friend and patron was an immovable body, while I said that the demands of the readers of Photoplay Magazine constituted an irresistible force.

The next morning Dunn called me on the telephone before I was out of bed: “Come down to the office about noon. Mr. Cohan is arriving from New Haven at 12. He has been working forty-eight continuous hours on Ditrichstein’s new play. I’m not promising anything, unless you find him too weak to resist.”

At 12:24 the author-actor-producer-composer dashed into Dunn’s room in the Cohan & Harris suite on Forty-Second Street. Then there were three of us there.

He looked very tired indeed. There were weary lines in his face, the stoop of his shoulders was accentuated, and the droop of the right side of his lower lip, only a quaint mannerism on the stage, seemed to speak the burden of bone-head actors, wood-head dramatists and iron-head audiences.

It was rather cool, outside; he wore a black overcoat, and—of all unseasonable gear—a straw hat. There were deep restful chairs variously disposed.

He scowled them all and half leaned, half sat against Dunn’s desk, sweeping up a handful of box-office reports, over which his eyes ran restlessly.

When he dropped these, and rose, I rose. We needed no introduction, fortunately. I stated my interviewing business.

Perhaps there are gentlemen in Washington who think they invented something when, in the late war, they put the newspapers on their honor, rather than in the irons of silence. Cohan has been doing that to American reporters for ten years. He smiled and said to me:

“All right! It’s up to you! You know more about those things than I do. Write what you think I ought to say, and I’ll stand for it—every word!”

He then passed into the office of his friend as well as partner, Sam Harris.

“Well,” murmured Dunn, “what do you think now?”

“I think,” said I, “that he can’t stay in Harris’ office forever. I’m going to wait till he comes out.”

He must have found good news from his fifteen or twenty
The man who wrote the only contemporary American war-song that doesn’t have to be sung in falsetto has had, in all probability, the most amazingly full and varied theatrical career ever recorded. Perhaps never again will there be an individual who will do so many things in such a short space of time.

Cohan was forty years old July 4th last. He was born in Providence, R. I., and lest there be any confusion as to the racial derivative of that name “Cohan,” let us say that his father was Jerry John Cohan, who married Helen Frances Costigan. If the escutcheon is still bejeweled, we will run up a green flag with a harp on it.

According to my best information he stepped on the stage for the first time in Haverstraw, N. Y., at the age of nine. The play was “Daniel Boone.” In 1896 he played “Peck’s Bad Boy.” Later, in vaudeville, came “The Four Cohans”—father, mother, George and sister Josephine. This was the beginning of national celebrity for George Cohan, his first burst of mile-a-minute speed, the inaugural of his great talents into as varied and astounding an amusement career as ever fell to the lot of a dozen men put together. A farceur, an individual eccentric dancer, a composer, a writer of lyrics, a manager and promoter of theatrical enterprises, a dominant figure in national entertainment affairs, and a national figure become international—George Cohan was all this long before he reached his mid-thirties.


George M. Cohan in his own photoplay, “Seven Keys to Baldpate.” Below, Mr. Cohan and Hugh Ford, director-general of Famous Players.

At the age of ten, George Michael Cohan was a professional violinist.

shows in that office, for he looked brighter, happier, rested, when he emerged. And he talked. For the first time, I think, for publication, about motion pictures.

He said:

“A man likes what he succeeds in, doesn’t he? My life is the theatre; my successes have been of the theatre; I can’t find my personal inspiration outside the theatre. So far, I think they expect the pretty boys in the movies—and no one has yet accused me of being a handsome leading man.

“I believe in motion pictures. I believe they have come to stay, and will go on and on, improving, changing, enlivening fine minds.

“The trouble with legitimate actors is that they think pictures a cheap little trade with no essentials to learn. My experiences have given me a profound respect for the camera. I believe it takes years to master it.

“I believe this, too: that the moving picture actor has very little to give the theatre; and by the same token, that the theatre has very little to give the movies. Why will they confound two crafts that are so different? A Wall street financial reporter and a London dramatist are both in the world business—but what would happen if they exchanged jobs?

“‘Broadway Jones’ is my favorite Cohan picture. For one reason, because it is the only one of my pictures I have ever seen.

“I do like to work on location, and if everything was location work the theatre might lose me. What I can’t stand is studio work—not so much the lights as the confinement and strain of long hours. The coolness, the heat, the maddening repetitions of the same scene, the continual pouring-out of emotion without having any of it come back to you from the audience. There is no thrill in the theatre to equal it.

“I didn’t have to get broken to the sidewalk. My first scene was Forty-second and Broadway on a sunny noon, with half the world looking on.”

The author of “Over There” plans to do no more photoplay work at present.
For Future Reference

If your grandson wants to know where "Oh, Boy!" started, consult the Davies family tree

It was an August evening in the year 1914. Little Algernon climbed on his grandfather's knee with a question on his lips.

"Tell me, Grandpa," he lisped, "why did they say 'Oh, Boy!' when you were young?"

The white-haired old man mused into the past. "Ah," he said finally. "It was one night at The Follies, in New York. The opening night. The audience was waiting to see which one of the bewildering bevy of beauties would be the star of the evening. Then—it seems but last night—a girl danced on the stage. Golden-haired, gray-eyed, and—a man next to me looked at her, and sighed, and said, 'Oh, Boy!' Soon the audience was an exclaiming, enthusiastic mob, all echoing that 'Oh, Boy!'

And I saw her again, the girl. They wrote a musical comedy, and called it 'Oh, Boy!' and she was the heroine. It was Marion Davies, my grandson, and they are still saying 'Oh, Boy!'

It's true. Marion Davies was the "Oh, Boy!" girl. She danced her way from the chorus of the Follies into the title role of "The Century Girl." She followed her success in this with "Miss 1917." Later she carried a role in "Words and Music." And then— "Oh, Boy!" Miss Davies lent this popular musical comedy such exceptional support that she straightway became a definite musical comedy discovery, a popular Broadway beauty, and—a screen possibility.

Now, Marion, a New York girl, born and bred in Manhattan, bored by Broadway and familiar with Fifth Avenue, Marion had always longed for Something Different. The call of the gypsy-trail, and the calm life of the country, and all that sort of thing. She didn't know about the country-girls who wanted to see New York—and die. But she didn't feel that she could desert Broadway and a promising career for the life of a feminine D'Artagnan, exactly; still, she could and did turn to the screen. Marion enjoyed any picture that told a story of Adventure, with a large A. And when she had a chance to play in pictures herself, she jumped at it. Her first photoplay was "Runaway Romany."

Her success in this picture led to a contract with Select for a series of six features. The first, "Cecilia of the Pink Roses," then "The Burden of Proof," already released. She is working now on a picturization of Edna May's musical comedy success of many seasons back, "The Belle of New York."

Marion says she's been going to pictures, so long, and studying all kinds of audiences, from those of the Rialto in New York to the little tunnels of the Chicago loop, that she knows just about what the public wants. "And," she adds, "pictures appeal to me, and I intend to stay in them just as long as the public wants me."

Marion comes from a family long active in the theatres. She is a sister of Reine Davies, wife of George Lederer, the producer.
The white horse shown in the picture above was the means of transporting a cameraman to the mountain tops. At left is how the camera saw twilight over a mountain lake in the Cascade range.

Wild Game Shot by the Camera

New glimpses in some of the world's oldest places.

Photos by courtesy Educational Films Corp.
Robert Bruce and his Great Dane finding out what the eagles see in the Great Northwest. Below in circle, a view of the Teton Mountains.

Shortly before Christmas Robert C. Bruce—and his dog—breezed into New York with some new “scenic game” bagged by their motion picture camera. They also brought with them a tale of a thrilling experience on the Cascade Mountains when a blizzard buried them on a slope of the Glacial Peak for over a week. The entire party owe their escape from freezing to death to a kindly thaw. The new series of Bruce pictures comprise picturesque views of the Yellowstone Park and Jackson’s Hole regions in the Rockies, as well as views in California, Oregon and Washington.
Soon he had her fastened securely in a big chair in her prison. "Now we'll see who's head of his family," he said, trying to bluster but Charlotte could not keep from grinning as he turned his back.
The Indestructible Wife

Otherwise called Charlotte—a sweet-scented cyclone who turned her husband into a cave man

By Jerome Shorey

It took about ten seconds, for the news that Charlotte was determined to penetrate to every corner of the parental abode. Even news from Charlotte seemed to possess some strange dynamic quality of its own, that made it travel without visible means of communication. For the three weeks since she married Jimmy Ordway the presence had been haven of rest. Now she was back again. It wasn’t that they didn’t all love Charlotte, and everyone from the stable-boy to Father Field himself would have fought to the finish anyone who dared utter the least word against her. But likewise, every one of those same persons would have been entirely willing to admit that Charlotte was, to put it mildly, wearing. Even in the midst of all the preparations for the wedding, there was a careless round of golf, riding, tennis, swimming, boating—a veritable field meet every day. And now, just when everyone was getting nicely rested up and normal, she was coming back.

Mrs. Field sighed. Her husband swore softly. The butler groaned. The grooms kicked savagely at the straw on the stable floors. And in the little living quarters and the garage the chauffeur chafed, belled himself to his wife and baby:

“What’s the idea, I’d like to know? Charlotte marries this Ordway guy, and we’ve got every right to suppose that’s the last of her, except for a visit now and then, and that wouldn’t be so bad. Kinda nice to have things livened up again from time to time. But here’s the honeymoon barely over, and back they come. Haven’t they got a home? It isn’t right. It isn’t fair to us.”

But Charlotte had decided to come, and everybody knew that was the last word. She had never yet failed to do exactly as she desired, and there was no reason to believe this would be an exception. So she came, catapulting herself into the bosom of her family accompanied by tons of baggage, a kennel of wolf-hounds she had picked up in her travels, a lot of new sporting paraphernalia, and last—and seemingly least—a very limp and tired husband.

She was the same Charlotte—a splendidly robust creature, radiant with life, tingling to her finger-tips with vitality, and yet, remarkable in so athletic a person, a dainty and dainty as the most doll-like of society’s pets. They were waiting for her in the living room. To welcome Charlotte out of doors was to take chances with one’s life.

“Hello, Mother,” she called from the doorway, and made a flying leap into the room. “I’m in, and Charlotte despises a waiting. I can’t let her see me falter. Boys, you must help me. It’s too big a job for one man.”

“My dear, you’ve a horse in relays,” Peter Brooks suggested. “Maybe we could wear her out that way. If we could just make her give up once, it might do the work.”

“Great idea,” the father of the young Amazon commented. “We’ll walk her with her, ride, swim, dance, climb, golf, polo—everything. We’ll start at eight in the morning and keep her at it all day. Horne, you take Tuesdays and Thursdays; Peter, Wednesdays and Fridays; I’m a pretty old bird for the game, but as her father I feel a certain responsibility, and I’ll undertake Mondays and Saturdays. And Jim, you’re her husband after all, and although you must be all in after the strenuous honeymoon, you must pull yourself together for the sake of appearances, and look after Sundays yourself. Perhaps you could persuade her to go to church.”

“I’ll do most work,” Jim said, pessimistically, “but I doubt it. I believe Charlotte has a dynamo concealed about her some place, and we’ll never conquer her until we cut the connection.”

There was a ring at the doorbell, and in a moment the butler came in.

“There’s a person at the door who wants to use the telephone,” he said.

“Let him use it,” said Mr. Field. A young giant, half nude in running togs, was ushered in. He was limping.

“Why, hello, Frank Brandy,” Jim called from the recesses of his chair.

“Hello, Jim. This is lucky,” the athlete responded. “I didn’t know you lived here. I’m in training over at the health farm for the Olympic games. I sprained my ankle down the road, and wanted to phone over for a machine to come and get me.”

“Never mind phoning. Sit down,” said Jim. “Brandy’s an old college friend of mine,” he explained, and introduced him to the others.

The same thought came to all of them in a flash, and four pairs of eyes focussed with intense interest upon the magnificent figure of the athlete.

“Brandy,” Jim began. “you’re an angel from heaven, sent in answer to our prayers.”

steak. And there was Julia Collins, Jim Ordway’s cousin, a pretty bit of fluty femininity as you could wish to encounter, with a pair of eyes so big and round and innocent that you either trusted her implicitly or suspected her instinctively, depending upon your knowledge of the species.

The members of the little house party looked from one to another in apprehension, and made no suggestion of how Charlotte was to be entertained. As for Jim, who was only her husband, he sank back wearily into a big chair, closed his eyes, and obviously was planted for the day.

“Slackers!” Charlotte hurled at them. “I see I’ve just got to wake you all up again. Anne, get on your riding things. Ann too, Bucks."

“I can’t ride a horse,” Julia protested plaintively.

“Never mind, dear heart, you’ll soon learn,” Charlotte replied. “Patmore,” she called to the butler, “phone over to the stables and have two live horses and a tame one ready in fifteen minutes. After lunch we’ll have a round of golf, and at four o’clock I challenge everyone to a swimming race. That’ll do for a starter,” and she was upstairs in three jumps, it seemed to the others.

The men, left to themselves, gathered around Jim and consoled with him. He only groaned.

“Have a drink,” his father-in-law suggested helpfully.

“I’ve had thousands,” Jim replied dolefully. “It doesn’t do any good. I’m all in, and Charlotte despises a weakness. I can’t let her see me falter. Boys, you must help me. It’s too big a job for one man.”

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Then he told the new arrival of the difficulties they were facing, and officially appointed Brandy the tamer of his wife.

"I haven't much time to fool around with women," Brandy objected. "I'm in training, and women tire too easily."

The others laughed raucously, and told him not to worry, as his training would not be interrupted, but rather intensified by the job that was facing him. They took turns massaging the sprained ankle, as solicitous over Brandy's condition as if he were a Derby favorite upon whom they had all wagered their last dollars. He was feeling fit again by the time Charlotte returned from her ride, accompanied by the breathless Anne and the much bedraggled Julia.

Charlotte stared at the statuesque stranger with undisguised admiration. And when she was told that he was a friend of Jim's and had been invited to join the house party, her glee was unbounded. In a breath she elicited the information that he could swim, ride, golf, play tennis, dance—do everything she wanted to do, and for which she had been unable to find a tireless partner.

"You splendid Hercules!" she exclaimed. "How wonderful to find a man who wants to be on the go!"

Before the afternoon was over, Brandy learned that what the men had told him was true. To be the athletic partner of Charlotte Field Ordway would not interrupt his training for the Olympic games. He beat her at golf by one hole, while the others had scores running well above a hundred. She beat him by an equally narrow margin in a race ten times around the swimming pool. And at tennis she declared that she lost only because she was hampered by her skirts, and said that the next day she would play him in men's togs and beat him.

The others were delighted. Jim returned to his rest, and Julia established herself as a sympathizer. Anne tucked herself away some place with Schuyler Horne. Peter and Mr. Field talked business and smoked innumerable cigars. Mrs. Field busied herself with the details of making everyone comfortable, and everybody was happy. And it was Brandy who still had energy for a game of billiards with Charlotte before dinner, and after dinner was ready to dance, when the other men sidled away and wouldn't even exert themselves so much as to wind the phonograph. But as the sound of the machine floated out through the open window to the veranda where Jim was reclining in the divan swing, the disencumbered husband expressed just the slightest doubt as to whether or not they hadn't played Brandy a little too strong.

"I only want Charlotte to get tired out," he said. "I don't want her to get tired of me."

"Cheer up," Schuyler reassured him. "She'll get tired of Brandy when she gets good and tired of her strenuous life."

And innocent little Julia, perched on the edge of the swing, whispered cursorily baby talk into the unhappy husband's ear.

That first day was a fair sample of every day of the following two weeks. Charlotte and Brandy set the pace and were constantly together. The others made a perfunctory show of trying to keep up and join in the diversions, but soon they abandoned even this attempt and settled down to enjoying themselves in their own way. Jim still declared that he had not yet recovered his breath from the breathless honey-

"Then you'll divorce Jim?" said little Julia, hopefully.
moon trip, while Anne and Schuyler Horne seemed entirely satisfied to be left to themselves, and Julia ministered tenderly to her weary cousin's wants. She was thus engaged when Brandy, leaving the house for a game of tennis with Charlotte, his soft shoes making no sound on the stairs, glanced into the living room, took in the scene with a grin, and passed on unseen.

It was innocent enough, or compromising enough, whichever way you looked at it. Jim was lying on a couch, insolently puffing away at a cigarette. Julia was sitting beside him, running her fingers through his hair and chattering her favorite language:

"Poor Jim! Judy can only sit at his feet and try to make him happy. Mean old Lottie, to keep a nasty punching bag where a nice girl has a dressing table."

Jim was just sufficiently sorry for himself to make no protest.

After a furious bout at the net, Brandy led Julia away to a bench for a breathing spell. He sat very close to her and she moved away. He edged closer again and slipped one arm about her shoulders. Charlotte jerked away and looked at him in amazement.

"Don't you dare start making love to me! Such impertricence!" she snapped.

"You shouldn't have stirred me up," he replied. "You're taking chances."

Julia stared at him again and laughed outright.

"As an athlete," she observed, "you're great, but as a Don Juan you're a big prune."

For reply Brandy picked her up by the waist and held her at arm's length.

"Now what can you do?" he laughed.

"This," Charlotte replied, and kicked him vigorously.

He dropped her and rubbed his shin ruefully. "You don't play fair," he complained.

And besides, the whole place is buzzing with gossip about you and me, and about Jim and Julia."

"Julia!" Charlotte sneered. "The idea! Jim wouldn't look at her. And besides, they are cousins, and grew up together."

"Wrong! Right," Brandy replied cynically. "Come and take a look at the cousins."

Brandy led the way to the house, and with his finger to his lips motioned Charlotte to peek through the portieres of the living room. Julia was still seated beside the weary Jim, and he was blowing "smoke kisses" to her. Little by little she leaned nearer and nearer to catch the smoke until their lips were almost touching. Enraged where Charlotte was standing it was impossible to tell whether they did or not. Jim's efforts to prevent this bit of baby vampire business were somewhat sluggish, to say the least. Julia was so restless Charlotte had seen enough. Followed by Brandy she stepped into the room. Jim was embarrassed but little Julia clung to his hand.

"Well, Brandy, here seems to be your chance," Charlotte said, bitterly. "Tell Jim what you told me a minute ago."

Brandy didn't care to be brought into the limelight so suddenly, but he bluffed it through.

"Well, it's like this," he said. "I'm crazy about Charlotte, and you seem to be about Julia. Why can't we fix it up?"

Jim sprang at Brandy, but Charlotte interposed.

"It's easy to see that Julia fascinates you," she said. "Brandy is merely proposing to take me off your hands in a perfectly legal way."

"Then you'll divorce Jim?" said little Julia, hopefully.

"No, she won't divorce me," Jim shouted. "Go to your room. You've started enough trouble already. And you get out of my house!" he shouted at Brandy.

The commotion awakened the somnolent household and the others came running in to learn the cause of the rumpus.

"I'm on the market," Charlotte announced. "Jim is tired of me. Anybody want to take a chance?"

Nobody knew just what it meant. It might be one of Charlotte's jokes, it might be a little quarrel, and it might be serious. But when Charlotte put it that way, there was nothing for the men to do but be gallant.

"You know I'm always at your service, Charlotte," Peter declared.

Schuyler Horne was about to make a similar avowal, but Anne jerked him back.

"I guess you know how I feel," Brandy said stubbornly, and advanced toward her as if to assert his prior claim.

(Continued on page 106)
Where Do We Ride from Here?

That noble animal, the horse, is not an invention of the films. The camera discovered, but did not create him. This statement is necessary to dispel a belief prevalent in cities of over 25,000 population, that "there ain't no such animal." It is well known to archaeologists that previous to the present, or gasoline age, and even as late as the steam age, the horse was known to exist, though lacking in most of the qualities he soon came to possess under development by producers of Western pictures. In fact, the horse was in a bad way until the first cowboy picture stars came to his rescue, dragged him out of obscurity, made him an institution, created a new world of romance, and put the movies on four feet.

What course picture history would have taken if some one had not discovered the horse, one can only guess. Without their equine features, the early dramas would have been much worse than "Hamlet" without Hamlet, ham and eggs without ham or eggs. New York without Broadway, the Republican party without Roosevelt, Boswell without Johnson, or an aquarium without fish.

It began in 1907 or 1908. When you are dealing with ancient history, what is a year more or less between friends? Absolute accuracy is impossible. The records are destroyed, if they were ever kept, and the films themselves have disappeared. Broncho Billy Anderson (real name Max Aronson) places the year of his first Western picture as 1908, and says he was the first to engage in this art, operating in the interests of Selig somewhere near Denver. But it was in June 1907, according to other authorities, that Selig released a strip of celluloid, 700 feet long, entitled "Western Justice," portraying a chase in the mountains, with cowboys as avengers. And even here Billy's claim to the discovery of the horse is possible in question by the fact that this same month Kalem divulged a creation in 880 feet, called "The Pony Express Rider," which told a thrilling tale of the plains. And still further back, in April of the same year, Edison primitized the life of Daniel Boone, with much Indian fighting, but this was history, fairly accurate, and does not count as pure drama.

Yet these were mere nebulous beginnings. The Western picture in all its glory did not come to a full blooming until George K. Spoor of Essanay, scenting possibilities in the horse and Broncho Billy placed in juxtaposition, engaged them both and began turning out a regular series of these productions in one reel and less. Curiously enough, the discovery so dwarfed the discoverer, that it was not until Nov. 11, 1911, that there is any record of the Lochinvar of the lens being actually starred. And the beginnings of stardom were of a timorous nature, the advertising looking something like this:

The Girl Back East
With G. M. Anderson

Soon the new country of romance, thus discovered and created, became the happy hunting ground of all the producers. In the spring of 1909, the releases for one month, ranging from 557 to 1000 feet dramas, contained these thrillers: "The Indian Trailer," Essanay; "In the Bad Lands," Selig; "The Cowboy's Sweetheart," Centaur; "Why the Mail Was Late," Lubin; "The Gold Prospector," Pathé; "The Pony Express," "The Plains," Vitagraph; "On the Western Frontier," Edison. What Kalem was doing that month is a mystery. The conservative claims set forth for these creations in the advertising might be worthy the consideration of the press agent of today. Thus did the Centaur company megaphone its offering: "The picturesque side of cowboy life in the field is shown, and there are many exciting pursuits, contests, and adventures both on horseback and afoot.

So much for ancient history. The type has persisted and developed. Today's heirs to all the virtues of the line are the William S. Hart, Roy Stewart and occasional Douglas Fairbanks classics of saddle and gun. The poor relations are the Bill Duncan serials and certain Universal rough-and-stumbles. There has been no break in the family tree. The popularity of the "Westerns" has never waned. Today the cowboy pictures are fewer in number than they were ten years ago, and by that same token a much smaller in proportion to the total output, but they continue to hold their place, if not at the top, at least quite close thereto. And why? Simply because the one domain which the camera has made distinctively its own, is that of the plains. Here the moving picture has created its own empire of its own. The story of the West and the Drama of the West are inextricably connected.

But the Western, per se, is a most important and interesting part of the moving picture story. It is an important part because it is vastly popular. It is an interesting part because its history and development contain many interesting phases. The Western is a drama of our own time, of our own life, and for our own benefit.

There are many phases and many developments of the Western. The Western as a drama of the plains is of yesterday; the Western as a drama of the cities is of today. The Western as a drama of the Indians is of yesterday; the Western as a drama of the ranch is of today. The Western as a drama of the cowboys is of yesterday; the Western as a drama of the city is of today.

The Western is a drama of our own time, of our own life, and for our own benefit. It is a drama of the plains, of the cities, of the Indians, of the ranch and of the cowboys. It is a drama of today, of yesterday and of the future. It is a drama of the American West, a drama of the American life, a drama of the American people, and a drama of the American ideal. It is a drama of the American past, present and future.
The West has been the photoplay's one realm of romance—will America's grand return to the sea provide another?

By Randolph Bartlett

when peace has been declared the Westerns will come back into their own. In Vitagraph, with western serials and Wolfville stories being turned out from week to week, the opinion is that the demand is as great as it ever was. The Metro report, on the other hand, is that the public wants Western scenes but is tired of cowboys and the "Eat-em-up-Jack" type of story. All the West means to Metro is outdoor scenery. So it goes. But the belief, prevalent in many quarters, that Westerns are doomed, is no new belief. In December, 1910, a letter appeared in a trade paper from an anonymous critic, who observed that two years before, he had incurred obloquy by referring to "Indian and cowboy pictures made in the peaceful wilds of New Jersey," and added:

"As Indian life neither today nor yesterday is or was what Longfellow would have us believe it to be, and as cowboy life is not, can not, and never will be at all romantic or picturesque, I again submit there are far, far too many of these pictures."

The objection answers itself. The public does not want realism, particularly that portion of the public which is the mainstay of the screen. It gets realism with the morning alarm clock, the pancakes and coffee, the crowded street cars and the high cost of living. It wants to be aided in forgetting this world and all that therein is. It wants to be told there is such a thing as heroism triumphant and villainy overcome. Just as Lord Dunsany established himself as one of the greatest of dramatic commentators on life by placing his scenes in mythical countries of his own creation so the photoplay has reflected the desires of its devotees by building an entire world of romance in the country.

The question now arises, how long shall the West remain the sole empire of romance which pictures have made distinctively their own? Where do we ride from here? All other forms of human expression have their cycles. All arts have their waves. If the flow of Western photoplays ever ebbs, what will its successor be?

The novel follows fashions almost as rigidly as do clothes. When Anthony Hope Hawkins wrote "The Prisoner of Zenda" he started something, and when George Barr McCutcheon wrote "Graustark" he hooted the snowball along quite considerably. Every pen-pusher from Chicago to Canton began writing stories concerning mythical kingdoms. Today you couldn't sell "Graustark" to the Saturday Evening Post.

Previous to that there was the flood of historical novels, represented at their best by Stanley J. Weyman. Even Conan Doyle gave Sherlock a week off and took a crack at the game in probably his best work, "The White Company" and "Auchinleck," now about forgotten because of the overwhelming popularity of his superhuman detective.

Nowhere does the tendency to follow styles appear more clearly marked than on the stage. Here one swallow assures a summer. Paul Armstrong, I believe it was, discovered the criminal, and with Wilson Mizner started a series of crook plays with "Alias Jimmy Valentine," unless the style could be said to have been set by Edward Sheldon's "Salvation Nell." Anyhow, crook plays had the call, and they ran their little race. Scarborough discovered vice, and for one season it was unsafe to go to the theatre without a gas mask. Margaret Mayo discovered the twin bed, and there followed a series of almost nearly risque comedies, to which the Hattons have been active contributors. And when the United States government discovered the German spy—good night nurse! This year the play on Broadway that does not support at least one guaranteed, personally conducted spy, hides its lights like a chorus girl caught wearing cotton hose. There has been little evidence of corresponding cycles in moving pictures. Perhaps there have been recurrent waves but the scope of the photoplay is so encyclopedic

Clarke's, now about forgotten because of the overwhelming popularity of his superhuman detective.

That in the great volume of productions these have not been prominent. The society melodrama, for example, we have always with us, but it is impossible to point to any certain season in which these were more prevalent than at any other time. So with the business drama, the crook story and the pastoral comedy. Only the stream of Westerns persists year after year, and what star has not, at one time or another, launched his shallop on that swift current? Douglas Fairbanks started his career with one of them, "The Lamb," and has returned to them frequently. Harold Lockwood, William Russell, Wallace Reid, Thomas Meighan, Robert Warwick, Henry Walthall—they have all had their fling. And what actress has not, at one time in her career, appeared as a dance hall girl? Even Geraldine Farrar fell for one of these this year, and if Mary Garden had stayed with the game a little longer, she undoubtedly would have been seen as a Faro Nell.

But still the question, where do we ride from here? Are Abana and Pharpain dry? (Continued on page 109)
THE First Time
I Saw Bill Hart,
Off the Screen,
Had that
Kind of
Let-down Feeling—
You Know—
The Way we All Felt
The Morning
After November 17,
You See, I was Used to him
In those Western Togs—
Sombrero,
Chaps,
And Red, Red Shirt,
With a Gun in Each Hand.
And when I Saw him—
He was Bill Hart, all Right—but
In Plain Clothes,
And Peaceful;
He Wore
Collars and Cuffs,
And Used Good Grammar.
It was Like Discovering
Every-day Words like
"is" and "and"
In a Poem by Service.
"We're Going
To Take Some Scenes here,
Tomorrow,"
He Said, after a while:

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the
transfer-point for players on their
fittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change
trains at, in the sad, mad scramble
of luggage and lunch between, run
up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

"Wanta Comealong?"
"You Bet," I Told him.
Well, the Next Day
Everything was All Right.
There he was
In his Western Outfit,
And Looking like himself.
They were Going
To Sneak the Scenes, so
Everybody in Chicago
Wouldn't be Hanging Around.
There was
E. H. Allen, Mr. Hart's Manager—and
Lambert Hillyer,
Hart's Director—
Who didn’t Really
See Why
I Had to Come along—
And Joe August,
The Kid who Turns the Crank
For all Bill's Pictures; and
According to Bill,

The Best in the Business.
But
If Bill Hart
Wanted to Sneak
Any Scenes,
He'd Better have Gone
Someplace
Where they don't Have Picture-Shows;

Not
Chicago, where
Bill Hart's Sombrero
Is as Familiar
As that Crayon of Grandpa
Over the Parlor Mantelpiece.
We Rode Alone
Sheridan Road.
Hunting
A Location,
And Passed Lincoln Park.
And the Lagoon.
And there was a Boat
Anchored there.
And the Name on it was
"Hello Bill."
It wouldn't have Taken so Long
For the Scenes, if
The Kids hadn’t
Clogged the Camera.
Pretty Soon
The People Began
To Sop, and Point,
And the Girls would All Giggle.
Somebody Wanted to Know
If I was "his Daughter, or
Who I Was;
Well, that Started It.
Bill Thought
I Ought to Have
Some Stick Candy, and
A Doll,
We had our Picture Taken
Over in Grant Park.
You Know, Folks,
I Had mine Taken
Once Before, with
Wallie, and Tom Meighan.
And at the Time
I Said Never Again—
And Meant it, too.
But Bill
Looked so Funny
With that Doll,
I thought it'd be a Shame
Not to Let You
See him, too.
I Never
Take a Good Picture, anyway.
But
I Fooled Bill:
I Ate the Candy,
He Really Wanted it
Himself.

We had our picture taken—
A head-line we would like to see: "Charles Spencer Chaplin; all rights reserved, including translation into the Scandinavian."

Speaking of the universality of Chaplin's appeal—that hat, that cane, those shoes have been translated into every language; and now the Chinese. "The Oriental caricature of the comedian is contributed by Chai Hong, stylized "the Chinese Chaplin" by the L. Ko comedy company for which he performs. We concede the title, refusing to commit Mr. Hong to the category of imitators which includes Billie West, et al.

By the way, where is Billie?

Doug's publicity man sent the above with the proud caption, "And this is what they say about the one and only Doug in Scandinavia." No, neither can we; but it is doubtless an ingeniously worded inducement to Stockholm picture-goers to come on in and see the best-known athlete. The portrait is a virile futuristic conception of Doug—or mebbe that's art, in Scandinavia. The clipping is an advertisement from the Svenska Dagbladet, of Stockholm, Sweden, reprinted in the Motion Picture World.

At right—Scene from "A Perfect Thirty-Six." The coincidence that the camera man who, while shooting this dry-goods store set, got in line with a clothing dummy, has nothing to do with the success of the picture; it's Mabel Normand who plays the title role. Rod La Roque is the assiduous young-prince-charming, in silks who is going to startle Mabel from her calm—not by proposing to her, but by letting her in on the joke.
Br-r-r-r-r-r!
The Villain!

But you spell it with "u,” for this is the annals of a dark light heavy

in almost every good society drama. He wants the Girl, but she shudders when he
kisses her, on the arm. He has a scrap with the husky hero, over the heroine's
honor, which is at stake, in which he is so badly bruised as to be totally unrec-
ognizable. In the excitement of the final clutch, he is forgotten. But in a week
or two he turns up again, in another picture, apparently none the worse for
it all.

Or he’s a lounge lizard; or a careless cad; or a he-vamp. He’s the cringing
cracksman who really robbed the safe, but lets the blame fall on The Boy,
until, pursued by visions, he confesses and expiates—the last we see of
him is in a closeup, through the bars. Sometimes he is a poor innocent
sinner, who never had a chance; who nobly suffers for another's crime,
and dies, usually, in the last reel.

Not a happy life. You might almost pity him. But Eugene Burr,
the particular dark-complexioned light heavy of whom we are speaking,
is representative of his craft; and we know he gets paid for
having a mean disposition.

Burr made his film debut with Lasky, in the early days of that
famous troupe. He supported such illustrious lady-stars as Laura
Hope Crews, Geraldine Farrar, Charlotte Walker, and Fannie Ward.
He went to Universal, for a serial. Then he free-lanced for a while,
finally landing at Culver City, where for the past year, he has per-
formed for Triangle. A list of his pictures there includes: "The Painted Lily,”
Master,” and "Irish Eyes.” In "Old Hartwell's Cub,” the filmization of a
prize-winning scenario in the Triangle's PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE contest.
Burr was a city-feller who coaxed the unsuspecting country-girl from
home. He does this in every other picture.

He was working with the Alma Rubens company in the
role of Oliver Sloane,” in Cosmo Hamilton's story
"Marriage,” when Miss Rubens was seized
with appendicitis. During the illness
of the star, Burr is doing Jerry Hen-
derson, in Charles Neville Buck's
"The Bear Cat.”

Burr was on the stage at the
age of eight. At fifteen he
put on burnt cork and beat a
tambourine as end "man” in
Harry Ward's minstrels. "I
doubled in the band,” says
Burr, "by twirling a baton
in front of the parade, at
eleven o'clock rain or
shine.” Now he likes pic-
tures so well he intends to
stay with them, as a subtle
villain, until they get so high-
brow, that the fans no longer relish
the eternal encounter between virtue
and villainy. "But that time,” con-
cluded Burr, "is a long way off.”

The Original Alibi Kid

The action has started, and the saffron-painted star is slowly
entering her palatial library. The director is speaking,
meanwhile crouching just back of the cameras. The head
camera man as he grinds glances nervously up at the top of
the scene, where the electricians are centering their spot-
lights on the yellow-hued star. Then his gaze, still worried,
swings back to the director—and back with a jerk of the
head to the players, now reaching the climax of their scene.
He is thinking up his alibi. Three days later in the studio
projection room the director yells, "My God, what is the mat-
ter with that scene?” For the young and beautiful actress
looks like a leopard. Her neck and shoulders resemble a map
of the Thousand Islands. Someone is to blame. The scene
must be retaken. Where is that camera man? He comes up
to the group and is actually smiling. He is almost gleeful.
"Miss Star,” he says genially, "I was afraid of this all the time
we were shooting that scene. Your freckles were only thinly cov-
ered by your make-up and they photographed right through it.”
A New China Doll

Who opens and shuts its eyes and says a lot more than “Mamma” and “Papa”

By Delight Evans

CHINA always has been misunderstood. Most of us have a vague idea of the Flowery Kingdom—a sort of chop-suey of weird music on cymbals, gorgeous-coated conjurers in vaudeville, long finger-nails, and Thomas Burke. We are apt to forget that China, while picturesque, has sprung some of the biggest practical surprises in history. China, for instance, discovered printing and concocted puzzles. If it weren’t for China we might never have thought of tea. Still, it remained for Lady T’-en Mei—silent T. If you please—to establish China, once and for all, as the place where China comes from—particularly China dolls.

T’sen Mei herself, a black-banged doll from Canton, is China’s most charming surprise and ingenious puzzle. A China doll with a Made-in-America tag. Daughter of a Chinese mandarin, she is college-bred, a professor of medicine, a musician, and a mimic. And now, a movie star. You have to hand it to China.

T’sen Mei might just as well have been a native of Chicago, for early in life she adopted the Windy City’s slogan, “I Will!” America furnished the filip that brought this China doll to life.

Born in Canton, T’sen Mei might never have escaped the traditional lethargy of her race, had not her father, when she was twelve, been sent to America on a diplomatic mission. Tsen Mei accompanied him. In Washington, she lived the life of an American girl. She studied with an American tutor. Unconsciously she compared the life of the American girl and the mandarin’s daughter. She brought the western ideas back with her to Canton. Soon she found the old life intolerable. She decided that she would be American just so far as she dared. You may be wondering how in Canton a high-caste Chinese girl could so far over-ride the conventions of her caste as to have a few ideas of her own. And imagine the mandarin’s consternation when his daughter announced her intentions of getting out and earning her own living. But the mandarin had to cope with her rebellious spirit since babhood. He wasted no words: simply let her have her own way.

First, Tsen Mei forced him to teach her all he knew of medicine, learned at an American college. By the time she had attained her majority, she had become a full-fledged physician. This was unheard of in China, but Tsen Mei had become so accustomed to doing the unusual thing that she was quite undismayed, and answered all protests with a simple announcement that she was sailing at once for America, to complete her education.

Influence was brought to bear and Lady Tsen Mei arrived in New York under the protection of distinguished countrymen who arranged for her to enter Columbia University. There the China doll buckled down to hard work, and obtained her A. B. She went to the University of Pittsburgh and won her M. A. degree.

But instead of practicing medicine, Tsen Mei again became restless and made up her mind to go on the stage. Just like that—“I believe I’ll go on the stage,” she remarked carelessly one day. And no sooner said than put into execution. She took up music again: studied just as faithfully at scales as she had at skeletons, and was finally pronounced by her teachers to be ready for a professional appearance. And so Lady Tsen Mei sang.

(Continued on page 103)
HAD David Lane not married Yvonne, then there would be no story to tell. But so long as the prettiest and most chic maids from the south of France persist in meeting good-looking young American artists—then there will be stories—or we burst.

Just as though David Lane wouldn't have married Yvonne! Even the ghost of the thought is absurd, once you know of Yvonne—and David's love for her.

It was shortly after the young American had established himself in the Latin Quartier to find out what the old world knew of art that his genius hadn't taught him (rather, what it had hidden from him), that he met the French girl. She was a flower-girl, and although David was attracted by the blossoms, their attractiveness wilted the instant he observed to whom he was to pay the money.

One glance led to another and first thing the folks about the Quartier knew, the young American had the girl posing for him—an honor long desired by many of the artists, but never realized. Yvonne guided David to the open country and showed his artist soul the unpainted pictures of rural France. And followed a summer of romance and courtship—and a little painting. Friendship led into love, and love into marriage.

Now it seems that every time a story is spun about two young persons who get married, or who are determined to get married, the inevitable ogre is introduced in the form, usually, of that imp—Parental Opposition. This time the ogre took the form of David Lane's father, who couldn't understand, having lived thirty years since he had done the same thing, why a youth will make such a fool out of himself as to spoil his career by early marriage. After the honeymoon blossomed an idyll that would never end, so long as the kaiser's gang kept out of France.

Then came a cable from the United States, telling David to return home immediately as his mother was seriously ill.
Yvonne was filled with a vague uneasiness at his leaving. David nearly missed the train bound for the channel in giving her the assurance of his speedy return.

When David told his father of his marriage he waited expectantly for the great outburst that did not come. The father, though greatly angered, swallowed his wrath and only said: "I don't think we had better tell your mother. In her condition they might prove unfortunate."

Meanwhile, nervously, David was attempting to tell about his wife. "I met her when I first went over. A dark-eyed native from the south of France. Vivacious and intellectual. You should hear her amazing attitudes on art."

But hardly had he finished his awkward plea for justification when the father had walked heavily out of the room. He had abruptly decided that the marriage would not be sanctioned. He would see his attorneys. He would treat the French girl as she doubtless deserved.

"A silly infatuation," he told the lawyer that afternoon. "This boy will soon forget. Notify your Paris representatives at once. Which was done, as Yvonne soon learned.

While David was in America waiting the recovery of his mother, eager to return to Yvonne, she received a call from strange attorneys in Paris. With her went Pierre—of the underworld—a rough-cast apache whose one good energy was a love for Yvonne—a love that had begun almost before that of David's. For a long time Pierre had yearned for Yvonne from a distance but with David's departure he became more arrogant and insistent. Yvonne treated his attentions with cold disdain, but did not overlook the fact that he was the one person, outside of David, who would do much for her, if the need came.

Pierre had repeatedly attempted to decry the faithfulness of David, long before he had left even and now that he was gone seemed to await avidly for the time when the girl would find that he was unfaithful.

Thus it happened that when she was summoned to appear before the lawyers, Pierre, who feared they would not give her a square deal, went along. Yvonne was met by an icy representative of the law who informed her that David Lane's parents had ordered them to ask her to withdraw her claim on David. "Unless you do this your husband will be disowned," she was told.

At first the girl was inclined to fight, but when the attorney added that David sanctioned his parents' attitude, then she broke down—while Pierre glared slyly at the legal icebox before them.

There was a brief moment of disbelief. But the imperturbable eyes of the attorney as Yvonne stared hopefully at him, did not seem to be lying. She turned to go and the attorney called after her.

"Then you relinquish your claim to your husband?"

But her interrogator might have been a puny archaeologist, shouting questions at the Sphinx for all the answer he received. The attorney was quite out of Yvonne's mind, too trivial to consider. The situation was growing more impossible each moment, she assured herself, passing out of the building. Then she told Pierre, who was secretly enjoying the realization that the American had proven fickle. The child would arrive shortly, and then . . .

Pierre, overwhelmed by the news, now melted into honest concern. Yvonne became hysterical and pleaded with Pierre as her only friend, to stay by her. Later she crouched in a dark corner of the studio, staring dully at the familiar things about her. David's old pipe, a Yankee corncob, lay cold and dead on a baseboard of an abandoned easel. Yvonne shivered. She must be leaving, now that David was through with her—them.

Yvonne did not survive the grotesque motherhood, but left a girl-image who was to find it exceedingly difficult to preserve her beautiful inheritance in the environment of Pierre and his people. But Pierre made good his promise—technically, at least. He took charge of the infant, and after the pignorance of Yvonne's death had passed, was able to think in professional numbers, and to plan for the girl's 'career.'

As time passed the wily apache learned all that he had suspected, regarding the real condition of the desertion by David. When Yvonne was alive he did not admit his suspicion but of David was not to blame. And now that she was dead, he intended to find out. Finding out, he kept the secret from her.

His mother now on the road to health after a seeming unending illness, David boarded ship for England. His father, still silent as to the course he had quietly taken on the marriage, bade him goodbye, feeling in his monstrous ignorance that the youth was well rid of a non-essential to his career and happiness.

Arriving in Paris, David hurried to the Latin quarter only to be met by a darkened studio, and, later, Pierre. He, robbed the apache of the arm and demanded to know where Yvonne was.

The pickpocket leered at him slyly. "Dead," he said, crudely. "Did you expect her to be well and happy after you had thrown her aside?"

David's fingers clutched the Frenchman's throat and he muttered with a shriek in his voice: "Dead? What killed her?"
Fool!” whispered Pierre, now released and rubbing his throat. And he told him of the coming of the daughter. Then indeed was David overcome by supreme sorrow, anger.

“Where is my daughter?” he demanded.

Now Pierre was suddenly silent. He did not intend giving up the little girl, inasmuch as he had already made extravagant plans for her future. She was to become the greatest pickpocket in the underworld. So he shook his head. “She is dead also!”

Then the pickpocket slunk away, suggesting that he call on his father’s Paris attorneys.

Information was what David wanted, demanded—demanded to know why this had been kept from him; and if his father had been meddling. A jabbering, excited lawyer, trying to smother the rising fire within the American’s heart, said: “Your father thought you’d soon forget.”

Soon forget! . . . The utter imbeciles. . . . His father must have been mad to cut them apart as he had. And to think that Yvonne had died, thinking him indifferent. After lingering over a weed-covered grave, David locked some memories in his heart, and vowing to never marry again, returned listlessly to America.

Oblivious to the lure of any finer way of living, placid and unquestioning, the child of Yvonne and David Lane became a picturesque and whimsical part of the Paris underworld. Under the coaching arm of Pierre, she learned the many secrets of apache existence. From babyhood up she had been dressed in the garb of the masculine sex. And there were none to even suspicion that under the smutty, ragged man-clothes shimmered the fair white skin of a girl as beautiful and as classic as her mother.

And when she had reached the age of seventeen she met Kent Carew, a young American art student, adopted son of David Lane, a student in his father’s old studio. And as is the way in this diminutive old world of ours, he stumbled, first thing, over Toton, daughter of his father. He had hired her as his guide and upon reaching for a coin to pay her with, a small American flag dropped out of his pocket. The girl was instantly aroused. “Bah!” she sneered. “Keep your money. It would bring a curse!”

Kent was smugly puzzled. Thus did Toton champion the distrust for Americans which Pierre had craftily imbued within her through her childhood. For he feared that some day one of them would come and lure her away from him. So he taught her to always treat the American artists with suspicion.

Kent tried to make the girl explain her reasons for the strange action, but she tossed a burned-out cigarette to the pavement and walked off. Kent threw the coin at her feet. And later, when he saw her opening the pocketbook of an innocent bystander at a news stall, he grabbed her arm.

“You’re just a thief,” he admonished frankly. “But I am going to make a man of you.” Then, leading the girl toward his studio entrance, he went on. “I am going to need someone to clean up my place and be generally useful. It may not be very nice work but it is better than picking pockets.”

Toton went with Kent, not because she was impressed by the opportunity to be honest, but out of curiosity.

Once the two had become really acquainted, however, Toton grew to like him and Kent to like her; though, naturally enough, he was bewildered by the dawn of her affection for him. As time passed she cared less and less for the crudity of apache existence and more and more for the finer, cleaner life of this American. Perhaps it was the haunting ghost-presence of her mother that made Toton so at ease about the studio; at any rate she soon came to forget that she was bound to Pierre and his ways of iniquity. The real nature of the girl fused to the surface under the gentle, unconscious encouragement of the good-blooded American. As the months passed a splendid friendship sprang up between them. During his long stretches of work on his canvases, Kent found great amusement and diversion in the chattering of Toton, who
lounged about on pieces of furniture never intended to be sat upon, putting gracefully, femininely, on cigarettes and speaking of the quarter characters as though each of them owed her money. There was a marked artistic appreciation alive within the Toton’s head, and that was distinctly not alien in its qualities. He could imagine the feel of sensitive fingers tracing marvelous lines and touching bewitching shadows onto dead canvases. Yet, paradoxically, Toton was not inclined to take Pierre’s face darkened. He sensed the truth. “The damned American, eh?”

“Perhaps, cheri?” she retorted. “A fine fellow, for sure.” She thought quickly and then decided. “I just came back to tell you that I’m through with this life, Pierre.”

Toton looked slowly about her and although the place and the faces were all familiar, she did not feel a spark of regret over giving them up. “I—I have decided that I won’t steal any more,” she said slowly, earnestly.

The pickpocket leered at her angrily. “Don’t tell me why,” he said excitedly. “It’s that artist. As though I had never said a word to you about their perfidy. As though I had never warned you that the artists who come here are as deadly as poison!”

Toton smiled blandly at him, as he held his head close to her face, shadowed under the pliquant cap that hid glorious bobbed hair. His maledictions had no effect on her. She turned and would have gone, but Pierre called to her and she waited for him just outside. He wished to try and hold her—Toton, the super-pickpocket, the midas-fingered of all the apaches.

She now looked at Pierre with repugnance where used to hover amused toleration, lyric acceptance of the looseness of his ilk. “Listen to me,” he muttered. And then he told his story of Toton’s genesis. It was not a pretty story as he told it—neither pretty nor true. That she was astounded goes without saying. And all the while Pierre had engendered against David Lane for having stolen his heart’s desire went into painting this story a fearful mal- ediction against the American artists. For Pierre was making a last stand in his fight to retain the girl in his gang.

Pierre told of his love affair with Yvonne, justifying it and painting the American, whom he did not name, as the intruder who had turned the girl’s head from real affection. Then of the marriage, the departure for America, the amazing desertion and murder, the birth of Toton and the death of her mother.

After a long silence, Toton addressed Pierre. “Do you think, Pierre—that, had my father known me, he would have loved me?”

Pierre, his tongue now well oiled for deceit, spoke fiercely. “Had he known you? He did know you!” But can you say he loved you when he returned to France and looked right into your baby face as you lay in your cradle, and then walked out and went back to America, knowing that by leaving you here in my care you would necessarily be subjected to the greatest of hardships? That was his love!”

Toton was aghast. This turned her mock-hatred into something nearer the real. Yet, as she walked slowly out—still determined to go—she fought off any tendency to put David in the class with her father.

In the early summer of 1914, David Lane returned to France. He had come to paint his greatest masterpiece in the quiet and seclusion of a chateau. Moreover, astounding his colleagues in art, he was to work without a model. “From memory,” he said tersely, and a little sadly. And his friends waited for the completion of this masterpiece. Not even the rumblings of the generating European war could detract him from his obsession. For, as he worked, Imperial Germany was spinning the hemp that was four years later to hang itself.

Kent was overjoyed to see his father, of course, and took Toton along with him to the country place. Toton was not particularly eager to go, for she veered away from Americans, other than Kent. And with David Lane were a group of his countrymen, all artists. Deep in Toton’s heart burned a vague desire to harm these men in some way, in the hopes that it would relieve her accumulating hatred against the clan of her (Continued on page 108)
If after working sixteen hours at a stretch you received a call for 5:30 a.m. the next morning.

And after waiting five hours for the director to appear, he dismissed the company because the light was bad.

And you deserted the downy couch at 4:30 a.m. so as to be at the studio on time.

Then upon arriving home and settling yourself very comfortably you received a call to come to the studio that night to work under the lights.

And when you arrived found nobody there but the night watchman.

And when you got there the electrician said, “no work tonight. Lightless night!!”

Then would you still want to be a screen player?
Me
By Nell Shipman

All my life I have wanted to write a press story about myself containing all the personal pronouns I could possibly squeeze into it. It has ever been my determination to type the little I's and the big I's until the printers ran out of 'em. Modesty has kept me from accomplishing my desire until now—when I have been asked to write an autobiography. I assure you that I do not intend to neglect this opportunity. Out with you little I's and big I's! For once I can type all the I's of Me!

I haven't a hope that the I's will be printed. A manager, a press agent, an editor, a proof reader, a blue pencil, and a pair of shears will see to that but, in the meanwhile, I shall enjoy I.

Memories

In an autobiography, one must always begin with one's memories. My earliest recollection of I is of hiding behind a trunk in an attick and planning my own funeral with all the details of white flowers, black-plumed hearse, and mourning relatives. Said relatives having denied me the bliss of climbing on the roof or eating green apples I, in revenge, had up and died! Then, I realized that I would not be in personal attendance at my own funeral and the heaped ashes and grief of the cruel relatives would be wasted upon cold clay—so I decided to live. I have been glad of it ever since.

My second memory is of a dusty, sun-scorched road in an Indian village, way up the Alaskan coast where my father grew a salmon cannyon. There was a dog fight—a mere matter of some dozen or so large, ferocious, fish-fed, he-dog Huskies. Into the snarling, snarling mess of dog walked—I. When my family approached to collect a few souvenirs they found me sitting in the center of the meeting, my arms encircling two of the Huskies while I delivered a pacifist sermon upon the evils of warfare.

From these two remembrances I attribute two clauses in my contract with myself: viz.: an ability to work myself up into an emotion, and sob large, juicy tears in 60 seconds (record studio time) and a profound love for canines, be they pets or performers.

"My dream," says Nell Shipman, "is that someday I may go up into Canada . . . and make big human outdoor pictures."

Above and below: Miss Shipman in two "outdoor" characterizations.

There are Eyes of Blue;
There are Brown Eyes, too—
Yet the I's I see
Are the I's of Me!

I was born in Victoria, B. C. (that stands for British Columbia, not a date in Ancient History). My people are English and were Pioneers. They came to Victoria late in the '80's, armed with tents, cook stoves, spinning wheels, bowie knives and six-shooters, determined to wrest a living from the Redman at all hazards.

Of course, the only Redman they saw was a tenderfoot who had got sunburned, and the cook stoves and tents had to be exchanged for a steam-heated apartment, but Dad made the spinning wheel into a bicycle, and the hardware looked nice on the walls of the den, so that was all right.

Then came I—October (dash dash). When I was thirteen I got the Bug—the Stage Bug. My mother, a sensible woman, forgot the Family Tree, locked up the Crested Plate, and said, "Go to it." I went to a dramatic school, where I pursued the Bug for six months at the end of which time I caught him by the tail as he whisked through Seattle in the shape of a show which had lost its Leading Lady. No—I was not dashed to fame in the lost one's place, but the ingenue was promoted and I got the ingenue job. Also $20.00 a week and experience. The show was called "At Yale," and Paul Gilmore was the star. I tackled vaudeville later on, playing a minor song and dance part in a musical act. Then I joined a musical comedy company. I got my first real experience with a "Rep" show which played three night and week stands through the great North West. "Them was the days!" I was fifteen years old but so tall that I outgrew the soubrette parts and played all the leads. In one week I have been "Camille," "Sappho," "Zaza," "Young Mrs. Warrington" and "La Belle Marie." I would study one character, rehearse another, and play the third. When I was sixteen I went to Alaska at the head of a company of my own. (There should be a sub-title inserted here to read, "Sixteen—and a Star!"") Returning to the States I was starred in a plot written for me, called, "The Girl from Alaska." Finally I was given "Necia" in Rex Beach's play, "The Barrier." My first part in pictures was "The Woman" in "God's Country and the Woman," a part very similar to "Necia."

In the lapse of time between stage and screen, I learned to write scenarios. My first one got a prize. The following dozen did not. I wrote the first picture to be produced in Australia and spent a month in the New York Public Library, getting atmosphere. "Under the Crescent," which appeared as a book, a serial, and a song, took two months' study. During this
The Terrible Consequences

By Justin Fair

I'm never going to take my wife to movies any more,
The consequences of the habit really I deplore;
I used to go quite frequently, most ev'ry other night;
But patronizing cinemas has caused this sorry plight:

My life is ruled by standards of the moving picture screen—
The moods my Missus cultivates depict a movie queen;
She wears her hair like Pickford, and she has a Bara stare;
She dresses some like Barriscale, and has Mac Murray's air:

She smiles like Alice Brady, and affects Pearl White's blase;
She has the Castle walk down pat, and mimics Minter's way;
When scornful, she delights to hand me Dalton's wide-eyed look,
My house is like a studio, my life reads like a book.

When she is vexed at trifles, as Petrova she appears,
And when, egad!—she's jealous, she pulls Virgie Pearson tears;
Her heart and soul, I fear, are most emotionally wrung.
For frequently she favors me with Clara Kimball Young!

Envoy:

But in retaliation I have planned a vengeance neat.
I'm going to copy Sennett and hurl custard at my Sweet;
I'm going to muss up scenery till my career is nipped.
And life around my hut ain't like a moving picture script!
Who Made America Musical?—For the answer, read the opening paragraph of the argument below

By Hugo Riesenfeld

and I have not thought it worth while to debate for a moment whether America is or is not musical. There is no doubt about it. For ten years, unconsciously, they have been hearing Verdi, Bizet, Tosti, Sullivan, Nevin, Puccini, Offenbach—every man, Italian, French, English or American—who has written music worth while. And, just as unconsciously, the American people are demanding music of that standard today in every situation that requires melody.

The majority of these educators of a great people have been humble young women not even proficient as solo performers. Individually, they can hardly hope to get their names into the local papers unless they marry or die; collectively, their influence is greater, their teaching far more enduring, than the influence or teaching of the greatest conductor, the most celebrated composer, the most sensational virtuoso, who ever came to American shores. With their violins, their pianos or their pipe organs, they have put enough real music before the American people to create a national appetite for real music as well as our beloved domestic product of rhymed discords, "Jazz." This, you might say, is primary education.

In every large city, in the last few years, the finer motion picture houses have established orchestras; orchestras frequently close to genuine symphonic structure, and very creditably conducted, with their numbers interspersed with high-class singing.

This, you might say again, is college education.

And what a college education! What the brave but isolated concert orchestras of the country have been trying to do for America for years, the photoplay orchestras, playing every night and every afternoon to great popular-priced audiences, seem destined to bring about: namely, an understanding not only of real music, but of real music in its very finest form.
When her aunt didn't believe in her talent for impersonation she donned widow's weeds, a veil, a cracked voice—and fooled the household. Then she was helped in her quest of a manager. And did the manager give her a job? He did not.

YOU never can tell about a moving picture camera. You've heard how it can make a famous stage beauty lose her self-possession and pile on twenty years. Then photograph a very ordinary-looking flapper to look like a million dollars. The camera lies—and lies.

However, this is a pleasant story—the story of a little girl to whom the camera was not cruel, but kind. Kathleen Emerson came from Port Huron (Michigan). Those of you who know Port Huron will not wonder why Kathleen came from there. Port Huron boasted a screen or two; and Kathleen used to spend all the time she could steal from school in a picture show, watching wide-eyed the animated anthology of events and emotions. This alliteration did not, however, confuse Kathleen as it might confuse you and me—Kathleen made up her mind right at the start—she would be a movie star!

With Kathleen, her ambition was as good as realized. She visited her aunt and uncle in Chicago. Scrammaging one day among old trunks in the attic, she found an old black gown and widow's veil. She dressed herself up and raged at the front door. In a cracked voice she told the maid she was the poor old woman who had lost her husband and her son and needed work. She succeeded in gaining admittance, and told the story over again to her aunt, coaxing large salt drops to that good lady's eyes. Then Kathleen, dramatically revealing herself, confessed her predilection for pursuing this sort of thing as a profession; and when her aunt proved genuinely-sympathetic, visioned herself on the screen in character parts, in 1909.

Kathleen and her aunt visited a certain producer. He regarded Kathleen kindly. "You would be an excellent screen subject," he remarked; "except—" pausing—"for your eyes. One's blue, and one's brown. The camera would take the brown one dark; blue photographs light. It wouldn't do, you see."

Kathleen, as she listened, saw all her beautiful dreams crumbling to dust and herself journeying back to Port Huron. "Let's—let's go," she said to her aunt.

But it wasn't very long before resilient youth asserted itself. Kathleen decided to try again. The next time they let her have some tests made. And—the camera caught Kathleen's brown eye and Kathleen's blue eye and registered them the same—both dark, sparkling, and beautiful. The camera, captivated, had lied; but, in lying had really told the truth about Kathleen.

She served a brief apprenticeship at Essanay Extras. She used to practice crying, going back and forth from the Argyle Street studios.

Then—D. W. Griffith came to Chicago. Kathleen met him;—confided to him her stellar ambitions.

D. W. gave her a contract to play in his Fine Arts-Triangle productions. Kathleen came west; became Colleen Moore; played in "The Bad Boy," with Bobby Harron; and in "Hands Up!" with Wilfred Lucas.

Then came the pause in Colleen's career. Griffith went abroad. Kathleen continued to draw her salary. For six months. But there was nothing for her to do. She became restless;—dissatisfied. She wanted to work.

So when Colonel Selig, wondering where he could find a girl to typify the heroines of James Whitcomb Riley, came across Colleen, he asked her to sign a contract with him. Colleen Kathleen jumped at the chance and right into popularity as the heroine of "A Hoosier Romance." Next she will be "Little Orphant Annie."

Colleen is seventeen. She is convent-bred; has boundless ambition, burnished-brown hair, and considerable talent for sculpture and painting. It is still rather inexplicable to her family that she can so ably counterfeit the emotions of a girl in love, grief, or adversity. For Kathleen herself has led an almost sequestered life, and seems to manage her characterizations rather on intuition than observation or experience. She isn't a bit concerned about it—except that she's always known she could act if given a chance.

She lives in Hollywood with her mother and grandmother, and right now between pictures, she is enjoying with the two of them a motor trip through Southern California.

Inasmuch as Colleen-Kathleen is much like any other normal little girl, occupied principally with being herself, there's not much else to say—except that if there's any superstition concerning different colored eyes, it's that the person possessing them is sure, just sure to succeed.
What We Eat!

Through the educational motion picture we are learning more and more about foodstuffs.

By E. O. Blackburn

In 1870, during the Franco-Prussian war, Napoleon III offered a great prize to anyone who would produce a substitute for butter, which commodity was alarmingly scarce.

Meges Mouries, a great French chemist of that period, experimented with cauli fat (taken from beef) and discovered the presence of butterfat. With this he mixed vegetable oils and milk and eventually produced the first oleomargarine.

What, you are dying to ask, has all this to do with motion pictures?

A great deal—today. People are being told all there is to be known about oleomargarine—by motion pictures. They are being instructed in its utter cleanliness and food values so that they who must economize may buy butter equivalents without feeling that they are cheating their stomach or endangering their health.

It is propaganda—there goes that word again—propaganda of the finest sort. Progressive men of the food-producing industry and progressive men of the educational and industrial film industry are joining hands and ingenuity toward showing the consumer what it is he is eating.

This is but one more of the great whitecaps on the wave of educational film progress. That people are interested in knowing what they are eating was realized as early as those quaint days when your favorite vaudeville house preambled their bill with a hundred foot flickerfilm showing salmon-fishing off the New England coast.

Today, the source of food forms a great field of educational motion picture material. The producers of foodstuffs, proud of the quality of their food, are eager to show the people what they are offering. They are coming to know that the impressive way to prove to the public that their article is meritorious is to show him. They also realize that the blasé movie-goer is trained to expect an intelligent production—and this realization is helping to boost the high grade of industrials.

Many of the great food-producing industries are adopting this form of education.
And a remarkable part of this new school of industrial films is that exhibitors are coming to realize that they are rich in human interest and therefore that their patrons will be glad to see them.

Speaking of human interest, consider, for instance, the oleomargarine film mentioned at the beginning of this story. The entire length of this picture is greatly fascinating. Opening with Napoleon's demand for a substitute for butter, it shows a true-to-history insight into the laboratories where chemists experimented, and finally shows the triumph of Meges Mourié. Out of this interesting background fades in the mammoth oleomargarine industry of today.

The picture shows in every detail the manufacture of it. It plays importantly on all features of food values and cleanliness. It hammers into the observer's mind at every foot the utter wholesomeness of the materials used as well as the sanitary manner of combining them.

This picture employs thirty-five titles and thirty-seven scenes. It is truly an educational feature worthy of a place on the program of the most pretentious theatre.

It tells its story completely and inter-

After the oleomargarine is completely churned it is released from the vat shown at upper center of picture above, and crystallized with filtered ice water. The two figures at the right are receiving the milk from the dairies.

Progressive producers of industrial films realize that the field for showing of these films is expanding daily; that whereas in years gone by their films would lay in dust on shelves until, through some call from the curious, it would be projected in some semi-technical conference. They are realizing that the schools, colleges, churches and clubs are all coming to install motion-picture-showing equipment and that they are doing so for the purpose of spreading enlightenment on any number of topics.

The average person of today is really interested in knowing more about what he uses, wears and eats—particularly what he puts into his precious stomach. He wants it shown to him—clearly and comprehensively. Yet he wants it briefly. This is what the educational-industrial is doing and will do on a greater scale.

How Some Wild West Stories Are Committed

SCENARIO ED. "Now it's a story for Bill Bart, our sweet-rough cow-puncher."

Stenog. "I was to the Dreamland last night, and I saw—"

Scenario Ed. "The last time, we had Bill marry the girl, and we got so many letters about his sacrificing his Art for the story, that this time we'd better have him go away off into the desert and die."

Stenog. "All right. I saw—"

Scenario Ed. "And then the fans all pity him and say—"

Stenog. (continuing): "And he's an outlaw and the posse are after him and they track him down to a little village called 'Death's Gulch' and the doughter of the poor dying prospector comes across him and she's sweet and pure so she says I'll save you and she hides him and the posse comes and surrounds the house and the father is dying and they gotta hava doctor and so Bill he says I'll go out and get one and he sneaks out the back way and crawls under the house and gets to his horse and the posse sees him and shoots after him but they can't reach him and so they say We'll wait here till he comes back so they get Bill but he shoots himself instead and crawls away into the desert and the girl marries an old school-mate from Back East whose father had finally located her father to give him a legacy after years and years and sent his son out west to reform and find the girl."

Scenario Ed. "Great! We'll use it. Got an original twist to it—you know? We'll call the hero, 'Cactus McCree'—"

Stenog. "But—"

Scenario Ed. "And the girl is 'Little Mary,' the heroine of half the Valley.' And we'll work in a bad man somewhere—he's in love with her, see, and—"

Stenog. "Let me in, will you? I say, I saw all that I was telling you down to the Dreamland last night in a picture."

Scenario Ed. "Sail right. Take this now—Scene r—Irwin in on a stretch of desert, with our hero stumbling, half-dead, over the cacti—"

(Fade-out)
What the Neighbors Know

about Gwendolyn Holubar’s mother, whom the press-agents call Dorothy Phillips

FOR a real summary of people don’t look at their press notices or on their tombstones. The people who meet them in the routine process of their daily lives, when they aren’t made up or acting up, can give you the real facts about them.

For instance, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Holubar, who live in Hollywood. Mr. Holubar is a Universal director and actor whom you know pretty well. Mrs. Holubar is an actress whom you know even better, as Dorothy Phillips.

One of the most prominent neighborhood acquaintances, to begin with, is Gwendolyn. With an emotional actress for a mother Gwendolyn should, as a matter of heredity, be a shy, sensitive, nervous creature considerably given to moonbeams and dreaming. As a matter of fact, Gwendolyn is as much of a rough-neck and tomboy as any iceman’s child, and her mother says she dreams very little because she’s too tired to do anything at sleepertime but pound her ear right into complete unconsciousness. Gwendolyn is encouraged by her mother in the fine and psychologic arts of roller-skating, baseball and go-carting, but as far as being a child prodigy in other lines is concerned she hasn’t even commenced to begin. Wouldn’t the world be a lot better off, one wonders, with all the piece-speaking wonders out playing baseball with their mammas?

And the neighbors also know: Miss Phillips made her stage debut in 1909, and has played in “Mary Jane’s Pa,” “Everywoman,” and other theatrical productions. She made her film debut in 1911, in “The Rosary,” a one-reel Essanay subject, playing opposite Francis X. Bushman, then, also, making his film beginning. Her first Universal was “The Man Who Lost and Won.”

Mrs. Holubar, training her daughter for eventual service in the Motor Transport Corps. Incidentally, Gwendolyn is encouraged by her mother in fine arts like roller skating and baseball, but not in such rough pastimes as speaking pieces.
The Art of
John Barrymore

Also, something about the life and personality of the most distinguished young American actor.

By
Julian Johnson

This main title herewith makes its debut in Photoplay Magazine.

To draw up the old typewriter and flitly announce that you will write about "the art" of somebody is one hundred percent dangerous, or downright silly. It sounds like the verbal fudge of the girl reporter who has been let onto the back of the stage for the first time, and suffers a mental breakdown accordingly.

Here is a commonplace, untemperamental young American who towers above every other actor of the day in his ability to present a genuine young man—of any one of our modern civilizations from Iowan to Bolshevik—in a manner absolutely true to life, whether that life is a chromo of comedy or a grim gray vestment of tragedy and fate. People who are always finding reasons for things will tell you that John Barrymore is to the manor born, the ultimate flower on the bush of a great theatrical family. This means something, but nothing in particular. Maurice Barrymore was a brilliant and versatile actor a generation ago, but the law of inheritance—half-brother to the law of compensation and the law of averages—is rather against his son's manifestation of positive genius. Great men seldom have great sons. In the whole history of our stage I can recall but one other example so singular and pronounced: Junius Brutus Booth, and his son Edwin.

Barrymore fils appeared as Max in "Magda," and starred in "Toddles," and attracted general attention in that very successful play of American pep, "The Fortune Hunter." But it was in "The Affairs of Anatol," a rather disconnected string of episodes by one of our late enemies—Dr. Arthur Schnitzler, of Vienna—that he struck the Barrymore streak of keen, quiet, perfect perception. Anatol is a whimsical gallant of our period, rather true to the general mould in that his amorous performances never matched his intentions—a grand lover in theory and a poor fish in practice. There was nothing startling in the play made from Anatol's eternally uncompleted romances, but from the stage loomed—as clearly as though an artist had drawn a line of Chinese-white about him against a dark background—a thoroughly identifiable human being.

For a good many days I was sorry I went to see Galsworthy's "Justice," that ringing protest against the cold steel wheels of the law. I felt like a man who has seen a horrible accident—and for weeks thereafter tries to mislay his memory. Everywhere I beheld poor Falder, the clerk who was not a bad man but only one of the world's little fellows, trying to be a big fellow—Falder's gray, pinched face; the hopeless look in his eyes; his cheap little love, kindled by a star and burning like a cigar-butt; his bad-to-worse imprisonment.

In "Justice"—Falder's gray, pinched face; the hopeless look in his eyes; his cheap love—here was a slice of life's tough meat, served raw.
ment, and the only happy ending possible—his suicide—here was a slice of life's tough meat, served raw.

Yet Fader, and Anatol, were both . . . Barrymore.

When Dumas's "Peter Ibbetson" came to the lamps of the theatre John was elected to this romantic, vivid, old-world role. Here lay the glamour of a splendid character, the unlit red fires of an unfired manhood. Barrymore was electric in his virile, dominant revelation of this vital individual.

Last fall Arthur Hopkins, a New York play producer whose general dramatic vision is as broad as his motion picture opinions are restricted and petty, determined to stage Tolstoi's "Living Corpse." Not under that ghostly title, but with the more optimistic name, "Redemption." He demanded of the Barrymore who so fully appreciated the varnished phallicisms of Schnitzler, understood the deep English heart of Galsworthy, and throbbed with the real romance of Dumas's a fourth test of versatility: an x-ray portrait of a Russian of Russians. He got it. The weird hero of "Redemption" is an aristocrat of indigo blood, unhappy at home, finding a brilliant though superficial happiness in a gypsy camp, sinking lower and lower in his bog of soul-sterility, plunging to forgetfulness in eventual physical degradation, and finally redeeming himself by giving his almost-forgotten wife legal release and rehabilitation—according to the code of the ancient regime—by his own death. The play is not an especially good one and never will be a popular entertainment, but John Barrymore's performance in it has been hailed as the finest artistic triumph of the year.

This is the man who, wearing the first laurel of genuine fame for his great performance in "Justice," proclaimed to his crowd of star interviewers that the screen had taught him many of his most valuable lessons; that to be a screen actor was an artist's privilege, not an actor's monetary sideline, and that he did not propose to abandon the photoplay whatever the demands of the speaking stage.

All ye little fish who get a Broadway job on a camera rep—and then turn a glassy eye on the glass house that made you—please write!

The photoplays of this celebrated, serious actor have reflected his whimsical humor and his almost inspired facility in getting the true spirit of comedy into celluloid pantomime. His first was "An American Citizen," and the rest of his list includes "The Man From Mexico," "The Dictator," "Are You a Mason," "Nearly a King," "The Lost Bridegroom," "The Red Widow," and "On the Quiet." He is now doing "Here Comes the Bride." Some day he is going to get a lifelike combination of the emotional Grand Alliance—humor, pathos, and power—and stun the profession.

I can best describe the real John Barrymore by saying that he is the most commonplace son of fortune who ever lived. He has never known anything but an atmosphere of distinction. archdunal society in

(Continued on page 107)
THERE seem to be express trains running nowadays between Cameraville and Stagetown. Residents of these well-known and more or less artistic burgs are flying back and forth—some for long visits, some for brief calls. Alice Brady, who left Cameraville a good many weeks ago, seems to be in Stagetown for the winter, and maybe longer than that. Here are studies of her in two phases of her new play of the theatre, "Forever After," which is a genuine Broadway success. Her leading man is Conrad Nagel.

Photos by White
My Experience in An Academy of Motion Picture Art

BETWEEN Mr. L. Ormsby and myself there should be no hard feelings. He gave me $2.00 worth of fun, and I gave him $2.00 in cash. Also, we exchanged about an even amount of original fiction. Not only that, but I am going to compliment him. He is a good teacher.

Launcelot Ormsby is "director general" of "The National Academy of Photo-Play Arts," which he also calls "The Standard Institution of Screen Education in America" and "The Cinema Experts."

All of these impressive titles are camouflage. He is the whole academy, and he is no expert.

Of course, he says in his advertisements that he has had "years of experience in motion picture work—acting, directing and teaching" and that he will give his students practical help by introducing them to casting directors when they have finished their course, which, by the way, they must pay $60.00 for in advance.

This sounds as though he might be an expert and this is the truth, as far as it goes.

He has been an actor—in stock on the stage—and he can give his pupils letters of introduction to "casting directors."

The only trouble is that I have not been able to find one single director—casting or otherwise—in Los Angeles ever heard of him, so that the letters would merely serve to create a deep prejudice against the pupils.

So far as Mr. Launcelot Ormsby is concerned, this is, no doubt, a mere detail. He does not give class lessons so that his pupils do not talk with each other and anyway, it is improbable that anybody has, as yet, been graduated.

As for his directorial experience, the companies he claims to have worked with have been out of existence so long that his references cannot be verified.

However, I am a head of my story. I was first attracted to Mr. L. Ormsby by the subtle suggestion of gold and fame which pervaded his advertisement.

Such statements as "—profitable engagements presented by Southern California where over 80 per cent of the producing companies of the United States are located" and "If you possess histrionic talent—either latent or apparent—we can help you develop that talent and make it a valuable asset" and "Our system of instruction is heartily recommended by many of the most successful men and women of the Camera World" and is the only course of instruction endorsed by leading "Professional Magazines" proved decidedly alluring, so I went to see him at the "academy;" suite 316 Exchange Building, Los Angeles.

Illustration by R. F. James

"I handed him the two dollars and he conveyed the impression that he was doing me a great favor in accepting it."

"Another thing—if possible, he became even more impressive than before)—I wouldn't want you to say anything about this; but I am putting on a picture myself and if you start right away, I will be able to get you into it! Think of that! An actual screen appearance right away; and I will positively take no more pupils for less than a hundred. What an advantage for you!"

He handed me the two dollars quickly. He conveyed the impression that he was doing me a great favor in accepting it! Certainly, he is something of an artist in his line—though moving picture acting is not his line.

As to the picture he is going to put on; he plans on having
it two reels in length, he will direct it himself; and practically everybody in it will have paid a good round sum for the privilege of seeing themselves on the screen, which is about all they will get for their money. It is improbable that anyone else will see them.

However, to return to my first lesson. I agreed to give him $60.00 if he should find that I was capable of making a success before the camera. I explained that I couldn’t afford to part with so much, but that I felt I was investing, not spending it. He agreed.

"One of my pupils is now earning $60.00 a week," he said.

"She was in here the other day thanking me for the help I was able to give her."

I registered envy. This was easy; who does not admire flawless fiction?

With L. Ormsby leading, we crossed a hallway to a room which was empty save for a dressing table and two chairs.

In turn I "registered" anger, disappointment, fear, hope and surprise, all in the conventional manner. I may say that I have watched a great many notable directors at work, but never have I seen anyone like that. His "method" may be found in any book on elocution. It is all right; as far as it goes, but it wouldn’t go in a picture.

"How would you express love?" he said, adding, "Let me have your own idea!"

I stood awkwardly in the center of the room and thought with obvious intentness.

"Wouldn’t you put your hands over your heart and sigh?"

I asked doubtfully.

"If that is your own idea," he remarked, beaming on me, "it is really remarkable for a first lesson! Yes, you would put your hands over your heart and sigh! Try it now; ah, you were right in thinking that you could act!"

"Of course," I said, registering inquiry, "I would stand more chance of earning a really big salary if I were pretty?"

He made a deprecatory gesture and then registered encouragement.

"Make-up, you know," he suggested. "Make-up changes one’s appearance a great deal; and then beauty isn’t everything. You would hardly call W. S. Hart beautiful, would you?"

I wouldn’t. The comparison was apt, though my style of beauty is not quite so manly as is Mr. Hart’s.

Needless to say, his system is not ‘heartily recommended by many of the most successful men and women of the cinema world,’ none of whom, as I said before, have ever heard of him; nor is it "endorsed by leading professional magazines." Also, there are about fifty people after every film job.

He admitted these things in an interesting conversation we had later, but said that as most of his pupils are very sincere, he feels sure that a "way will be opened up for them" to succeed; by which it may be seen that the schools of motion picture acting may be right and that "Heaven will protect the working girl!"

QUESTION: "If one hundred out of every hundred citizens in your town are accustomed to spending an hour each day in a motion picture theatre; and it, due to the ‘flu’ epidemic, the theatres were all closed tighter than the pearly gates to the ex-kaiser—then what, at the end of the cinema famine, would be the condition of your starving citizens?"

It is unnecessary to print the answer, providing that the movies were closed in your town. But for the benefit of the people in those places not overrun by the Invisible Monsters, we’ll explain that almost the entire country went on a rollicking, cheering, film-eating mardi gras of movie-going—an orgie guaranteed not to shock a church mouse or to provide a dark brown taste the morning after. Aside from a touch of the blind staggers, the country was not harmed by its "movie jag."

The Great "Movie Jag!"

In Chicago, where we write, the armistice day celebration was a quiet Sunday in an Indiana hamlet compared to the wild processions up and down the rialtos the first night the movies were re-opened. Pompos members of the Fan Fraternity, never before known to spend more than twenty cents and one hour per day on the movies, leased boxes and balconies and brought their dinner with them, toward the end of satisfying the accumulated hunger for their daily feast in the thrill-and-romance palaces.

The accompanying picture is a facsimile of a scene along Chicago’s Madison street the first evening of the re-opening. Aside from the name of the vampire on the display sheet, it is true to life.

Thus the dismal past was reopened to us again. And we again know how it felt a decade ago to stagger along through a flickerless existence.

How did we ever do without ’em—the movies?
The GOLDEN BIRD

There are miracles nowadays, but we haven’t eyes to see them; have you ever thought of a nice old Plymouth Rock hen as a bird of gold?

By Frances Denton

NANCY CRADDOCK was not so much concerned over her grandfather Craddock’s failure in business as one might suppose. She realized, of course, that to the aristocratic, scholarly old gentleman the loss of fortune was a great calamity, a bitter confession that he had grown too old to grasp and take advantage of the changing business conditions of the times. It would go hard with him to give up his beautiful home in Washington, and the many luxuries of it that which he was accustomed, but that didn’t mean actual poverty; there was always Uncle Cradl’s farm in Maryland, of which Nancy was part owner. They could go there and live honorably, if simply. As for giving up her social life at the Capital, her teas, dinners and dances with the attendant perquisites of fat senators and lean congressmen, mustached foreign diplomats and “draft-exempt” government attaches, the prospect didn’t worry Nancy whatsoever.

In fact, the muddle in grandfather’s business affairs would seem almost opportune. For now she would have a chance to do something really worth while for her country; something bigger and more fundamental than knitting socks or rolling bandages, admirable as were those occupations. “Food Will Win the War!” Very well: why not “Eggs Will Win the War” Where else could there be found so much concentrated nourishment as in an egg?—not to mention custards, omelets, etc. Nancy burned to become a producer; here was her chance.

It did not take much oratory to convince grandfather. So a few days later, Nancy, accompanied by six Leghorn hens and a rooster of sorts, turned her back upon her Washington social triumphs and her face toward the Maryland valley where lay her uncle’s farm.

Jogging along in her grandfather’s old-fashioned, double-seated carryall, the soft spring breezes playing hide-and-seek with her curls, Nancy gave herself up to reflection and pleasant anticipation. The anticipation brought her dreams of herself as mistress of a fabulously productive poultry farm. She saw herself personally supervising the shipping of case after case of snow-white eggs. She could see tier after tier of them on the docks, waiting to be loaded on ocean transports to gladden the breakfasts of the boys overseas. She decided that she would stamp each parcel oval with her monogram; it would be a distinguishing feature and—

There was a loud squawk from the rear of the carryall and one of the chicken crates careened tip-sily sideways. Grandfather’s negro coachman, old Uncle Jeff, brought his horses to a standstill, and grumbling, climbed rhythmically down to fatten more securely the wobbling crate which held the perishable foundation of Nancy’s castles in the air.

When Nancy turned from anticipation to reflection, a small disturbed frown etched itself upon her forehead. There was Matthew Berry. Just the night before he had asked her to marry him. There was nothing remarkable about that: he had asked the same boon of her exactly forty-eight times before. There must be luck in odd numbers for this time. Quite unexpectedly to herself as well as to him, she had answered that when he came clad in khaki to put the question to her, her answer would be the one he so desired. She wondered, now, why Matthew had not seemed more elated at her provisional surrender. Matthew had never told her that he had twice been rejected by the examining board; and he was wondering if there wasn’t a man’s job for him, somewhere. If not, it seemed that he must say good-bye to his hope of one day winning Nancy.

Fired by Nancy’s enthusiasm, Baldwin agreed to work with her to make the place a twentieth-century marvel, and things seemed shaping in a way to really accomplish Nancy’s desire.
pect. Evan Adam Baldwin, newly appointed Commissioner of Agriculture for the Harpeth Valley district, as he jogged along on a road leading from Washington, which would presently intersect the one Grandfather Craddock had taken, never dreamed that fate was lying in wait for him and had baited her trap with six Leghorn hens and a rooster. Evan Adam was a "gentleman farmer" and interested himself in agriculture chiefly for the benefit of his less prosperous neighbors. He had left Washington immediately upon receipt of his commission, to study conditions for three months as an ordinary hired man—a stipulation which he had made upon accepting his appointment. He wasn’t to be Evan Adam Baldwin, but just plain Jim Baldwin, an ordinary overalled helper. This incognito would give him an opportunity to get at the heart of things: to find out what Harpeth Valley needed for its reclamation. It had once been one of the most productive sections of Maryland.

Evan Adam, being an expert in potashes and nitrates, was pleasantly engaged in squinting at a bit of Harpeth Valley while he pinched it reflectively between his thumb and finger. It wouldn’t take him long to find out what that soil needed.

From the thicket beside the road came suddenly a cackling uproar, and through it burst a snow white rooster, six pretty hens following his lead. Down the road they went, thrilling challenges in Leghorn language. "Some chap’s losing his bloomed prize winners," ejaculated Evan as he dropped his reins.

It wasn’t hard to head the escaping fowls into the brush again, and while he kept them busy with some samples of prize seed corn which he had in his pocket, he scanned the road ahead of him for signs of ownership. Ah, a pretty girl, breathless from running, came in view. More than pretty, he acknowledged as she drew nearer. Her face was familiar and Evan at once recognized Nancy whom he had pointed out to him at the theatre, a few evenings before. What on earth was a society butterfly doing on a country road chasing chickens?

"Oh, I’m so glad you’ve caught them," cried Nancy. "I was afraid they’d get away. I don’t know what I should have done."

"You have some choice White Leghorns," with a courteous removal of his broad brimmed straw hat. "Were you trying to drive them somewhere?”

"No, indeed;" with vexation. "The crates that held them fell from the back of the carryall and broke open. Jeff didn’t tie them on well. Here he comes."

Evan described an old dark-eyed, limping painfully toward them, burdened with two chicken crates. "Don’t let him come nearer; he’ll frighten them," said Evan. "I’ll take the crates and you coax your pets into them with the corn while I ’shoo.’” So saying, the culprits were gently urged back to prison.

"Thank you so much," said Nancy, when the crates had been securely fastened, once more. She stood up in the carriage and opened her purse. "Please take this for your trouble.”

The rest of the word remained unuttered, for she had taken her first good look at Baldwin’s face, not his clothes.

But Baldwin, who had had time to remember the part he had taken, quietly took the proffered bill with a "Thank you.” If Nancy had not been so confused she would have noticed that as he walked away he was smoothing out the bill with special care, and she might possibly have seen him fold it into a little square and put it in the back of his watch, next to his mother’s picture for safe keeping.

The destination of the travelers proved to be the same. When Nancy found that Baldwin was the name of the new hired man that her uncle had engaged and that her adventure on the road had introduced her to him, she was both disappointed and relieved. Disappointed, because she had hoped that he was of her own station in life, and relieved that, as re wasn’t, she hadn’t committed a sin in offering him money.

Next morning, Nancy rose at dawn. Standing in the doorway of her uncle’s kitchen while old Becky served her breakfast, she sniffed rapturously at the sweet spring air, and observed, far down in a field, a man already at work. A clean straight line of upturned earth followed in the wake of his plow; the new hired man was evidently no amateur. As Nancy stirred her second cup of coffee, golden with cream, she called to mind his unusually fine profile and his handsome mouth. It was too bad that he was only a farmer. Perhaps her coming might be of benefit to him. She was fired by a new and most agreeable enthusiasm. She would read to this young man, arouse his ambition, inspire him with the will to rise. She wondered, for a minute, why he was
not wearing khaki—but perhaps it was just as well. He would have been more service helping her feed the world's armies.

There was an impatient chug chug outside. Nancy rose and went to the door. Matthew Berry had found Washington lonely, bereft of her presence, already. As he climbed out of his car Nancy greeted him with, “I'm so glad you've come! You can bind chickens coops for me. We must begin work right away.”

Then followed for Matthew a season of hard, but unproductive labor, just back of the barn. The hammer landed more often on his thumb than on a nail head, and when one was hit it developed a surprising unwillingness to perform its function of holding lath together. By noon, two chickens cooked under the hot sun, and two uncherry-picked, were the sole achievement of Matthew's toil. He had ruined his collar, torn his shirt, skinned his knuckles and was bathed in perspiration, while Nancy stood by, impatiently directing and palpably annoyed; not in the least did she appreciate his efforts.

“You folks are working too hard for beginners,” called a pleasant voice. “Better have a glass of lemonade and get acquainted.”

The voice came from a motherly-looking woman who was approaching, accompanied by a pretty young girl bearing aloft a huge pitcher of lemonade. “I'm Aunt Mary Beasley, from across the road,” went on the comfortable looking woman, addressing Nancy, “and your uncle said to come over and introduce myself.” The pretty girl with her accordion introduction to Nancy, turned her attention immediately to Matthew, whom she evidently regarded as a person of some distinction.

Matthew was perishing with thirst and just in the mood to be censured and ministered to, which Polly Beasley was more than willing to do. She exclaimed over his skinned knuckles, admired his attempts at carpentry, and gave the impression that she knew he was not accustomed to such labor. Matthew thought he had never seen a more winsome miss. His unsophistication and particularly her timid appreciation of himself he found charming.

Nancy was deep in her plans for making the farm a food headquarters, which Aunt Mary found most interesting. When Baldwin came up at noon and glanced with amusement at Matthew's efforts, no one noticed him except Nancy, whose face flushed a little. “Never mind,” he whispered. “I'll fix them up for you after while.” A pleasant sense of dependance upon someone who would never fail her, came to Nancy. She concluded that he possessed an unusually good mind and was most amenable to teaching. He liked to have her read to him and Nancy spent the lamp-lit hours obliging her. She did not dream that it was the sound of her voice that he wanted to hear, and to see the lamp light playing over her face, nor that when he was so occupied he did not hear a word that she was saying.

It did not take Evan long to find out the true state of Grandfather Craddock's finances and he accordingly used his influence at headquarters, with the result that Nancy was surprised by an offer from the government for her farm. The place was a national experiment in agriculture.

Evan was thunderstruck when Nancy refused the offer. Eight hundred dollars an acre! It would put Grandfather Craddock on his feet again. But Nancy was obdurate.

“I'm going to make my old home the sheep ranch,” she cried. “With Baldwin to help me I can do it. Look at my chickens!”

She made a sweeping gesture toward the barn where many little fluffy balls trailed after their respective Legehorn mantas. “Who ever knew white Legehorns to set twice in a season, but mine? I won't sell them.”

Fired by her enthusiasm, Baldwin agreed to work with her to make the place a twentieth century marvel. Things seemed shaping in a way to really accomplish Nancy's desire, when the revolution came. By a chance remark one day she revealed to Baldwin that she was engaged to marry Matthew Berry.

To Evan the very sun in the sky seemed dimmed. The stretches of fields, golden with harvest, the model poultry yards, the rolling hills, the red gables and which stone foundations with white pews in the sunlight, the soft green turf dotted with rosy-combed blooded chickens—all that had seemed so much worth while and good to him, had lost their appeal. His enthusiasm became a thing without life or savor. Without Nancy, what had he to work for? After many sleepless nights, Evan, ranging that in his present frame of mind he could be of no use to those he loved, took his leave. But he could not bring himself to go without explanation and, so, in a little note which he left in the nest of a pet brooding hen, where she would be sure to find it, he told her what he dared not trust himself to say: that he loved her too devotedly to be of assistance to her, as matters were; and so preferred to leave her.

And his days grew very lonely after Baldwin was gone, in spite of the work that had formerly absorbed her time. Somehow, it didn't seem so worth while without him. She began to have doubts of her ability to become an internationally known producer, after all. If Baldwin had only stayed—

Many times she caught herself when the wish had been uttered. If he had stayed, and not taken that unnecessary bug in his throat. If he had only stayed and made something of himself better than a mere helper; if he had only told her that he loved her instead of running away—but regrets didn't help any, and Nancy didn't intend to spoil her life because her hired man hadn't spunk enough to speak for himself. Not she!

So when Matthew Berry came driving up resplendent in a new uniform which showed that he had at last found a "man's job, somewhere," and demanded that she set an early date for their wedding, she consented. She had known Matthew long and well, and he had surely been faithful; he deserved his reward.

Matthew, driving toward town the next morning, could not help but contrast the meek, listless Nancy who had promised to marry him, with the girl of fire and spirit that had kept him at her beck and call so long. Some vital essence seemed to have gone out of her. He was the happiest man in the world, he assured himself, and—yet—

Down the road he caught the flutter of a gingham dress. A procession in a road. He knew it was Mrs. Baldwin, coming to see the joyous anticipation in Polly's eyes at the thought of the ride, good-naturedly consented. Uncle Cradgl would go in the old family coach.

They arrived late for the opening of the meeting. Matthew having had two pints of beer, the way they did, complained of their being seated. Nancy did not observe the speaker until the sound of his voice almost lifted her from her seat. It wasn't possible—but it was! Evan Adam Baldwin, Commissioner of Agriculture for Harpeth Valley, was none other than his ex-hired-man.

Wave after wave of confusion engulfed her. She grew red and then redder. This was the man to whom she had read instructive literature, whom she had endeavored to help rise above his station! When she caught a smile, intended for her alone, it was too much. She slipped from the room and ran blindly until something big and black loomed up

The Golden Bird

NARRATED, by permission, from the story of Maria Thompson Davies as scenarized by Adrian Gil-Spear, directed by John S. Robertson and produced by Paramount Pictures:

Nancy Craddock
Marguerite Clark
Major Adam Baldwin
Eugene O'Brien
Matthew Berry
Alfred Hickman
Baldwin
Major John Craddock
Hal Reid
Polly Beasley
Frances Kaye
Bud
Shirley Beasley
John Tansey
Rusty
J. M. Mason

The Golden Bird
Eight hundred dollars an acre! It would put Grandfather Craddock on his feet again.

But Nancy was obdurate.

before her. It was Uncle Cradd's coach. With a sob of relief Nancy slipped inside.

After a while some one came softly speaking her name. “I'm here,” answered Nancy brokenly, as the coach door opened and Evan peered in. “I want to explain, little girl,” he whispered. “I don't want you to think me quite a cad.”

Sitting beside her in the darkness he told her how he had come to Harpeth Valley unknown so as to get close in touch with conditions, and how he had not revealed his identity to her because it had been his desire to win her, just as a farmhand; and when he learned of her engagement to Berry, he, Evan, had realized that in honor he must go without telling her who he was.

There was a creaking noise, the sound of a voice outside, and the coach began to move.

“Uncle Cradd is driving,” breathed Nancy.

Evan knew that he should announce his presence and take his leave, but something held him. Instead, he gently took assistance. Evan and Nancy started to follow.

“We went into the river,” gasped Matthew. “Is she dead? Have I killed her?”

But Polly was even then regaining consciousness. Her eyelids flickered open, and closed again.

“She's alive!” cried Matthew. “Polly—speak to me.”

The two above on the bridge who had mutually grasped the import of this strange scene, turned to each other. A happy smile bloomed on Nancy's face.

“They're safe,” she breathed; “and they're—Oh, Evan!”

There was no more for her voice smothered out against his shoulder and his arms held her too tightly for further sound.

There was a double wedding at the farm just three days later—as soon as Polly was able to stand and answer “I will.” One could not have told which bride was the prettier or wore the most joyous face: and as for the two new husbands, there was nothing to choose between the complete satisfaction that each one evidenced with his lot.

A Tale of Sacrifice

LIST to my Tale Of Sacrifice
For Sylvester Simplex. I will tell you All that I have done For Sylvester. I have Leaped Chasms, Swum Rapids, Killed Men, Jumped off Of Burning Buildings, Fought till I Fell. For Sylvester, I have

Been Tied To the Railroad Track In the Path Of the Oncoming Train. I have Scaled the Highest Buildings; Clung to a Rope Across a Canyon Until the Rope was Cut. I have Driven an Automobile Over the Highest Cliff in the Country; I have Ridden Far into the Hills

With the Sheriff's Posse at my Heels. I have Saved his Sweetheart From Worse than Death. I have Fallen from my Horse, And Broken my Leg—for Sylvester. But Sylvester Got the Flowers, And all the Fan Letters. You see, I am only Sylvester Simplex's Double.
A Celebrated Case

Presenting Anna, the prima donna, in her first screen solo.

FROM the village 'smithy to the Metropolitan Opera House!' Once she sold newspapers and drove the town hack. Now she accepts concert engagements whenever she feels like it, and won't look at a paper because she is tired of reading all the nice things they say about her. Anna Case, a little over a decade ago, was a hopeful little girl who sang as she went back and forth to school in the little country town of Clinton, New Jersey, where her father, Peter Van Ness Case, was the village blacksmith. Anna used to have to do the chores, after school. No matter how distasteful her task, she dreamed of the day when she could pour forth the golden flood of her voice before entranced audiences. No matter how sordid her surroundings, she kept right on singing—even though her father called it nonsense, and refused to encourage her in any way. Anna was determined to take lessons. The one vocal teacher in Clinton con-

In her first photo-play, "The Hidden Truth," Miss Case plays a western girl who rises above her environment. In respect to achievement the plot parallels her own story.

Having triumphed in the Metropolitan, Anna Case will lend her force and very good looks to opera. She is a prima donna with a sense of humor.

sented to teach her what little he knew. The lessons were twenty-five cents a piece. Anna earned a little, and with the aid of a kind-hearted grocer and his wife, borrowed a little more. Subsequently she gave a concert. Everybody in Clinton was there. Anna was her own press-agent, her own ticket seller and taker, her own accompanist and entertainer. The proceeds from the concert enabled her to repay the numerous quarters she had borrowed for lessons, and a little was left over, for pin money. She saved enough to come to New York.

Here she studied singing and repertoire with Augusta O. Renard. She worked all the time. She never gave up, no matter what keen disappointments she had to suffer, or how many rebuffs she met. And success slowly began to come her way.

Geraldine Farrar may claim the actual "discovery" of the new singer. The occasion was a tea at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia, where Miss Case had been invited to sing. Miss Farrar, and Andreas Dippel of the Metropolitan Opera House, chanced to be there. They heard her sing, and agreed as to her gifts. And the next day Miss Case received a letter from Dippel, asking her if she would like to join the Metropolitan singers! Anna, reading it, read the story of her own achievements. The sordid struggles in Clinton; the effort to rise above her surroundings; unceasing study; eternal optimism; and all the time, hard work—and the reward, an engagement with the Metropolitan! In 1909 she made her debut—as
the Dutch Boy in "Werther." She was a member of the Metropolitan for seven years. In 1913, she created the roles of Feodor in the American production of "Boris Godunov," and Sophia in "Der Rosenkavalier." She has sung Mimi in "La Boheme," Lucia in "Tales of Hoffmeister," Popagena in "The Magic Flute." Her concert and festival appearances have added to her fame. Her phonograph records have brought her royalties and additional recognition. And now Anna Case will realize the fullest and most truthful expression of her art. Having triumphed in the Metropolitan, she will lend her force and very good looks to optic opera.

She has made a picture called "The Hidden Truth" under Julius Steger's direction, for International. In it she plays a girl born and raised in the rough environment of the frontier, who finds herself in the east after a peculiar and dramatic succession of circumstances. The film-story shows the transformation, by her own pluck and intelligence, of a dance-hall singer into a popular metropolitan prima-donna. It parallels, in respect to achievement, Anna Case's own story.

Hampered by such impediments to prima-donnadom as a sense of humor, a staunch Americanism, and a polite but firm refusal to let her success turn her head, Anna Case has turned to the photoplay as another world to conquer. She says it offers a splendid opportunity for self-criticism, "and," she adds, "my one appearance has been valuable to me already. I think seeing oneself on the screen takes away that feeling of self-glorification which all of us are subject to."

She had an awfully good time making her first picture. "I wasn't a bit self-conscious," she reports, "although a little different at first, perhaps, before that cold camera eye. But Mr. Steger was delightful—he did his tactful best to allay my fears, and succeeded pretty well. I think for he said afterwards that I 'took to it' with as much ease as any beginner he had ever seen."

"Besides," Miss Case went on, "our whole company worked in harmony, and that made things all the easier for me. I've been interested in motion pictures for a long time, and had often wondered how I would look on the screen."

"Well," she laughed, "now I know. And that first glimpse of myself in the projection room, served to convince me that, as a movie actress, I was a good singer. I've an awful lot to learn!"

Anna Case is a truly American product. She never studied abroad, but derived all her efforts and inspiration from America. Miss Case is a familiar figure on Fifth Avenue on pleasant afternoons, with her huge Russian wolf-hound "Boris."

To Make a Perfect Villain:

By Randolph Bartlett

I HAVE a little baby and I spank him every day.
I spank him frequently and most emphatically.
1 spank him when he's sleepy and I spank him when he's gay—
Of course you think I'm acting quite erratically.

But I love my little baby and I've chosen his career,
So I do the things that, later, folks will do to him.
If he's used to it in childhood I need never have a fear
That the things they spring in manhood will be new to him.

For I just adore the movies and I want my boy to be
The greatest star in all the constellations.
So the reason why I spank him hard and often is, you see,
I'm starting early with his education.

I wouldn't have him be a mushy, slushy hero man,
So good he's like a manicured doxology.
I wouldn't have him be a messy old comedian,
With custard-pie-encrusted physiology.

He shall be a husky villain, a two-fisted fighting male.
Who goes against appalling odds courageously.
Who steals the pretty heroine and puts her up for sale.
And in the end is treated most outrageously.

But the villain always has to take a lot of beatings, so
I'm teaching my dear baby to get used to it.
It annoys him just at present, but in later years I know
He'll be master of the art of getting bruised a bit.

So I spank my little baby when he's bad and when he's good.
1 spank him when we dine and when we go to play.
1 spank him when I shouldn't and I spank him when I should.
Just to make a perfect villain for the photoplay.
There have been three distinct periods of motion picture history. There is every indication that the third has closed, and that we are in the first phases of the fourth cycle.

Period number one was solely the age of the pioneers. It will surprise many people to learn that the age of the pioneers was the only epoch of great fortunes won by manufacturers; there were no million-dollar salaries in those days. Judging by present salaries, there were hardly any salaries at all. Nor were there great productions and expensive publicity. Pictures were made for almost nothing, cheaply distributed, seldom advertised, and sold to the ultimate consumer for uncounted millions of nickels and dimes. Selig of Chicago became a millionaire. So did Spoor of Essanay. So did two or three men in the almost-forgotten Kalem. Thanhouser flourished. Edison rose. Lubin came into prosperous being. Biograph, the Athens of the picture ancients, was the leader in art and popularity. So rich and powerful did this first group of film makers find themselves that presently they faced opposition by a group of indigent but ambitious upstarts on both coasts, and met it by putting the established houses in the exclusive, dominant league of the General Film Corporation. The aristocratic tyranny of General Film was at once the climax and decadence of the first empire. Without, the insurgents and ambitious but unknown new interests battled before the doors of power; within, the pioneer plutocracy deemed itself secure—and smiled.

The first line passed as thrones have fallen and countries have declined—because their occupants or their peoples have ceased to move forward with the eternal, inevitable progress of the world. In those early picture councils the photoplay was never considered other than a trifling amusement. Anything more than two reels in length was a hazardous experiment. Actors and directors were worth wages, but never salaries. Scenery was mainly a make-shift. The cost of stories was so low that it could have been entered on the postage-stamp account.

Vitagraph was perhaps the first organization to appreciate the value of really big stories for big pictures, with big exploitation. The Vitagraph theatre in New York—since returned to its original name and original dramatic purpose, as The Criterion—was the forerunner of the fine photoplay houses that distinguish every American city today. Soon "Quo Vadis" and "Cabiria" fanned the flame of intelligent attention. Meanwhile Griffith was working in the West. Tom Ince was arriving. Keystone, with beginnings by the late Fred Mace, was being added to the vocabulary of humor. In an extremely short time the original citadel of exclusiveness found itself not only excelled in arms, but suffering a fatal loss of loyalty on the part of its subject-patrons. The once despised independents had overrun the celluloid world.

New organizations came up so rapidly that it was almost impossible to keep track of them. Reliance, Majestic, Kay-Bee, World, became recognized names. A quiet but persistently high-class organization known as Famous Players came into being. The dominant days of the Mutual Film Corporation and the production of "The Birth of a Nation" closed the second period of film history. The supreme achievement of what we may call the dynasty of the liberators was the forcing of world-wide recognition that the motion picture is not a hoodlum toy, but a colossal scientific triumph of human expression, capable of almost unlimited power for good or evil.

The third period was the film's wild golden age—the age of limitless expense in production, of stupendous stellar salaries, of Rockefeller combinations, an age of visionaries, brag and boast, an age in which every picture exponent talked more of film as America's fifth industry than of film as America's one art.

The period's most imperial edifice, without any doubt at all, was the Triangle Film Corporation, the most auspicious beginning in the whole history of artistic endeavor. Never were such high hopes built on such gorgeous, learned, and apparently sound presumptions. Its fate was that of the Spanish Armada—blown apart by the first winds of inward dissent, its rich galleons of imagination, drama and humor drifted to every wind, and, as a fleet endeavor, were soon no more. "Intolerance," not a Triangle picture, but the emanation of Triangle's finest mind, thoroughly symbolizes, in its glittering, ineffective chaos, the total effort of that grand company.

Of the monarchs of combine in the third era Zukor, creator and master of the united dependencies of Paramount and Artcraft, alone passes into the fourth epoch with realms fairly intact.

Meanwhile certain houses of the first dynasty have utterly disappeared. For instance, Kalem, Biograph, Lubin, Edison. Such men as Spoor and Selig seem to have retired for good. There are new monarchies that the picture shepherd
kings never heard of—Goldwyn and Metro, for
particular examples.

What of today—and tomorrow?
We can arrive at a more accurate conclusion
by elimination than by mere platelike prophecy.
The photoplay has passed through the baby
stage of healthy, robust inconsequence.
It has passed through its romping childhood
of lengthening limbs, neighborhood petting,
boisterous behavior and abnormal appetite.
It has passed through the arrogant, swelled-
headed mistakes of a pampered, well-favoured
early manhood.
It has arrived at its years of accountability
chastened by experience, learned in the post-
graduate school of failure, yet rendered perma-
nently calm and confident by great and unmis-
takable successes.
Its masters realize, now, that boastful adver-
tising, staggering salaries and enormous combi-
nations are not the secret of successful photo-
play production.
There remains to them only this very ob-
vious conclusion: good stories, humanly acted,
intelligently directed and normally mounted,
are the one, only and common-sense recipe for
silsheet triumph.
Not all of them, nor half of them, will react
to this sensible finding.
But some of them will, and they will be the
survivors and the ultimate glorifiers of the
photoplay.
We are glad that we live in the fourth cycle.
Hereafter the motion picture has triumphed
as a toy, as a universal mania, as a Croesus, as
the mightiest and maddest entertainment power
in history.
Now it must, in the arithmetic of chance,
according to the eternal logic of progress, tri-
umph as the most human of the arts.
As the Alexander of the emotions it has
conquered on every other field.
This is the only one left.

One Never It happened at a Monday meeting
Knows. of the Producers' and Distributors'
Committee, New York City. Time,
the middle of the general influenza cessation.
Dick Rowland, president of Metro, came in,
trouble over-spreading his countenance.
"Why so worried, Richard?" asked another
president.
"Philadelphia remitted $700 without memo-
randum this morning, and I'm wondering
whether it was for rental collections, or whether
they've sold the whole exchange!"

A Public Educational films are well estab-
Servant. lished, the film in politics is more
than an experiment, and the public-
ity film is an old thing. Illinois, however, has
turned the film into an impartial public servant,
and with it has just won a great triumph for
state-wide good roads.
Illinois roads have been as much cursed,
since the general advent of motors, as good old
Middle West black mud has been from time
immemorial by the hauling farmers.
Consequently, when the recent $60,000,000
bond issue for negotiable highways was put up
to the people, the Illinois Highway Improve-
ment Association, as its most unique argument,
gave general release to a propaganda film. This
bore the meaningful title: "Through Illinois
over Unchanged Roads in a World of Change."
The demand for the picture was so general that
ten prints were kept in constant circulation,
some of them playing two or three houses a day.
It did the business. The bond issue was a
triumph, and the Highway Association gives a
large part of the credit to the motion picture.

The Hopeless Don't chide the hopeless serial
Serial. too seriously for its elemental
buffooneries of mechanical
villainy and astounding virtue.
Ask yourself: what else can it do?
It is almost impossible—except in China,
where they say it has been done for some thirty
centuries—to string a serious, high-class play
through a series of evenings. Miss one night.
and you have broken the thread. The finer
your intelligence, the more it balks at suspended
interest and programmed attention. A woman
with a good novel reads it when she wishes and
finds it convenient, not at certain regular hours.
So with a serial story. A man with a novel
usually makes a night of it, or a long afternoon.
The serial, therefore, is reduced to the loud
and club-like appeal of some monstrous hap-
pening in every instalment. Those who keep
up with such things are calm in the knowledge
that a good murder missed on Tuesday will be
succeeded by a better one on Friday, with
punches enough in the last chapter to atone for
four or five consecutive outs.
The fundamental ail of the serial rests in
the fundamental human unwillingness to be
regulated. It is so disconcerting to calmly plan
tomorrow evening's emotions. It is unnatural.

Some Place Have you stopped to think that
to Go. the photoplay paved the way for
prohibition?
The saloon, before the days of the motion
picture theatre, was the poor man's club, his
meeting-place, the only evening's respite and
recreation he could afford.
When the film play came along it removed
him from the brass rail and the mahogany bar
—and did more: it reunited him with his
family.
The photoplay gave him some place to go.
The GOLDEN BIRD

There are miracles nowadays, but we haven’t eyes to see them; have you ever thought of a nice old Plymouth Rock hen as a bird of gold?

By Frances Denton

NANCY CRADDOCK was not so much concerned over her grandfather Craddock’s failure in business as one might suppose. She realized, of course, that to the aristocratic, scholarly old gentleman the loss of fortune was a great calamity, a bitter confession that he had grown too old to grasp and take advantage of the changing business conditions of the times. It would go hard with him to give up his beautiful home in Washington, and the many luxuries of life, and when he was accustomed, but that didn’t mean actual poverty; there was always Uncle Craddock’s farm in Maryland, of which Nancy was part owner. They could go there and live honorably, if simply. As for giving up her social life at the Capital, her teas, dinners and dances with the attendant perquisites of fat senators and lean congressmen, mustached foreign diplomats and “draft-exempt” government attaches, the prospect didn’t worry Nancy whatsoever.

In fact, the muddle in grandfather’s business affairs would seem almost opportune. For now she would have a chance to do something really worth while for her country; something bigger and more fundamental than knitting socks or rolling bandages, admirable as were those occupations. “Food Will Win the War!” Very well; why not “Eggs Will Win the War?” Where else could there be found so much concentrated nourishment as in an egg?—not to mention custards, omelets, et al. Nancy yearned to become a producer; here was her chance.

It did not take much oratory to convince grandfather. So a few days later, Nancy, accompanied by six Leghorn hens and a rooster of sorts, turned her back upon her Washington social triumphs and her face toward the Maryland valley where lay her uncle’s farm.

Jogging along in her grandfather’s old-fashioned, double-seated carryall, the soft spring breezes playing hide-and-seek with her curls, Nancy gave herself up to reflection and pleasant anticipation. The anticipation brought her dreams of herself as mistress of a fabulously productive poultry farm. She saw herself personally supervising the shipping of case after case of snow-white eggs. She could see tier after tier of them on the docks, waiting to be loaded on ocean transports to gladden the breakfasts of the boys overseas. She decided that she would stamp each pearly oval with her monogram; it would be a distinguishing feature and—

There was a loud squawk from the rear of the carryall and one of the chicken crates careened tip-tilly sideways. Grandfather’s negro coachman, old Uncle Jeff, brought his horses to a standstill, and grumbling, climbed rhythmically down to fasten more securely the wobbling crate which held the perishable foundation of Nancy’s castles in the air.

When Nancy turned from anticipation to reflection, a small disturbed frown etched itself upon her forehead. There was Matthew Berry. Just that morning he had asked her to marry him. There was nothing remarkable about that: he had asked the same boon of her exactly forty-eight times before. There must be luck in odd numbers for this time. Quite unexpectedly to herself as well as to him, she had answered that when he came clad in khaki to put the question to her, her answer would be the one she so desired. She wondered, now, why Matthew had not seemed more elated at her provisional surrender. Matthew had never told her that he had twice been rejected by the examining board; and he was wondering if there wasn’t a man’s job for him, somewhere. If not, it seemed that he must say good-bye to his hope of one day winning Nancy.

Fate is a capricious lady and she usually has something up her sleeve that we little sus-
But as we were saying, Lillian Gish—a new, astounding Lillian Gish—is the greatest thing in the picture. Heretofore this half of the Gish juvenility has been all to the Little Eva; an old-fashioned bit of sampler embroidery. Behold now, without any particular change of make-up, a roguish-eyed, luscious-lipped, lithe-limbed damsel of vintage adolescence. Behold her tearing about the house like a female Fairbanks, vaunting a counter, and at length turning a most beautiful cart-wheel! Sakes alive. You did as lief think of the Kaiscr becoming a resident of Indianapolis. I know what your first thought is: if you haven't seen the picture you'll say she's imitating Dorothy. But she isn't. Dorothy's whimsical, galvanic little mannerisms are a thing apart from this amazing and unexpected smash of sex and personality.

The story is about a little French-American family, an altogether superior slacker, and the great war. It is punctuated by the big and daring simplicities which are so characteristically Griffith's. The episode of the haughty Edward Livingston (Harron) in the shell-hole with the dying negro soldier is a moment of stark and bare humanity which I doubt that any other director would attempt. Likewise, who of our contemporary shortpainters except Mr. Griffith would conceive the humor in an American girl's outraged discovery of a French poilu's ignorance of his own master-poet, the late Rostand? The sub-titles are, not infrequently, short masterpieces of satire. When the poilu comes to die—remembering his own thick-headedness when the ardent Americaine read "Chanticleer" to him—he murmurs: "It is better so . . . to me . . . a chicken is only a chicken." That line is the very essence of "Chanticleer!"

There are remarkabe scenes of the real Marne, and veritable French villages, which give the photoplay, as a whole, a combined atmosphere of poetry and drama and painting.

**AN EYE FOR AN EYE—Metro**

There are five requisites for the successful screen actress, of which the average film dame possesses only one: good looks. The other four are common sense, dramatic ability, a good story and a good director. You could by no standard call Nazimova beautiful, but she is a type, and she screens well. Her dramatic force and magnetism are little less than astounding. She has common sense. And that is something.

"An Eye for an Eye" she got a good story, and—in M. Capellani—a good director. The five conditions were fulfilled. Originally, the tale was Henri Kistemaeecker's "L'Occident." When she made the scenario, June Mathis eschewed nearly all the traditional temptations: she had her persons perform pretty much as in life. Nazimova plays Hassouna, an Arab girl who saves the life of Captain de Cadieere, a French navy, when that officer is trapped by outlaw Bedouins in the desert off Algiers. Captain de Cadieere's adventure in the burning sands is matched by a colder, more anguishing disaster at home: his wife's infidelity. Meanwhile Hassouna, sold into slavery by her irate tribal masters, has become the chattle of Rambert, proprietor of a cheap French circus, and is rescued from him by the angry Cadieere. The rest of the tale concerns Hassouna's struggle with her growing love for him and her Arabic duty to kill one who had subjugated her tribe—and caused the death of her family. Merely telling this leaves no more suspense than a sunset, but Miss Mathis has contrived to make you guess a whole bouquet of endings till the right one comes. Miss Nazimova does most of her clothing, at a cost of exhibiting some wiry masculinity, yet she not only gets outside her raiment, but inside the very nature of the Arab girl. Prone to overact in the hands of any director who is afraid of her, the Russian woman has evidently been driven with a hard bit by Capellani, and, while still fiery, is nevertheless real. Metro has realized the value of a cast as well as a star, and provides fine actors like Donald Cuddy, Hardee Kirkland and Geoffrey Stone. Charles Bryant, as Cadieere, is much better than in any screening of his I have ever seen. The psychology of the thing is at fault in Hassouna's final acceptance of Western civilization . . . but then . . .

**SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY—Blackton**

I am perfectly unexcited when I say that "Safe for Democracy" is one of the best propaganda pictures ever turned out anywhere, for any cause. The usual mistake of the propagandists is that they think everyone as interested as themselves, and accordingly pound the subject-matter every moment, to the complete exclusion of all the humanities. As far as this

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**Photoplay Magazine**

Prone to overact in the hands of any director who is afraid of her, Nazimova has evidently been driven with a hard bit by Capellani, in "An Eye for An Eye."

In Los Weber's "Borrowed Clothes," the pensive figurante is Mrs. Chapin.

"Kiss or Kill" is a determined effort to make Priscilla Dean a star.
picture is concerned it matters not that the war’s over; here are some red folks, and folks, as you know very well, are the only permanent interest anywhere. The reason of “Safe for Democracy” is the late “work or fight” order, and it was the delightful notion of author Tony Kelly to show the workings of his mandate on a high hum and a low one. The low one is our largest interest. Played by Mitchell Lewis he is blasphemously frank, eternally happy, startlingly philosophic. Thulium—such a brute and his captivarey are funny, but his miniature, played by Gus Alexander, is a burlesque riot. Eugene Strong disports more in the fashion of the conventional slacker, as the pampered rich man’s son. A bit of melodrama has been worked in, and is the only ordinary thing in the piece—which, in fact, is so extraordinary that the absence of a dominating love interest is not even missed. The master is never afraid to chuck all rules. Thus, Kelly ignores the generalization that too many titles spoil the film broth; “Safe for Democracy” is an unisoned story simply tied together in a glittering string of the commonest words in the language. J. Stuart Blackton has, it seems to me, done the best direction of his life in this piece. Ruby de Remer is the delightful decoration breaking up the propaganda page.

THE SQUAW MAN—Arctcraft

The foundation of so enduring a thing as Royle’s old play must be fact. The “squaw man” was a very real plains problem in the years of the cowboy’s ascendency; he is an eternal problem where the male advance guards of civilization are thrown in contact with none but aboriginal women. In the very interesting original production William Favershaw played Jim Wynngate, the English man who, partly out of pity, partly out of sexual starvation, contracts his malenace with the Indian girl. If I am not mistaken William Hart was bad man Cash Hawkins, and—was Julie Opp the statueque Diana? In one member of its cast the film actually improves the stage original, for Ann Little, as the Indian girl Naturich, makes a superb, dominant and never-qualified figure of her. But then as a whole this photoplay is an abominable superior fabric, and is worthy the art of the motion picture—a thing which cannot be said of ninety percent of the motion picture’s stories. Any carper who can look upon these reels and then prate of the unintelligent, unprogressive silversheet is a liar, and the truth-is not in him. Elliott Dexter is a true-to-life, human and impressive Wynngate; Katherine McDonald a cold but none the less thrilling Diana; Jack Holt, a fine Cash Hawkins, and the rest of the muster roll flashes a splendor of fine actors’ names that includes Theodore Roberts, Thurston Hall, Herbert Standing, Tully Marshall, Edwin Stevens, Guy Oliver and Mone Blue. As a production—inntelligent, finely disposed as to locations, correct as to customs and colors, deliberate and logical as to development of story—this marks Cecil DeMille at his best. Congratulations, Mr. DeMille! The same director made this story in the pictures long ago—some two or three years—with Favershaw, but compared to this great revival that version was quite crude and negligible.

THE HELL CAT—Goldwyn

The only thing the matter with this Geraldine Farrar entertainment is the story. Willard Mack wrote it, and it was produced—mainly—three thousand miles from Mr. Mack. It is the most trite, uninspired mere picture plot imaginable. Often things happen to an author’s works after they leave his hands, but discounting all accidents and disagreements, it does seem to me that as a perfect embodiment of a pot-boiler, bereft of real sympathy, devoid of appealing characterizations, with not a particle of subtlety or suspense, “The Hell Cat” is it. In production the concern outdid their competitors, even the best of them; eschewing the much-tramped deserts of San Bernardino County and elsewhere in California, they shot their locations in the high air and among the distinctive buttes and vast steppes of Wyoming. Miss Farrar disports as the daughter of a Spanish mother and an Irish father—she is the daughter of a sheep man. The sheep-cattle feud is the axis of conflict, and Jim Dike, a murderous cattle baron, is the very heavy. But if you expect people to sit through four ensuing reels why diagram, in kindergarten pantomime early in reel one, that heroine hates villain to the uttermost; that villain is determined to get her; that she loves sheriff; and that villain will inevitably commit a murder or something really serious? Puzzle: who is going to get her? We have here no play upon human emotions, no development of character from
incident whatever. We have only hero, heroine and bad man, cavorting as usual, to the usual finish. Miss Farrar is indeed a spitting, kicking, tearing hell-cat, but in detail her performance is quite unimpressive, because she has nothing sincere to do. Tom Santschi, one of the very greatest of the screen’s bad men, is sunk and lost in a part worse than his fictitious character. Milton Sills, as the Sheriff, is the old-fashioned bullying and saintly picture lover—from whom, oh lords of the lens, is there to be no delivery?

A PERFECT LADY—Goldwyn

As a burlesque actress stranded in a small town of inchwide opinions, and determined to make a go of it, and a respectable, living, Rose Stahl once won a considerable measure of this national success in a play of this nature. Transferred to the screen it becomes an effective property of Miss Madge Kennedy in her campaign for popularity; with this exception—Miss Kennedy is younger and much prettier than the talented Miss Stahl, and is therefore less able to drive home the burlesque punch that nailed down the arguments when Stahl spoke them. Stahl’s way really the conquest—or so it seemed—of the burlesque, bluff personality; Miss Kennedy’s is the triumph of a pretty woman who, one feels, must be innately gentle.

FALSE FACES—Ince-Paramount

Here is a continuation of the career of “The Lone Wolf.” Louis Joseph Vance’s story whose first—and, we might say, only inspired—part was done into a photoplay a year and a half ago by Herbert Brenon. “False Faces” runs more to the wild, rapid and characterless incidents of mechanical melodrama; whereas “The Lone Wolf” was the gripping, human story of a forlorn little boy who grew into adulthood with a great and not wholly unjust hate. In the second tale we have wholly to do with the fights of the matured Wolf with ring after ring, combination after combination, of German spies and military or naval agents. As a melodrama of incident rather than character it is technically good. Thomas H. Ince has supplied an abundant and well-ordered production. Henry Walsh is the Wolf instead of Bert Lytell, Brenon’s defiant outlaw, and, for a story of the present nature, is probably better than Lytell would have been. Mary Anderson is a vivid and appealing child in an opposite assignment, and the roster of performers includes such strong masculine meat as Lon Chaney, Thornton Edwards and William Bowman.

THE MAN OF BRONZE—World

The stalwart Lewis S. Stone finds in this conventional Western story a role much to his calibre, and the piece also returns one of the standard villains of a few years ago—Harry von Meter, who had almost dropped out of sight. The argument concerns a little girl who would an artist be, and in endeavoring so to do, gets almost swamped in the sea of false Bohemian superficiality. Marguerite Clayton plays the girl. As we remarked, the story is conventional—the height of conventionality, and, to an extent, fictional unreality. Nevertheless, good direction, care in settings and equipment, and better-than-usual characterizations, make it an appealing diversion.

THE LIBERATOR—Raver

Maciste, the giant of “Cabiria,” can’t be dead as reported, for here he is in an Italian twelve-reeler. A thing like “Cabiria” brands its participants forever with its own personality, so, to the end of the reel of life, the portentous Ernesto Pagano will probably be called by the name D’Annunzio gave him. “The Liberator” is much, much too long. It is a melodrama in the European movie manner, which, if you observe thinkingly, you’ll find strikingly like our motion picture shows of a decade ago. We have plot, conspiracy, hateful event and revenge, wrought out to a happy conclusion mainly by the ex Ernesto and his cheerful smile. Two things could be done with this photoplay: it could be made into a trilogy of melodramas, or the best incidents could be compressed into a single picture of not more than five reels.

BRANDING BROADWAY—Hart-Arcraft

This story starts well and finishes badly, simply because it slips off the track of all human probability. I know of nothing in recent screen lore more realistic than the wrath of the isolated cowboy who, when he rides into an Arizona town for a drink—discovers that the state has teetotalled itself in the interval between his plunges into civilization; and now all he

(Continued on page 99)
A June Bride in Mid-November

June Elvidge, the World Film siren, became the bride of Lieut. Frank Badgely, of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, on the afternoon of November 19, at the Hotel Plaza in New York. They met at the Sixty Club, that ne plus ultra of exclusive artistic organizations—where stage stars and film stars and stars of the pen and palette (with sometimes a banker or two)—congregate occasionally for a turn at the tickle-toe or the latest terpsichorean tangle. It was here that Billie Burke—who had strained her ankle in the dance, met a sympathetic stranger, who was afterwards identified as Florenz Ziegfeld, her husband-to-be. The Sixty Club, also, fostered the romance of Elsie Ferguson and her millionaire husband, Thomas B. Clarke, Jr. Four weeks after June Elvidge met Lieut. Badgely here they were married. Lieut. Badgely is one of the original 33,000 who comprised the first Canadian E. F. In December, 1916, he was shell-shocked and gassed. He wears the Military Cross, won at the battle of Courcelette. He was invalided to this country and took charge of the photographic section of the British Bureau of Information. Mrs. Badgely hasn't allowed the little hand of gold to stop her regular trips to Fort Lee.
Mildred Harris, today, is the most fortunate young woman in the world. At least several million fanelettes think so.

Charles Chaplin is the world's premier buffoon. But his portraits, without the mustache, have caused no end of feminine heart fluttering. So when the rumor of his marriage to Mildred Harris was confirmed, half the feminine population of this and other countries vowed that their hearts were broken—and immediately went out to see Mildred Harris, now Mrs. Charles Chaplin, in her latest picture.

To say nothing of the Harris devotees, whose hopes were smashed at the announcements of the Chaplin nuptials, and who bitterly resolved never to laugh at Chaplin again.

Mildred Harris is only eighteen years old. She grew up with the movies. She is the first real product of the studios, the first child actress to grow up to play big dramatic roles. What is more fitting than that she should become the bride of the greatest personality the screen has produced?

She likes ice-cream and Chaplin extra special fruit cocktails—at the last with pineapple and watermelon and a berry or two—and Worcestershire sauce flavored with a little steak; all of which, a psychologist might say, goes to show that she is very girlish—like ice cream—very naive, and sometimes poses a little in a very natural and entirely pretty way, like a fruit cocktail, and likes to be startling, like Worcestershire sauce.

Once when Charles Chaplin announced that he was going to make seven more pictures and then leave the screen, she is said to have remarked, thoughtfully. "Then you'll be on the screen for seven more years, won't you, Mr. Chaplin?"

Mildred has been in pictures for about six years, starting in when she was eleven. Her first picture was made with the Western Vitagraph and was called "How States are Made."

"I was chased by Indians," she said, "and, I think, rescued from a burning block house. For this, I was given ten dollars a day when I worked."

She made two pictures for Vitagraph and then joined Thomas Ince at "Inceville" in the Santa Monica canyon. Here, her salary was $25.00 a week and all her days were taken up with Indian fights and rides down bumpy roads in "prairie schooners." Afterwards, she was featured in a series of child pictures. Before starting in moving picture work, she went to a dramatic school for two years. She had wanted to go on the stage since she was three years old. Now, at eighteen, and a star, she is still stage struck. This does not mean that she is uninterested in her work. On the contrary, she has expended
He has signed up with a woman, the agreement is for life, and he will go in for domestic drama

By
Elizabeth Peltret

too much effort in reaching her present place in the film firmament to give it up lightly. But, naturally, she feels "the lure of the far away." She has spent practically all her life in the studios around Los Angeles.

"I'd like to see the curtain go slowly up when there is a crowd of people out front and you don't know whether the play is good or bad," she said, "I'd like to hear applause and, most of all, I'd like to see New York; the greatest regret of my life is that I've never seen New York."

Once, when she was with Majestic-Reliance, Douglas Fairbanks volunteered to take her to New York as a member of his company. It was the happiest moment of her life. She went home, packed up, and then went back to tell Frank Woods, the studio manager.

"Don't you know that you can't leave this studio without Mr. Griffith's permission?" he said, sternly. Mr. Griffith was in the East, somewhere. When they finally located him, he said that she could not go until she had made one more picture — "The Bad Boy"—with Robert Harron. The result was that she never did go; ("That was the greatest disappointment of my life!") Her eyes fill with tears when she mentions it now.

She speaks very quietly. Perhaps the most noticeable thing about her is her perfect poise. She was sitting in a chair of some dark wood the high curved back of which formed a sort of oval frame for her face. She is very lovely—but everyone knows that. Her eyes and hair are brown; her hair has golden glints in it; and her skin is very soft and fair.

From "Incenville" she went to D. W. Griffith's studio where she did little else but rehearse under Griffith and appear briefly in "Intolerance."

Some of the pictures in which she appeared were "Old Folks at Home," with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and "Enoch Arden." She is now with Lois Weber. Her later pictures are "The Price of a Good Time," "The Doctor and the Woman," "The Man Who Dared God," "For Husbands Only," and "The Forbidden Box" and "Borrowed Clothes."

She became the bride of Chaplin when she was not quite eighteen. (She was born in Cheyenne, Wyo., on Thanksgiving Day, 1901.) She married Chaplin on October 23. They endeavors to keep the marriage a secret by continuing their work as usual—Mildred reported the next day to the Universal studios, and Chaplin to his own Hollywood plant, where he makes comedies for First National. To reporters they denied it emphatically. Mildred is quoted as saying, "I'm not married. I don't want to be married for quite awhile. And anyway, I won't marry until I've seen New York."

But she changed her mind.
In the Year One B. B.—that is to say. Before the Birth of a Nation, from which all devout fans reckon the passing of the years—in the Year One B. B., the screen had a daily newspaper. That was four years ago.

I set this statement out in a paragraph by itself with the mingled feelings of a Columbus announcing a perfectly new discovery, and those of a would-be Columbus who has a suspicion that he is quite likely to be informed that his new continent is not merely no discovery at all, but that it is thickly settled and divided into building lots. But when, in delving into the records of the news weeklies, this bit of ancient history was divulged, the information came as something of a shock. Being not entirely unfamiliar with the various activities of the dispensers of celluloid, I am convinced that the fact, while it may be a matter of perturbed memory to a few hundred exchange men and theatre owners, never made much impression upon the people for whom that optical newspaper was published.

That enterprise established by Pathé in 1914 as a means of meeting new competition which its weekly news pictorial had encountered, was abandoned within a few months because of the same thing that has affected every human activity in these last four years—the war.

Today there is no celluloid daily. The animated journals are published twice a week, and there is an announcement of one which is to appear three times in the seven days. But within certain necessarily restricted territory, there are "extras," flashing to surprised audiences the records of events that the newboys are even then shouting in the streets outside. Here we have in a nutshell the entire situation as regards the comparison between the newspaper and the screenpaper. The fact is this:

So far as seventy-five percent of the country is concerned, the camera will always be at least three jumps behind the linotype machine in the mere matter of time, until some Edison invents a means of sending pictures by telegraph. In the other twenty-five percent of the country the newspaper has to hump itself to get an even break. And this is because of the screen extra. Thus:

One day an automobile loaded with Universal players and equipment was threading its way through the debris on Seventh Avenue, New York, under which a new subway was being constructed. Suddenly, half a block ahead, the entire surface of the street disappeared. This would have been of little concern, except that two crowded street cars dropped thirty feet into the excavation, and there was considerable loss of life. The cameraman had his machine set up and was grinding away within thirty seconds. Within an hour the evening papers had extras on the street, but before the audiences in the Strand and Rialto had left the matinee performances, the picture of the disaster was flashed before them. Obviously, it would be impossible for theatres outside the New York zone to get this extra edition of the Universal Animated Weekly for several days, while the newspapers would have the story the same day.

Now there is no particular object in issuing a daily newspaper unless it records the events of the preceding or current twenty-four hours. Therefore, since it is physically impossible to send pictures by telegraph, the news reel must always be a day or two, or more, later than the event itself. The public looks to the screen newspaper, not for original information of the event itself, but for the graphic details which reveal the entire

The

The vicissitudes, rise and triumph of the newspaper's one great rival.

By Jerome Shorey
Romance of the News Reel

significance, or picturesque qualities of the event. The picture of a regiment of American soldiers marching into battle in France loses nothing of its interest to the audience through the fact that this battle was won weeks before, but actually gains interest through the fact that the audience now knows that the soldiers won the battle, that many of these splendid men, swinging along the road, gave their lives that the battle might be won, that that magnificent fellow who is singing as he strides on, is perhaps one of those who were decorated with the Croix du Guerre, for gallantry in that battle.

The development of the news reel to its present status, where the expediency of the expression as a filler part of his program, it “lasted quick.” A few months later Universal issued the Animated Weekly, which has continued without interruption ever since. Gaumont came in in 1917, and has been handicapped principally by the absence of consistent distributing machinery. January 2, 1913, the Mutual Weekly was born. The following year Hearst discovered the movies, and in 1914 joined with William Selig in issuing the Hearst-Selig News Pictorial.

The work of entertaining the public through the Hearst-Selig News Pictorial was turned over to a clever newspaper man, E. B. Hatrick. Until then, the general theory of the news reel had been that anything which took place in the sunlight was a fit subject for the celluloid journal. Hatrick disagreed. He took the stand that anything which was of mere local interest, however spectacular or sensational, could out of this principle—that interest in the picture of an incident is in direct ratio to the impression the incident made originally upon the mind of the public, and not until the event has lost its significance in the public mind will the screen representation cease to interest the spectator.

Charles Pathé, who started pretty much everything in the picture business, commercially speaking, was the first celluloid newspaper publisher. In 1907 he issued the Pathé Journal in Paris. One year later the idea was reproduced by the American branch of Pathé in the Pathé Weekly, the date, to be precise, being August 1. Through various evolutions and combinations this feature of picture production has developed, until with the first week of 1910, the race has narrowed down to three entrants. The Pathé Weekly remains, name and ownership intact. The Gaumont weekly, established in this country in 1912, having passed through various vicissitudes, remains also. All the other news reels have been accumulated by the Hearst organization, at a cost of about $1,000,000, and will be consolidated into the International Film Service. This embraces the two Universal weeklies (the Animated Weekly and Current Events), the Screen Telegram issued by Mutual, and the Hearst International, which has been dodging about from firm to firm for years. The combined concern will issue three releases a week.

In the ten years that the news pictures have been circulated in America, there are few concerns which have not been attracted at one time or another, by its possibilities. It was Vitagraph, in 1911, that first challenged Pathé’s monopoly of the field with a monthly release of Current Events. In the parlance of the boulevards, not entertain spectators not interested in the fact itself. The unveiling of a monument to a politician who had donated a park to Squaw Corners, the parade of the Iowa State Convention of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Hodgehogs, the destruction by fire of the grain elevator at Prairieville, appealed to him not at all. He decided upon a policy of interpretation of news, and to this policy the news reel of to-day owes much of its interest.

For example, Congress was considering the literacy test as an amendment to the immigration bill. The newspapers were full of it. This gave the matter the necessary advertising to make it a public issue. But how are you going to show a picture of the literacy test? Hatrick sent a cameraman to Ellis Island, and photographed hundreds of immigrants, their eyes hungry for freedom. These were they who would be barred from the privileges of American democracy, if the literacy test were adopted. He sent a cameraman to Washington and photographed congressmen prominent in the discussion. These were they who would bar the victims of European poverty and persecution, from America; these others were they who took the view that there was welcome here for rich and poor, for toiler as well as for savant. It was not propaganda, except as the fact spoke for themselves. It entertained.

Confronted for the first time by competition that carried the news films into a new phase of development—for the Universal service, while vigorous and popular had followed the established lines—Pathé countered with a daring move, and established the Pathé Daily News Service. This was in the spring of 1914. What made this service possible was a special...
ONE of the greatest moments of motion picture history was reserved for that chill November night in which the German envoys crossed the abyss of No Man's Land into the French lines in quest of peace. We are told that the officers of the contingent were "typical Prussian aristocrats, lean and aquiline, their slender boots of remarkable leather, their uniforms elegant." They came riding in powerful motor cars bearing the black eagle of the Empire on their doors. And doubtless these Germans were never more surprised than when, alighting, they suddenly faced the blinding light of several studio arcs, and heard the sibilant purr of the official picture cameras of the allied governments.
**Better Photoplay League and the Industry**

If you want better, cleaner pictures in your town, start a branch League at once. Don't merely complain—Act!

**There** could be no better time than the present in which to discuss the attitude of the Better Photoplay League of America toward the motion picture industry as a whole, and toward the attitude of members and local organizations toward the individual showmen.

Actual, participatory interest in the League and its work has become nation-wide. In towns from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lake states to the Gulf, intelligent men and women are enlisting in the first organized movement for clean pictures and better pictures. With the old smarmy, influential and thinking people in scores of communities, many questions of procedure have arisen, none more vital than this: what is the Better Photoplay League's position to the actual and regular business of presenting motion pictures? How shall we improve and uplift without seeming to be mere impractical, meddling theorists? What does our local exhibitor think of this big new idea?

In the first place, the officers of the League have noticed that through its urge and enthusiasm, a great many intelligent people—the conservative class of the average American community—have come to take a serious, constructive interest in a new art which heretofore they regarded only as entertainment for their children, or at best an odd-hour diversion for themselves.

It is to this sane, progressive stand, the increasing rank of the new membership that this page is especially addressed.

In the first place, do not consider your local exhibitor a brainless mountebank to be "regulated." He does not throw on films haphazard. There are not very many of the old "store show" half-wits left in the trade. The presentation of motion pictures has become a business, and your exhibitor, like your grocer or your hardware man, is doing on the corner to sell you what you wish to buy. If he puts on films smugly, he does not put them on for his own sly enjoyment. He puts them on because some member of your household, or your friends, or employees, or acquaintances, hurries to his box-office to give him money that they may see them.

You can't legislate or regulate or propagandize a thing out of existence until the people want it put out of existence. Superficially, we might say that Congress and President Wilson have pronounced sentence of death on the saloon—but they haven't, really. Neither can it be accounted a victory of the professional prohibitionist. The American People did that, and these gentlemen in Washington were only their spokesmen and executors.

Regard the local exhibitor as your friend, and the friend of the League. See that clean pictures in your community have an overwhelming patronage. Acquaint yourself, by knowing your friend the exhibitor, with just what is going on in the motion picture world—his end of the motion picture world. Never let the term "censorship" be confounded with your organization. We don't wish to be censors. We wish to be constructive upbuilders of the picture best.

Now, not all exhibitors may be we are optimistic enough to have at least one—probably progressive film showman who will welcome Better Photoplay League as an actual co-operator. Make the showing of fine, decent pictures at this house, or these houses, such a steady and successful enterprise that the other exhibitors are put under the influence of the other progressives, will be financially compelled to throw their silver sheet dust farther than civilization has thrown the most conspicuous Hohenlohe.

Here's something else to remember: as film breeds physical disease, so ignorance and low mentality breed artistic uncleanness and suggestion. The cleanest pictures in America today are the output of the intelligent manufacturers. There are exceptions, of course, but as education and moral sanity go hand in hand, so do intelligence, high-class effort and healthy picture stories in filmland.

Which brings us to The League and The Industry. Our Photoplay League and the better manufacturers are in accord, and will work hand in hand.

We are not seeking any manufacturing "alliances." Our position, on that side of the industry, is something analogous to America's and Britain's efforts to bring the closer brotherhood of men. We are seeking to bring film industry and picture producers and distributors into closer relation with the things that are of great concern to the human heart.

**Advisory Patrons of Better Photoplay League of America**

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**Edwin Hebben**, Director Bureau of Statistics and Research, Dept. of Education, Baltimore, Md.

Write today to James R. Quirk, President, 350 North Clark St., Chicago, for information.
Peace and the Scenario Market

"Forget the war!" is advice of man who passes upon more picture stories than any other individual in the world.

By Robert Emmet MacAlarney
(Scenario Editor of the Arcturus-Paramount Corporation)

"THE war is over, NOW what about the screen?"

This question is being hurled at every scenario desk. Writers who think—and think rightly, too—that war conditions have affected the choice of plays, wish to be told anew how to market their wares.

Only the cocksure will define exactly the film story sure to be accepted during the next year. But that there will be, at least, a partial return to the things which gripped before the Kaiser spoiled life for most of us is fairly certain.

There must be reckoned with, however, one inevitable factor. Any publisher of books, or Broadway manager, can tell you that, the moment hostilities seemed likely to cease, the depiction of life during war began to slacken. Automatically the writer mind shifted gears, and strove to portray life after war and affected by war. Henceforth we shall have hundreds of screen plots revealing the soldier who returns home to wrestle with his own altered self, plus altered environment. But the average screen playwright, if he can, may well forget the war for a time.

Make no mistake—there will be produced many excellent plays showing war’s reflex. But for the ordinary writer, without a name that carries distinction, or a following which gilds what he writes, the non-war story stands a better chance of acceptance.

Screen styles will change in a twelve-month, like the cuffs on an overcoat sleeve. But for the time being it is likely that the public will welcome the pre-war type of film drama.

There has grown up of late an interest in a certain form of comedy drama, borrowed mostly from magazine stories told cleverly. While this sort of play will always have some appeal, the over-artificialized screen drama will probably lose caste.

Remembering, then, that selling screen stories is based entirely on a demand transmitted from motion picture theatre patron to exhibitor, and thence to producer—what is the best way to proceed?

There is no prescription for film writing. There may have been, in the early and more crude days of the craft. But nowadays all an intelligent scenario desk asks is to have a story told in the vein the author fancies most. Unless your play is prepared sloppily, and with outrageous illiteracy, it is read with a care which very often it does not deserve.

One of the first things a writer should do when he has devised a screen plot is to ask himself, "For what star is this suitable?" This does not necessarily indicate keenness: it is simply common sense. Whether or not the star system will continue to sway the screen, the fact remains that a play is usually bought for a particular person. If you have a star in mind, you are more definite when you write; and, if your play is written properly and proves to be unsuited to one star, there should come to you immediately a second choice. When offering a play, you should always be able to say, "I think this can be used for Miss Blank."

The Famous Players-Lasky Company believes that the best way to submit a story is in progressive synopsis form. This may run from one to ten thousand words. Not to establish a precedent, but merely for the sake of entering it on the records, let it be remarked that the best synopses we have inspected have varied between five and six thousand words.

Dialogue, except when used to point up highlights, is treacherous stuff. Quotation marks deceive as to dramatic quality. Furthermore, much dramatic dialogue cannot be interpreted in screen terms anyhow.

Leaning upon a style of expression is a mistake; so is achieving a stilted or "flip" synopsis. Hardly ever is a desk caressed into buying a play which has been "put across" by sheer wording.

Unless a writer has had actual studio experience, it is a good plan to practically forget the camera, oddly enough, when writing. Later, at the time of purchase, a producing company will probably demand a supplementary working synopsis. Into this you can put all of your "shot to shot" material.

The ideal screen play does not depend upon locale. It is vital enough to be played without depreciation of values either at Palm Beach or in the Klondike. Once in a great while a play is bought solely because of locale appeal. But we are not discussing the exceptional type of play.

Certain standard objections continue to prevail. Costume plays, plays hinging upon medical operations, amnesia, kidnappings—all of these are below par.

At least fifty percent of beginner authors think they must offer "continuity." By "continuity," of course, we mean the thing actually displayed on the screen—scenes, plus sub and spoken titles. Rarely does continuity help sell a screen play, and reading a story in that form is the most difficult way of grasping it. Often two or three perusals are necessary. Besides continuity writing is usually a matter of cooperation between scenario writer, director, and star, the whole slanted by the method of a particular studio.

Stories inherently episodic, or requiring double exposure, are not desired. Elaborate sets and difficult exteriors likewise help prevent a sale. It is usually wrong to submit an inverted synopsis. Let your story be told in straightaway fashion so that the scenario desk will not have to untangle it. Now and then, when a play depends upon tricking an audience, you can afford to trick as well the man who first sees your manuscript—in fact you must do so—but opportunities for selling trick plays are not many.

The mere fact that you offer something which has occurred in real life has nothing at all to do with promoting acceptance. It means naught to the screen. It might mean something in a book.

Do not confuse the terms "dramatic" and "narrative." Certain phases of a dramatic story which appeal in narrative form evaporate in film. Many tempting shadings and characterizations are rejected because they would seem absurd on the screen.

It is well to avoid stories in which clergymen are the chief exponents. Dodge also capital and labor, business deals of sorts, and politics. They are not popular on scenario desks for good and sufficient reasons.

Few writers seem to really read the periodical’s of the profession they hope to succeed in. Be sure to read screen magazines, paying as much attention to the advertising as to the news. There is no excuse for not knowing who is who in filmdom.

When you visit a picture theatre study what is ineffective as carefully as what is successfully done. Afterward do not rush home and put on paper (Continued on page 104)
The delicate nail root is only 1/2 inch below the cuticle

Don't cut the cuticle

Do you realize that the only thing that protects the delicate nail root is one-twelfth inch of cuticle? That is why you should not cut it.

When the cuticle is cut, these tender cut surfaces grow more quickly than the uncut part. They form a ragged-looking edge which ruins the appearance of your hand. Long ago an expert solved the problem of a harmless cuticle remover, by perfecting Cutex.

Cutex loosens the dry, dead skin which has grown up onto your nail. Quickly and safely it removes surplus cuticle and leaves a smooth, even, thin line at the base of your nail.

The right way to manicure

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and some absorbent cotton. After wrapping cotton around the end of the stick, dip it into the bottle and work it around the base of your nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. Then carefully rinse the fingers in clear water, pushing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

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Secure Cutex in any drug or department store. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c, 65c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.

A complete manicure set for only 21c

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City State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
When in Doubt, Say, "My Gawd!"

I THINK Director Perret should study lip reading a little closer. In "Lafayette, We Come," a picture I enjoyed very much, the hero goes blind. Miss Cassinelli, playing the role of a nurse, enters the room, and he senses her presence. Then follows the title—"Therese, is it you?" But—as plain as daylight—his lips say "My G-a-w-d!"

J. BOSH, Cleveland.

A Gay Old Dog

C AN anyone tell me how long is the average life of the average dog? In "The Great White Way" a big collie is shown finding a baby lying in a basket in an old tree. At that time the dog wasn't any puppy, yet when we see the baby later—at the age of fourteen years—the same dog jumps around as lively and brisk as ever.

MRS. W. E. DOWSER, Long Beach, Calif.

Enterprising Journalism

I N "The Safety Curtain" after the theatre burns, Norma Talmadge is taken to her leading-man's apartment. Shortly after he picks up a paper and reads an account of the fire with a list of names of persons injured or missing. How did it happen the newspaper was published so soon—even in the apartment before they arrived.

VICTORIA MARTELL, Hanford, Calif.

Strong Trade Winds

I N "The Savage Woman" with Clara Kimball Young, I distinctly saw one of the supposedly massive stone columns of the ruined temple waver back and forth in the light tropical breeze.

CHARLES C. DICKINSON, University of Virginia.

Thorns and Roses

I N the first episode of Vitagraph's "The Iron Test," the great climax at the end seems absurdly improbable to me. Antonio Moreno, whose shirt has been secretly impregnated with an inflammable liquid, jumps through the ring of fire in the circus stunt and catches fire. Two objections: First, if the liquid had been gasoline it would have evaporated long before he even doomed the shirt; and, second, if it were oil, then the trifling amount that the villain very obviously put on could not have caught fire in that half-second that he came in contact with the fire. However, "The Iron Test" starts off with a bang of interest—so—

E. L. DORSEY, Lake Forest, Ill.

Go to the Head of the Class

I N "The One Woman" the word sacrament was spelled "sacrament."

H. F., Chicago, Ill.

A Candle Power Moon

I N "Private Peat," a lone candle can be seen burning on the table in the girl's room and yet plenty of light comes in from the side of the room. When she puts the candle flame out the same light still comes in only in the form of moonlight. Well, it must be true, they do it in the movies.

F. HUBERT McCANN, Chicago, Ill.

And Again:

I N the late Mr. Lockwood's "Pals First" he returns to his home at night with his friends. The old colored servant comes out to the gate with a lantern. Lockwood tells him to go up to his room and light the lamp. You see him light the oil lamp in the room. Mr. Lockwood and his friend then come up to dress for dinner. Upon going out they do not blow out the lamp but press an electric button in the wall.

THOMAS NELSON SHAW, New York.

Mebbe He Was Bold

I N "The Thing We Love" the manager of the Tremont Steel Works calls upon the owner, Kathryn Williams, and is received by her in the library of her home. Is it because the interview is a stormy one that the gentleman wears his hat throughout the act?

J. HILLS, Beverly Farms, Mass.

Western Marksmanship

W HY is it that in so many "Movies" depicting early western life in which more or less gun-play is much in evidence, no one seems to get hit or badly hurt? For instance, take the scene in "Hell Bent" where the sheriff's posse attacks the rendezvous of "Beau" and his gang of outlaws. Every man on both sides fires about a dozen or more rounds and only one outlaw receives a wound and a slight one at that, so slight, in fact, that he and his companions escape through a window and mount their horses in a clean get-away.

Several other western pictures have shown a group of mounted officers or cow-boys in hot pursuit of a band of outlaws, also mounted, and the pursuers—rifles heavenward—firing bullets headed for the next county ahead. Laying down a sort of a barrage, so to speak.

JNO. H. HIPFLER, Duke Center, Pa.

Wasteful Mary

I N "Johanna Enlists." Mary Pickford left her hat in the court martial tent. It was such a beautiful hat, with flowers and all.

A THIRTEEN YEAR OLD READER, Waltham, Mass.
Soft woolly sweaters, caps, scarfs, sport stockings
*Launder them so they won't thicken or shrink*

Today you can cleanse woolens yourself without hurting them. From Dad's sport stockings to Baby's little shirt, you can trust every single woolen you have unhesitatingly to the delicate Lux suds.

When you twist woolens or rub them with soap, they become stiff, matted and shrunken.

But with Lux there is no rubbing. Only sousing in the rich, pure lather, gently pressing the suds through the soiled parts.

Whisk Lux into a rich lather in very hot water—two tablespoonfuls to the gallon. For colored woolens, add cold water to make the suds lukewarm. Swish your woolens about in the suds. Wash quickly, pressing the suds through the woolens, but do not rub.

Rinse three times in lukewarm water. Dissolve a little Lux in the last rinsing to leave your woolens soft and woolly. Never wring woolens. Squeeze the water out, and spread on a towel to dry in the shade.

Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux.

ON November 30th, at New Rochelle, N. Y., Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks won an interlocutory decree of divorce from her husband. There was a co-respondent, referred to in the testimony as "an unknown woman." While it is always unpleasant to record the domestic unhappiness of people we like, it is a relief, in this instance, to reach the quiet finale of a drama of discord which for months threatened to explode, a high-explosive shell of scandal, over the whole motion picture terrain. Many sensational and no doubt many untrue things have been whispered by ever-ready busybodies about Mr. Fairbanks' family affairs, and no good could have come to anyone by loud reprimand in public places. Mrs. Fairbanks retains the custody of their boy, Douglas, Jr., who is now eight years of age.

JACK PICKFORD has been mustered out of the navy and will produce his own pictures, to be released by The First National Exhibitors' Circuit. The deal is said to have been engineered by his mother.

MARSHALL NEILAN is concluding his direction of Mary Pickford, at the Sunset Studios in Los Angeles, in the first of her personally-produced photo-plays, "Daddy Longlegs." Neilan was the center of a scheme, last summer, at once ambitious and romantic. We're so far away from it now that there seems no harm in telling it. Briefly, he proposed to revive the most famous brand of the screen: Biograph. He and Allan Dwan were to work together, though Neilan was head of the scheme. They were to use the Biograph studios in New York and Los Angeles, as stories, market conditions and seasons indicated, and upon their choicest productions were again to reveal the great name that stood for the first great pictures. For one reason and another, these negotiations were not carried through. Neilan went with Garson, and to read Garson's advertisements you'd believe Marshall just the hired boy, instead of being a partner.

BLUEBIRD is dead! Don't think, my dears, that this means the end of happiness, according to the Maeterlinck-Tournier legend; the facts are these: Universal is discontinuing its well-known brand, and will hereafter confine its productive activities to the manufacture of "Special Attractions." "Bluebird" was one of the best-chosen names ever given a line of photo-plays. It was the result of a contest, and was sent in by a woman of no literary or professional affiliations. "Bluebird," in brief, was the simon-pure inspiration of a simon-pure "fan."

UNBELIEVABLE—that Julian Eltinge, in "The Fascinating Widower," will be his manly self without once resorting to corsets and long wig. However, that's what is definitely promised.

A VERY trustworthy lady I know went to a party a short time ago at which Lila Lee was one of the guests. Said trustworthy lady is now whispering a dreadful thing about the Zukor jewel: "She's getting fat!" Let us hope that Lila's first after-recess scenario required a lot of acrobatics.

BELLE BENNETT'S enlistment with the Alcazar stock company of San Francisco, as leading woman, only recalls that foundry of talent's many contributions to stage and screen. Here, years ago, Bessie Barriscale was a wonderful child ingenue. Here she met and married Howard Hickman. Herschell (Continued on page 84)
Yes, Beauty Instantly

Maid—"The Lieutenant is leaving tonight and says he has but a few minutes."

My Lady—"I will be down in an instant!"

Instant beauty is indeed at her finger tips. A pale or sallow complexion or signs of worry or age do not worry her because she has her "Complete Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream. She works this softening vanishing cream well into the skin, so that the powder will not stick in spots. Now her Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, with its pearly touch and captivating perfume. Then a bit of Pompeian BLOOM on the cheeks. My Lady knows that this touch of color in the cheeks not only adds the bloom of youthful beauty, but also makes her eyes seem darker and more lustrous. Presto! What a change in a few moments.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, Pompeian DAY Cream or Pompeian BLOOM may be used separately or together. Sold by your druggist at 50c for each article. Guaranteed by the makers of the well-known Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream and Pompeian HAIR Massage.

Special Half-Box Offer

(positively only one to a family)

To one person only in a family we will send a box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (containing exactly one-half regular 50c package) and samples of DAY Cream and BLOOM for only two dimes.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 2131 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.
Mayall came from the Alcazar. Robert Brunton was once a scenic artist there. Here the sprightly young Bert Lytell cavorted as leading man, while his wife, Evelyn Vaughan, was leading lady. Melbourne MacDowell was once an actor there. So was William Desmond. In fact, almost half the Coast Defenders who have won stage fame served an apprenticeship on the Alcazar boards.

Speaking of the stage in the Bay Cities—Adda Gleason, another ex-Alcazirite, announces that she is definitely returning to nights and two matines. She makes her new beginning as leading woman of the Liberty theatre, in Oakland.

Does destiny chastise actors who deny their nuptials to honest and well-intentioned reporters? Seems so in Earle Williams' case. For weeks Mr. Williams said positively that he had not married Florine Walz of Philadelphia. But he had, just the same. And now one Roma Raymond, a writer, has sued Mr. Williams for $160,000, alleging breach of promise. The reporters had to take one of Mr. Williams' little jokes. Why couldn't Miss Raymond?

The peace trek to Europe seems to have started. First announcers of passport plans are Maemurray Leonard, and D. Fairbanks. The world's most romantic acrobat says that he is going to take a company of actors and his personal Carl Rosner, Mr. Zeidman, to Southern France. Robert Leonard avers that his wife has a London contract with a salary as big as Roscoe Arbuckle. Mr. Leonard will be her director, of course.

Mabel Normand passed through Chicago a few weeks ago, enroute to her first field of glory, California. I recalled two other transits of Chicago by la Normand. The first seems centuries ago, yet it is only a few years. Then the poor and unknown little Biograph girl, bubbling with enthusiasm, travelled unnoticed, unheard of, to the stages on which she was to become the greatest of Keystone comedienne. With fame that she scarcely realized she came back—presently, Reporters clustered about her almost-private car. Waxen from a recent illness, shrouded like a doll in a wonderful gown, her hands glittering with jewels, she saw them for a few moments, enroute to New York and a fabulous stellar salary. Now she's going to do "Sis Hopkins" on the Goldwyn Triangle lot. It has been done, once, by Rose Melville, but let us hope the revised version brings back to us the long-gone imitable Normand of old.

Carla Laemmle reminds me of a mother hen who's always hatching out ducks that swim away. He gave artistic hatching to Mary MacLaren, and oh, the woe that ensued! Last summer it seemed as though Carmel Myers was about to pack her U-city fame in a suitcase, too. Lately, little Mildred Chaplin, who once answered to the name of Harris, has been getting there right royally under the Jewel insignia. Now there are fears that she, too, will do some contract jumping. Of course Universal was only too eager to strip that name "Chaplin" on all its accessible "Borrowed Clothes" printing, yet . . .

Fred Stone proposes a punishment for the late Kaiser which is almost too terrible. Stone says: "Lock him up in an automat restaurant without a nickel!"

Crane Wilbur is now Papa Wilbur. For his wife, on November 15th, presented him a son.

William Shea is dead. He was a veteran of picture veterans, for he began to act before the camera thirteen years ago, with the Vitagraph company. He died at his home in Brooklyn.

Charley Chaplin is a musician. Recently a maker of saxophones, having an eye to the main chance, sent the comedian a most ornate moan-box.

(Continued on page 95)

Mae Marsh, at twelve years of age. And this wasn't so very long, either, before she began Biographing in the distinguished company which included half of today's pillars of the motion picture industry.
Steel Bed

Full-Stained
3-Unit Complete
(Bed and Spring)
Three-unit construction. Glass-stem rigidity and perfect alignment. Oval side rails, stronger than round. Sprung has 6 in. rise and 1 ½ in. hand edge. Steel surface highly polished. Hand-made finished in Vernis Martin (gold bronze). Head 42 ½ foot, foot 32 in. Full size bed, 4 ft. 1 in. x 6 ft. 6 in. in spring. 1 ½ in. continuous pillow. Fitted with 18 in. headboard and footboard. Size: 32 in. wide. 66 lbs. Shipped from Chicago warehouse.


7-Piece Set

World's Greatest Furniture Offer. Artfully made 7-piece Mission Set of seasoned solid oak—rich brown mission finish—smoothly beveled, 2 large Rockers, with arms, 2 large chairs, 1 with arms, table, bookcase and book end. Ornamented with rich cut out design. Seats upholstered in imitation Spanish brown leather well padded and strong. Most comfortable, lasting and beautiful. Large arm chair and large rocker stand 32 in. high, over all, 32 in. wide, seats 15x19 in. Arms of quarter-sawn oak. Smaller rocker and arm chair have seats 17x10 in. Table 28x36 in. (mahogany) 17 in. high, oak octagon shaped top 12 in. wide. Chair back just right size to easily support large books. Each piece full price. Set will furnish sitting room, parlor or library. Without question the greatest furniture offer made. Shipped from our Chicago warehouse or factory in western New York State. Shipping weight, carefully packed, average 425 lbs.


Order any of these five remarkable bargains at once and only $1 (40c each if you order more than one). Then use it 30 days in your home—examine it, test it, make comparisons—it isn’t what you want and an amazing bargain, ship it back and we will refund your money and pay freight both ways. That’s the Hartman way of letting you see and prove the quality of the goods before you agree or decide to purchase. Then, if you keep them, we will pay for your easy terms—a small payment monthly—so small you will hardly feel the cost. Order right from this ad today. Or, if you don’t see what you want, get our big Bargain Catalog (see description below). The Hartman Credit Plan is the economical, sensible way to buy. First know what you are getting by actual 30 days’ trial—then pay a little at a time. That’s the Hartman plan—the plan offered by the world’s largest home furnishing companies. Capital $22,000,000.00.

FREE Bargain Catalog

shows thousands of wonderful offerings for the home. 78 bargains in Rocker, 15 months ago, 78 bargains in Parlor Rocker, size 6, 15 months ago, 78 bargains in Dressers and Chiffoniers as low as $1.00 per month. 22 bargains in Metal Beds $5.00 a month up. 17 bargains in Dining Tables $3.25 a month. Many bargains at only 50c a month. Then bargain after bargain, thousands of them, in rugs, curtains, furniture of all kinds, living room ranges, dishes, silverware, jewelry, clocks, washing machines, harvesting machines, kitchen sinks, gas engines, cream separators, farm equipment. Hundreds of pages—many in beautiful colors. Your credit is good at Hartman’s. Post-card brings this mammoth catalog FREE, prepaid. Send for your copy now.

FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
4098 Wentworth Ave., Dept. 1578 Chicago

Hartman Furniture & Carpet Co.,
4098 Wentworth Ave., Dept. 1578 Chicago

Send me the merchandise marked X in □ below, if you decide to keep it. Read about it, find out the price and weight and terms. If you decide now not to want it keep it. I may return it at the end of that time and you will pay freight both ways and refund my payment. I realize these marked articles are advertised. If I keep goods I am to pay balance on terms in ad.

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[ ] Rocker No. 155AMA3
[ ] Royal Easy Chair No. 83-AM8
[ ] Dinner Set No. 7-Piece
[ ] Bed Outfit No. 51-AM8

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
"Treat 'em Rough," says Marguerite, "I'm right behind you." And that's probably the best place for Margy just at this point.

# Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Nature often provides a beautiful complexion but it cannot be depended upon to keep that complexion attractive without assistance from you. Even noted beauties realize this and give their complexion untiring care.

Every day you should use Ingram's Milkweed Cream. It is softening and cleansing and it guards the delicate fabric of the skin texture from the effect of cold and wind and dirt. Its distinctive therapeutic property keeps the skin in a healthy condition. Get your jar today.

**Mail Coupon**

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.,
102 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

I enclose a dime to return for which please send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets and Milkweed Cream. Zedesta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

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**New York City, N. Y.**
Nov. 1, 1918

F. F. INGRAM CO.:

I have found Ingram's Milkweed Cream distinctly superior to the ordinary "face cream." It has, of course, the softening and cleansing features common to many but what has won my appreciation is its ability to tone up the skin.

Margaret Marsh

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**Buy It in Either 50c or $1.00 Size**

**Ingram's Souverain FACE POWDER**

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

**Ingram's Rouge**

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

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
MAGGIE, NORTOLK.—I am a sympathist; I feel very sorry for you. I wouldn’t make fun of you; I wouldn’t make fun of any lady with a perfectly good husband. Still, can’t you find something more—or, poignant to enote about? We have plenty of real troubles on hand and will gladly share them with you. Yes, Mildred Harris is Mrs. Charlie Chaplin. They were married in October and tried to keep it a secret but it leaked out. I don’t know, I’m sure, what’s become of the Bushman Club. Twas sweet of you to make a pilgrimage to the house Francis X. was born in and it may be true that you’d rather see it than George Washinton’s birth-place. But sh—don’t talk so loud. Some of the anti-Bushman crowd might hear you. Bushman-Bayne are now with Vitagraph.

MARTHA M., COLUMBIA, S. C.—Yes, we are very smart. You should see us in our new pin-checked suit with our hair brushed straight back. Three guesses and a clever answer every month to the little girl who tells us why I wear my hair straight back. Anita Stewart, Lois Weber studios, Hollywood; Margaret Clark, Famous Players; Norma Talmadge, Select; Mary Pickford, Pickford studios, Hollywood. It is true that Harold Lockwood is dead. I hear there is a greater demand than ever for his pictures. He was working on “The Yellow Dove” when he was stricken.

PETTY, INDIANAPOLIS.—Have you never felt the inner longing for bigger, better things; the striving toward a higher life— the desire of the moth for the fur coat? Would that I were an Emerson or somebody, to answer your intrinsic Q’s. Only a humble Answer Man I, forlorn I live, forgotten I’ll die. Heigh-ho, Theda Bara isn’t dead.

URANS, URBANA.—“I know not if I am as other men,” but I do like a Mack Sennett comedy with the big picture of the evening. Mack did not, it is true, invent the bathing-girl, but he made her popular on the screen. I suggest that we consort a round-robin to show our appreciation; what say you, Urans?

MYSTLE AND EDVYN.—Neat, but not gaudy. Margarita Fischer is real cute and Jack Mover is handsome and we like to see them play together and why don’t they get married? Well, you see, Harry Pollard might object. Who’s Harry? Harry’s Margarita’s husband. Dear children—that was supposed to be funny. Fatty as “The Cook” took ice-cream out of the coffee urn, and later his hat and coat. I laughed. I am a very appreciative audience. When I’m at a comedy I always like to punch somebody to show my appreciation. As a result my friends shun me and I go to pictures alone.

BASH, KNOXVILLE.—You say you have read and studied and looked up at the stars, and now you have not a particle of use for that one place. Do not ask questions touching religion, sentiment, 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 to only one place. First place name, 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, Chicago.

S. V., PORTSMOUTH, O.—The lady of “Liberty” was Miss Marie Walcamp, a blonde bland vikingess of the serial screen, whose strenuous activities have saved more than one serial from utter impossibility. You may write to her at Universal City.

KITTY, TAMPA.—You’re as faithful as Mrs. Micawber. (Literary reference.) No, we cannot tell you, Kitty, what becomes of the letters after Mary reads them; nor if she reads them, ever. And we believe Margarette Clark gives her clothes to children only a month through this department for something you cannot understand? Answer these questions and then I’ll give you my advice on how to end it all. I’ll expect to hear from you in a week or two.

DORIS KENYON, ADMIRER, N. Y.—Your favorite is very pretty and she has her own company now, working at the Wharton studios, I believe. Write to her. Frank Mills is her leading man in her latest production, “Twilight.” You like our art section. In fact, we modestly repeat all that you say about Photoplay: “The front and back of the Mag, afford me most satisfaction.” We agree that the art section alone is worth the price of admission. No, you can’t have that picture when it has been used; the Answer Man has already put in a bid for it.

MARY, N. Y.—Herb Rawlinson couldn’t act without that cap of his. I’m convinced it is very becoming to him. He was born in England; seen recently in Blackton’s “Common Cause;” married to Roberta Arnold, of the noisy stage. So, you like historical plays best—meaning those about the war, I suppose; we don’t have many costume plays now. You’re in earnest, aren’t you, thirteen-year-old? The best of luck to you.

ROSE G., ATLANTA.—The moving picture is moving upward and onward; I’m sure of it. Why, we haven’t seen one picture in the past week in which the sub-titles, “The Following Day,” “That Night,” “A Week Later,” were used. You want us to persuade Gene O’Brien to play with Norma in “Enoch Arden.” Certainly; anything you say. Born in Brooklyn; real name, Roses and thorns.

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E. F., CLEVELAND.—Our advice is—the same as Puck gave to those about to commit matrimony. Don’t. You don’t need to tell us you are very young and interested in a movie career if you answered an ad and are contemplating paying fifteen dollars for a course in Advanced Motion Picture Acting. It may be an advanced course but you’d never advance if you took it. (See Elizabeth Pellet’s story in this issue.) Sure you want to be a movie actress; so does our bramette actress. But we won’t let her. Whenever one of these fillum actors comes up to Photoplay we tie her to her Underwood so she won’t distress us by asking the actor-say for his autographed photograph, right out. I never could understand women.

E. FORBES, SEATTLE.—You added an “e” to your name to take away the tin sound? Very thoughtful of you, Eddie. But we probably wouldn’t have heard it anyway. But Eddie—I like Boston. Always have. I defy anyone to discover a reason why I should not like Boston. It happens that a Bostonian whom I know and like wears tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses which do not become her—but I have never blamed Boston for that. I have never inquired into the manufacture of stars. It keeps me busy keeping track of those that are made. Very good; yes.
G. L. Moline, Ill.—You say you made a dash for yourself by standing when they played “America” in the final scenes of “To Hell with the Kaiser.” Oh, I don’t know; you were confessing a favor on those behind you, who were left to face the 20,000-odd, all lying down and Bill resulting in hell. And you’ve been reading us for years and have only one complaint to register: you never see anything about John Bowers. The young man would do something about it—or whoever edits the Mag. Great Griffith—“wherever!” All I can do is scurry into the editor’s office when he’s out common and leave a notation on John Bowers. Lottie Pickford appears occasionally for Paramount.

Violet, St. Louis.—So you are Miss G—also called Violet by her friends. Hall, hail, the gang’s all here. And since you aver that, unless I put you in the Colym and hanging of Bill in this issue. Sure I know knock, life would prove no longer worth-while, why, welcome, Violet—as welcome as your nametakes in the spring. Isn’t that swell? Edward Earle? Vitagraph, Brook-lyn.

Phoebe, Washington, D. C.—Come right in, Phoebe. I’m in despair. No one is afraid of me—not even the office-boy. Here’s a chair, and have you seen the latest issue of the Magazine? Lyons-Moran are with Universal. Clever comedians, I think. You. Now that I have answered these real nice and pretty, don’t forget the fudge.

Mary of Elmhurst.—The scenario writers are gradually coming down to earth again after their long sky-rocket. The great war kinds went to their heads. Through being, as Pickford and Lasky have been acquainted with the Kaiser, the Crown Prince and all his staff, most of the U. S. Secret Service, and hell. Peculiar fashions are coming into vogue. I think how many times we saw Bill consigned with, the poor old devil refusing to own him. William Hohenzollern, dead to the world: R. S. V. P.

Shirley Mason, Bloomfield, Ind.—You have a desire to become a movie actress yourself? Soon? Soon. Write to William, for a reaction. Regret to inform you that you can’t be a relative of the screen star as her real name isn’t Mason, but Flugrath. Thanks for your good wishes; same to you.

Ed, F., Ind.—Theory is only the preparation for practice. Bill Hart? Write to him care Hart studios in L. A. There’s a Grand Crossing of Bill in this issue. Sure I know him; great guy. Eddie Polo really does those stunts; he’s at Universal City. All of em. Theda Bara is twenty-right. Francis Ford in “The Partial Harlot.”

Kenneth Harlan, Somewhere in France.—We have been swamped with letters asking what we will do. We will do what we want. Yours: “It certainly makes me glad to see that my friends remember me and I certainly hope they will continue to do so, and then if it’s God’s wish that I shall come back, after my duty has been done, I shall be only too glad to fill their request in the meantime tell them to keep on writing and I will do the same as long as I can.” There is one request I cannot grant however, and that is to bring back a piece of the Kaiser to each one that asks me—we would all like a Kaiser—bland—but I will do my best—you may bank on the 141st. Sincerely, Kenneth D. Harlan, Headquarters Co., 141st. F. A. A. E. F., France. You have enough letters to answer when you get back, old man; and in the light of recent events, you’ll be back soon. Good luck.

Aurora Borealis, Sydney.—A thought, like yours, should never be allowed to rust. Your question: You have heard by this time Harold Lock-hwood’s death. Fanny Ward’s first husband was Lewis, the South African diamond king; she has one daughter. Call Kane in “The Daredevil,” last. Charlie Chaplin is married, to little Mildred Harris. Hazel Dawn on the stage now. You’ll hear from Wolfe. Last letter from her was: “I am almost sure you had some stroke that morning while out picking oranges in the back yard.”

H. F. S., Portland, Ore.—Every morning they ask me questions—So Olga Petrova is your favorite screeness. She is no longer with us, Olga isn’t; she’s back on the stage, in something they call “The Eighth Sin.” We have surfeited with sins—remember the “Seven Deadly Sins,” and the “Eternal Sin,” and the “Unpardonable Sin”—so if there is an eighth be sure the producers will find it out.

THE EXTRA
By Will Herford

The reason why the “extra”’s here
To any one of sense is clear,
It’s only through the atmosphere
That one may see the stars!

Ailsa Dunn, Fresno.—That’s a pretty name, Ailsa. I like that. A woman I know was immersed in war-work and self-sacrifice for the cause. I met her one day and asked her, ‘Ailsa, how long have you been fighting?’ and she said, ‘Ailsa fought a battle of her own, and held up her hands. Horrors—her finger nails, usually so brilliantly manicured, were quite absent. I told her she was really carrying things too far; but she relieved me by saying that she didn’t eat them—just broke them, at the automat. Thank heaven the necessity for such noble sacrifice is over. Richard Barthelmess with Paramount. Owen Moore isn’t. I think it. I imagine Jack Pickford will be back soon. Olive Thomas-Pickford is in New York now, where it is said she will go back to the Folies.

M. L., Salt Lake City.—Sometimes the very thought of all you faithful Answer Questions fans all over the country who read me so faithfully, who laugh so loudly at everything I say, who overlook my mistakes and who, in short, are so faithful—makes me think over every little thing over comes me, and I choke. Welcome, child, and may you never regret joining the Colym. Pauline Frederick, Goldwyn, Culver City. You’re a lovely girl. And tell your friend Gloria, she is working in the new Griffith pictures. Her latest appearance is in “The Greatest Thing in Life.”

Annie Laurie, Berkeley.—Why don’t we ever answer any of those questions about ourselves? We are so adorably interesting, too, are we? We wouldn’t be, if we told you about ourselves. Plural, sometimes, and singular all the time. I won’t give you the slightest hint as to what I look like; but I’ll tell you what I’d do for a living—very likely I know those arrow-collar men with the deft chin and— That won’t do. Well, then, consult the portrait at the head of the Colym. “Silver Spurs” does sound Foxy, doesn’t he? I’m answering his letter next. Read on and you’ll find it.

Marion R., Rochester.—You’re too late—Maud Greer, Pathe, young and good-looking, is it good to ask me how old I was because I’ll tell you that I’m just a year younger than I was last year. My hair is faintly grey at the temples—I think, He has. Never mind, Tom Melche, New Englanding man. I refuse to print any more Ford alises. Come again.

Evelyn, New Zealand.—We have heard you from before. Sure of it. We’re a jolly sort, and we are young and good-looking you know. Send your stamps and we’ll paper over it. We’ll let you copy our position if you simply love getting letters; let us get quite a few. I like you New Zealanders and Australians. If you ever come over here for a holiday the day will stop in and see us. Doris Lee with Charles Ray. Sure I’d like you and your boy. Marguerite Clark is thirty-one; Mary Miles Minier is as lovely as ever, a starlight, and play hand-ball. George Walsh, Fox, Hollywood.

Answer Man Adlerner.—I have always wanted an admirer. That is somebody who’d come right out and say, “I want my nom-de-plume to be Answer Man Adlerner.” because I think it sounds so much sweeter like that. Frankly admirng and all Thanks for saving our day. Oh gosh, we don’t look like Fatty Arbuckle. Fatty had to be off the screen—several reasons. We have no sympathy. We have not been repeated; would suggest you look them up in the back issues of the Magazine. Dorothy Stone, daughter of Fred, isn’t in pictures. We have heard of her. Lottie Pickford is married to Rita Heller, a non-professional. I wish you would read the department carefully and ask me something that hasn’t been asked so many times before.

Dotty, Johnstown.—Most of our correspondents are a la femme. It’s all right with me, except that I would like to see a letter from a blond vivace masculine handwriting occasionally. Besides, baby-blue and pale-pink stationery is apt to be rather wearing on the eyes, after several years of it. Jack Pickford married Miss S. to Rita Heller, a non-professional. I wish you would read the department carefully and ask me something that hasn’t been asked so many times before.

Myrtle M. Pittsburgh.—It must be dreadful to get so cynical that time is simply the tick of the clock and a good photopgraph is just another movie. Kenneth Harlan was born in New York City in 1895. George Chesbro with Ruth Roland in “Hands Up.” You’re no bother; write again soon.

Loretta, Mamap Nancy, N. Y.—The only sin is stupidity. Oh yes, all of us think so; but how few of us admit it. It is not true that Pathe will produce and distribute every mobile and is now dead. She’s too busy at present working on her new serial, “The Lightning Raider,” which, Pathe promises, presents Pearl at her best. She’s always at her best. Irene Castle is in England now.

Ignatz, Somewhere in Indiana.—Walk right in. No-no, Muriel Ostriehe isn’t Madge Evans’ mother. Ann Pennington does not have a singing role in Ziegfeld’s Folies. Why should Ann wish to sing? Eugene O’Brien presents Pearl at her best. Abelia in Paramount’s Salvation Army picture. Blanche Sweet is in Hollywood. Jack Holt plays opposite the Paramount start—End Ben nett, Clary K. Young, and for Lasky. I am undated; ask me some more.

(Continued on page 110)
6,003 Burlingtons in the U. S. Navy—

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dogs. Perhaps a great deal of this affection for them lay in my ability to see in them fine "dramatic" material. For, as I grew out of babyhood, I came more and more to spend my idle time in pretending I and the dogs and cats were actors and actresses. My mother humored me in this pretense, and at my requisition provided me with the following "stock company": a guinea pig, a chameleon, two alligators, a bullfinch and a robin.

I dramatized every toy and animal I had and every situation I stumbled into. My imagination took some wild liberties with most prosaic material. In my make-believe opera-performances, mother always helped me with the scenery and costumes, and sometimes with the plot, although I generally insisted upon singing the prima donna roles, mother singing all the others. When I had been unruly about something and felt especially penitent, I insisted that mother sing the prima donna role, which she always graciously accepted to do in recognition of my humbled state of mind.

My father also had a beautiful baritone, and if we coaxed him especially hard, he would sometimes consent to join our play on Sunday. My father thought that nothing my mother could do would be wrong, and although, in later years, he could not always understand her motives, he always fol-

lowed blindly wherever she led. On one day I asked him why it was that he never cultivated his voice, for I tell him jokingly, he might have become a worthy rival of Amato's. "Oh," he answered, "I never thought that an able-bodied man ought to go in for that sort of thing for a living. Baseball was more to my liking, and singing in choir Sunday was sufficient exercise for my vocal chords."

The stage has always been, and still is, quite as real to me as life off the stage.
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The Story of My Life

(Continued from page 90)

and one kind critic said of me: "therein lies the secret of her power over her audiences."

In fact, recently in the movies I was so carried away with my portrayal in "The Hell Cat" that I emerged from one of the violent scenes with my face lacerated, and if it hadn't been for the prompt and skillful surgical administrations of my husband, Mr. Amato (the nearest doctor was fifty miles away), I might have become permanently disqualified for acting before the camera.

Although my father has always been most severe in his criticism of any lack of perfection in my voice or acting, and told me what he thought frankly to my face, his anger descended with vehemence upon all those who dared to criticise me or others unjustly.

One time at the opera—the double bill of "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria rusticana" was being presented. Caruso, Amato and myself, being in the former—my father came in late and stood in the back of the Metropolitan auditorium among a heterogenous crowd of evil-smelling cranky and desirous of all that transpired on the stage.

Caruso was the first one to come out. Oh, one of them remarked in a contemptuous tone, "one sign of the great stupidity of the organization of the Metropolitan. Why should they select him for the role—he's fat and ugly, and his voice greatly deteriorated—Bah?"

My father shifted to one foot and glared at the speaker. Then Amato came forward. 'That man!' explained another, "why he has no more voice than a crow. How wonderful So-and-So would have been in his part." 

Father shifted to the other foot. His gloire became more intense. Then I came out.

"And there," remarked another of the baleful group, "is the height of all stupidity. Every time I hear Amato on the Metropolitan is a mystery. Now if Madame So-and-So (mentioning an unknown singer) were only singing in this role, we would hear something!"

My father silently wheeled about, took two of the mourners by their necks and propelled them bodily out into the outer lobby.

"Now, see here," he commanded, "if I hear another disparaging word about any of the singers on the stage, I'll give you your deserts. The baleful ones will be like ants, you, stay away; but once you are in, keep quiet and let the rest of us folks enjoy what we have paid to hear and see!"

Three mourners whom they had seen back and never opened their mouths until the very end, and then they sneaked quietly away, keeping a vigilant eye upon my father to see that he did not follow for I always had the utmost faith in a certain power of magnetism; it seemed as though from my youngest days, I felt that I could influence others; and I have been disappointed just to see what effects I could produce.

At an early age, I couldn't be actually conscious perhaps of one's magnetic powers, but I do well remember, I always had a certain faculty for directing the affairs of my playmates. I was their leader by reason of security of physical and mental force, and could obtain results from the most thoughtless of my playmates, or school entertainments by just that spirit of cooperation, and by insilting confidence into the less vital little beings than myself.

I have had a "bad" horse, and with a never a switch won his confidence and lamb-like behavior. Any dog or cat would come to me—and even a chameleon attached to my dress by a slender chain, would bask on my shoulder.

Perhaps I was more aware of that elastic magnetism with children. When small I was restless at school and hours dragged, it was I who sat at the piano and played patriotic songs, or recited, or led the class in a recitation, and made the hours seem less tedious.

My mother tells me that I did not do things as other children—that I always found a different way, and she discovered very early in my career that when left alone, I would immediately put into practice as many of my ideas that I could crowd into the space of an hour or two and I was afraid of my own freedom. One day when I was just seven, I decided to surprise my mother with a photograph of myself taken on my birthday. So putting on my hat and coat, I slipped out of the door, and hastened to the only photographer of which Melrose boasted. I told him my mission and he was perfectly willing to help me (for a very small sum).

"Smile and look at the camera, please," he said, treating me with all the politeness due a regular customer, to my great delight.

I assure you that I did look at the camera, if you don't mind. Everybody does that. I want something different," and casting down my eyes in what was meant to be a manner, I said, "You may take me now, please."

At another time my experimental propensities led me to results of a disappointing quality, for I was at the time studying in Paris, and mother's headache had kept her to her room all day. I was told not to go out alone under any circumstances, I set about trying to see how long I was going to be dull and uneven, when lat in the afternoon two of the girls in my singing class called to ask whether I would not come over to their plane. My mother agreed to this apparently innocent errand and we sallied forth, full of gay spirits and student chatter. When we arrived at their apartment, I was about to accept myself in one of the chairs and demanded that M'sieu perrside my hair. The girls cooed and threatened, but I was adamant. I would not budge until the hairdresser came. She was as he was bid. So in an hour's time I emerged from the shop a blonde. I must confess, though, the effect was disappointing, and although I quaked within, I would not admit to anyone that I was not highly delighted with the result.

So putting on a truly triumphant manner, I went to my mother's room and said:

"Mamma dear, the loveliest thing has happened to me—don't you think I look ever so much more beautiful with golden hair?"

I will not tell you the follow-up. It was sufficient to relate that within six months my tresses were their natural color, or as nearly so as the effects of the chemicals would permit.

When I was about ten years old the brother of a girl friend of mine returned from his studies in England. All of the girls were impressed by his manner, and even I, who had never greatly noticed the masculine sex, was interested until I discovered that he was utterly lacking in physical approach. I fancied my comprehension but because I could not charm him through music, I decided I didn't like him. Then, one day he was drowned while skating and—lo! instantly I was a widow—in imagination! With all the actress' technique I could muster I played

"I'm happy because I took The New Way in Typewriting Course. It has enabled me to earn more money than other girls."
The Story of My Life
(Continued)

my tragic role. I dressed in black, went to school eloquently sorrowful, bewitched the schoolmates and my parents as well and when the frenzy of mourning had passed, felt myself greatly benefited, in a dramatic way. The pretense lasted six weeks, and then the mood went at once, as it had come. Strange—was it not?—that this unfortunate youth who had meant absolutely nothing to me, had thrown me into such a fit of sorrow. Not so strange though, when you understand the part the dramatic element played in my makeup.

When I had left grammar school, I faced the term in high school with great unhappiness. I wished to apply all my time now to the study of music, to abandon general schooling. My love for mythology, history and literature somewhat alleviated my hatred for the high school. I detested mathematics.

At the age of twelve years I was selected to play the role of Jenny Lind, the great singer, in the annual pageant of famous women, conducted in conjunction with the annual May Carnival in Melrose. I was instructed to sing "Home, Sweet Home," but with temperamental disregard for the instructions of the committee, I decided to sing an aria in Italian first. For I decided that the prima donna of my dreams would certainly be more typical in some foreign tongue. Although I didn't know a word of Italian, I surreptitiously studied an aria from "Faust." It was Sclafi's "Flower Song," the great mezzo Scalchi used to sing. Imagine my pleasure at being overwhelmed with applause at my aria. The citizens of Melrose, indifferently to my Italian, screamed their approbation and I was recalled again and again, to finish with "Home, Sweet Home." I was living in the clouds after that appearance. I believed my career had actually begun! And I had worn my first low neck gown!

Out of this event came an incident that amounts to a turning point in my career. One of my audience was a pupil of Mrs. J. H. Long, then the best-known singing teacher in Boston. This friend insisted that I accompany her to Boston and sing for the famous music-mistress. Although my father doubted the wisdom of the visit, my mother and I overruled him. Mrs. Long was delighted to me and accepted me as a pupil immediately. To this teacher I owe thanks for my proper guidance in my early musical years.

During my lessons in Boston I sang in the Congregational Church in Melrose. Of my popularity in this choir, I refer to my mother's scrap-book in which is pasted my first press notice. It is from the "Melrose Journal," dated May 21, 1895:

Miss Geraldine Farrar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Farrar, has a voice of great power and richness. Many who heard her for the first time, at the Vesper Service last Sunday afternoon, were greatly surprised. She is only thirteen years of age, but has a future of great promise, and it is believed that Melrose will some day be proud of her attainment in the world of music.

I often wonder, reading that over, what the newspaper prophet thinks of his ability to judge embryo talent. Not that I was surprised by his prophecy. For I honestly believed in the inevitability of my success. Through the prestige of my instructor and my Boston friends, I drifted—nay, soared—into the realms of true musical art and after I had sat through a winter season of the Castle Square Opera Company in Boston and later the Maurice Grau Grand Opera Company I indeed had definitized my musical

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ambitions. I heard Calvé sing "Carmen" and nothing had ever impressed me as this

When we arrived abroad, mother with a true intuition, which both of us in after years marvelled at, knew exactly what to do. She did not make the mistake that many ignorant inventors make of joining the American colonies with European capitals. For the most part these colonies are made up of people who, although really in earnest and striving to the best of their ability to find a foothold on the first rung of the ladder of success, waste a great deal of time in achieving and carrying out a certain so-called Bohemian atmosphere, which

They spend too much of their time in talk at the roads, and they fretter away their energies. My mother always knew her own mind and the best thing for me. Her chief care was to procure me a thorough musical education. My mother's first move was to get the very best teacher to be had, and the next that I should have plenty of it. I was then decided to devote entirely to my studies.

(next month Miss Farrar will tell PHOTO-PLAY's readers, in her own words, of her first visit to America, and the intoxication the artistic capital of the world held for her young New England mind.)

The Romance of the News Reel

(Concluded from page 75)

nonflammable film—"nonflammable," they call it for short—made by Pathe in France, which can be sent through the mails. Every
day, from the factory in Jersey City, two hundred to three hundred foot strips of the
best material received, were sent by mail to all parts of the country. It was expensive,
because the film cost more and the machinery was intricate. What might have happened to the French in 1918, is to be learned with the outbreak of war it was impossible to import the film, and Pathe went back to two releases a week.

The arrangement with Selig lasted a year, and for a few months of 1915 Hearst and Vitagraph issued a News Weekly. This was unsatisfactory, and in March, 1916, the Hearst-Pathé partnership was estab-
lished. In the fall of the same year, Universal doubled its news output by producing a second weekly release, Current Events, in addition to the Animated Weekly. Then, in January, 1917, came the Hearst-Pathé com-
bination, which terminated last month, the two years' contract having expired.

Unreasonably struggling along at a loss, was about to be thrown into the discard, when early in 1918 a publicity man with a nimble Irish mind, Terry Ramsaye, got hold of an idea, which made the Hearst theory of the world a step closer to its ultimate form. The name adopted was The Screen Telegram. The Ramsaye principle also was to entertain, and he doubted gravely that news was not the chief part of the field. If the test of the suitability of a subject for the Screen Telegram was threefold—was it unique?—was it timely, was it beautiful? For example:

Many cities had instituted the noontide 'Minute of Prayer for the Allies.'

A cameraman was sent to a small town in Illinois, a typical little American town. He photographed the people as they suddenly halted all activities, on the street, in their homes, in the shops, when the moment of prayer arrived. He reproduced the sincere

version of Millhet's 'The Angelus.' He recorded the quiet solemnity of the occasion. It was not news, but it was unique, timely, and beautiful. The Screen Telegram succeeded sufficiently so that when Hearst decided to form his combination he bought it.

The dissolution of the Hearst-Pathé partner-


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and solicited a testimonial. Mr. Chaplin—who is not a tooter, but a laddier—replied: "If you happen to have a spare Stradivarius knocking about send it out. I promise to have my photograph taken with it, and will give you a letter saying that I can recommend it highly."

Lady Sybil Grant, the daughter of Lord Roseberry, turns camerawoman in a London street, for the Red Cross. Only over there they call her a "bioscope operator."

WONDER what Herbert Brenon intends doing? PHOTOPLAY has a letter from him at Lille, dated November 4th—just a week before the signing of the armistice. His remake government picture in England is completed, and it seems likely that he will again be an active directoral factor in America.

MAE MARSH’S Goldwyn contract expires in March. Nothing has been said, on either side, about its renewal. Or to the contrary, for that matter.

NOVEMBER was a busy month for Henry Walthall. In it he was divorced, married, and started his biggest film contract to date. Having secured a divorce in Chicago, Mr. Walthall was married the following day to Miss Mary Charleston, the film actress, in Crown Point, Ind., and forthwith all the busybody lawyers who had nothing else to chatter about began wondering aloud whether his nuptials were legal. Mr. Walthall left almost immediately for California, accompanied by his bride. He is under contract with the National Film Corporation to make eight films in 1910. "The Long Lane Turning," by Amelia Rives, is to be one of his first stories.
Author! Author!

How few of us—as we sit there intent upon a five-reel "thriller"—give even a flicker of thought to the author! Yet, in many respects, he (or she) is the most important person in the photoplay.

More and more, producers, stars and directors have come to regard the author as the most vital necessity in motion pictures. For without a constant flow of new photoplay material this gigantic industry would soon totter, and fall.

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We're rather safe in promising that this pilot will not make a specialty of tours in "no man's land." We think the world would suffer a great loss if she did. She hereby proves herself an amphibian, adaptable to the gay life in air or water — in which latter element you know her as Phyllis Haver, a Sennett decoration.

WILLIAM DESMOND has started out bravely to make twenty-seven pictures in two years, under Jesse Hampton's auspices. This sounds like production on a war basis, and has never yet been done to anybody's artistic satisfaction. Mary Anderson is his leading woman; R. William Neill, his director.

The announcement of Priscilla Dean's engagement to Capt. Edward Rickenbacker, American ace of aces, is a fine example of cheap commercial exploitation of private affairs. Rickenbacker denied it by cable — and then Miss Dean denied it.

MAURICE COSTELLO, long considered finally retired, is back at Vitagraph, acting opposite Alice Joyce. Another come-back is Edna Mayo, star of a new company, in a play called "Hearts of Love."

RUTH ROLAND is endeavoring to become Ruth Roland. That is to say, she is endeavoring to say a legal goo-bye to her husband, Lionel Kent. She alleges cruelty.

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The Plays and Players

(Concluded)

WONDER what Olive Thomas will do, now that Triangle seems to be history? At this writing she is resting in New York, but the welcome mat is said to be out at the New Amsterdam theatre—the home of "The Follies"—and at the office door of Select.

IS this the day of the individual production as against the programme, the great owning company, and everything else of kindred nature? There are strong indications that it is. Chaplin was the big success of the week, where others had failed. Kerrigan seems to be going along. Mary Pickford is her own mistress at last. Walthall is to, intents, a solo. So is Anita Stewart. Frank Keenan is preparing to produce independently. Ralph Ince—as a director—has just started to do so—and Fannie Ward is said to be on the independent horizon.

INFLUENZA'S last reappearance in Los Angeles took Anna Harron, Bobbie Harron's wayward thirteen-year-old sister; and Wayland Trask, the big husky of Mack Sennett's comedies.

NOTWITHSTANDING her auspicious beginning as an independent producer, last month was rather distressing for the celebrated little Pickford. In the first place, her sister Lottie's near-fatally injured distracted the family, and caused all its members save Jack to rush frantically back and forth across the country, trying to get Lottie cured. But when Pickford, fully convalescent, came the suit of one Cora Wilkening, an agent, in New York. Mrs. Wilkening alleged that she was the broker whereby Mary had received a contract giving her $1,080,000 in the last two years, and that for this she had received no remuneration. The court awarded Mrs. Wilkening ten percent and costs—or, $108,338.07.

THE nurses at St. Vincent's Hospital, Los Angeles, are telling a delightful story about the supposed "last hours" of Lottie Pickford. A clergyman of her faith had been called to give her the ultimate consolation, and, having done so, said in consoling voice: "Now, whatever comes you are ready."

"Ready for what?" cried the sick girl, in a startlingly strong voice. The clergyman arose, and tried to calm her. But she wouldn't calm. Instead, she rose on her elbow, shouting: "Nurse! Nurse! Take this man out of here! He's trying to scare me to death!"

And as the well-meaning father backed to the door she cried after him: "I won't die, I tell you! I have my baby to live for! Get out, now—get out!" He got—and her recovery began from that angry and determined hour.

HE is a bold vampire who dares joke about his affectionate past. Passing a Hollywood theatre where "Borrowed Clothes" was playing, Lew Cody observed the billing: "Mrs. Charlie Chaplin and Lew Cody!" "Wrong," observed Lew. "If they insist on collecting on married celebrity that sound should read 'Mrs. Charlie Chaplin and Mr. Dorothy Dalton.'"

DO the Los Angeles courts have time to try anything except picture squabbles and actorial love-stories that missed fire? Add civil action James Young's suit for $15,000 against C. R. McCauley, the New York cartoonist and film promoter. Cause of war, a propaganda picture Mr. Young alleges he was engaged to direct.

NORMA TALMADGE has signed with the First National Exhibitors' Circuit. First National, having signed Mary Pickford and Jack Pickford, wound up a big month in its history by securing the services of Miss Talmadge, until recently a drawing-card on the Select program. Charles Chaplin was the first National star; Anita Stewart, the second.

THE motion picture rights to a production will hereafter be included in the contract with the producers for the players, unless the playwright specifically reserves the playwright's rights. Judge Moyer, of the United States District Court, recently handed down this decision in an action brought by J. Hartle Manners, author of "Peg o' My Heart," against Oliver Morosco, who produced the play, involving the period of time the producer was to present the play on the stage, and also the moving picture rights to the production. Although in this particular case of "Peg," the play was a success, it might happen that the production would be a failure, and the author would thus have an unfair advantage over the producer, who, having lost interest in putting on the play, would be denied the chances of making it up on the film rights.

JEWEL CARMEN won the first round in her suit against William Fox, when she was granted temporary injunction, restraining Fox from employing any elements in the film industry to the effect that the Fox companies have exclusive rights to her services, or otherwise interfering with her efforts to earn a livelihood in her profession. Nathan Burkan, counsel for the star, Foxed that the Fox companies had threatened to have his client blacklisted unless she carried out the terms of her contract with those companies, although, contended Mr. Burkan, that contract is not binding inasmuch as Miss Carmen was a minor when she entered into it. When Miss Carmen attempted to sign a contract with the Frank A. Keeney Pictures Corporation at a larger salary, although her Fox contract had not yet expired.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 70)

can get is soda and ice-cream. This is making your Westerns up-to-date; it's progressive, and the right spirit. So far, so good. Also to the good is that committee of outraged citizens who hog-tie the old-timer, and heave him into the baggage car of an outgoing express. But now we'd like to ask how Robert Sands (Hart) arrived in New York with all his rancho baggage—which he has, hansom enough, when the time comes. Also very much to the "rich magnate's home" is the dwelling of old man Harrington, and the caperings of his spoiled and abusive son, whom Sands is hired to tune, and of whom he everlastingly says, "I'm his nurse." Notwithstanding New York's serious depletion of policemen by the army's demands, I hardly think such a flagrant piece of housebreaking and kidnapping as Sands effects could be gotten away with unless the cops were at a general riot call down town. The introduction of Andrew Robson to Inc's company is an excellent consummation, and the introduction of Scena Owen as Bill Hart's newest picture sweetheart is a lot better than that. If you don't like this for its improbabilities I think you will like it for its humor—as viz, Mr. Hart's stuffing himself with six orders of wheatcakes while trying to get up spunks to propose to the little hash queen. Real New York locations in this one. Real Chicago is coming up.

WOMEN'S WEAPONS—Paramount

Here Ethel Clayton, who can look more and act more like a real and lovely wife than any woman in pictures, returns to the domestic drama in which she became notable under the direction of her husband, the late Joseph Kaufman. It is a triangle, of course, with the superficially selfish husband enamored of a soul-mate who digs her own pit of destruction when cordially invited to participate in real domestic life by the real wife. As a story it is not great, but interesting, and is made supremely real by the supremely real woman who is starred in it. Ethel's father is the husband, and Vera Dosta the charmer. But comparing Vera to the lovely Ethel, we wonder if the play-husband was crazy. The production is entirely efficient.

HITTING THE TRAIL—World

As long as stories are told in type or shadows I suppose there will be some who demand simon-pure bunk, and life as it ain't. If you approach "Hitting the Trail" with that viewpoint you are going to see a screen story that lives up honestly to all its promises. We have with us the honest poor working girl and the unfortunate poor working girl; the leering employer; the East Side hick hero; the ultimate vengeance of the outraged, and the final consummation of hero and heroine. In all, the substance of an old-fashioned Kremser melodrama—if the minds of any of you ancients run back to these delectable pieces, as mine does. The thing is done better than usual. The cast is good, and the fiction flows right along. Evelyn Greetley is the "straight" little Miss, and Muriel Ostriche the outraged ultimate murderess. George O'Brien, the hick hero, and Joseph Smiley, that resourceful Lubin veteran, the wretched employer who finally gets justice at the end of a pair of scissors.

DEUCE DUNCAN—Triangle

During Triangle's last constructive days Bill Desmond ran Roy Stewart hard for first place as the corporation's favorite Western actor; and, indeed, he does well in these parts, though in my opinion he could not...
The Shadow Stage (Continued)

in a hundred years really rival Stewart in Western stories of equal type, while, upon his part, he would illuminate many a yarn in which they would shine at all. This story is a more or less conventional one of cattle rustling, and is more notable for its handling, and its breezy presentation, than for its material. Under a veil, Wallace's Maxim's face is another portrait in the now-long gallery of Triangle's Western leading women. Mr. Desmond is his usual virile self.

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR—Metro

Here's Hale Hamilton, making his debut as a Metro star. The Metro organization points to the same author, Henry Hamilton in a character whose popularity was tried and sound—namely, the breezy, rather conscienceless and rather good-hearted financier of the Wall street. The author of this piece, however, Johnny Gamble (Hamilton) is more sinned against than sinning, for his machinations all spring from an instant of self-protection after he discovers that his business associate and supposed friend has conspired to effect his "ruin." All told, a somewhat complicated but nevertheless rapidly-running romantic entertainment, with a lively and likeable hero, a good production, and some excellent racing scenes. Lucile Lee Stewart is Mr. Hamilton's leading woman. Ralph Ince directed.

KISS OR KILL—Universal

Or, a determined effort to make Priscilla Dean a star. There's no denying a youthful and feminine appeal in the possession of this young woman, manifest even through a lot of conventionally melodramatic incidents, in which a young man takes up thievery as a means of paying his board bill, and works out his strange situation to the deliverance of a young girl in the toils of a mess of wall-stectors. Miss Dean is a piquant disturber of a man's peace of mind, indeed. Her young savagery is matched by an established Universal favorite, Mr. Rawlinson. The most dramatic thing about Mr. Rawlinson was his back-buckled overcoat—in itself rewarding through its employment by a man who had to fall into crooked ways to keep step with the room rent.

STRING BEANS—Ince-Paramount

In its main intent, this is a cork story. It is of a piece with a lot of things Charlie Ray has done, in plays of the soil, and in the naturalness of everything save its melodrama and its巧合．Ince is a perfect logically, perfectly lifelike. Toby Watkins is a misfit on a farm, where his uncle's desire is to see him wedding the crops rather than writing poetry. But Toby is a militant bard, and, beating up the sour old bird, tramps 'cross country to Sawbert, where Zachary Bartrim conducts the Sawbert College of Agriculture. At the college, Toby goes on a rape of prosperity to the village by establishing a string bean cannery there. Toby's usefulness on the paper grows, and, while one day dropping the "patent insiders" into a back page form, he notices a story and out of a fraudulent promoter named Morgan—Kendall Reeves. It seems to me that from the point on the author might have worked out a fast comedy finish instead of the routine excitement plan. However—Ray is delightful, Jane Novak is good, so are most of the rest, and the production is excellent.

Be Perfectly Groomed

It's unnecessary to be embarrassed by hair on your arms, underarms, or face, for X-Bazin, the famous French depilatory, dissolves it just as soap and water dissolve dirt. This is the comfortable, simple, dainty way which does not stimulate the later growth or coarsen it.

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75c and $1.50 in Canada
**The Shadow Stage (Concluded)**

LITTLE WOMEN — Brady

A generation ago no young person's library was complete without a set of Louisa M. Alcott's books. They were, read not only by girls, but by young men, and it is safe to say that the young men were none the less virile for having perused these simple, charming, semi-humorous tales of an old-fashioned but highly human existence. "Little Women" was perhaps Miss Alcott's finest expression, and it is fortunate that it received no careful and artful production. In our day of slap-bang sophistication the bold Jo does not seem so very bold, and she altogether too well for life. But the fact is, over all, it has been cleverly brought out for its very fullest value—even no doubt to the extent of prejudicing some older audience, were the purchasers of this Alcotting with even the comics unmasked. Though we do many period episodes in our screen plays, but few of them are properly costumed. It seems a pity serial writers will not stick to their subjects, but must, perform, chase the hackneyed hokum of upset and uncreditable sensation. The best part of the circus stuff, as I saw it, was a wonderful camera shot apparently made from the whirl-tree of a run-away chariot, looking up at the flying tent roof, and 'past the agamony face of the horrified woman driver. This was really sensational shooting, and a brand-new idea. Eddie Polo is the star, and apparently, one may judge from a brace of episodes, he will have no fault but villain-hashing in the customary places to occupy his time.

**IN BRIEF**

"The Birth of a Race" (A whole lot of people) A fine example of how not to make a photoplay, which should prove a lasting warning to amateur investors in the movies. Scores of individuals, who probably thought they were buying seats right on the board of trade of the lighting industry of the twentieth century were the purchasers of this concern's stock. The original intention was to make a picture glorifying the advancing freedom and enlightenment of the negro race. This note didn't last long, and was abandoned—a picture now had to be made, mind you, for there are such things as very remorseless "blue sky" laws in this country!

From the Audience

The Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

My Dear Sir:—

In regard to the letter signed by one S. M. DeHuff, St. Louis, in the December issue of PHOTOPLAY—page 99—I wish to make this emphatic answer.

William S. Hart has absolutely no connection with the company that has renamed the old Hart films which resulted in the deceiving reference in the published letter.

To the contrary Mr. Hart has done everything possible to stop this deception. He first protested against the W. H. Productions Co. and then he retained lawyers to take such proceedings as they deemed necessary to stop its continuance. The lawyers had a conference with the representatives of the above company toward that end.

Proceedings have already been taken in an effort to stop the further exploitation of the old pictures under new titles.

Wm. S. Hart Productions, Inc., release exclusive permission through the Artcraft organization everywhere, and any films not having this trademark are re-issues of pictures two years or more older.

I sincerely hope this answer relieves Mr. DeHuff's mind as to Mr. Hart's connections. Very respectfully yours,

E. H. ALLEN, Business Manager.

William S. Hart Productions, Inc.
An Imaginary Interview

The Whole Fan Family

I Used to Keep Up with it,
A Couple of Years Ago.
But Somehow,
It Got Away from Me.
And
I Never did Find Out
How the Durn Thing Ended.
Did they Ever Find
The Diamond?
Who Is the Man
In the Black Mask?
And did the Heroine
Ever Regain her Eyeshit?
Why—
"Just a Minute.
Do you Think
The Industry
Is Still in its Infancy?"
"It Doesn't Matter.
What I Want to Know Is—"
"Listen; what's Wrong
With the Movies? What,
Just What
Do you Think of them?"
Mr. Fan
Scratched his Chin Dubiously.
"Well," he Hesitated.
"I Like that, and then Again,
I Don't Like them.
Sometimes I Go
And see a Picture
I Think is Fine; and then Again,
I See One
That isn't so Fine.
I don't Let Geraldine
Go to See
June Jasmine any More."
"What?" we Interrogated.
"The Pollyanna Girl
Of the Screen?"
What Fun! Haul
Could one Find with her?
"That's it," said Mr. Fan.
"June Jasmine
Is Just the Sweetest little
Girl you Ever Saw.
Too Darned Sweet.
And Geraldine,
Who Used to Wheel me
Into Giving her
Extra Allowance; and
Making Things Lively
By Refusing
to Help ma with the House-work—
She's
A Little Angel in the Home, she is,
Since she's been going to see
June Jasmine. She
Has that Same Strained Smile
On her Face All the Time.
Helps Johnny with his Home-work,
And calls me Daddums.
What the Movies have done to Geraldine!
Johnny Shook Hands
With Bill Hart, Once.
He
Wants to be Just Like Bill
When he Grows Up.
The Baby
Is Going to Like
Charlie Chaplin.
I've Got
to Have Some Excuse
For Going to see Charlie.
Here's
The Family.
Don't Go.
What?
Do I Think
They Have a Great Future?
Sure.
Educational—?
I Don't Know.
But Gosh—
I Do Like Chaplin!"
NOTED MOVIE STAR
and Her Secret of
Beautiful Eyes

Lila Lee, the bewitching star of the Paramount Pictures, the charming girl actress whose wonder-
ful eyes have excited the envy of thousands, owes much of her enchanting beauty and charm of
eexpression to her eyelashes and eyebrows.

There is no wonder Miss Lee puts a value beyond price upon these features of her beauty. Women of
wealth and social standing everywhere who have
given her the most faithful imitation.

It was in Washington, before the murder of
the women and children on the Lusitania
rent the mask of the Prussian menace. Tsen
Mei was headlining at Keith's. She was con-
cluding her office with a number introdu-
cing her imitations of birds and animals.

She then announced that she would give a
vocal imitation of any bird or animal sug-
gest by the audience.

In a box was a party from the German
embassy—Von Bernstorff, with his aides.
One of the aides leaned forward and said, "Make
noise like me."

Lady Tsen Mei had and has an antipathy
for the German royals. It was that im-
perial Prussian, the ex-Kaiser, who referred to
China as "The Yellow Peril."

While the crowded house waited in silence,
Tsen Mei took a step towards the box and,
holding the gaze of the aide, said slowly, "I said
birds, animals. You are not a bird. You ask for
the sound of your cry. It is also your master's
voice. Listen."

And she gave, with flawless feeling and in-
deniable accuracy, the grunt and terrified
squeal of—a pig.

It was one day when Lady Tsen Mei was
becoming dissatisfied with herself for having
made so little of her public life, that a motion
picture director met her. "Would
you," he said, "care to become a movie
star?"

"Why yes," said the China doll.

Again, no sooner said than done. From
her first test under the lights Tsen Mei
made good. Under Ira Lowry's direction,
for the Betzwood Film Company, she is
playing the leading role in a feature-drama
called "For the Freedom of the East." She is
the first Chinese star on the screen.

The China doll serves tea every afternoon
on the set. In the studio, so are the tradi-
tions of the Far East preserved by this little
Oriental with a Yankee flavor.

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following instrument:________

A CHINESE DOLL

(Concluded from page 41)

Vaudeville, always sleuthing for sensations, heard
this Chinese nightingale, shewed a
contract at her, on which she allured curious
Chinese characters, and Tsen Mei was
"big-time" vaudeville star. Her act included
songs and imitations, of birds and animals.

Which reminds us of the occasion on which
she gave her most faithful imitation.

It was in Washington, before the murder of
the women and children on the Lusitania
rent the mask of the Prussian menace. Tsen
Mei was headlining at Keith's. She was con-
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The China doll serves tea every afternoon
on the set. In the studio, so are the tradi-
tions of the Far East preserved by this little
Oriental with a Yankee flavor.

My Trouble

IT'S Not the Gun in the Drawer
That is that Letter, on the Floor.

The Heroine

Stands In the Centre
Of the Period Settin' Room,
And Reads It,
And Bites her Lip,
And Has a Blit—
Then Throws it on the Floor.
I Wonder who Picks it Up,
That Letter on the Floor?
Let's Hope
It's the Husband—it has Happened—
Who Learns from it
All that he Needs to Know
To Pull Out
That Handy Old
Gun in the Drawer.

You Can't Get Away from It,
The Home is Broken Up—
So's the Villain—
And the Little-Angel
Has the Bar-B-Q Grandpa
Until it all Blows Over.
There's a Court-room Scene
And all the Rest of It.
I Don't Know What they'd Do
Without the Trouble
Caused by
That Compromising Billet-doux
That was Left on the Floor.
Peace and the Scenario Market
(Continued from Page 78)

a fancied inspiration. A good motion picture plot ought never be put on paper until it has been mentally digested for at least a fortnight. You can acid-test any screen idea by facing a looking-glass, staring at yourself as you boil plot and characterization into five minutes of concentrated talk. If your logical, logical, and yet new after all, and you find it doesn't defeat you, you may have something actually worth while developing.

Only a moderate degree of "psychology" can be employed. Pictures are improving, but, unless one has a little of the seed of celluloid, it is not likely that the Henry James thing will ever be done in forty-five hundred feet of celluloid.

The matter of reels need not concern you. It is true that we talk of a five reel drama, but the author need not be conscious of the approximate ending of one reel and the beginning of another. The only help for no curtains. But you must play for progressive grip of story. It is well to remember that more than fifty percent of your audience will not enter the theater after your play has started running. Really, it is unnecessary to know anything about footage, close-ups, or titles,—although one is all the better fitted to write if he does know them.

The reason that a novel or a produced play is bought in preference to an original screen drama lies frequently in the fact that, in the latter, the total value is in the lines. There is nothing that a writer can do. In the case of the successful book or play, there has been so much mental digestion on the part of the author that only a small part of what he originally put is written. When the filmed, however, the motion picture producer draws on the "between the lines" equation, and often gets the most effective parts of his production from it.

What counts most in all screen stories—just as it does in the average play or novel—is heart interest. The audience wants to know whether the hero is going to get what he wants or not. They are interested in the necessary conflict because they are wondering how the story will turn out. Audiences want a happening ending. Why does it happen? The Birth of a Nation would not have been the great picture it was if a simple love story had not run persistently throughout.

We do not think that motion picture companies are too deeply prejudiced in favor of established writers of fiction and legitimate drama. The only reason that all good fiction has not been made into a picture is because they are vastly better worked out, as a rule, than the original screen story. Do not forget that writing screen stories is not easy. There are many writers of screen originals who are making good incomes today, but they do it by dint of the hardest work of the kind. You cannot gloss over the weak spots, screen literature by any stretch of the use of words—as sometimes you can do in fiction. You cannot count upon a weak plot being pulled across a reef by means of evasive manipulation of the mechanism of the screen. You cannot have the same successful plays on the spoken stage.

The matter of the human voice is a handful of words surrounded by quotation marks which but faintly approximates vocalization.

Finally, the field of screen writing is a big one. It is going to be bigger. Any man who says that the modern technique and characterization is foolish not to try his luck at writing screen dramas. But the majority will fail until they realize that the screen must be taken seriously. Too many authors are in-the-cheek attitude toward the screen. They may not realize it, but they have. They do NOT take the screen seriously.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY magazine is guaranteed.
Heart method picture. Screen dom's can your to large, Deformity slide two Such on performance. Before the theatre vampires have been advertised you given showing paper, then given from railroad to haunted SUpply. WESTERN MELODRAMA have in mind a powerful method of obtaining your showing of a western picture. "This is hot," as Harry Lauder says: Equip a large, heroic type of fellow with two six-shooters and a mustang. Dress him in cow-puncher's garb. Instruct him to gallop wildly down the neighborhood streets after midnight the night before the showing, firing his guns off at brief intervals. Then when the neighbors are aroused (as they doubtless will be) and poke their heads out of the window, wondering what in thunder is the matter, have this rider sing out that each bullet he is firing bears a tag and have him strongly urge that each of the residents hustle out early the following morning to go up the bullets from where they fall, each bullet, properly accompanied by the tag, will admit one to the showing of the western picture. There is no other plan so effective for arousing the populace. And it is a method thoroughly relevant to the occasion. The minute the residents, started from their beds, glimpse your man on the mustang, firing his revolver, they say: "Wild west stuff or I'm a chinnaman!" Hence, they will be (or should be) receptive to your man's announcement and immediately interested.

SLAP STICK Comedy In view of the fact that so many good slap stick comedies feature pies of the genus custard, it might be profitable, certainly unique, upon booking one, to contract with your caterer for, say, a thousand or so custard pies. Hire a group of boys (preferably baseball players) and station them on the various neighborhood corners where the show you are booking them to hurl their pies at pedestrians. (Note: By striking the pedestrians squarely in the face a greater measure of attention will be gained.) Have all these boys agree that the people so attracted, that a regular pie-throwing comedy will be shown at your theatre on the date arranged. The people so addressed should promptly enter into the spirit of the thing, and will doubtless remark about it to their friends, thus adding to the publicity on your picture.

ENCOURAGEMENT
By Arabella Boone

CHEER up—You Screen Ambitious! If you grow warped and ancient Without having once appeared Before a camera— Don't cry! For ten years I haunted every studio In the country And never once got within sound

GIVING THE EXHIBITOR A LIFT
A few novel schemes for boosting patronage
By Leigh Metcalfe

If you're a movie-goer, then don't read this. It is written to interest the exhibitor. The following paragraphs are designed to help him boost his theatre attendance. The idea came from reading the average lot of "exhibitor's hints" perused in the "press sheets" sent along to the theatre men. Exhibitors may try these if they dare. We waive all responsibilities for damage suits, label difficulties, theatre-bombing, etc.

RAILROAD
There are few types of MELODRAMA of pictures easier to boost than the railroad thriller. A method of advertising such a feature in your neighborhood comes to mind almost immediately. You could arrange with your nearest railroad to borrow or rent a giant locomotive. You should have no trouble in having it moved down the street to the front of your theater. Then have the firemen steam up and blow the whistle every few minutes just prior to each performance. It is certain to attract attention. We believe this idea to be absolutely new. An engine can be secured from any friendly railroad for as low as $200 a day, firemen wages extra.

ORPHAN
So many of screendom's DRAMA stars appear in the well known orphan drama. When you book such a picture, fuller in as many orphans of the town as you can. Then announce, either in the paper, or by a slide on the screen, that to every woman attending a certain showing of your orphan photoplay, the management will give, absolutely free, one orphan. You might even announce that to every woman with at least two sets of twins in her home, will be given a fresh set but that no more than one set will be given to the members of one home. Such a plan, well advertised beforehand, should bring tremendous business. And it would be a splendid way of solving the problem of finding homes for asylum waifs.

VAMPIRE
Every community has its vampires. Every community has its vampire victims. And when you book a vampire picture there is no reason why you cannot use these neighborhood characters as capital. For instance you could arrange with a husband who has been vampired (and who can prove fully that such is so) to appear in your theatre between performances relating the story of his downfall. Such a vampire victim should not be difficult to obtain. You might look over the divorce court records of your county. Every first-class circuit court has on file any number of vampire divorce suits of the better grade. And the husband should be glad to gain the publicity. Besides that, if he is a regulation, almonry-paying ex-husband, he will be overjoyed at earning the additional ten dollars (or whatever wages you offer). This is the idea of one exhibitor comes to mind. Upon booking a Thara Beda picture, he announced on the screen that all vampires who could prove indisputably that they had lost at least three homes would be admitted free to the showing of that particular picture. The exhibitor who conceived this unusual idea did not try it out as he realized that too much interest to his neighborhood was over-run with newlyweds.

Don't Be A Sickly Failure
Are you dragging yourself from day to day? Are you tired and listless and tired and listless? Suffering from lack of sleep, lack of rest, lack of health? Have you come to the conclusion that you will never be able to escape this hatred of yourself and your face, your lack of energy in your eyes, your good- for-nothing physical condition in the hangdog sad, and unhappy face? Meet your fellow? Have you given up all hope of ever being a fitting and acceptable human being? Then you will never get ahead and amount to anything in the world, and you will never get along.

Pull Yourself Together!

Brace up! There's a way out. You can be a man again. You can get that energy and good health; you can get the physical condition of the hangdog sad, and unhappy face. You can change the wavy fluid in your veins into pure, clear blood, that will nourish mind and body. You can get all your lost lills, and put at the service of your country. No matter what brought you to your present condition, no matter what went wrong, you can be RE-BUILT into a man, with health and strength and mental and physical vigor and efficiency.

It's Never Too Late

Strongfortism doesn't know the meaning of the word "too late." No matter what your age or condition, do not despair if you have been mired in the slough of despondency or struggling under the burden of old age inequalities. Strongfortism can make a new man of you. Strongfortism can invigorate every part of your system; strengthen your heart, lungs, liver, stomach; clear your brain, steady your nerves, rid you of that eternal languid, tired feeling, and start you on the path to success.

Can Re-Create You
I KNOW that I can make you over, can improve you 100 per cent, because I have helped and am helping thousands of other men—some of them pretty fast. I will talk to you about Strongfortism. I have no pills, powders or patent medicine doctors. I will give you none of any kind. EXPERIENCE instead; the solid experience of a lifetime with many, many pupils; the experience and study that have enabled me to dig out and apply to you the secret laws on which health and happiness and visibility depend.

Send For My Free Book
"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy" tells you all about Strongfortism; tells you how you can overcome your mental and physical ailments; how you can strengthen your vital organs; how to attain symmetry of form and figure. It's forty-four pages of talk straight from the shoulder, telling you how you can get the most pleasure out of life, from a man who knows what he's talking about. Many men have received this book and have suffered from and send it with three 3 stamps to cover mailing expenses. I have marked: XI before the subject (179).

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
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ENTRANCE

CHEER up—You Screen Ambitious! If you grow warped and ancient Without having once appeared Before a camera— Don't cry! For ten years I haunted every studio In the country And never once got within sound
The Indestructible Wife

(Concluded from page 35)

She stopped him and said, with the air of a judge delivering final sentence:

"All right, Schuyler, I've had it. Your wife, your hus-
band. I can't make up my mind just this minute which of you to take. I'll announce my
decision tonight."

With that, he left them, and the party scattered to gossip and speculate, leaving Jim to brood alone. He was still there when Schuyler Horne came hunting him a little later, rather shrewdly:

"Of course Charlotte doesn't mean a word of what she said," was Schuyler's comforting
assurance, "but she's going to make you an offer to accept. I'll see if they don't have a
thing up their sleeve."

"Don't you beat her to it. Tame her. Do
like the fellow in the play, 'The Taming of
the Shrew.' Be a cave man. Drag her off
by herself somehow. There—it's the way to get along with women."

"Treat her rough?" groaned Jim. "What
do you suppose she'd be doing?"

"Nonsense, Schuyler. I simply claimed impa-
tially. "You can handle her. You used to
be husky enough before she got you bulk-
load. Brace up."

"There may be something in what you
say."

"Jim, I've a notion to try."

"Now you're talking. Why don't you
kidnap her?"

"By George, I will. I'll take her down
to the boathouse on the lake, and scare the
life half out of her."

Anne, unwilling in such critical times to
let Schuyler get very far out of her sight
and half out of her reach, deemed the attitude
forward, Charlotte, was eavesdropping. She was
also a little perturbed lest Charlotte, in her an-
noyance at Jim, should select her own choicen
swain as the man to be punishing and offending
husband, for it is one of the characteristics
of a woman in love that she cannot under-
stand why all other women are not in love
with someone else, and her perturbation
situating a while, and then decided to make
capital out of that and to go for her own
ends. So to Charlotte's room she went,
and found the household a very mischievous
person hardly gloomy than Jim had been.

"See here, Charlotte, I've got a tip for
you, and I'll tell you what it is only if you
promise to try it."

"Oh, Schuyler!

"Oh bother Schuyler!" Charlotte said,
snappishly. "What's the tip?"

"Well then, Jim is going to kidnap you,
drag you out of the boat-house, and treat
you roughly. You're to be tamed like the
shrew in the play."

"Oh, I am, am I? That'll be nice," said
Charlotte, her tone little rots, but
as she thought how much this idea didn't seem
to be so displeasing as all.

"If I'm going to be kidnapped I want it
done right," she said at last. "I'll give him
every opportunity."

Thus it happened that evening when Jim
was prowling around the outside of the house
like a burgher, with a heavy rope
steadied over his head, and his wife,
the Shrew, strolling nonchalantly out of
the house to meet the adventure. She heard
his stealthy footsteps and with a little chuckle
feeling practically about how she
handled her arms, as, without a word, her husband
captured her, and dragged her to his waiting
roadster. She resisted just enough to make
him suspect she enjoyed the game, as she
demanded what he meant by it, but she was
hardly glad it was dark, and that the glare
did not have to stand the test of a bright
light. She rated him a villain as the boat-
house was only a short distance away, and
Jim soon had his fastened securely in a
big chair in his study."

"Now well see whose head of this fam-
ily," Jim said, trying to bluster, but
Charlotte could not help grinning when his back
was turned, as he hunted things to eat and
drink, that he had stored away for
the purpose, but she played up to him, and
smacked back shrewishly, "Just for that you
don't get any dinner," Jim retorted at last, and while he felt as if he were caught stealing sheep,
he played his role boldly, ate and drank
with relishing, before his helpless wife.

"Now I'm going to leave you here to
think things over," he said after he had
finished his meal. "You'll stay right there where you are until you stop
all this foolishness about taking a new
husband, and being jealous of that idiot Julia,
and me living a general three-ringed cir-
cus. Just think it over," Jim smothered a
desire to put his arms around his wife and
ask for the freedom. He left the boathouse,
giving the door an entirely unnecessary slam.

"He is a real man," Charlotte said
to herself over and over when he had gone.
Anne, who had been on the watch, soon
came to the rescue. No sooner had Jim
left than she slipped in, untied the knots,
and said:

"Come on. Let's beat him to the house
and give him a shock."

"No," Charlotte replied firmly. "I like
the game. Just leave the rope loose so I can
run. I'll go to Jim and fall in with him
all over again."

They heard footsteps.

"Heaven's, I didn't think he'd come back
so soon," Charlotte exclaimed. "Go into
that side room," and Anne disappeared.

It was not Jim after all, but Brandy.
Missing Charlotte from the house, he had
begged for her, and, coming out of the
boathouse, made a shrewd
guess at what had happened.

"Oh, it's only you," Charlotte said,
her disappointment overfinding to anyone less
dullwitted than the athlete.

"Wha'd'ye mean, only me?" he demanded,
and he leaned familiarly over the arm of her
chair. "From the looks of things you ought
to be glad to see me."

"Well I'm not," Charlotte snapped.

"Anyhow I've got you where you can't
kick me in the shins," Brandy observed,
and his eyes shone, "and I guess here's where
I get a kiss."

"Well, you guess wrong," said Charlotte,
and with a quick movement of her little
body she clasped Brandy and gave him a
blow that sent him off his balance.

Taken by surprise at the fury of her
attack, the muscular youth had no time
to recover himself before she was at him again.

"Kamerad!" he called, half laughing, but
she never gave him a chance to get steady.
With a final shove she sent him reeling down
the steps leading from the deck of the house-
boat, and he never stopped until a splash
told of his arrival at his destination.

He didn't come back for more. He
crashed out of the boat, and was making
for the house, determined to escape im-
mediately from the bewildering adventure,
when Jim and Schuyler saw him."

"I'm 'peared it's happened!" Jim
exclaimed, and set out for the boathouse
on a run. He found Charlotte and Anne
rocking with laughter.

"Maybe you can see B-b-b-randy?" Charlotte
stammered.

"Yes. What does it mean?"

"Just this thing," said Charlotte, put-
ting up her arms and shrugging. "Your little
shrew is tamined, and nothing else makes
any difference. And now, please can't I
have something to eat?"

And Jimmy, not knowing whether he
had really established himself as head of
the house, or whether she was poking fun
at him, and not giving a damn either way,
said she could.

"Would you like them to be? If not
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Jim, I'm going to

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The Art of John Barrymore

(Concluded from page 59)

dramatic circles, life at its fullest complex from the Ringstrasse to Market street, and the worship of that golden circle we call society—a base hospital. The memory of famous or infamous members of his profession who would never be taken for an actor on Fifth avenue, in Clay Center or at Buffalo Bill’s ranch.

Mr. Barrymore and I became friends in 1912. We lived on the same hillside in Los Angeles. I was then, as now, an inconspicuous servant of the limelight rather than a social triumph, so I had abundant opportunity to remark and marvel at his plainsomeness, his utter absence of affectation, and his simple good comradeship, anywhere and with anybody.

Mr. Barrymore’s sense of drama attaches to his person as well as to his spirit. I have seen him come into his dressing-room a scant ten minutes before his cue, in the complete deshabille of a man who has spent a very idle afternoon in the country. Add to the hindrance of time a broken shoe-lace, misplaced laundry and no time to shave. An improvisation of a single lacing, a make-up slapped on with both hands, a shirt resurrected from the laundry bag, a half-pint of water to give that remarkable dark hair its patent-leather finish, a jump into a pair of trousers, a shrot into a coat—and there emerged, from a chrysalis of unpressed clothes, a Brunnell so exquisite that he would have been the despair of any tailor’s model who ever paraded.

The “Barrymore bend”—a sudden inward collapse at the second lowest button of the waistcoat—may be regarded as John’s permanent contribution to our young civilization’s lean and interesting appearance.

I don’t know how old John Barrymore is, because, like Frances White, I am not good at arithmetic. I do know, however, that he was born in 1885. When I knew John in Los Angeles he and his wife, Katherine Harris, appeared to be the essential ingredients of a very happy home. Now the law has pronounced them strangers, and John has a bachelor apartment in Greenwich Village. But I’ll bet John is sorry, sometimes, for he seemed to be very much in love with Katherine; and I’ll bet Katherine is sorry whenever she permits herself to realize that she lost one of the greatest guys in the world.

“Lost Battalion” Survivor Writes Photoplay Editor

Remember the reproduction published last month of a page out of Photoplay picked up in No-Man’s Land? Well, the soldier who found that and written again to the Editor, describing six thrilling nights and days without a bite to eat on a wooded hill of Argonne Forest fighting the Hun.

This officer, Lieut. Maurice S. Reeves, was a member of the now famous “Lost Battalion,” whose men so heroically and unflinchingly fought off their surrender though they faced death on all sides.

“Those six days shall stand out as the most tragic of the war,” writes this survivor, from his base hospital. The memories will never erase itself from my thoughts—and above, all the bravery of those lads. They refused to give in—they fought despite their wounds. All my officers were killed the first day and the second day a trench mortar shell hit my left foot.”

“$100 a Week, Nell!

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“They’ve made me Superintendent—and doubled my salary! Now we can have the comforts and pleasures we’ve dreamed of—our own home, a maid for you, Nell, and no more worrying about the cost of living!

“The president called me in today and told me. He said he picked me for promotion three months ago when he learned I was studying at home with the International Correspondence Schools. Now my chance has come—and thanks to the I. C. S., I’m ready for it!”

Thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in spare hours for bigger work and better pay. You will find them in offices, shops, stores, mills, mines, factories, on railroads, in the Army and Navy—everywhere.

Why don’t you study some one thing and get ready for a real job, at a salary that will give your wife and children the things you would like them to have?

You can do it! Pick the position you want in the work you like best and the I. C. S. will prepare you for it right in your own home, in your spare time—you need not lose a day or a dollar from your present occupation!

Yes, you can do it! More than twenty million have done it in the last twenty-seven years. More than 100,000 are doing it right now. Without cost, without obligation, find out how you can join them. Mark and mail this coupon!

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

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Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

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Toton

Concluded from page 45

"Yvonne!" came a whisper on the apache's slow breath.

Toton, ten feet away, now standing weakly in the darkness drinking in the fantastic tableau. Pierre, feeling the fingers of Death closing about his arm, hastened to divulge the great secret he held from Toton, the girl-boy he had raised in a great lie. His eyes searched the swirling atmosphere for her figure and finding it, he beckoned. She came on swift feet.

"Listen, the whispered. He raised his hand and pointed to the divinely exquisite face of Yvonne, the old lover, conjured by the heart and genius of Lane who had never waited to be asked. Old Yvonne—the face of a madonna—from the depth of the great eyes to the grace of the enfolding arms.

Then hysterically—racing Death—the apache poured out the real story he had concealed through the years. Before this madonna that seemed to live and to prompt his conscience, he told the real love of Lane and Yvonne. Of his call home and of the base instinct of Lane's father. How the parents had stepped into their idyll and broken its spell and how Yvonne had died from a broken heart. Lastly, how Lane had gone back to America, sorrowing, outraged. And how he—Pierre—had raised Toton as a boy and under a lie.

Toton stared at the canvas of her mother. "Who—paid this?" she demanded.

"David Lane," Toton gasped. "Your father!" Pierre finished.

"Pierre," Lane looked at the tear-streaked face of the grimy Toton and stared deep into her eyes. Then he crushed her to him.

That week the three of them sailed for America. Toton looked forward to this trip with the keenest of pleasures. America was no longer one to be dreaded.

And three years later, while Uncle Sam was getting into condition to finish off the Germans, on the docks at New York stood two young people. One of them was a man in the uniform of the American army, and his name was Kent Carew. And the other one was a beautiful woman, and the name of her was Toton. So, back to the cradle of their sorrows and joys sped the two lovers—soldiers of democracy and angel of mercy.
Where Do We Ride From Here?

(Concluded from page 37)

Must we sit and weep like that magnificent fool, Alexander, because there is no other world to conquer or create? How about the one: America is just waking up as a maritime nation. The building of ships for purposes of war has given this country a vast fleet, which, now that peace has come, must be disposed of as a merchant marine. The American flag will be found on all the seven seas. And the sea is the very soul of romance. Already it has given us scores of its finest creatures, beginning with the Annette Kellermann premier, "Neptune's Daughter," and coming down through "The Sea Wolf" to "Sharm Monroe." Its beauties have been revealed in "A Daughter of the Gods" and its rugged power in "The Desert" and "The Mansman." True, some of the romance of the sea died with the passing of the sailing ship, and yet whatever power it be that drives the vessel through the storm, the storm remains impressive and awful. Yet here there is the limitation of speech—considerably enough.

Assuredly this is a great field. The sea can be kind and comforting, and soothe the wounded spirit and bring calm to the troubled soul. It can be terrible and relentless, and can sweep into nothingness the greatest cove, and dwarf the most colossal ego. Even more than the plains it is the dwelling place of men who tremble not as they look death in the face with steady and level brows. Is this the next empire of the film?

Only the future can tell. And for that future, perhaps no plea better expresses the hopes of those who have faith in the camera and its masters, than that of the idealist, Vachel Lindsay:

"We want pictures beyond the skill of any delineator in the old mediums, yet with the power of the wizard photoplay produced. Oh you who are coming tomorrow, show us everyday America as it will be when we are only half way to the millennium yet thousands of you in the future! Till what type of honours men will covet, what property they will be apt to steal, what murders they will commit, what the law court and the trial will be or be will be the substitutes, how the newspaper will appear, the office, the busy street, Picture to America the lovers in her half-millennium, when usage shall have become iron-handed once again, when noble sweethearts must break beautiful customs for the sake of their dreams."
Questions and Answers (Continued)

Phyllis and Elizabeth.—Even if you two did call me a second Scrooge, I liked your letter. You say you run down to the drug store and look for your answers in the magazine, and when you can't find them there, you then add a nickel and buy a Thrift Stamp. Do you really buy the Thrift Stamp? Norna Tal madge is married to Joseph Schneck, her manager, and they aren't married. No. I'm sure I have no idea whether Eugene O'Brien is contemplating matrimony. You might write to him. Alice Mary Moore has never been to Hollywood and read about the last "Bab" story. Nigel Barrie, who played Carter Brooks, is in the Royal Air Force and they can't finish the series until he comes back. Don't forget to write again.

L. B., Blackwell, Okla.—I get a great many letters from Oklahoma. Ann Little, Lasky, Hollywood; Antonio Moreno, western Vitagraph; Charlie Chaplin gets one million dollars a year. Eddie Polo's latest story stars "The Lure of the Circus," has been released. Polo isn't in France. He's at Universal City, in California.

Mary Jane, Kankakee.—Very sorry, Mary Jane, but we do not send out photographs of the players. Write to them, however, and they will answer. Bill Kalisch, Hart studios, Hollywood; Charlie Chaplin, Chaplin studios. Others given elsewhere in this issue. Hart's latest is "Branding Broadway." Scena Owen plays with him in a Roscoe Arbuckle is making comedies for the Paramount program.

Sweet Memories.—We quote from your poem (first stanza): "Long years ago, how many I don't know, I got lonesome one night for a movie show, we had a number of them that night, I do not recall, so I looked up the best that could be found." And the last verse is all right: "Now Bill Hart looks good to us on the screen, he plays nice parts but he may be mean. He'll save a woman from drowning, his life, and he may go home and beat his wife," except that Willum is not and never has been married.

Electa, Rochester.—Only too glad. Geraldine Farrar, Metropolitan Opera House, New York; Lilian Gish, Griffith studios, Ga.; Frances to Canada; Pauline Frederick, Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.; Dorothy Dalton, Edi Bennett, Thomas H. Ince studios, Culver City, Cal.; Wallace Reid, Lasky. You're quite welcome, nine-year-old.

E. B., Banes, Lonesome Soldier Boy, Camp Travis, Texas.—June Caprice isn't playing at present but she was with Fox last, and the only reason for her leaving appears to be that she wants to become a newspaper columnist. Pho-toplay cannot send you pictures, but write to your favorites and you will hear from them. Mabel Normand, Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.; Marie D'Alonzo, Edi Bennett, Thomas H. Ince studios, Culver City, Cal.; Wallace Reid, Lasky. Are you sure that the correct title? We have no record of that picture.

Mona, Booklyn.—My surprise at your sea-green letter may be compared only to my astonishment when I discovered your Webster, that the word "encyclopedia" is spelled as it's pronounced. If I kept track of "hues in actress hair, Mona, I wouldn't have much time to answer your questions. All I know is that when I last saw the lady, it was a reddish hue, and her others require research; if you'll be patient I'll look them up for you. Toot to you.

E. B., Pittsburgh.—I don't want to lose my temper, but I would suggest that you look through these Calumies from time to time to ascertain whether or not Mary Pickford has any children. Marguerite Clark is thirty-one and she is, in private life, the wife of Licut. H. Palmer Williams. Reddish gold.

Mary F., Mass.—If you don't mind—well, why not read your alias. I don't know any publishers personally, I'd be writing about the kills he's played with Miss Marie D'Alonzo. "Little Mary" in "The Eagle's Mate." He's directing now. I don't know of any Portuguese actors on the screen. You want Pearl White's portrait on the cover.

Younger, Oklahoma City.—How old is Flamand? Miss Marie D'Alonzo thirty-four. She's more popular with Pathe. One daughter, who is married and lives in England. I missed Ward best in "The Cheat" and "The Yellow Ticket." My, he's a fine little actress. Harold Lockwood was survived by a wife and one son. May Allen isn't married. Baby Marie Osborne is seven. Douglas Fairbanks is divorced from his wife, Gertrude. Fairbanks was awarded the custody of Douglas. Jr. Antonio Moreno is playing now in "The Iron Test," a Vitagraph serial. Long live the Princess. They always play a vampire; why, I don't know.

C. B., Fargo, N. D.—I don't often get such a letter from you, your dad, or your sister. Thank you for it. In the light of recent events perhaps you won't be going to France. Let me know. Here's another address, but don't give it to anyone. This time your letter says: "Your play will have a story or a picture about him very soon; watch out for it.

M. E. H., Preston, Ontario.—You just write Bebe Daniels and she'll send you a picture of herself, and if you're lucky she'll write you a letter, too. Bebe is one of my favorites, but I'm not much of a fan of hers. And she's a mighty sweet kid and likes to hear from her friends. Yes, believe that comedian quite; he found the competition too keen. You mean Eric Blore, the Englishman? It's his first real role, but he's been seen in the Thalberg movies and should make a fine actor. His picture here was to play with Chaplin? He was killed in a motor accident. The Dolly Sisters who appeared in the musical comedy, "Oh, Look!" The picture is of "Million Dollar Dollies" are one and the same. Their names are Yanis and Roszika but don't ask me who is who. Perfectly all right, thanks.

Bessie J. B., White Wright, Texas.—I should have been delighted to answer by return mail, Bessie, but you neglected to enclose a stamp, so your letter had to await its turn. Florence La Badie died of injuries from an automobile accident. She was not married, don't you think? She supplied you with photographs of Harold Lockwood.

S. N., St. Louis.—Florence Lawrence is no longer in pictures; she's been absent for a long time now. Yes, I miss her too. In real life she is Mrs. Harry Solter. Harold Lockwood was on the stage before he went into pictures. He was with the old Ince Kay-Ree company; with Famous Players, where he won his first recognition with Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country." He made a number of pictures and played with Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower."

Kathleen O'Neill, Buffalo.—Eugene O'Brien isn't dead. Charles Ray is twenty-eight; he's with Thomas H. Ince, at Culver City, California. J. Warren Kerrigan is thirty, and he's working at the Jesse Hampton studios in Los Angeles. You want a story about Kerrigan.

You know that electric vibration means health and rest and new health—new beauty. You know it is Nature's way to bring pain to improve circulation of the blood, to send the blood surging through the body, giving you added energy and vitality—you know all this, but did you know that hereof one of the biggest problems of science has been to invent a practical household vibrator that would be in every way absolutely satisfactory? 

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Let us send you a Vitapulsar to try in your own home. No obligation to buy. This is the most generous offer we have ever made. We will let you buy it.

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Questions and Answers (Concluded)

PATSY-PAT.--The posters are so funny sometimes. Two more that amused me mightily were "The Deemster," featuring "Hal Caine," and "Ethel Baremore in The Lifted Veil." June Elvidge is very brunt- nette. She's still with World. No, they are separated.

SILVER SPIRS.--That little argument we had—I've forgiven you for winning it. When I'm in the wrong I always admit it. And it keeps me pretty busy. Norma and Constantine Talked about it in St. Louis. Sally Reid isn't playing with Gerry Farrar at present because she's with Goldwyn and he's still with Lasky. I should say the favorite with a fanette would be "oh my stars!" Yes--yes!

NICK, PHILADELPHIA.--I didn't see that serial and so can't tell you who the mystery was. It's all a mystery to me. The serial is the hash of the film business. Can give you the cast if you want that. What?

Flo, CHICAGO.--Indeed, Flo, it is most awfully good of you to be so considerate of my feelings. I hand out answers in much the same manner as the successful office-seeker by an invention. A lot of those of you who help me by clever letters, I give good answers and an epigram. Squirt your own sarcastic replies. For you, a metaphor, "Clifton," and Harry Carey, Universal City; Bryan Washburn, Lasky; John Bowden, Goldwyn, Culver City; Bill Desmond, Jesse Hampton. L. A. I don't think anything of the kind.

MARY W., WASHINGTON, D. C.--Allen Edwards played Boone Prindleton opposite Violet Marsh in "The Girl of the Roadside." That's his real name, I believe. Of course anybody named Allen Edwards couldn't help being an actor. It was the only thing to do.

ELIZABETH EASTMAN, ST. CLOUD, MINN.--Little Mary Jane Irving was Mary Jane in "The White Lie" with Bossie Barrie. She's all right. She has played with Susse Hayakawa. Clever kid, isn't she?

LUCILLE SMITH.--The circulation department will send a sample copy to Marie Louise Dawson if you will be kind enough to send them Marie Louise's address.

T. D., LOGAN, UTAH.--I call it the Sinema. Which reminds me of one of the posters in front of the Chicago loop tunnels which show moving pictures. One was "Virginia Pearson, the 'Little.'" Another was "Margery Wilson, Without Honor." And both such nice girls, too. Ann Pennington isn't married. No. Eugene O'Brien is with Paramount; Madeleine Carroll plays with Elia Kazan. Walter H. Thomas is the author of "Greenwood Tree." Oh, yes. Mabel Normand's fortune is comedy. Norman Kerry with Constance Talmadge. Mrs. Bryant Washburn was Mabel Forrest. More later.

MIXED-UP, BUCCY, O.--I should say you are. Don't kid us; or if you do, be careful. A good many have tried it, but few of them ended away with it. Alice same true that Mary has no children.

CHARLES C. H., VINCENNES, IND.--A young friend of mine, a clerk in a book store, was asked by an aggressive woman where she could find a book on how to mix drinks. This y. i. o. n. directed her to the section of "Books of a Stimulating Nature." I can't give you a list of all the film companies but our studio directory elsewhere in these Colunns will give you a pretty good idea.

PERCY.--Dash-it-all, I don't know what to tell you. There are many little gifts that might prove acceptable; it really depends on the size of your bank-roll and whether the lady is a costume heroine, or an innocent. Please let us know your momentous decision. Also what the lady says.

M. C., PHILADELPHIA.--Julia Swaney Gordon is still with Vitagraph. She is not related to Anita Stewart, although they have a name in common. All similar names are a handy way for the young daughter. The Betzwood Film Company is the only producing concern in your city; Louis Bennison, Lady Mae, and Mabel Normand, formerly of Paramount, are the stars. Others answered elsewhere.

GRACIELA, HAVANA, CUBA.--We have already begun our Spanish lessons but we don't know what you mean when you call us "emanador." Is that right? But Gracielas—please believe us—we are not soreheads. We have however a twinkle in our eye. Music—ah! You have struck another harmonious chord. One of my favorite memories is an evening in June, when we saw a play in a baby light from a shaded lamp garnished her hair; her white fingers caressed the white keys—sometimes the black; the music was a very beautiful, very harmonic—Emil promou of Chopin. And somewhere, in the night, a dog howled. Never will I forget it; never. She sang, too, that girl did. Don't forget that card, Gracielas, and next time I'll tell you what your handwriting says to me.

DIANA ST. CLAIR, FREEZEMEARK, NEW JERSEY.--When I received your scented note on the gilt-edged paper, and read it, and the signature—Diana St. Clair—I thought you were coming to last—my inspiration—your address. Will you please move to Castle-on-the-Hudson? Thank you. Wallie Reid—you like him? Of course. Well, he's at Lasky's, in Hollywood.

VIOLET, OAKLAND.—Next to baby-blue stationery we perfectly love violet-bordered, with a scent to correspond. And you like Crane Willow? We don't think so. We heard of Crane he was in stock. Yes, it's true. Norma Talmadge was born in Brooklyn. Bobby Harron. Griffith, L. J. June Caprice isn't with any company at present. No, Good heavens no! Perhaps. Fannie Ward's latest is "The Narrow Path." We have just discovered that the envelope is lined in lavender.

BILL FARNUM, CHICAGO.—He's married; he's forty-two. I saw him last in "House of Mystery." He's in "Wine." Jack Mulhall is with Lasky; he is married. Carol Halloway? She was recently divorced; story about her coming. That's last in all right. Why don't you think it was a dozen cents of dew? O. K., QUEBEC.—You don't want to take us seriously much of the time. That's dear of you. It is true. Why, er—yes, we enjoyed the "peace" celebration very much. That is, we believe so.

JEAN, HELLO yourself. I am not acquaintance with Dorothy Phillips the dancer. Is she in vod-vill? Norma Talmadge is quite definitely most adorable. Jane Cowl isn't in pictures now. She made one for Goldwyn called "The Spreading Dawn." Miss Cowl is in "The Crowded Hour" in New York.

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Photoplay Magazine’s Screen Supplement

toplay lens, including those of Miss Minter herself, James Kirkwood, Eugenia Forde and George Fisher. Next, a transcontinental jump to the World studios at Fort Lee, and an intimate visit with Montagu Love as he arrives and prepares for work.
After this, the beholder visits Mrs. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in their charming home at Sea Gate, Long Island.
Then, an interlude of delightful play with that memorable trio of ome, Triangle days—Douglas Fairbanks, John Emerson and Anita Loos.
From then to a very momentary now—the new Mrs. Henry Walthall; the erstwhile Mary Charleson, with glimpses of her work in the army camps.
Follows a turn to sheer camera science, and a rapid-fire exhibition of the processes of trick photography.
A laughable animated cartoon by Wallace Carlson concludes this opening chapter.

The Next One.

Photoplay Screen Supplement Number Two opens with an aviator’s view of the great Triangle-Goldwyn studios at Culver City.
Ben Turpin—he of that misfit pair of eyes—arriving for work, and his laughable preparations for face a la Bennett.
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Thomas H. Ince is shown, in his magnificent private office—and again, hurrying on to set to straighten out a bit of knotty direction in a new Charlie Ray drama.
Then comes an intimate study of Bessie Love, now a Vitagraph star.
Paul Powell and Eddie Dillon figure in this.
Bill Hart rides along Broadway, working for the Fourth Liberty Loan —and, anon, Bill Hart at home in Hartville, with his splendid dogs.
How Helen Holmes, the railroad girl, made her “train stuff” at night is vividly visualized. And there is a regulation Helen Holmes thrill in this, too—an actual wreck, made especially for the Screen Supplement.
The conclusion is another of Carlson’s animated drolleries.
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Such foods should hold a high place daily in your children's diet.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Puffed Wheat</th>
<th>Puffed Rice</th>
<th>Corn Puffs</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>All Bubble Grains</td>
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<td>Each 15c Except in Far West</td>
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The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(205)
Prize Contest
Can You Tell These Stars by Their Eyes?

Above you see the photographs of the eyes of six of the many famous motion picture beauties who endorse and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream and whose names are listed below in the coupon. These pictures were taken from portraits used in our advertising during the past year. Your problem is to identify the actress by her eyes. First, note the number opposite each photograph. Then, when you have decided upon your guess as to the actress, write the number opposite the proper name in the coupon and forward the coupon to us. If you guess correctly the names of three of the six actresses we will forward to you, without charge, our charming Guest Room Package.

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Olive Thomas
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Corinne Griffith
Louise Lovely
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Juanita Hansen
Mabel Normand
Norma Talmadge
Ruth Roland
Nance O'Neil
Virginia Valli
Mollie King
Shirley Mason
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The great problem that confronts the motion picture industry today is—what do you suppose? The lack of good, workable scenarios. No less an authority than James Young, who has produced for Vitaphone, World, Aircraft and others, recently said: "The most serious problem confronting the producers is the scarcity of properly constructed scenarios. The demand is so great and the supply so meager that the reward for good stories that will pictureize is correspondingly large."

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What the Palmer Plan Brings you

In easy, everyday English, it brings the studio home to you—reveals the story-structure around which all successful photoplays are built—lays bare the "little tricks of the trade"—shows you where to find plot material and how to recognize it; what to use and what to avoid, what producers want and do not want. It tells you the things you must know to put your stories over.

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Watch Your Nerves
by PAUL von BOECKMANN

The greatest of all strains upon the human body is the mental, for 'fear makes the body weak.' In- stant death may result from great grief or a sudden fright. The strongest man may in a few months shrink to a skeleton through intense worry. Anger and excitement may cause an upheaval of the digestive and other organs. It is simple to understand, therefore, that lesser strains must surely slowly undermine the vital forces, decrease our mental keenness and generally wreck the body and health.

In this simple truth lies the secret of health, strength and vitality. The noted British author on this subject, Alfred T. Schodich, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, says:—"It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

It is in the nerves that Nerve Force is generated, that wonderful power which gives life and action to every cell of the human body. When the nervous system becomes fatigued or over-worked, abuse and other strains, the flow of Nerve Force becomes feeble, and we become feeble all over. When the Nerve Force is strong all our organs are physically, and organically. This is an immutable law of Nature.

Few people realize the powerful influence the nerves have upon our well-being, and how they may torture the interior of the body when they are deranged, super-sensitive and unmanageable. Few people realize they have nerves, and therefore heedlessly waste their precious Nerve Force. Many are knowing what they are actually wasting their "Life Force," and then they wonder why they lack "Pep," have aches, pains, cannot digest their food, and are not fit, mentally and physically.

Just think a moment what a powerful role your nerves play in your life. It is your nerves that govern the action of the heart, so that your blood flows in proper streams. It is your nerves that govern your breathing, so that your blood will be purified. It is your nerves that promote the process of digestion, assimilation, elimination, and circulation. It is your nerves and muscles, before it can act, must receive from the nerves a current of Nerve Force to give it life and power.

Your body and all its organs and parts may be compared to a complex mass of individual electric motors and lights, each connected with wires from a central electric station, where the electric power is generated. When the electric force from the central station becomes weak, every motor will slow down and every light will become dim. Tinkering and pampering the motors and light will do no good in this case. It is in the central station, the nervous system, where the weakness lies.

I have devoted over thirty years to the study of physical and mental efficiency in man and woman. I have studied carefully the physical and mental characteristics of over 100,000 persons in this time. As my experience grows, I am more and more convinced that nearly every case of organic and physical weakness is directly due to nervous exhaustion. Powerful and healthy looking men and women who did not show the least outward sign of nervousness and upon close mental and physical diagnosis to have exhausted nerves. Usually every organ was perfect and the muscles well developed, but there was not sufficient flow of Nerve Force to give these organs and muscular systems the strength and endurance that thousands of people running from doctor to doctor seeking relief to, a mysterious 'something the matter with them,' through repeated examinations wish to show that any particular organ function is weak? It is "Nerves," in every case.

We are living in the age of nerve strain, the "mile a minute life." Every man, woman and child is over-taxing the nerves, thus wrecking that delicate system. Nerve strain cannot be entirely avoided, but it can be modified. Much can be done to temper the "mile a minute life." Education along this line is imperatively necessary if we are not to become a race of masochists (nervous exhaustion). I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nervous culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It shows how to save and restore your health. The book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, plus the postage, if you do not become completely satisfied. Every money paid is refunded. The book is worth $500. No book ever written by man on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which I am aware of, has any comparison in my book. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book to-day. It is for you whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the more precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull-nerved, means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you know what your nerves mean to you. You are very important to those who have "high strung" nerves, and those who must tax their nerves to the utmost. The book is for all these people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

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Write today to The Andrew Jergens Co., 503 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.


Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
MABEL NORMAND will soon give us a new conception of "Sis Hopkins."

Mabel left Keystone slap-stick for Goldwyn drawing-room drama. Now
the little dramatic yearn has died, leaving Mabel again content as a cut-up.
We hear that Irene Fenwick is to appear in William Paversham's stage production of "The Prince and the Pauper," in the dual juvenile role. You will remember Miss Fenwick in Famous Players and Metro pictures.
GAIL KANE has her own company now, and "The Daredevil" and "The Kaiser's Bride" are two recent releases of the statuesque star. Miss Kane seems to have made a complete transition from stage to screen.
JACK MULHALL graduated with athletic honors from Columbia University, then went on the stage. He came to the screen via Biograph; he has acted, lately, for Universal and Paramount. He never studied law.
An expert likeness of our best-known Younger Son, William Wallace Reid. He plays those sons of fortune with too many millions, who always, always get the Girl. Mrs. Reid is Dorothy Davenport. There's a William Wallace, Jr.
THAT enigmatic look in Evelyn Greeley's eyes is brought about by an indecision as to whether or not the heroine in her next World drama should wear a gown to match her soul. Miss Greeley, whose first name should be Hebe, is co-starring with Carlyle Blackwell.
The most recent portrait of America's famed dancer-actress, Irene Castle, who is in mourning for her aviator husband, Captain Vernon Castle. She left the studios to go to England, there to devote her terpsichorean talents to war-work.
A L I C E J O Y C E, at the present writing and engraving, is working on a picturization of Charles Klein's "The Lion and the Mouse." This should afford Vitagraph's fragile star her biggest dramatic opportunity since "Within the Law."
On Sunday —

THERE goes that miserable alarm-clock—let it go! It's Sunday morning, and you don't have to rise at seven! So—

Well, you've had your extra hour, or two. And now what are you going to do with the Day of Rest?

Whatever your choice, don't merely throw Sunday away. Meaningless, fruitless, frittered-out Sundays bear the curse of waste, and the past four years teach us that waste may be treachery to ourselves as well as to our nation.

For the Young Person we recommend, unqualifiedly, at least one of the services of the church as Sunday's prime requisite. There is more than orthodox devotion in a knowledge of that Book which is the foundation of all the religions of civilization. The Bible is the corner-stone of all education, and no man or woman of any creed or none can ever claim true culture in ignorance of its great records and precepts. This is not Billy Sunday evangelism; it is a statement of ice-cold fact. If the next generation of Americans is permitted to grow up Scripturally blind, Kultur will have replaced culture. We shall be a land of scientific barbarians.

For the rest of the day, improve your body and air out your mind.

The great Teacher of Nazareth declared that the Sabbath was made for Man; not Man for the Sabbath. Intolerance has always reversed that saying. Intolerance would make Man's Sabbath a dungeon of worthless reflection or downright evil-thinking.

Conspicuous among the living Intolerants are those who inveigh against the Sunday outing and the Sunday picture show.

The man who would replace church services by screen entertainments and the man who would lock up all films between Saturday and Monday are both undesirable citizens.

Start Sunday by earnest attendance upon an informing and uplifting religious service. Continue Sunday by getting out into God's great open air—winter or summer. Then serve your soul again—if you wish; or you will do well in giving your refreshed mind a panorama of other lives or other lands upon the screen.
According to what Lew Cody says, the "rag and bone" siren doesn't know nearly as much about men as the "chocolate-coated cave man" understands about women. Mr. Cody's case it's an advantage. Also, there was orange pekoe tea and other things to sustain one during the ordeal of listening to the confessions of the original male vampire (screen species).

"First," I said, when the penitent had arranged himself as comfortably as possible, with a glowing cigarette between his fingers and a pagan grin on his lips, "why is a male vampire?"

"A male vampire exists because all women want to be a man's last love, not his first. Women dislike amateurs. They don't care to be practiced on."

"A male vampire exists because all women want to be a man's last love, not his first," began Mr. Cody. "A man may tell a woman he has never loved anyone in his life before he met her. She accepts it with a sweet smile because she thinks it's only a figure of speech and she doesn't believe him. If she discovers he has told the truth, it's generally 'curtains' for him. Women dislike amateurs. They don't care to be practiced on.

"Life began with a man and a woman in a garden. The game goes on, that's all. A male vampire is merely an expert in the great battle of wits between the sexes. He's the only man who isn't hopelessly outclassed before he starts.

"Incidentally, I've noticed it didn't take Eve long to get out of the garden when she found there was only one man there."

"The ideal male vampire would combine the American's punch, the Englishman's subtility, and the Frenchman's suavity."

(I happen to know that Lew Cody was born in America of French parents and that his right name is Cote with accents over the "o" and the "e".)

Now, there are marrying men and bachelors. The difficulty is to tell the difference after Life scrambles them about a bit. Lots of married men are

All women want to be a man's last love, not his first. And that, says Mr. Cody, is the secret of the male vampire.

We have come far since the day of "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." That lady is now considered a rank amateur. She has been followed by the baby vamp, the intellectual vamp and the person who slings slightly obese charms in your face with a freedom ridiculous or disgusting according to your sex and disposition.

Now—enter the male vampire. And, while, to quote once more from Mr. Kipling, "the female of the species is more deadly than the male," the deadliness of the masculine variety is not to be underrated. I know, for I have been mother confessor to the eminent authority on vampires—he and she vampires, vamping a la celluloid and au natural—Mr. Lewis J. Cody, the originator of the male vampire upon the screen.

Mr. Cody insists that the male vampire, as portrayed by him in that delightfully subtle thing of Lois Weber's, "For Husbands Only," is a necessary evolution of the screen in its progress toward realism, a real human being who has landed in a hitherto sadly vacant spot somewhere between the saccharine hero of the thousand virtues and the dreadful hero of the seven deadly sins. He is a sort of chocolate-coated cave man, and after seeing Lew on his own vamping ground in screen versions from real life, a mere spectator is filled with gratitude for his creation.

Our confessional was a charming little luncheon table. The candles, one must admit, were intimate, silken red shades. And the penitent had the advantage of being seen—at least in
bachelors by instinct. Lots of bachelors become married men by training. The real male vampire is essentially a bachelor. His freedom is his most cherished possession. He desires wide fields in which to rove and he doesn't care to cheat. His heaven is anticipation. His hell is a woman he is tired of.

"The male vampire is necessarily frivolous—at heart. The moment a man becomes earnest he bores a woman to tears. You cannot harness most men. That is why marriage as an institution is too often a failure."

"There is only one really bad man—the man who desires innocence. That is why the male vampire is not bad—he is only a little humanly wicked. He doesn't really care to waste his time on inexperience. The battle of wits is more engrossing when played with a skilled opponent. The thrill is lost unless the foeman is worthy of one's steel."

He paused and flashed me that companionable little smile and between you and me I began to have a degree of sympathy for the wife in "For Husbands Only" who so nearly was vamped by him.

"Go on," I said. "Just how much does he know about women?"

"Do I have to do that?" he asked.

I nodded solemnly. "What is the ideal woman?"

"The ideal woman is the one a man would never grow tired of. She hasn't been discovered as yet. But the most dangerous woman is the one who is clever enough not to let you know how clever she is. Like a masked battery, her fire is more deadly.

"Women today are doing their best to kill romance. They have grown too clever. Nothing kills a romance like brilliance in a woman. She ceases to kneel gracefully. And yet, an intelligent man likes an intelligent woman. But the reason that so many intellectual men marry brainless dolls is because the clever woman flaunts her knowledge so brazenly. It doesn't make a great deal of difference what a woman says if it isn't humiliating to a man and she looks attractive while she says it.

"Daintiness is the one physical essential. If a woman has that she may be dark or light, tall or short, thin or fat and still be adorable.

"The two unforgivable sins for a woman in the eyes of the
optimistic pessimist we are calling a male vampire are affectation and superiority. Nagging is the one reason I know for justifiable homicide. The possessive case is such a feminine favorite and it ruins more charming women than anything else in the world. The silliest woman can handle the cleverest man if she only lets him think he’s having his own way."

"Now," I demanded sternly, "what are the rules of this great game, the rules he has worked out through his experience?"

"There isn’t a woman in the world who wouldn’t be flattered if you made love to her. But that won’t always gain your point. Hold her off a bit. Add the filip of indifference to the spice of danger. Make her feel that you are a volcano beneath a crust of ice and the sheer perversity of her sex will make her try to break through to see what it’s like underneath. If she finds out too soon that you are eager, she will play with you as a cat toys."

"Never roast a man she has cared for or still seems to admire. It disparages her taste and rouses her to the defense of what is or was her property. Rather praise him for the virtues he doesn’t possess. Nothing will call her attention to his faults so quickly. On the same principle, never underestimate another beautiful woman to her. Admit her beauty, but suggest that she isn’t your style.

"Never talk about yourself to a woman. It arouses in her the critical faculty at once. The law of supply and demand works in this game, as in all others. Give her what she hasn’t. Find out where the other fellow fails. Never force the issue. Be aloof, courteous, cool. Above all, don’t fall in love with her, or you’re gone.

"Ah, women are like moods. They must be changed often to be attractive. Women forgive vices of the flesh more readily than sins of the disposition. They will forgive anything easier than cowardice and sneer at the man who, wont defend her."

"Always remember this—that flattery is the most powerful weapon for either sex. That is where the average woman and the average man make their biggest mistake. Subtle, clever flattery, founded upon enough truth to make it acceptable, scores as nothing else can."

"For instance I told a woman the other night that she should always wear Oriental effects. ‘If you did, you would be surpassingly beautiful,’ I said. She shrugged it aside, but the next time I saw her she was wearing jade earrings down to her knees and enough Chinese embroidery to start a temple of Buddha."

"‘And I learned about women from her,’ he quoted, with that super-abundant joy of living, that warmth of color and delight in the actual world that makes him so forgivable in his screen ‘other men."

"‘Now, the benediction,’ I said, as the fervor of his ‘axioms’ burned out."

"Since you’re a mother confessor—" he remarked suggestively.

"Absolution, if you never do it again!’ I pronounced.

"But dear lady, I must earn my living," he cried.

"Oh, yes," I said weakly, "I forgot. Sentence suspended."

Well, what did you expect of a mere woman?

Resorting to facts, Mr. Cody made his first screen venture opposite Bessie Barriscale in “The Mating," an early Inceville production after a considerable stage career. Since that time he has played with many of our best feminine stars, including Mae Murray, Edith Storey, Gail Kane, Fannie Ward, Mildred Harris, Louise Lovely and others. His latest work, at this time not released, was in “Don’t Change Your Husband," a C. B. deMille production, characterized as a companion piece to "Old Wives for New."

This picture story is narrated and illustrated elsewhere in this issue.
I just feel like seeing a good picture.

Who's that on the screen? I never saw her face before.

That's the girl that was once engaged to Robert Warwick.

I never knew until yesterday that Mary Pickford was William Farnum's first wife.

0, I knew that long ago.

Very few people know that Elsie Ferguson is Mrs. Wm. S. Hart—but they're not living together.

I heard that Olga Petrova and Theda Bara are half-sisters.

Sure and Geraldine Farrar is their aunt.

I got it from a party in the moving picture business. That Eugene O'Brien is engaged to Fannie Ward.

She looks 18 but she's 86.

I heard that he's half Eskimo.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew are not really married—he's married to Norma Talmadge and she's engaged to Douglas Fairbanks. My husband tells me every thing.

They say that Clara Kimball Young has twelve children.

Good afternoon, ladies—what picture did you see?

Search us.

Did you know that Charlie Chaplin is deaf and dumb?
It is one of the paradoxes of life that to a great degree, the very men and women who bring the pictured romance to the world are themselves denied the emotions they portray... The great lovers are few... The romance of Lucien Muratore and Lina Cavalieri has endured, they have not permitted eight years of married life to keep them from being lovers.
The Romance of Cavalieri and Muratore

How Lina of the Porta Salaria became a distinguished artiste, the wife of a celebrated tenor, and a renowned motion picture actress.

By Jerome Shorey

Strange, is it not, that while Romance is the very life of the theater, it is rarely indeed that actual romances find in the theater itself that happy climate wherein they endure from year to year. It is one of the paradoxes of life that to a great degree the very men and women who bring the pictured romance to the world, are themselves denied the emotions they portray. Nor is it difficult to understand, for the emotions of the player, always keyed to such high pitch in his art, are too turbulent for permanence. Grooving for the reality they counterfeit in their profession they either demand too much, or are willing to give too little in return. The great lovers are few. The enduring romance is the exception—the attachment that stands the test of years. But there are exceptions, the more notable because of their rarity.

Out near New London, Connecticut, there is a beautiful summer home, the grounds of which slope gently down under splendid old elms, to the shimmering Sound. Here, almost any summer's day, you can find a man and a woman engaged in some light frolic. They are Lucien Muratore and his beautiful wife, Lina Cavalieri, whose romance has endured, and for this reason: that they have not forgotten how to play. And just as they have not permitted their adult years to banish the joys of childhood, they have not permitted eight years of marriage to keep them from being lovers. In picturesquely costumes from their operatic wardrobes they play at masquerades among the elms and beside the shore, and the chance spectator might well take it for a faery vision.

Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live,
And play in the plighted clouds.

Eight years ago they met, Cavalieri and Muratore, at the Grand Opera in Paris, where a new opera by Giordano, "Siberia," was being produced. They met at rehearsal, they loved, they married. And that is all there is to tell. Happy indeed are the people whose annals are vacant. Muratore sings at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York—Cavalieri plays in pictures for Paramount. And between times they proceed with the real business of life, which is the pursuit of happiness. For they are both of the land of eternal youth where—Rome, grandam of nations, from her seven hills defies the passing years, the passing centuries—Rome, an ancient city when Christ was born, yet to-day younger than the latest upstart town of the Middle West.

It was a long road, but seldom a dreary one, which Cavalieri traveled to reach this delectable destination. Glance at this picture of her earliest youth:

In the poorest part of the city of Rome, near the Porta Salaria, almost under the very shadow of the great Villa Borghese, in a few almost bare rooms, the family of a laborer. Nor even an unusual laborer—just a good, honest, hard-working toiler. And the family—six of them, lively, always more or less hungry. Yet not unhappy— for after all, somehow one lives, and papa is kind, and mamma is beautiful, and in the soft twilight Lina, who is twelve, sings to the accompaniment of a cheap guitar. For this is Italy, where even the babies in their cradles are dramatic, and when sorrow comes one looks upon it always a little with the eye of the artist, so that even suffering becomes picturesque by being somewhat self-conscious.

To those who are not versed in the romance of art, it may seem a remarkable career, this of Lina Cavalieri's, from the poor quarter of Rome to the luxury of an operatic and moving picture star. Yet it is not so remarkable after all. Did you ever hear of a great singer coming from a wealthy family? And besides, just as every soldier in the armies of Napoleon always carried the baten of a field marshal in his knapsack, so as not to be taken unawares by the great honor that he was sure would come to him eventually, so every Italian child is provided at birth with a blank contract for the Metropolitan Opera House. In Rome, where even the little children speak Italian fluently, Verdi and Donizetti are as popular as Irving Berlin and Jerome Kern are in New York, and as familiar to the whistling street boys.

If, with such a background, La Cavalieri had become a disciple of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, or had made a name for herself as a missionary to the heathen in the Malay Peninsula, it would have been remarkable. That she has succeeded on the stage and in the cinemas, after all, is not so astonishing after you have glanced at her beautiful face and have heard her sing. For while Cavalieri is not among the greatest
father died, and the family was in despair. Hunger is not recommended by singing teachers as the best means of developing a young voice, but it was on hunger that Cavalieri trained in those darkest days of all her life. And just when it seemed that human endurance was at an end, the family found a place for her on the program of the ten-twent'-thirt' house at three lire—about sixty cents—a performance. The beginning was all she needed. Soon a better theatre discovered the little songbird of the Porta Salaria, and offered five lire—a dollar a day—as much as her father had ever earned.

This was in 1910. Within a very few months, Lina, still not sixteen, was one of the favorites at the Eden, one of the best music halls in Rome, and there she was paid a salary that set wagging the tongues of the gossips around the Salaria gate—one hundred lire a week—twenty dollars. This was fame.

There is little doubt that Cavalieri would have been a much greater singer if she had not been such a great beauty. The new sensation of the Eden was soon discovered by an impresario from Paris, not for her voice, which was still in the formative stage, but for her high visibility. To the child herself, for Lina was still little more than that, this magical world that opened to her, which meant ease and comfort, not only for herself but for that recently so hungry brood over by the Porta Salaria, was not a thing to be questioned. She had not taken her voice seriously.

She had not taken anything very seriously except hunger, and now there was no more hunger. There was no wise patron to tell her that in her throat was a delicate organ which by careful development and study could be made into a voice that would thrill the world. She could sing well enough for the music halls, much better than most of her fellow artists, and that was sufficient.

But with Paris, and the sensational success at the Folies Bergère, not to mention the salary of 8,200 a month, came the realization that beauty could carry her no farther, that if she was to rise still higher in the world of the theatre, she must be carried up by her voice. She studied intermittently, but was not greatly encouraged either by friends or teachers. She was one of those favored ones of whom her friends cannot understand why they are not satisfied with their tremendous successes and why they insist upon doing something else that seems so unnecessary. But the urge of ambition drove on, and thus it was that the most remarkable thing about the career of Lina Cavalieri—much more remarkable than that she should have risen from poverty and obscurity—that in the height of her triumph in the gayest city in the world, hailed as the greatest beauty in the world, the toast of Grand Dukes and millionaires, she kept her head, insisted that there was something greater in store for her, and went on with her singing.

It was not until she visited Russia and met the tenor Marconi, touring with Luisa Tetrazzini, that she received her first word of encouragement. He told her she could succeed in opera if she would really study under the proper sort of teacher. She then went into the business seriously. For nine months she worked and after an uncertain but with luck almost unprecedented debut in Lisbon, she made her real debut in Naples in "La Boheme." She was a success, only partly, perhaps, through her singing, for with her beauty one could allow other prima donna a considerable handicap and win handily. Her continental triumphs brought her to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where she was a sensation but not an operatic success. Curiously enough, while America is not a musical nation, yet in this one operatic institution the highest standards in the world prevail, and the truth must be admitted—Cavalieri's voice is not one of the greatest. But she made New York sit up and take notice, just the same.

It was inevitable that the moving pictures should claim such a beauty as this. Until last year she had not appeared in any pictures in America, but had been in numerous Italian productions. One of these, "The Rose of Granada," served as a joint starring vehicle for herself and her husband, and will be released later in this country by Paramount. (Continued on page 107)
Private Blue!

Monte, the official portrayer of Young America in the Ranks

couldn't do the riding," said Blue, "so I doubled in those scenes. I had to make up, of course, exactly like the grand old actor, and this required the use of a putty nose. I'll never forget how, in one of the close-ups—the weather being warm—the putty melted and my nose fell off!"

Blue is a master of make-up, and excels in Indian roles. He was Indian Joe in Mary's "M'Liss"; Happy in "The Squaw Man." He plays a red-man, also, in Louise Glaum's "Goddess of Lost Lake."

You have probably seen him in scores of roles without knowing it; for instance, the half wit in an old Fine Arts, "The Microscope Mystery"; Pierre, the bandit, in another Fine Arts, "Daphne and the Pirates," featuring Lillian Gish and Elliott Dexter. He was in "Betrayed," for Fox, and the sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes," for National.

Monte wore a putty nose and pretty nearly everything when he doubled for Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in "Macbeth" (shown below).

Among his privateering, Monte Blue posed with Mary Pickford in a propaganda film for the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, from which the above scene was taken.

He might have stepped out of any news-weekly from over there. You know the scenes of the boys on the march—and the tall kid in khaki who grins and waves his hand at the camera? Bringing, before November 11, a rather poignant punch to an otherwise monotonous celluloid chronicle of current events. He was your boy, and it did you good to see him.

Monte Blue plays privates in film war fiction, and he looks the part. He used to be a bad man—at least he played all sorts of characters, and even villained Douglas Fairbanks in "Wild and Woolly" and "The Man from Painted Post," a somewhat risky undertaking. But the war changed everything. Monte reformed. He decided to be a hero—it was much more pleasant and profitable. Mary Pickford made her well-known patriotic hurrah, "Johanna Enlists," and Blue was cast as Private Vibbard, who, if he didn't win Johanna, at least won the hearts of half the girls in the audience, who saw in him their own Private Vibbard, in camp or overseas. Monte has been playing soldiers ever since. DeMille gave him a part in "Till I Come Back to You." He was, you remember, the camp toonorialist, barbing Bryant Washburn. His distressed and conscientious countenance, under his overseas cap, brought to many a realization of the manifold hardships of war.

Monte was chosen to play in Mary Pickford's propaganda pictures—her trailer for the Fourth Liberty Loan, and her appeal to Canada for the Fifth Victory Loan.

And to crown his career as a khaki-clad hero, they have given him the part of Private Pettigrew with Ethel Clayton in "Private Pettigrew's Girl." This, adapted from a Saturday Evening Post story, by Dana Burnet, should cinch Monte's success in the military for all time.

His Griffith training, it is safe to say, has something to do with his persistent assumption of realism in every part he plays. He was three years with D. W. and played everything from hundreds of bits in "Intolerance" to doubling for Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in certain scenes in "Macbeth." "Sir Herbert was rather an old man and
DON'T

A story for wives whose husbands' eating onions, and burying

By Frances Denton

he, Jim, had come home empty handed on his wedding anniversary.

Jim Porter was not really slow-witted, only careless. Watching his chance he reached forward and quietly slipped the box from the bishop's pocket; and before the reverend gentleman could rise to present his gift, Jim had forestalled him. With his best manner, though visibly harassed, he delivered to his wife the bishop's gift as his own.

The box contained a handsome jade and amber necklace. All Leila's resentment vanished and her face shone with a child's delight. Her husband had redeemed himself before her

"If I were king and you were my queen," said Sutphen, "Three things would I bring to you: the beauty of the world, the riches of the world, and the love of the world."

Mr. Van Sutphen was an architect by courtesy, a globe trotter by circumstances, and a connoisseur in curves, both architectural and feminine, by natural bent. He was stirred by Leila to more than ordinary depths of aesthetic appreciation. She was like a rare, exotic flower—mentally he was comparing her to the Chinese lotus blossom—when her recrnet husband, having ended his strenuous day, walked in.

Jim blinked at the bright lights and the signs of festivity. That's so, Leila had mentioned guests: too bad he had forgotten. He slumped into a chair and yawned. His clothes were rumpled, his hair disordered; and Leila, wounded by his forgetfulness, looked at him and then across the table to Van Sutphen, handsome, immaculate, entertaining, and flatteringly attentive to her every word. The contrast was too evident.

Why did the bishop, Leila's godfather, keep fumbling at his coat pocket, wondered Jim. Somnolent from his hard day, Jim was not trying to keep up with the conversation. The bishop half pulled a small case from his pocket and as something else claimed his attention, dropped it again. Jim sat up with a jerk. By George! he knew now. The box held a gift for Leila, and guests; she was not forgotten, after all.

Fortunately she was too occupied to note the look of astonishment on the face of the bishop, or that his mouth was opening to protest. Then the signaling which Jim was surreptitiously performing for his benefit caught the bishop's eye, and the reverend mouth closed with a little gulp as understanding dawned upon its owner.

But a tiny white card which had accompanied the gift had dropped to the floor unnoticed by all except Van Sutphen. As he left the dining room, he unostentatiously stooped and picked it up. Jim, having done his full duty, dozed in a chair for the rest of the evening. The bishop and Mrs. Hucknew, finding each other congenial, Sutphen was privileged to exert all the charm that he was master of, for the bequestment of Leila. She did not encourage him—the glue king's wife was no light coquette, but it was impossible for her not to feel his attraction, nor to contrast his attentions with her husband's dozing indifference.

The very fact that she was so impelled roused in Leila a feeling of self-reproach. Jim was good and faithful—she had no right to weigh him in the balance. He had not forgotten their wedding day—her hand went to her throat and touched the jade and amber beads. The feel of them gave her a sense of security and peace.

Sutphen noticed her abstraction. He quietly pulled the bit of pasteboard from his pocket, saying: "I have something here
chief offenses are spilling cigar ashes, themselves in the glue business.

which is evidently your property, Mrs. Porter. I chanced to pick it up from the floor as we left the dining room."

Leila read, wonderingly, "A gift from the Orient for my dear godchild on her seventh wedding anniversary"—and the bishop's name.

Leila's face was a study. The bishop had made no gift to her—and there was evidently none forthcoming. Jade and amber came from the East—she read Jim's deception and the bishop's good-natured connivance, in a flash. Jim hadn't remembered their wedding day, after all!

As Mrs. Hunkwai took leave of her hostess, she whispered: "What Jim needs is a chance to miss you, Leila. He's grown too used to you. Come with me to the seashore tomorrow, and stay awhile. You will have him on his knees to you in a week."

Leila did not answer. But after she had bidden her guests good-night and gone back to her room to find that Jim was already in bed and snoring, she decided. The very next day she gave the servants a month's leave of absence, and joined her friend, Mrs. Hunkwai, leaving Jim to keep bachelor's hall.

Van Sutphen's studio was at his aunt's seashore home. There he deliberately laid court to Leila. To do him justice, Leila's beauty and her husband's apparent neglect had roused in Sutphen as deep a passion as he was capable of. He compared her to a rare jewel in a tarnished setting, and in a thousand delicate and subtle ways he paid her homage that could not fail to be sweet to her. Jim was plebeian. Sutphen was aristocratic. Jim, frowsy and spilling ashes over his ruddy waistcoat, meant the plain bread and butter of humdrum everyday life. Van Sutphen's ardent voice and eyes whispered of romance, lands of perfume and sunshine, with him ever beside her to share earth's beauty.

Poor Leila! She knew she was drifting and tried hard to anchor herself by precept and principle. But ever Jim's chewed cigar, expanding waistline and unkempt hair appeared to her in mental photographs as contrasted with the neatness of Sutphen's cigarette holder, his immaculate flannels, his well-kept hands.

A masquerade party was scheduled and in Sutphen's richly appointed studio Leila and he discussed costumes. Throwing over his shoulder a gorgeous mantle, he whispered: "If I were king and you were my queen, three things would I bring to you: the beauty of the world, the riches of the world, the love of the world."

He was bending close to her. Leila's breath came quickly. She seemed to see the riches and the beauty of the world piled at her feet—and love—

Sutphen's arms were opening to embrace her. With a powerful effort Leila threw off the spell which was holding her, and with a little, inarticulate cry, escaped to the open air. A walk along the shore calmed her; the bracing wind blew the cobwebs from her brain, and she realized that she had had a narrow escape from something that would have tarnished her pride in herself forever.

She could have wept with relief at the sight of her husband waiting for her as she came up the gravel walk. She flung herself into his arms. Good old Jim! She drew back as suddenly as she had volunteered. Strong cigars and onions! "Oh, Jim, how could you?" she cried.

"Why, what's the matter, honey?"

"You know I hate onions!" There were tears of vexation in her eyes.

Jim laughed loudly. "Dee-licious little green ones, Leila. I couldn't resist 'em. You shouldn't be so prejudiced. Think how healthful they are."

Trivial incidents have decided the affairs of nations. That Jim could greet her with kisses saturated with the detestable odor that she abhorred, seemed to Leila the last straw. Absence had endeared him to her—but his actual presence—Her feeling of guilt was swept away by a wave of rebellion. She thought of Sutphen's studio, the air heavy.
with incense, the rich hangings and soft shaded lights. Sutphen, himself, with his eyes like the sheen of a brown bird's wing; his long white fingers, his aristocratic figure. He was hers for the taking—and she was tied to a man who wore clothes smeared with cigar ashes, laughed loudly, and with the odor of onions on his breath!

The next evening Mrs. Hucknew's guests embarked on a sword-fishing party. Jim, while ordinarily oblivious to the figure he cut, did realize his deficiencies as a sailor and protested against the proposed outing. But he was overruled. So poor Jim spent the afternoon in nauseated agony, forced to witness Sutphen's ease and adroitness with hook and line, and his complete immunity to mal de mer. Also he began to sense dimly that all was not well. That fellow Sutphen—

If Jim had not been so ill he might have been even more discerning.

Then came the masquerade ball. Leila made an exquisite Juliet, and to Jim's disgust, she insisted that he go as Romeo. He cut a sorry figure as the world's best-loved lover. No Juliet would ever have leaned from her window at midnight to breathe vows of eternal devotion to Jim Porter in baggy tights, comical doublet, and bedraggled peacock's feather askew in his cap.

Sutphen went also as Romeo. He was as handsome as an Olympian god. His Romeo and Leila's Juliet were the sensation of the ball. After a while, Jim, disgusted with everything in general, went home and went to bed, leaving his wife to come with Mrs. Hucknew.

It was late when Leila Porter came into her husband's room. He had been asleep for hours. She stood for a moment, listening to his unconscious, heavy breathing. There was exaltation in her face, and too, the look of peace that comes with the ending of an inner conflict.

"Jim," she said. "Jim!"
She shook him gently. "I want to tell you something."

With his best manner, though visibly harassed, he delivered to his wife the bishop's gift as his own.
the Van Sutphens' apartment, revealed first an Oriental luxury of cushions and hangings, rich furniture and handsome pictures on the walls. As the light grew stronger the luxury was revealed as past its pristine freshness—tarnished and a bit moth-eaten, as it were. The hangings were sun-streaked and faded, the pillows sagged dependently where they should have presented plump, inviting middles, the rugs were worn in spots and much of the furniture needed the ministrations of those skilled in the alchemy of varnishes and oils. A fretful voice called from a bedroom:

"Leila, get me some ice water, will you? Oh, my head!"

Leila—now Sutphen—crossed the room swiftly. "Here is some. Is your head very bad, Schuyler? Those dinners keep you so late?"

Van Sutphen closed his eyes and groaned. Then he opened them and gazed with dissatisfaction at his wife.

"For Heaven's sake, haven't you anything to wear but that old blue kimono? I'm sick of seeing it."

Leila flushed. The kimono was old, it is true, one that she had had for years. But its soft silk was becoming to her and she was exquisite in it as always.

Van Sutphen's wife was still beautiful, but no longer with the beauty of the lotus flower, rather with the pale sweetness of valley lilies. The five years of her life with Sutphen had rather dulled the edge of romance and had revealed the thorny edges of the artless temperament.

Sutphen, reading his paper over his morning coffee which Leila had brought to his bedside, scowled at the headlines. "James Denby Ports Wins in Race for Senatorship," he read. "Wires Choked with Congratulations from Friends.

"Some people are born lucky," he commented. "Misfortune dog's others. Leila, I've got to make a desperate effort to recoup. I must have some money. Won't you let me have your ring? I'll buy you one worth twice as much when I'm on my feet again."

Leila privately doubted this. But there was no denying things had been going against Schuyler. She would be glad to let him keep the ring as an investment, if it would mend their fortunes. The ring held a wonderfully fine diamond—it had been a Christmas present from Jim.

When Sutphen, pale and distraught, had taken his way to his office, Leila dressed for the street, slowly, and with many little added touches known to women, to cover a shabby spot or to bring a semblance of smartness to last year's mode. It had not taken her long to dress in the old days—as Jim Porter's wife her clothes had needed no painstaking camouflage. Something of this thought was reflected in her face as she picked up the paper and read the account of Jim's political triumph.

Leila took her way to a dress-making establishment to obtain material for a much-needed suit. Everything was beyond the reach of her purse. A handsome piece that was particularly becoming she examined with covetous eyes. The price was too high, of course, but—She smoothed down a fold of her skirt. She was positively shabby. With a sudden resolve, she stepped to the telephone.

A few minutes later she hung up the receiver, her lips quirving. Van Sutphen had curtly refused to listen to her timid plea for the expensive material. As she turned to leave the room, a handsome blonde woman entered the one beside her. With her hand on the door, Leila stood transfixed, for she heard her husband's number called. She heard: "Is that you, Schuyler? This is Nanette. I've come down to buy the suit you promised me. Yes; brown is most becoming."

Leila waited to hear no more. She stepped back to the counter and with flushed cheeks, looked at the expensive goods again. When the blonde woman had emerged from the telephone booth and stood beside her Leila spoke up clearly: "I will take this piece, please," to the clerk. "It will make a beautiful suit. You may charge it to Schuyler Van Sutphen, my husband."

The woman named Nanette raised her head and Leila's glance crossed hers like a dagger thrust.

Outside, the cold air was grateful to her flushed cheeks, and presently she was aware that a handsome limousine had stopped at the curb and that its occupant was trying to attract her attention. She recognized her ex-husband, now Senator Porter. "Why, Jim, I'm glad to see you," she exclaimed.

"Not half as glad as I am to see you," as he stepped from the machine and held open the door. "Climb in and I'll take you home. How have you been?"

He surveyed her critically and with concern. "You look a little pale, Leila—I mean, Mrs. Van Sutphen."

Leila smiled up at him as she sank deep into the cushioned seat. "How nice this is! I'm all right, Jim; call me Leila, of course. And you—Oh, yes; let me congratulate you. I read about it in the morning paper. I'm awfully glad."

She looked at him attentively. From his neat derby to

(Continued on page 106)
Blame Broadway
For robbing the mid-west of
— Barbara Castleton and

"Cleopatra started it all," said Mabel Julienne Scott; "I saw the play, the stage bug bit me, and then—New York."

It was all the fault of Cleopatra," said Mabel Julienne Scott. She was curled up on a pile of rugs in her very new apartment in Manhattan, an apartment so new, in fact, that it was in that interesting stage known as "getting settled." The rugs were up, the curtains were down and the chairs were piled with draperies, pictures and bric-a-brac which you longed to see in place because they seemed to "belong" so nicely. All the chairs, that is except one which I, being "company," occupied grandly. Meanwhile Miss Scott sat on the rugs and talked about Cleopatra.

"Cleopatra started it all," she said again. Cleopatra started so many things. Every now and then some earnest historian chalks up a new calamity that should be laid to her door. Her ability to start something was never fully appreciated, even by Antony. But in this case, she inadvertently did good instead of harm. For it was Cleopatra who brought Mabel Julienne Scott to New York and started her on her stage career.

At the tender age of seven, she (Mabel, not Cleopatra) was living in Minneapolis and interested in mud-pies, hop-scotch and all the other fascinating things that absorb young ladies of that age. Until a well-meaning and academic aunt decided that Mabel should be entertained and at the same time instructed by seeing Shakespearian plays. And the one she selected as being most suitable to the infant mind was "Antony and Cleopatra."

As it happened, Mabel was entertained but not instructed. The plot meant nothing in her young life. She had none of the reactions of the Mid-Victorian lady who, on seeing Cleopatra lure Antony to his doom, murmured: "How different from the home life of our own dear Queen!" But something in the eager, beauty-loving child's mind awoke to the intense and colorful drama that was spread out before her eyes. From that moment on Mabel wanted to go to New York, and on the stage.

"And right then and there I decided that I wanted to do nothing else in the world but make people cry and laugh in a theater. So when I went home, I told mother about it and acted out the scene with the ass to prove that I could. Mother was very kind and tactful and didn't laugh, but she told me I must grow up and go to school first. So I did both—in Minneapolis. And then—see if you can guess what I did next."

"You went to New York," said I, having read Laura Jean Elliot, "all alone, with a little black bag and fifty cents tied up, in your handkerchief, to seek your fortune."

"In a blue gingham gown and a white straw hat," she finished gleefully. "Only you're wrong about the fifty cents. I had enough money, but I honestly didn't know a soul in the city and I hadn't the slightest idea where to go. But finally, without any advice, I stumbled into a theatrical agency, and what do you think was the first thing they did? They sent me right back to the Middle West in stock, after all my grand stand play about going to New York!"

"While I was out there, playing everything you do play in stock, I met Edgar Lewis who introduced me to Rex Beach. They were just beginning to get the cast for 'The Barrier,' together and Mr. Beach said I was exactly the type he had always imagined as the heroine of his book. So out I started in my first film-play, 'The Barrier.' I hadn't any intention of giving up the stage at first, but I began to love the pictures so that I am in them now probably 'for keeps.'"

If Miss Scott's screen experience has been comparatively slight, it has certainly been varied enough. She played the half-breed in "The Barrier," the minister's daughter in "The Sign Invisible," and the wife in "Ashes of Love." In "Reclaimed," she played mother and daughter.
—and Cleopatra!

two promising products
Mabel Julienne Scott.

"I'd always longed to see Broadway," said Barbara Castleton, "and it wasn't much of a jump from there to the stage.

NEW YORK!" sighed Barbara Castleton. "How I wanted to see New York!"

It was at Delmonico's that I met her, for tea. She was one of the prettiest and best-gowned women in the famous restaurant. Her hair is a marvellous coppery red, her eyes large and brown—and she wore a suit of the new shade of dull brick red. Her furs coquetted with a smart little hat. I knew she had appeared in a great many pictures, sometimes as a star, sometimes as leading woman, as in "The Silver King," which she had just finished, with William Faversham—and I expected her to be oldish—quite a picture veteran. She wasn't.

"You know," she went on, "before I ever came to New York I had read and dreamed of it. It seemed a city of marvels. I longed to see Broadway; Fifth Avenue. And I used to plan my first dinner in this very restaurant; I would come sweeping in wearing a gown with a train—a long train!" She sighed a little. The dream had been more glorious than the realization, perhaps. "The less one knows about anything," said Miss Castleton, "the more attractive it seems. Back in Little Rock, Arkansas, where I was born, and went to school, a trip to Gotham was my ambition and aim. I coaxed my people until they decided to send me for 'finishing' to a convent in New Rochelle, New York.

"At the convent we used to give amateur plays and charades. In these, for some reason or other, I was almost always given the leading character. That started my desire to go on the stage. That, and my occasional visits to Manhattan, where the only plays I saw were Shakespeare.

"But—I couldn't 'go on the stage.' My family would not hear of it. They were all furiously against my taking up that sort of work—all except, strangely enough, my grandmother, who has always been my ablest defender in cases like that. She and I always have been very near and dear to each other, and she goes to see every one of my pictures. Often in making a scene I find myself wondering how grandmother will like it—and I'm sure that makes my work much better, for she is a very severe critic! I look forward to her comments, which are not always flattering. I can assure you!

"However, the rest of the family objected so strenuously that I gave in and went with them to Canada. We had lumber interests there—but I think their real object was to remove me from the scene of temptation. We stayed three years!"

The outbreak of the war gave the final impetus to Miss Castleton's career. Everyone in Canada was doing something or other; the war had worked serious havoc with the Castleton property, and it seemed the natural thing for Barbara to find some sort of work. So she returned to New York. There she "suped"—she was an extra in Grace Valentine's picture, "The Brand of Cowardice," and in one of Virginia Pearson's films. Then she was offered the leading role opposite H. B. Warner in "God's Man."

James Young chose Barbara Castleton to play the leading feminine role in Essanay's "On Trial." Then came "Parentage," under the direction of Hobart Herley, and "For the Freedom of the World," with E. K. Lincoln. "Sins of Ambition" followed; then "Empty Pockets," for Herbert Brenon. Brenon, by the way, was one of the first directors to recognize Miss Castleton's ability. She had learned that he was making a prologue to "A Daughter of the Gods." The star selected for the role did not appear, and Brenon, searching for a suitable substitute, found Miss Castleton, in a crowd of five hundred extras. A starring engagement in "The Silver King" followed. Then "It Pays to Advertise." "As it happens," she said, "I never have acted on the stage. I once signed a contract to appear in 'It Pays to Advertise,' but illness prevented my carrying it out."
The Early Days

Reminiscences of one of filmland's tive productions helped put the

By Thomas

When I was first assigned to write the story of Kay Bee, I didn't realize how difficult the task would be—nor that the chief difficulty would be to keep it within the prescribed bounds. Harking back to the early days of the film industry in Southern California is much like trying to recall one's childhood days, although scarcely more than a half decade has elapsed since the pioneers on the West Coast were objects of mingled pity and contempt.

Yet, as someone has said, five years in filmland has been a century for achievement.

In the library of my home in Hollywood I have a collection of books containing the still photographs of every motion picture I directed, supervised or had any connection with since I came to California seven years ago. This collection, to me, is priceless. It was to these leather-bound photo albums I resorted to freshen my memory of the early days and from them I could write and write and write—but perhaps I attach too much importance to my own participation in the development of the old "movies" to a great international industry. Still, in turning over the pages of these interesting volumes, two things occur to me that somehow or other had not entered my mind before. One, that a list of the faces pictured therein would read like a directory of "Who's Who" on the stage and screen to-day. The other, that not a few of the photodramas we made in those days could run the gauntlet of the critical screen experts of to-day and would be graded with the best of the current product.

However, that's a subject that can easily be made controversial, so we will shun it. The editor said he wanted me to write about persons, the players who came to our modest early studios from stage—or stable, as the case might have been.

As the early crop of fans will recall, I had made a number of pictures in the East, notably those with Mary Pickford, before coming West to join the New York Motion Picture Company, which I believe was the second or third in the field in California at the time. I had been offered the munificent salary of $150 a week, and the journey was quite a financial undertaking, so much so in fact, that Mrs. Ince gave me a diamond ring to pawn in order to get the first month's rent for the house she had discovered in Hollywood.

The New York Motion Picture Company was then making the "Bison" brand of films at the

Thomas H. Ince, his cam-
era, and his characteristic scowl, a study from the days when he personally put his actors through their paces. Ince's first picture contained fifty-three scenes.
at Kay Bee

real pioneers whose constructive role in the picture world is today.

H. Ince

studio in Edendale which is now a part of Mack Sennett’s studio. Fred J. Balshofer, now an independent producer, was both director and manager as well as a partner in the concern. The office was in the remains of a former grocery store which also provided the stage. The scenery, props, wardrobe and art department filled another room.

Of the members of that little company nearly every one has come up with the business. Our leading woman was Anna Little, now a Paramount star. Miss Little’s activity was confined largely to Indian roles. Nearly every story had a young Indian squaw and Anna worked regularly. Each story likewise had a colonel or a sheriff, and J. Barney Sherry, whose work is known to film followers in every part of the world, was the colonel or the sheriff as the case might be. Prior to my arrival he was the Indian chieftain in the Western thrillers so that he had already attained more or less advancement. It was in the following Kay Bee days that he was again advanced to the role of the ingenue’s father, usually a ruined banker, a role in which he excels. Mr. Sherry, I believe, was the first recruit to the screen from the legitimate stage. Like others who made the jump early in the game, he was a little ashamed of it. At any rate he did not use his right and also his stage name, which is J. Barney Sherry Reeves. Unlike others, Barney didn’t return to the speaking stage.

Another member of the company was E. H. Allen, for many succeeding years my business manager. Mr. Allen at that time played cowboy roles and made himself generally useful. The important Indian parts were taken by George Gebhardt.

I had brought with me from New York as leading lady, Ethel Grandin, at the time one of the most popular of film heroines. My cameraman was Ray Smallwood who afterwards became Miss Grandin’s husband. Had she remained in the business I believe that Ethel today would be among the highest paid stars, but apparently she preferred the quietude of simple married life.

At that time a single reel production—the standard length then—contained twenty or twenty-one scenes. My first picture contained fifty-three scenes, and it was freely predicted that I would be fired for wasting so much time and film. Around the studio I was generally designated as “one of those New York guys that know all about the picture business.” My salutatory was a comedy which greeted the public as “The New Cook.” I believe it was three days in the making. We were supposed to turn out two single reel dramas each week. Many of those early pictures have been done over and over since as five reel features.
From "The Coward," the Civil War drama which marked Frank Keenan's screen debut, and revealed Charley Ray as "Ince's Wonder-Boy," Gertrude Claire, as the mother; Margaret Gibson, as the girl.

Our removal to Santa Ynez Canyon on the ocean front, afterwards named Inceville, forms one of the most interesting chapters of the early days of the industry. George Gishard had discovered the place as a dandy Western location and we acquired the right to work in the Canyon. It was about that time that Loo, the poor Indian, became an integral part of motion pictures. I must not be considered unduly modest if I claim most of the credit.

At about that time a circus came to the Coast to winter. It was a wild west show known as Miller Bros. 101 Ranch Circus. Up to then we had made up Mexicans to play the part of Indians. After some negotiating, I was authorized by the firm, with a great deal of trepidation, I fear, to engage the entire circus at a cost of $2,000 a week. There were a half hundred Indians, 300 horses, buf- faloes, etc. Every morning they left Venice, their winter quarters, and proceeded to the Canyon; worked all day, or whenever they were wanted, and then hiked back.

With the big expense of the wild west troupe, it became necessary to get more money for the pictures. So I conceived the idea of discarding the single reels and making 2,000 foot dramas. We never went back to the single reels and were the first to establish the double reel standard.

The first picture made with real Indians was "Across the Plains." Ethel Grandin was the girl and the boy was a young chap named Ray Myers. Afterward he went to Kalem and since has quit the pictures.

Harold Lockwood, whose sad death recently was such a shock to the film folks as well as the public, was engaged to play the leads then. The lead usually was a young lieutenant. Harold was a fine young fellow who had attracted some attention while at Selig's. He had no peer in that day as a juve-

nile. Later I loaned Harold to Famous Players to play opposite Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country." That advanced him farther in his profession. New prospects opened up for him and he did not come back to us.

The heavy dramatic parts of those early productions were inevitably entrusted to Francis Ford; without doubt one of the most finished of all the pioneer film performers. It was nothing for him to play an Indian hero in the morning and make up as Abraham Lincoln for the afternoon's work.

Our first plant at Inceville consisted of two dressing tents, one for the ladies and one for the gentlemen. Then we built a small platform upon which we staged our few interiors. My particular pride then was a real stone fireplace, the first ever shown on the screen. Throughout all the changes which came with the development of the studio into one of the chief factors in the film industry, I always saw to it that that old fireplace remained undisturbed. I regarded it as a sort of monument to pioneer realism.

Between Santa Monica and Inceville there lies on either side of the coast road, a Japanese fishing village, the inhabitants of which are Japanese and Russian fishermen and their families. This also was utilized for scenes. I remember one instance of the use of one of the houses as an old southern home. Although the camera was so placed as to ignore the presence of various exotic impediments, one of the still pictures accompanying this article, prominently displays a Japanese sign surmounting an adjoining building. Another time we used this location for a Western street.

The early days in Santa Ynez Canyon were not momentous by any manner of means. One of the most exciting incidents of our early picture making there was a grass fire that nearly wiped out everything we had. The fire was caused by a smoke pot igniting the grass and everyone, actresses as well, turned to with water buckets, blankets and other apparatus to fight the flames. I can visualize Ethel Grandin made up as a bride attired in the once-fashional crinoline, dashing madly about with her bridal veil wrapped about her neck, taking frequent swipes at the fire with a wet blanket.

Another exciting period was the near-battle which followed the legal fight over possession of our plant between the then organizing Universal Company and the New York Motion Picture Company. At one stage of the
proceedings bloodshed was only averted by the belligerent attitude of our troupe of cowboys and Indians, all of whom were ready to do real fighting at a drop of the hat. However, this recital has to do with persons rather than business fights.

But this legal mixup brought about the birth of Kay Bee as a picture play brand. The courts awarded Universal the right to the title of “Bison 101,” so there was born Kay Bee, taken from the initials of Messrs. Kessel and Bauman, principal owners of the New York Motion Picture Company. Early fans will also remember our Broncho and Domino pictures.

Another of my early standbys was Charles K. French, who came to us from the Pathe studio, and there was also Raymond West, now one of the industry’s best directors, who was assistant cameraman of the original company when I came West.

When we had been in the Canyon about a year Miss Little left us and Louise Glau was selected to play the Indian squaws. Like Miss Little, Miss Glau soon won to stardom by her splendid acting ability and unique personality.

Another early acquisition was Charles Kay. He was just about twenty then and had had some experience in musical comedy. Like others he was driven to the pictures by a bad season on the stage. Fortunately for him, and also for me, Harold Lockwood had just left and I needed a juvenile to take his place. So Charlie got his name on the payroll opposite the figures $25. (Salaries were not computed by the day, needless to state.) That was about six years ago, and Mr. Ray has literally worked his way to the top. He has played heavies, character parts and practically everything around the studio that came within the purview of the male player. But it was not until “The Coward” that he approached the dimensions of stardom. His work in that picture stamped him as a splendid performer.

Others who came to me in those days were Rhea Mitchell and William D. Taylor, both of whom had been playing in stock companies in San Francisco. Taylor later became a highly regarded director and is now with the British forces in France. Another of the early leads was Elizabeth Burbridge, nicknamed “Tommy,” who has dropped out of sight in recent years. The list also includes Clara Williams, who came to us from Lubin; Winnie Baldwin, now a prominent figure in vaudeville; Jack O’Brien, also destined to become a prominent director, and Grace Cunard. The child parts were generally entrusted to Mildred Harris (now Mrs. Charlie Chaplin). Mildred was then about twelve years old, and she is perhaps the first of the child screen players to develop into a dramatic star.

Old-timers may remember this one with Bill Hart. It was a two-reeler and not even Mr. Ince remembers the name of it. At left—J. Barney Sherry, the white-haired Colonel, and Ethel Grandin, in the foreground.

The late Harold Lockwood, with Winnie Baldwin in “The Deserter.” Cliff Smith, with the mustache, afterwards became Hart’s director.

The first person of stage prominence to join us in the Canyon, I believe, was Bes-sie Barriscale, who had made her debut in “The Rose of the Rancho” for the then new Lasky company after a highly successful career on the stage. At that time no players were featured or starred. It was considered bad policy even to publish the cast. The producers feared even in that early period what eventually occurred, practical possession of the business by the stars, so far as the big end of the money was concerned. But the public was attracted to the picture shows in those days by personalities, so the development of the star system was really due to the public’s insistence upon seeing the players it liked.

As I recall it Miss Bes-sie Hayakawa were among the first players we featured, although at that time Sessue’s brilliant little wife Tsuru, whom he married shortly after they joined us, was the more prominent partner of the two. Miss Aoki had been brought to me by a Los Angeles newspaper-woman and I conceived the idea of making some Japanese photoplays. Before we began, Miss Aoki one day brought Hayakawa into my office and introduced us with the remark that he was a very good Japanese actor who would also be a good picture actor. Tsuru was an excellent prophet.

My first picture with them was “The Wrath of the Gods” and it created a sensation. But Sessue wasn’t particularly impressed with the cinema in that first vehicle because he had to wear a crepe beard. He certainly objected to that facial adornment but he had to submit. He never wore another, however.

William S. Hart I suppose may be classed as my greatest find. Bill and I had been old stage friends and we renewed acquaintance when he came to Los Angeles, playing a charac-
Plays and Players

Below-Dustin Farnum and Louise Glum in "The Iron Strain," an Ince-Triangle of 1915. Miss Glum has since "reformed."

Above: "The Arzan" was one of Bill Hart's best good-bad-man roles. Bessie Love opposite—it was one of her first parts.

ter part in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." At the close of the season he returned to the Coast and we did a few two-reelers with him. It wasn't long before we reached the conclusion that Screen was Hart's middle name. His first big hit was made in his first vehicle that went over two reels, "The Bargain." It established a new era in western film dramas. This was followed by "On the Night Stage," in which Robert Edeson was the ostensibly star. These were of that interesting pre-Triangle era when our big productions were Mutual Master Pictures.

One of our chief women players of that day was Enid Markey, who has, I understand, deserted the screen for the stage, her first love.

Of the actors who played with us in the old Inceville days who have since attained prominence as directors there are included also the names of Reginald Barker, Chester Withey, Richard Stanton, Howard Hickman, Frank Borzage, Charles Miller, Jerome Storm, Charles Giblyn, David Hartford, Walter Edwards, and others whose names do not occur to me at this time.

Another of the early recruits from the stage was the late Henry Woodruff, of "Brown of Harvard" fame. He was a finished player on the screen just as he was on the stage and our association was a very pleasant one. Willard Mack, another stage celebrity, came later, starring in "The Conqueror" as his first screen vehicle. Billie Burke, H. B. Warner, William Desmond, Julia Dean, Jane Grey, the late Franklin Ritchie, Orrin Johnson, who came west to do "The Three Musketeers," Bruce McRae, Frank Keenan, George Fawcett, George Deban, House Peters, Lew Cody, Arthur Maude, Lew Stone, Mary Boland, Gladys Brockwell and Trudy Shattuck were others recruited from the speaking stage, all of whom, I believe, made their film debut under my auspices.

Two of these drew record breaking salaries for that day. When Mr. Keenan was engaged to play the father in "The Coward" he was paid what I am told was the highest salary ever paid a male star up to that time. There was no question as to Miss Burke's salary being a record breaker, as she was given $10,000 for the picture, which consumed about five weeks in the making.

"Peggy," in which Miss Burke starred—her first film play by the way—was one of the greatest photoplays ever made to my manner of thinking, both as to the star, the cast, which included William H. Thompson, William Desmond, Charles Ray and others, and the photography. All of the beautiful light effects were obtained without the use of an artificial light. (As a matter of fact I never used imitation sunlight until we moved to Culver City.) The direct rays of the sun and the use of mirrors were the only mediums used in the filming of "Peggy."

Although Dustin Farnum was a stage celebrity when he came to us to do "The Iron Strain," which by the way was my first release to Triangle, he had already acquired some fame on the screen as he had done "The Squaw Man" and "The Virginian" in the early Lasky days. But I have always considered his work in "The Iron Strain" as his greatest contribution to screen literature.

Mr. Warner also did splendid work in the two pictures in which he was starred, "The Raiders" and "The Beggar of Cawnpore." George Fawcett, one of the best character men on stage or screen, did his best work for me in "The Corner." Miss Dean made her film debut in "Matrimony" and Katherine Kaelred, the original stage "vampire," did "The Winged Idol" with House Peters supporting her. Dorothy Dalton was a recruit from the stage, who did her first screen work at Inceville but she did not attract attention until her performance opposite Hart in "The Disciple." Stardom came soon after.

The list would not be complete without the names of Dorothy Davenport, now Mrs. Wallace Reid; Webster Campbell, the late George Osborne, Robert McKim, one of our ablest villains, who has pursued Dorothy Dalton and other stars through countless feet of celluloid; Tom Chatterton, who is not playing now, but whose serial activities are well remembered; Shorty Hamilton, well known for his western portrayals, and Leo Maloney, all of whom had their first camera experience under my direction or supervision in the early days of the cinema.
Introducing

—a flapper with all the experience of her tall, willowy big sister—only she doesn't work at it

Of course everyone is familiar with the now more or less well known vampire, that tall, willowy, dark-eyed, black-haired hussy that leads men from wife and home to destruction, gin, Pier 6, and everything.

On the screen she has always been a mature person who indicated by her age and manner that she had been around a lot and seen all of the places of interest and maybe had a husband or two or three some time in a more or less shadowy past. But may we introduce Julia Faye to the flicker world as the "Vampette," or pocket edition of the more established article?

Owen Johnson called them Salamanders and a very good name it is, but in the celluloid they are generally known as "Baby Vamps"—or "Vampettes."

The Vampette is a youngish little rascal, with big innocent blue orbs—or eyes to that effect—who know naught of your city ways, but always managed to dress well without any visible means of support. Having been raised by two maiden aunts, I know nothing of these young women personally, but the boys at the club tell me that they are quite popular in some of our larger cities. These young persons, according to the boys at the club, are most frivolously inclined; stay out late at night, sip highballs made of liquor and make love to married men in their own ingenious fashion. They, it seems, have all of the experience of the elder vamp, but don't work at it. Be that as it may, it took this celebrated trio to introduce them to the film public: Jeanie to write 'em—Cecil B. to direct 'em—and Julia to act 'em.

It was in "Old Wives for New" that Julia was first shoved out before the public as the finished Vampire. She and Edna Mae Cooper are the two little dears that enticed Theodore Roberts to his doom, and it was Julia, with her little revenge that bumped him off in what is said to be the best death scene ever put on the screen. Julia realized that it was her great opportunity to establish herself in an absolutely new characterization and she seized the opportunity with both hands, as the fingerprints on Edna's neck testified for several days after. Edna Mae also realized it was an opportunity and the two little tykes put up such a battle in front of the camera that they had to be pulled apart after the scene was over, and afforded filmland gossip for a week.

In the deMille production "Don't Change Your Husband," still further twists are put on the Vampette's activities and Julia again covers herself with glory. This picture is the woman side of "Old Wives for New."

Julia was born in Richmond, Virginia, "sah," but did not linger in that community long, departing for Chicago, where after a brief session in boarding school she studied at the University of Illinois. Then coming west we find her making her screen debut in support of DeWolf Hopper in "Don Quixote." From there she went over to the Mack Sennett studio and appeared in a few comedies. According to Cecil B. deMille, Mack Sennett's fun factory is the greatest training school for dramatic actors and actresses in the world, and Mack certainly has turned out some wonders. Anyway, Julia I learned a lot and then departed for the Morosco studio, where she appeared with George Beban, Jack Pickford and several others. Then she was transferred to the Lasky lot and played many more parts with Wallace Reid, Bryant Washburn and others.

When C. B. cast his eye over the available talent to play his new type of Vampettes, Julia stood right out and asked for the job. It was pointed out that there was a lot of not only hard, but rough work attached to the part, but Julia declared that she was for anything short of hanging. How she and Edna Mae Cooper were trained and keyed up to put it over in the way they did is a long story in itself. They both showed they had the stuff in them that makes actresses, and what a lot of brushes and scratches compared to one's art.

Although Julia may not look it, she is all "pep" from her bobbed black hair and sparkling brown eyes to her trim little feet. She is about the size of a minute and a half or two minutes and has a charming little birdlike manner that is most soothing. Horseback riding seems to be her favorite pastime—perhaps because she likes to ride—and then again, it may be because she looks so nifty in the little careless riding breeches, petticoats and flannel shirt. Anyway she knows all of the hills in Hollywood by her first name and has a bowing acquaintance with every horse in the neighborhood.

Julia is young, ambitious and a very brilliant girl. She has made a big success in creating and establishing a new character. Her name fits easily into electric signs and who knows but what it may soon be there?
I STARTED Out
To See Anita Stewart.
I was On Time,
But she Wasn't.
I'm So Sad—
Punctual People
Are Almost Always
Uninteresting.
But
I Had to Wait; and
I Was Just Thinking
Of all the Screen Celebs.
I'd Seen
In this Particular Hotel,
When
I Glimpsed Another—
Fred Stone,
Standing Over There
Talking To
Somebody;
He Wore
A Checked Suit,
A Funny Hat,
And Mrs. Stone
Was With him.
He
Didn't Say Much;
Just Stood There,
And Listened; and
Finally
Opened his Mouth,
Drewled something,—
And Everybody Howled.
Then he Walked Out,
With that Funny Slide of his.
I was Just Going Up
To See if Anita was In,
When
I Saw
An Irishman
I Thought I Knew—
I was Right—
It was Bill Desmond,
From Dublin—
Not Directly from Dublin,
You Understand,
But Eventually.
He was
Making a Train—
He Thought he Was.
He'd See
So Many People
He Knew,
He'd Have to Stop
And Shake Hands with them.
I Had to Ask him
About his New Contract,
With Hampton,
He Recollected
The Times
When he was a Student
In the Classic Drama
In Chicago—

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their flittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

(Some of the Fans
Call him a Super-man—
Deadright, he was a supe)
And about One Time in Particular,—
His First Part—
I think it was in "Ben Hur"—
It Must Have Been in "Ben Hur"—
When
He was Late Going On Anyway,
And Happened
To Lean Up against Something
And Blackened his Toga,
Or Whatever they Wear—
And He Had to Wash 'Em,
And they Shrunk—
So he Finally had to Go On
In an Improvised Affair,
With Red Tights.
He Remembered, too,
Not so Long Ago,
When he Played the Scotch Minister,
With Billie Burke,
In Inc's "Peggy."
"Tom Told me
I was just the Type
For a Minister.
So I took the Part,
And I've been Playing Ministers,
Off and On,
Ever Since.
Don't Know
How the Deuce I Ever Do It.
Say—I've got to

Make that Train. Good-bye—"
"Good-bye, Bill!"

Well, Anita was In,
She said she was All In.
She's So Pretty
She can Sling Slang
Pretty Much as she Pleases.
She had
A Plain Gold.
I Didn't Know
Screen Stars ever had
Pink Colds.
She's
A Water-color
Of the Screen Stewart;
She looked, I heard somebody say,
Like a Clover-leaf Cocktail,
In a Tailleur of that Shade,
And a Little Hat,
With a Cheery Cherry
Noddling Along the Brim.
She was
Eating Candy.
"I can't Taste it," she said,
"But I know it's Good.
Help Yourself."
"Ma," she called.
Mrs. Stewart Came In
With Virginia Norden,
A Buoyant Blonde, who is
A Kind of Personal Manager
And Best Friend, all in one.
Anita
Was Enthusiastic
About her New Company,
And knew
She'd Love Lois Weber,
Who is going to direct her,
Whom she'd Never Met.
She spoke, Briefly and Wistfully,
Of S. Rankin Drew,
Who Died in France.
He directed her in "The Girl Philippa."
She Reminised
About her High-School Days,
When she Tried to Fix her Hair
Like Norma Talmadge;
And thought she Could Act
Because she had an Actor-Director
For a Brother-in-Law;
And of her Long Training
As a Vitagraph Extra.
She'll Have
A Big House in California—
"I'm Crazy
To Go There—
I've Never Been—
But
I'll Miss New York;
I Miss it Already!"

Anita Stewart.  "Bill" Desmond.
A Cave-Man of Culture

Hale Hamilton, he-starring for Metro.

By
Marion Craig

Hamilton has a wallop in each fist, and a fighting grin. That smile won many a battle in "Five Thousand an Hour," his first stellar offering for Metro.

SMILE has won many a battle—but a hard brown fist is swifter and surer.

It wasn't so long ago that any actor with a sport-shirt and a smile was a hero and got one hundred fan letters a day. Now no self-respecting matinee girl ever writes to one. Today it's the hard virile guy with a wallop in each fist and a fighting grin who gets all the applause and has to hire a secretary to take care of his mail.

Among the he-stars of the modern school might be mentioned Hale Hamilton. There is none than-whomer than Hamilton when it comes to the hearty hand-shake and the smooth smile, but he has a physical-culture exercise to demonstrate on anyone who says that these are his chief stock in trade. Hamilton has the smile and the wallop and he'd just as soon use one or the other but he has his own opinion as to which is the more resultful. Here he is—all together now: "Hail, hail," etc.

Hamilton is used to the rah-rah's of the multitude. They used to give a yell for him when he was full-back on his college team—Michigan—and participated in some mighty battles. Hamilton was studying law when he decided that he didn't want to be a lawyer after all. He wanted, in short, to be an actor.

Strangely enough, Hamilton, as an actor, did not at once astonish the world. As the second grave-digger in "Hamlet," his first part, he did not have much of an opportunity for unique characterization. He spent a long time in Shakespearean repertory, as a member of the Louis James-Kathryn Kiddler stock company, during which he assumed parts of ascending importance. Before he left the organization Hamilton had played the Player King—and played him pretty well. But he soon discovered that one may be a good actor in Shakespeare and still remain unidentified in popular favor, so he made another decision—that it was about time for him to get into the game so that the public—dear, if they applauded you, general if they don't—would know he was there.

He was fortunate enough to get a part like "The Fortune Hunter" in which to make a first bid for public favor. He followed this with such plays of pep as Frank Norris' "The Pit," Rex Beach's "The Ne'er Do Well," and Edward Peple's "A Pair of Sixes." He was with Nat Goodwin, too, in a revival of the favorite Goodwin repertoire; and he went to London to play, at the Drury Lane Theatre there, in "Under Orders," with Fanny Brough.

It is as "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" that the theatre-goers of several continents know Hale Hamilton. Aided and abetted by George M. Cohan and George Randolph Chester, Hamilton introduced on the stage the American man of business; albeit a crook, a genial, hearty crook, "Wallingford," revealing a new phase of romance—the romance of business.

Hamilton took "Wallingford" to Australia and to England. At Windsor Castle he performed it before their Majesties, King George and Queen Mary, who presented Hamilton with a pearl scarf pin and studs in appreciation.

His last season on the stage was in "What's Your Husband Doing?" a George V. Hobart farce. He was appearing in the Broadhurst piece, "She Walked in Her Sleep," in its preliminary performances outside New York, when Metro offered him a motion picture contract.

Hamilton introduced the aggressive business man on the screen. From the first he has played business men. He was May Allison's leading man in "The Winning of Beatrice," and, you remember, the part he played was that of an energetic advertising man. Next, he appeared opposite little Viola Dana in "Opportunity," in which, as the enterprise owner of a successful liniment, he justified the title. Metro decided that his work merited promotion, and starred him in "Five Thousand an Hour."

Hamilton has no favorite breakfast food, but he always reads Bide Dudley and Walt Mason. They are Kansans, and Hamilton came from there, although he was born in Chicago.

"The Four-flusher" is the latest Metro-Hamilton offering.
A Race for Stardom

Beginning at "Sporting Life," the Binney Sisters began their glory-race — arm in arm.

By Arabella Boone

FAIRE and Constance Binney are each hustling to beat the other to the pinnacles of stardom. But they race under a great handicap. They are loving sisters—and each can't resist coaching the other along.

Although I had called to talk with Faire Binney with the aim in view of getting a few hot shots about rivalrous competition, all I heard was a bright, enthusiastic story of team-work. "How can you ever expect to win the race to stardom," I asked Faire Binney, "if you each boost the other along?"

"It does seem sort of futile, doesn't it?" she answered. Then went on to tell me about their work in Maurice Tourneur's "Sporting Life." It had been the first picture in which either had ever appeared, and they had had to work together over many a hard place, spending long hours at home going over the scenario and talking out the various situations they were to enact before the camera.

"You see," Miss Faire began, "the script called for two sisters—not necessarily resembling each other—we just happen to do that—but opposite in character. When Monsieur Tourneur saw me with Constance on the day he engaged her he took me too."

Then she went on to explain how Constance had been taught dancing since her earliest childhood—mostly as a recreation and to take the place of gym work which she cordially detested. About a year ago she had left a convent in Paris and come to a finishing school in Connecticut where, one eventful evening, Winthrop Ames had seen her and invited her to join his company. Quite a jump from a convent to the stage in a year.

"That was last season," Faire went on. "This year she is appearing in 'Oh Lady, Lady' and in the intervals, worked in 'Sporting Life.' After finishing it she went to Boston with 'Oh Lady, Lady.'"

The sisters look as like as two peas, frivolous roles and I enjoyed the chance at real dramatic acting."

"We were both born here in Manhattan and have lived here almost all of our lives. Constance spent some time abroad at school but we really are through New Yorkers. None of our people have ever been on the stage before—in fact most of them have been professional people in quite another line—lawyers or teachers. One branch of our family is Italian and the Princess Comporeale, Lady in Waiting to the Dowager Queen of Italy, is our cousin.

"Constance and I have very different ideas about becoming moving picture stars. Both of us agree that that is our ultimate aim, but we shall reach it by different roads. She believes that the stage is the best preparation while I think that only 'camera' experience helps.

"People like Mary Pickford and William S. Hart didn't reach their present success in a day and neither of us expect to do that. Constance has what we used to call a 'head start' on me, though, because she's two years older. However, I've told her I'd give her a race to stardom and that's what we're both working for."

With which sage remarks she arose preparatory to leave me.

"Where did you ever learn to ride and drive and do all the other stunts called for in 'Sporting Life'?" I asked.

"Oh, we didn't do very many stunts," she replied modestly. "You see our father had had a country place at Lyne, Connecticut, for years, and we would hunt, ride, swim and play there a large part of every year. I even learned to drive oxen there last year."

As I left her, I tried to picture this demure bit of girlhood—she isn't over 16 or 17—ge-hawing a pair of husky oxen over the rocky fields of Connecticut—it seemed hardly possible.

Constance — They are loving sisters—and can't resist coaching the other along.

—Faire
THE DUB

Going to show that it is difficult to pick a coward when you want one

By Jerome Shorey

FREDERICK BLATCH, one foot swathed in yards and yards of bandages, turned to his erstwhile partner, Phineas Driggs, with a gesture of helplessness, and a grimace as his gout gave him a new twinge of pain.

"It's all very well for you to say that I have more influence with Markham than you have, but what can I do?" he demanded. "I can't move and Markham won't come to see me. He's sore because you and I left him out of the Murphy option deal, and swears he won't give up the contract."

"And Murphy won't close the deal unless the original contract is produced," Driggs moaned. "There's a lot of money in it too."

"Well, I lose as much as you do, don't I?" Blatch demanded, wincing again. His gout seemed extremely troublesome.

"Of course we could bring suit," Driggs suggested.

"That would take months to decide, and by that time the option would have expired and would be worthless." The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Blatch's lawyer, Burley Haddon. Haddon had been away for several weeks, in which time the affairs of the firm of Blatch, Markham & Driggs had become scrambled. They explained the situation to him. Blatch had secretly removed all the papers of the firm to his home in the suburbs, including the valuable option contract, which Blatch and Driggs had made privately, when they discovered that the differences of opinion were sure to lead to the dissolution of partnership. It was really a personal enterprise on the part of Driggs, but he had let Blatch in, as he himself was so doubtful of his own judgment that he always was afraid to play a lone hand.

"You see, Mr. Haddon," Driggs pleaded, "we simply must have that option, and very quickly."

"Why don't you go to Markham yourself and demand it?" Haddon asked.

"Me? Oh!" Driggs gasped, and grabbed for his hat. "Oh I couldn't. You'll have to do it Mr. Haddon. Won't he Blatch?"

"Yes, Haddon. It's up to you. And you must not fail," Blatch agreed.

"Don't worry, Driggs, we'll get it somehow," he added, as the timorous partner rose to leave.

No sooner had Driggs left the house than Haddon was astonished to see Blatch tear the bandages from his foot, laughing explosively. Noting the question in his lawyer's eyes he explained:

"Here's the idea: The Murphy option is worth ten times as much as either Murphy or Driggs realizes. I've had a special report on the mining property and it's a mint. If we get this contract I'll have to split with Driggs. If it expires I'll get a new one from Murphy, perhaps paying a little more for it, but I'll have the whole thing to myself. All we've got to do is stall Driggs until the option expires. Now what I want you to do is take up something that will make Driggs think we are trying hard to get the documents so he will sit still, Get me?"

"Haddon whistled.

A corking scheme!" he exclaimed. "Bull's eye proof too. Nothing illegal about it, un-him! I'll take a little walk and think it over. Always think best when I'm walking. Back in half an hour. Then I'll draw up a little contract covering my own little share if it goes through. Eh?"

"You've always got your share before, haven't you?," Blatch replied.

"Yes, yes. I've got no complaint. Always like to have things in writing though. You understand. Lawyer's habits," and he went out.

Within the half hour he was back.

"I've got it," he exclaimed. "Here's the game: We hire a burglar to go to Markham's house to steal the contract. He fails. We show Driggs that we've done the most desperate thing in the world to make good, and ask him if he can suggest anything else. Ask him if he wants to hire someone to murder Markham. Then watch him run."

"But what if your burglar does get the option?" Blatch asked.

"He won't," Haddon assured him. "That's the kind of burglar I've hired. He's a deb, a simp, a boob, a coward. About all this guy will do is try the front door, and when he finds it locked he'll come back and say it can't be done. Trust me for picking the right man."

"Where is he?"

"In the hall," and stepping to the door Haddon called, "Mr. Craig, this way please."

Blatch inspected Haddon's dub carefully, and was satisfied. John Craig was a tall, mild-eyed, good-natured looking youth, slender and almost bashful. He looked like anything but a burglar. He might have done well as a coitillion leader, Blatch decided, but there wasn't a chance in the world that he would make a success of any desperate undertaking. So they explained the situation to him.

"You see," Craig said, diffidently, "I'm very badly in need of a thousand dollars, or I wouldn't take up your offer. And I wouldn't take it up anyway if you didn't assure me that what you want is your own property. It's a long chance to take, but I'm in a hole."

They gave him all the assurances he required, told him the location of Markham's home, and said the thousand dollars would be waiting at Blatch's house the following day.

That evening John Craig alighted from a suburban train, and strolled out through the sparsely settled suburb. He had no difficulty in locating Markham's house from the description. It was a gloomy looking mansion, set back among big trees, some distance from any other habitation. He stood in the darkness and inspected the place from the road for a long time, trying to decide whether to go through with the adventure. He realized that it was a dangerous game. It might lead to the penitentiary. On the other hand, if he failed to raise the thousand dollars, his little construction company, the venture upon which his entire future seemed to depend, would be forced into a receivership. He had made a hard fight to establish himself, and embarked in business with too little capital. And so close was he to the line which divides success from failure, that a mere thousand dollars would swing the balance up or down.

The Dub

NARRATED, by permission, from the play by Edgar Franklin, scenario-ized by Will Ritchey, directed by James Cruze, and produced by Paramount with the following cast:

John Craig .............. Wallace Reid
George Markham .............. Charles Osle
Frederick Blatch .............. Ralph Lewis
Phineas Driggs .............. Raymond Hatton
Burley Haddon .............. Winter Hall
Eudy Drayton .............. Nina Byron
Bill, the Burglar .............. Billy Elmer
Bill admitted it was a shame to take the money, opening a safe without danger of interruption.

"Enid, go to your room."

The girl hesitated an instant, and Craig saw in her eyes a mute appeal. Then she drew a deep breath, turned, and ran up stairs. The elderly man, easily identified as Markham, quickly came down the stairs, another servant at his elbow. Craig eyed them warily.

"Throw him out," Markham ordered, and the two servants seized Craig.

"Just a minute," Craig said, struggling with his assailants, but Markham came to their assistance, and in a minute the would-be burglar found himself staring at the outside of a heavy oak door.

Obviously the best course to pursue was to pretend that he was baffled, and leave the grounds. He turned as he reached the road, and caught a glimpse of a white figure in an upper window. Somehow this seemed to him suddenly of more importance than his original quest. The look in the girl's eyes as she obeyed Markham's order to go to her room remained clearly photographed in his mind. He wondered who she could be. Blatch and Haddon had said nothing of any women members of the Markham household. And her name—Enid—what a pretty name! Craig strolled along the country roads for more than an hour, and more than once he was on the verge of abandoning his task, but the picture of the appealing figure on the stairs renewed his determination.

The night was made to order for his purpose. It was pitch dark, even the stars being blanketed with clouds. Silently creeping through the shadows he circled the house and went to the rear. Cautionly trying the kitchen door he found it open and slipped in. There was not a sound. Apparently everyone was in bed and asleep. He had memorized Blatch's description of the house and had no difficulty in locating Markham's den on the second floor. There was a desk covered with papers.

Haddon and Blatch seemed sincere. The story was plausible. And his chance encounter with Haddon, whom he had met for the first time that day, might be a case of fate knocking at the door. Finally he reached his decision. He determined first to try to get the desired document by fair means, and walking boldly to the door, rang the bell and asked the servant if he could see Mr. Markham. He was curtly informed that Markham was out.

Still Craig was not satisfied. Strolling back to the village he went to a telephone booth and called up Markham's house.

"This is the cashier of the Night & Day bank speaking," he said. "We have a check here signed 'George Markham,' payable to Arthur Wright, for $2,500, and we don't like the look of it."

In a moment another voice was heard over the wire.

"This is Markham speaking," it said. "I never issued any such check. It's a forgery."

"I thought so, Mr. Markham," Craig replied. "That's all.

Goodbye."

Craig then hurried back to the house, and this time when the butler came to the door he gave it a shove with his shoulder that sent the man sprawling.

"I want to see Mr. Markham. I have a message from Mr. Blatch," he said, and then, glancing up the stairway, quickly removed his hat and stammered, "I beg your pardon."

Coming down the stairs was a young woman who, Craig decided then and there, was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. Doubtless this was not so. Perhaps the contrast between the sinister mission upon which he had embarked, and the appearance of this pretty, exquisitely gowned girl, had something to do with it. But for a moment Craig forgot everything except that he was in an embarrassing predicament. Before he could continue his apologies an elderly, stern man appeared at the head of the stairs and snarled:

"Enid, go to your room."

The girl hesitated an instant, and Craig saw in her eyes a mute appeal. Then she drew a deep breath, turned, and ran up stairs. The elderly man, easily identified as Markham, quickly came down the stairs, another servant at his elbow. Craig eyed them warily.

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In the drawers, which were unlocked, so secure did Markham apparently consider himself, were still more papers. There was no time to examine them all, so he tied them in a bundle and threw them out of the window. Turning to leave, he saw in the doorway a figure in a flowing white gown.

"I knew you would come back," she whispered. "I wanted to ask you about Mr. Blatch."

"I guess I can't tell you very much about him," Craig replied. "But is there anything I can do for you? Are you in trouble?"

"It's all so puzzling," she began, but just then they heard footsteps, and the voice of Markham calling to the servants. "I'll see you later," Craig said, and darted downstairs.

In another minute Markham appeared with the butler and footman.

"Oh, it's only you," he growled at the girl. "What are you prowling about for?"

"I—I was looking for a book I have mislaid," she said.

"Well go to bed, and find it in the morning," Markham commanded.

Craig recovered the bundle of papers he had thrown out, concealed them in a hedge, and lay down in the deep shadows to wait until the household had quieted once more. He did not know whether he had secured the option for which he was to receive the money to save his business, and he could not risk using his pocket flash to examine his loot. But in any event, he was determined not to leave until he had solved the mystery of the girl. So when he heard midnight strike, he cautiously approached the house again. He decided that the kitchen door would be guarded by now, and so he silently unscrewed the padlock off the cellar entrance, and tiptoeing inch by inch made his way to the library.

Enid had not forgotten his promise "I'll see you later," and was on the watch for him. Quickly he explained to her why he was acting the burglar for Blatch, then asked about her.

"Mr. Markham is my guardian," she said. "I believe my father's estate is worth a great deal of money, and I have been asking Mr. Markham to have it settled up, so I can leave. He tells me he has put it in charge of Mr. Blatch, and won't be able to get an accounting for a while. But he won't let me go to see Mr. Blatch, or have any visitors. I'm actually a prisoner. I don't know what to think of it."

"We'll soon fix that," Craig assured her. "As soon as I get this option business settled I'll come back here and find out what he means by it."

"Will you?" Enid exclaimed eagerly.

In the gloom he could hear her quick breathing and the delicate perfume of her hair thrilled him. He would have promised anything, and what Craig promised, regardless of the opinion of Hashdon that he was a dupe, he usually performed. But meanwhile, he reminded her, the first thing to do was to get the option.

"Mr. Markham has a bag containing a lot of papers, hidden in the sideboard," said Enid. "It might be there."

The bag was soon found and Craig began examining the contents for the missing option.

"I don't know why I'm trusting you this way," Enid said. "You're sure you're not a burglar."

"Surest thing you know," Craig assured her. "I'll bring everything back when I've found Blatch's option."

"Listen!" exclaimed Enid under her breath.

Stealthy footsteps were heard again, and Craig swiftly closed the bag, and for the second time dropped a bundle of Markham's private papers out of a window for future investigation. He had hardly done so when Markham appeared in the doorway, flanked by his two bodyguards.
"Back again," he said. "And I suppose you're still looking for the book, Enid?"

"I've tried to tell you, Mr. Markham," Craig said, "that I came to get the Murphy option for Blatch, and I'm going to get it."

Markham considered a moment, as if making up his mind, and then said, with an appearance of geniality:

"Well, as you know, the option is of no use to me, and I guess may as well give it to you. I'll get it out of my safe in the morning. I don't seem to be able to keep you out so you may as well stay here for the rest of the night."

The butler conducted Craig to the guest room, but not before Enid had found a chance to whisper, "Don't trust Mr. Markham. I don't believe he will keep his promise. Be very careful."

Craig did not undress. He too doubted Markham's sincerity, and now that he was inside the house he proposed to take every advantage possible. He figured that Markham would not expect him to do any more marauding, and that as soon as the house quieted down again he would be able to make a final attempt to get into the safe. He doubted his ability to open it, but there was always a chance that Markham, who seemed to have curiously careless habits for a secretive individual, might have left it unlocked. So toward morning he slipped from his room and returned to the library.

He had misjudged Markham's precautions. Hardly had he entered the library when the light was snapped on, and Markham confronted him. Without a word Markham strode to the safe, opened it, took out a paper at which he glanced and then sealed it in a long envelope. Addressing the envelope to Blatch he handed it to Craig.

"So this is how you treat my hospitality," he snapped.

"Here's the option. Get out."

For the third time that night Craig left Markham's house. But he had no more reason to believe that the option was in the envelope than that Markham ever intended to give it up. Opening the envelope he examined the paper by the light of his flash, and was not surprised to find it was a worthless receipt. So he went to the spot where he had dropped the bag of papers, recovered those he had hidden in the hedge, and climbed a tree near the house to watch and await developments.

A minute later the front door flung open and the two servants came running out. Markham stood in the doorway bawling orders.

"Don't let him get away," he shouted.

Craig grinned and hugged himself. Markham had discovered the loss of his papers. After a few minutes' futile search, Markham called the servants back.

"Never mind," he said. "I know where to find him. He's gone to Blatch. Get out the car."

Soon the motor was at the door and Markham jumped in.

"Now remember," he shouted to the servants. "Keep the girl in the house and keep everyone else out. If you value your lives, and with this he drove furiously off toward the city.

Craig waited a while, but he realized there was no time to waste, as the first sign of dawn was beginning to appear. Lowering himself out of the tree he started back for the house, and began circling it to try to discover some new entrance. As he rounded a corner he collided with a man in the half light, and the stranger started to run.

"Just a minute," said Craig, grabbing him by the collar. A bundle dropped from the man's hand and jingled as it struck the ground. Still retaining his grasp, Craig unrolled the bundle and found it to be a complete kit of burglar's tools.

"Oho," he said. "Are you a regular burglar or just a volunteer? I need an expert."

"Gee! You don't look like a yegg," the stranger exclaimed.

"I am though, for tonight. Come on. I'm in a hurry. Jimmy open the library window."

Remarkable that this was a "pretty soft crib" the burglar soon had let them into the house. Armed with the burglar's revolver, Craig led the way in search of Markham's servants.

"Good Lord, he's back again!" the astonished butler exclaimed, as the intruders discovered him and his fellow guard in the kitchen.

"Yes, and there's going to be no foolishness this time," said Craig. "Come on Bill, with that rope," he ordered, and the servants soon were as neatly trussed as a pair of turkeys on the way to market.

Enid heard the commotion and hurried down to investigate this latest development of the busy night.

"We've found a friend," said Craig, "Miss Drayton, this is Bill, the burglar. He's going to open the safe for us."

This was pie for Bill. He admitted that it was a shame to take the money, opening a safe without danger of interruption, and when Craig gave him a sketchy idea of the situation, and promised him a good job as mechanic in his company, he went at it with a new interest. He admitted that he didn't care much for the career of a burglar. And he soon proved that he was a good mechanic.

As soon as the safe was opened, Craig and Enid, without waiting to bother about sitting out the contents, bundled up all the books and papers it contained, and started for the city. Craig had made a thorough job. He hadn't left even so much as a receipt for the monthly milk bill in Markham's house.

(Continued on page 105)
A Bantam from Alabam'  

Tallulah Bankhead—perhaps they wrote all those popular songs about her

ALABAMA—on the map—is nothing more than a little rectangular blotch of color with dots to indicate the location of the capital and other important cities. We are not interested.

Alabam’—how different! They write songs about Alabam’. You’ve heard the wail from a darkened stage, a soft guitar, and a peculiarly plaintive tenor; Alabama—it’s the favorite location of every singer of tropical topical songs.

There’s the painted drop of the little cottage with roses round the door (to rhyme with “makes me love her more.”) “My Sweetheart, back in Alabama.” Or “That Girl, from Alabam’.”

Well! Here she is. Straight from that Alabama they sing about. But she left for New York because she would rather hear the witchery of her State and herself extolled by some Broadway hard in a darkened theatre than stay at home and boss the darkies on the old plantation.

The sunny southern stuff is good, but the stage for her, decided Tallulah Bankhead from Alabama. That she might have been a Washington society belle didn’t enter into it; nor did the strenuous opposition she encountered from her grandfather, U. S. Senator Bankhead, and her father, Representative William B. Bankhead, alter her decision.

She was in “The Squab Farm” in New York—the play by the Hattons which satirized the working hours in a big motion picture studio on the west coast. The fans didn’t like to see their screen idols burlesqued, even by the privileged Hattons; and so the play failed.

But not before Tallulah, principal squab in a dramatic chorus of them, had had time to make an impression. Director Ivan Abramson, of the Graphic company, saw her and offered her a part in his picture, “When Men Betray.” Tallulah took it, and displayed a pretty poise and complete unself-consciousness which justified Mr. Abramson’s faith in her. Her appearance in this convinced other film managers of her talents, chiefly Samuel Goldfish, who was scouting about for a leading woman for his new star, Tom Moore. He found Tallulah. Would Tallulah be Tom Moore’s leading lady for “Thirty a Week?” Well, she’d have to ask grandfather about it. And strange to say, the Senator assented—although he remarked at the time that thirty a week wasn’t much. Discounting the Senator’s facetiousness, we rise to remark that from Alabam’ to New York and “Thirty a Week”—as leading woman for the star, Tom Moore—was some climb.

Tallulah has not confided her ultimate ambition to a reporter, but it’s safe to say she has quite made up her mind to be a star some day, if determination and hard work will get her there. She inherited her dramatic leanings from her father, according to her grandmother, Mrs. John Hollis Bankhead, wife of the senior Bankhead. “Shortly after Tallulah’s father was graduated from Georgetown,” said Mrs. Bankhead, “he journeyed to New York to take up a dramatic career. However, I stopped him before he got very far. He was studying law and I wanted that to be his profession. But the ambition of her father that I nipped in the bud broke out in Tallulah, who has always been perfectly determined to be an actress. She had promised to wait until she was older (she’s only eighteen, now)—but things happened that just took matters right out of our hands.”

Back to the beginning of Tallulah’s ambitions. It seems that there was some sort of a contest, a popular call for volunteers for motion pictures. Someone said to Tallulah, “Why don’t you send in your picture?”

Tallulah selected several poses and mailed them—promptly forgetting all about it.

Quite by accident she saw her own picture in a magazine, with no name,—only the caption, “The Girl of Mystery,” with a long paragraph asking the original to make herself known—because she was one out of twelve of fifty thousand who had been selected by motion picture judges.

Encouraged, she came to New York. A fairy tale come true!
This house, just finished in a combination of old Spanish and new American styles, is on the sunny slope of the Beverly Hills district, just a convenient motor distance from the new Ince studio at Culver City, from Los Angeles, and from the sea.

Dorothy Dalton's Hollywood Home

You can see that this is a staircase, a living room, a kimono, an umbrella, a couch — and Miss Dalton. So why waste descriptive words?
The Greatest Damage. "Influenza," remarked the vice-president and general manager of one of the biggest film corporations, a few weeks ago, "hit the film business harder than four years of war.

"One morning the right man could have united all interests for common protection. That day the motion picture industry tottered on the brink of anarchy. It didn't fall into the pit. It is such a healthy, though lawless infant, that it survived a plague that would have carried off any other business you might name.

"But had there been a producer who could have dominated all the interests without quarrels—as, for instance, Morgan's house dominates finance or Schwab the steel industry—you would have seen a merger of all picture makers into one vast organization, the mightiest amusement combination in history."

Which, we will say, is one of the biggest front-page stories that didn't get printed.

An Amazing Record. The gentleman just quoted continues: "The motion picture industry has a perfectly amazing record, from the standpoint of business history.

"It has never had a big financial disaster! Not one. "This would be astonishing in any line. In films it is perfectly and absolutely astonishing. The enormous vitality and sudden popularity of motion pictures has attracted many individuals who don't deserve to be called 'business men.' Some of them have made a great deal of money. Some have not stemmed the tide. Others—more legitimate—have failed to keep pace with the procession, and have subsided. Still others have attempted to use the great art of the Twentieth Century simply as a rank stock-selling medium, or for purposes even more doubtful.

"Yet, despite the hurry-burry of amateur finance and no-finance, artists among the bookkeepers and book-keepers among the artists, and neither artists nor book-keepers where both were needed, there has never been one of those grand monetary smash-ups that sometimes turn the sober world of wheat or steel or cotton topsy-turvy. More, I see no prospect of any. "Isn't it wonderful!"

He Simply Won't Learn. There was a Middle West exhibitor who, playing Ibsen's "A Doll's House," billed it: "A Treat for the Kiddies." He simply won't learn.

A few weeks ago they sent him O. Henry's "A Ramble in Aphasia"—and he promptly advertised it "The Travel Picture Supreme."

The War of Peace. We shall have to face it, and it will be the best thing that ever happened to us: an invasion of European films, many of them made by American directors, on American stock, with American artists.

Suppose you walked down the street and saw nothing but English films in the little showshops? Wouldn't it make your competitive American blood burn to get in the game and put American pictures there instead?

While film manufacture is a pre-eminent American business, a reversal of the situation just stated is the exact state of affairs in England, in France and in Italy. Now that the world has become sane again work, work and still more work—profitable work—is the frenzied need of every country bitten by the war.

In England there are five manufacturers who kept going through the war. These were Cecil Hepworth, Maurice Elvey, Henry Edwards, Martin Thornton and Frederick Bentley. These men, and many others, are going to try to replace the unending miles of American celluloid with home-made goods, and, since what is really worth while at home may also be worth while abroad, they are going to become internationalists as far as they can.

Labor is cheaper, the cost of production is cheaper in England. Star salaries are unknown, but the cost of the average good artist is about the same. Producers using business judgment as well as artistic discretion can make features at a cost of $25,000 which will compare to many an American feature costing $90,000.

That is to say, if you take into account the American method and the American brains that are even now crossing the Atlantic to engage in that work. Possessing a wretched climate in itself, England is within 24 hours of Southern France, and within 72 hours of the sunny Riviera, with the most celebrated scenery in the world.

In France has not yet reorganized her film industries, but a grand recovery is not only to be expected; it is an absolute French necessity.

While the great plants of Gaumont and Pathé—especially the latter—have been idle in a photoplay sense for four years, do not get the idea that these firms have gone out of business.

As a matter of fact, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is reliably informed that the film manufacturers of the French Republic have been employing more men than ever, and are at their apex of
financial prosperity! This is startling information to those who rest in their faith in America as the one film trust, unapproached and without a rival, but it is true.

Gaumont and Pathé have been making munitions. So have certain other French film makers. It is an absolute economic need that these industries keep going, for all France is in the condition of a man just recovered from a great illness; his sickness has strapped him; his bank account is down to its last franc—but he has won back his health, and he can work.

In Germany. Not so much is known about the dark film forces of Mr. Hohenzollern's deluded principalities, but it is known that Germany has made a grim determination to get in the world film trade somehow—anyhow, any way.

The biggest picture organization existing in Germany today is the Union North German Films, with a capital of $10,000,000.

As a disseminator of photoplays throughout civilization, Germany is unfortunately in the position of the devil, whose cloven hoofs revealed his personality, even in a dress suit. German films have always been notoriously bad, and German actors and actresses have never enacted any but the most patent and transparent Teutons. They sent to London, early in 1914, for a complete outfit of costumes and modern raiment, and made pictures supposed to be of general appeal. When these were shown to Anglo-Saxon audiences as stories of English or American life—with properly translated captionry, of course—the audiences laughed, for the participants were as patently Prussian as though they had worn spiked helmets.

Germany also faces, now, the general embargo of civilized sentiment.

However, they are going to pound hard at any market and every market, in one way or another, under one trademark or another, and will, no doubt, get some hearing among the neutrals.

The Pioneer Showman. Up in the Canadian Northwest, an enterprising citizen who had scarcely seen a movie, appointed himself an advance guard of film civilization and sent for a projection machine and pictures.

Among other needful things he had ordered, of a New York firm, some carbons "guaranteed to burn with a white flame approximating sunlight." Now, as everyone who understands electrical devices knows, the paradoxical carbon makes light simply because of its furious incandescibility; it resists the electric current as it resists burning.

However, the carbon shippers got their box back in a few weeks, and on the black sticks lay this angry note: "Dear sirs. You fellows is a fine set of liars. Your ad said this carbon burned like sunshine. I would have you to know I wasted two whole boxes of matches and couldn't even light one."

The Comedies. A division of films presents more interesting problems—problems demanding immediate solution—than the section whose sole business is to make us laugh.

Fixing the length of risible celluloid at two reels is old-fashioned. It is still done, almost universally, but it is as surely doomed as "programme" comedies—that is to say, the quantity production of funny pieces on a rapid and regular releasing schedule.

One man has convinced the whole producing world that its film farce theories are wrong. This man is Charles Chaplin.

When Chaplin commenced making his own pictures they were sure he was wrong. They had seen actor-directors—and managers—before. When Chaplin failed to keep his first releasing date everybody, smiling, said "I told you so." When he refused even to make predictions regarding the probable finish of his second piece everybody remarked "That settles it!" He was expected back in somebody's—almost anybody's—fold before nightfall.

But they changed their tunes when the longevity and astounding favor of Chaplin's hard-wrought and occasional pieces began to manifest themselves. The public was not faithful to Chaplin's memory; that way, the public is more fickle than a nineteen-year-old grass widow. He was delivering masterpieces.

In England, and on the continent, a regulation motion-picture entertainment is a three-hour show. It is apt to, and usually does contain, two features. Educational and news pictures are known by the general term of "interest," and "interest" altogether seldom totals more than a reel. Englishmen are asking why we don't make five-reel comedies, and American managers, some of them, are asking it, too.

One big New York theatre has started the bold experiment of running Chaplin continuously; that is to say, holding his current picture on, with varying features, until his next comes out. This house started that policy with "Shoulder Arms," and they assert that there is no apparent diminution of interest in this picture, and that it will apparently continue until the next is ready. no matter when that may be.

Mr. Sennett, the professor-doctor of the whole comedy business, might look at "Tillie's Punctured Romance," and "Mickey," and reflect. Here were two photoplays on which he spent much time, and money; yet who shall say that either is not worth more, in money, celebrity or mere artistic satisfaction, than any twelve or twenty of his regulation programme reels?

The answer to the comedy problem in the minds of the movie managers is that quality makes runs and reputation, whereas the life of the routine feature is short at best. A good one will stick, and no worry that it won't. Pot boilers chase themselves on and off, and hardly pay expenses.

The comedy will adjust itself on a business basis.
Sleuthing as a Fine Art

In which King Baggot, Eagle-eye of the screen, says some interesting things about Uncle Sam's real spy-catchers.

"You're talking about a superman," said another. "There ain't no such animal."

"Well, that's what I think the new type of secret service man is," said Mr. Baggot. "A sort of superman. Maybe that's why I would like to be one."

Just then the set was announced as being ready, the cameraman appeared with his tripod, Director Herbert Blache and his trained eye-glasses moved into the scene, and Mr. Baggot acted Christopher Brent's discovery of the wireless apparatus behind the fireplace of the German spy's living-room.

But there are a good many people who consider King Baggot himself a sort of superman. They point to the number and variety of the things he has accomplished. They point to the fact that he is the rarest of individuals, a prophet "not without honor in his own country." For he is idolized in St. Louis—and he was born in St. Louis. It's not a case of "I know him when—" a la that clever song of Irene Franklin's. By no means!

St. Louis is proud of him. "He's our boy," and all that sort of thing. But outside of Missouri he is known as King Baggot, the famous screen star, or King Baggot the famous leading man, or King Baggot the excellent golfer, or else King Baggot the authority on Swedish dramatists—not so far from being a superman, after all, when you come right down to it.

King Baggot was among the first and foremost of the stars of the legitimate drama to show his ability in the newer art of the motion picture. He took his following with him from the stock theatres and "combination" houses to the motion picture theatres, and there can be little doubt that such men as he, by the very fact of their own personal popularity, added much to the prosperity of the growing industry.

King Baggot in "The Eagle's Eye," as Harrison Grant, chief of the "Criminology Club," working in conjunction with the Secret Service, to thwart German plotting.
Shades of ten years ago! Up above you see a scene from "Ivanhoe," with King Baggot as that gentleman himself, Leah Baird as Rebecca, and the person hiding under the blonde wig is Herbert Brenon! At the right is a scene from "The Man Who Stayed Home."

For a long time the picture players were rather neglected, shrouded in mystery, largely. The play was the thing, rather than the player. Mr. Baggot realized the need of a "getting together," of a class consciousness, among the screen players. So he founded the Screen Club, and became its first president, proving that he had the power of organization, as well as that which goes with the artistic temperament, proving also that he is the sort of man who does things, rather than merely think about them.

King Baggot demonstrated that the kind of acting that put the punch in stage "thrillers" was also effective on the screen. Isaac of York. Brenon bosses other actors now.

There is a King Baggot, Jr. He saw his father for the first time on the screen in the Wharton serial, "The Eagle's Eye." King, Jr., is a real motion picture enthusiast and has exhibited strong likes and dislikes on various occasions. Baggot put the question up to him: "And now tell me, how did you like your daddy when you saw him in the picture?"

"I liked Charlie Chaplin better," was the candid reply.

N ik oti me!
By Leigh Metcalfe

I AM Nickotime, the mad minute
In which something scheduled to happen
Doesn't. Sometimes I am the Painted Lady
From Hell's Risen Babylon,
Arrived at the Deathbed
With a sawmill shriek
As the silent martyr toters on the arm
Of the chaplain. Sometimes
I am the intervening hand
Between Daredvil Dagmar
And a monstrous villain who, offscreen.

Solos upon seeing a housely
Whanged with a swatter. Sometimes
I am the psychological moment
That ushers in
The unsuspecting husband
As his wife
Snuggles her nose into the vest pocket
Of a friend of the family.

I am Nickotime—next of kin
To old John Suspense, the faithful servant
Of many a listless scenario writer.
John and I are as dependable
As the insurance collector, and
We both believe
That the safest way
to make an audience gasp
Is by
Last-minute rescues.
Cliff-side vendettas.
Deathbed confessions.
And the rest of the rusty repertoire!
The great line of soldiers' friends and relatives who stood hours in Chicago's lake front park, waiting to file past the grinding camera. The three figures in the foreground at lower right illustrate the types of "closeups" made.

Smiling for the Boys in France

Soldiers in France and relatives at home meet face to face — through the camera

EVERY day the motion picture proves itself to be an entirely new and distinctive specie of blessing. The latest takes the form of a New Year's greeting — face to face — between the boys of Illinois divisions, located in France, and their relatives and friends in the corn state. It's a long, interesting story, but for brevity's sake we'll explain that last fall the Editor of a Chicago newspaper and Watterson R. Rothacker, a film producer, staged a gigantic promenade of relatives of soldiers in France, in which each filed past the grinding camera, smiling greetings and in many cases holding up scrawled messages on bits of paper. The film was shipped over early in December and shown to thousands of Yankee soldiers.
W HEN America entered the war Christopher Brent jumped at this longed-for opportunity to fight the Hun under the Stars and Stripes. Impatient to be off to France, he sought immediate enlistment but the government had its eye on Brent and wanted him in the Secret Service. He was called to Washington: and went somewhat reluctantly, for he feared being urged into some non-combatant branch of the service where he would languish for the excitement of real warfare.

After a conference with the Secret Service chiefs in Washington, however, he altered his attitude; discovered that that department offered as great an exposure to excitement and danger as fighting in the trenches. And eager to be into it, he took the oath.

Now this oath, besides binding him to secrecy regarding the work he was doing, did not permit him to even divulge his connections to those dear to him. This phase of it hadn’t entered his mind until he had returned home from Washington and realized that he could not explain to Molly Preston, the girl he loved, what part he was taking in the great war. Right and left their friends were donning the uniform and hurrying joyfully off to training camps.

Molly, quietly wondering at first, soon grew uneasy about his seeming lack of interest in enlistment. Where before he had been all too eager to cross the Atlantic on a transport, now he avoided the subject. Molly’s love never once tottered but she spent many miserable moments thinking about it.

Then there was Norman Preston, her kid brother, a hot-headed young fellow who had run away from prep school to enlist. And when the Prestons moved to the Wavecrest hotel at a coast resort near Norman’s training camp, the youngster took the opportunity to let his sister and father know what he thought of Brent. “Any man—any American,” he argued, “who can sit quietly around and let somebody else win the war isn’t worth your even thinking about, sis,” he would say over and over. But Molly, firm in her love for Brent, determined to trust in him blindly, shook her head.

“There must be a reason,” she would say. “A good reason—though I don’t know it.”

Brent had been assigned by his chiefs in Washington to watch a group of German agents supposed to be secretly operating in the interests of Imperial Germany along the Atlantic seacoast. His investigations brought him to the Wavecrest Hotel; for here the four had gathered: Carl Sanderson, a civilian-clothed member of the Navy Department, commissioned because of his expert technical knowledge, his mother—both guests at the hotel; and Gaston Letour, manager of the hotel and his maître d’hotel, Fritz Boldt.

“Watch Carl Sanderson in particular,” his orders had been. “If he is as reported, disposed to aiding Germany, he has a great deal of valuable information to give to the U-boat chiefs.”

One evening Molly pressed Brent for his reasons for not being in the service. Brent bit his lip. He had hoped to avoid this moment—somehow—as it would mean a little lying to both keep his official secret and the love of Molly. He stammered something about dependents—a mother and sister—and let it go at that. Nor did she press him for further detail, left him with the renewed assurance of her trust in him—to go to her room and there to worry through the afternoon. She knew that Brent’s mother and sister were not reliant on what Brent could give them for their comfort. What, then, was the real reason?

On the hotel veranda the next afternoon as Brent sat smoking a cigarette a boy handed him a telegram. Molly was inside the door when he opened it and she noted his sudden stiffening as she read it and arose. For the wire was from Washington—from a Mrs. Leigh, also an agent for the Secret Service, one of their cleverest woman operatives.
WHO STAYED AT HOME

thought the only place to
ment of war was in
joined the secret service

"It is best that we work together," the wire read. "Will
arrive tomorrow morning."

Brent stood for a moment studying the situation. He
wondered how the coming of Mrs. Leigh—decidedly a beautiful,
fascinating woman—would be interpreted by Molly. Obviously
neither he nor Mrs. Leigh could reveal their true association;
then what would Molly think?

Her arrival did attract the attention of the entire summer
hotel. And when she was seen to be in the intimate escort
of Brent, then Molly's heart was truly wrenched. Something
akin to jealousy was born in her heart, though she fought it
off. Brent introduced the two and later opened his heart to
the woman operative and told her of the situation between
Molly and him. As a real friend and a sincere woman of
understanding, she strove to give him comfort.

Later the two of them planned their campaign of watchful-
ness over the four people under suspicion. "Letour and Fritz Boldt
are in the Sanderson apartment every day," told Brent. "I feel sure that there is something
underhanded going on among them. I would like to look
through their suite sometime: I rather imagine we would find
something interesting."

His opportunity came that afternoon. Learning that Carl
had left the resort for the day and that his mother was out,
Brent strolled around the hotel to the side on which their
apartment faced. After him trailed a dog, belonging to one of
the other guests. He drew a bone from his pocket and tossed
it through the open library window. The dog leapt in after
it and close on the dog's heels went Brent.

Inside he bent over the library desk and managed to pry
open the locked drawer. But ere he had found anything in-
teresting, he heard a rumbling at the door and with one
leap again stood at the side of the dog, pocketing the instru-
mental bone. As the door opened, he raised his head and
saw Fritz Boldt standing there, a sheaf of magazines in his
hands. Fritz was obviously embarrassed and stepped awk-
wardly into the room, nodding. He stammered an explanation
of his presence. "Bringing magazines for Mrs. Sanderson," he said.

Brent, cool and collected, did not attempt any explanation.
As he started to leave by the door, dragging the dog after him,
in stepped Mrs. Sanderson. Instantly Brent had bowed and was
grandiloquently apologising for his intrusion.

"This dog of mine," he said smiling, "seems to like your
suite. Even to the extent of coming in by the window. I
jumped in to haul him out."

Fritz, unnoticed, was bowing his way out. When Brent left
a few minutes later he had accepted Mrs. Sanderson's invita-
tion to attend a card party that evening in her apartment.

Disappointed that he had been interrupted in his search of
the Sanderson rooms, he went to Mrs. Leigh and told her of
his experiences. "Fritz walked in like he owned the place," he
said. "And it was easy to see that he was bothered by my presence."

"I have just heard more from Washing-
ton about the Sandersons," said Mrs. Leigh.
"They tell us to watch them closer than ever. Mrs. Sanderson is decidedly pro-
German. Her first husband was a Teuton
army officer—a General von Mantel. Carl is
the son of her first marriage, who later
took the name of his step-father."

"When—a little while later—Brent arose
to go, Mrs. Leigh asked him about Molly. Brent
smiled and told her that he had been
attending to. "The dear girl is trying her best
to trust in me, but I can see it's hard for her.
Worse still—I understand she is a bit
jealous of you! Can't blame her; on
the surface of it, you and I—"

Mrs. Leigh gasped. "Jealous—of me? The poor little dear! Then, realizing Brent's temptation, she sought to reassure
him of the importance of his work, how it was worth, to his
country, more than the sacrifice of a temporary mistress.
"Remember your oath that night in Washington," she said earnestly. "Keep
up your enthusiasm, Christopher—you need it—you and Uncle Sam. We must track this Sanderson crowd—at whatever
personal sacrifices."

Brent, cheered considerably, growled, "If that meddling kid brother—God bless his patriotism—
would pay more attention to his manual and less to me I'd be
happier and so would he. His spirit is right but his tact is
puerile."

That evening, shortly before the guests began to arrive, Carl
Sanderson returned to the hotel and immediately closeted him-
self with his mother and Fritz and Letour. Carl was absent
over his day's attentions and was bursting with eagerness
to divulge them. He produced a folded bit of paper from an
inner pocket and opened it before the three observers, traced
numerous lines with his index finger. "A map of America's
mines fields," he whispered. "To guide our submarines. And
listen further. Today I learned that 75,000 troops are
scheduled to go to Europe. I will
the commander of U-boat 11 and then—"

A chorus of approval greeted his revelation. Up spoke Mrs.
Sanderson. "I have been busy today also," she said. "I made
a sketch of the harbor from which the transports are to leave."
She drew out a piece of paper. "Here it is. Attach it to one
of your carrier pigeons and send it early tomorrow—to the
island where it will reach the U-boat commander in due time.

"I'll tell him to expect it:" and Carl arose and walked over
to the fireplace where, after a few quick maneuvers, succeeded
in revealing a complete wireless equipment where an
innocent open grate had been before. He called for the commander
of U-boat 11, but hardly had he started his message when there
came a noise at the closed door.

Guests were arriving!

Although Carl used all the speed he could muster to throw
back the equipment, yet when Brent stood smiling a greeting
in the threshold, he noted a flurry in the face of the German
and embarrassment on the part of the others. Brent, outward-
wardly oblivious to their discomposure, inwardly rejoiced that
he had interrupted in a little conference. He noted Carl's awk-
ward position near the fireplace—throughout the evening
Brent allowed himself to be fascinated by the fireplace. There
was something, structurally, queer about it. He neglected the card
tables, insisting that a headache would make him a stupid and
unfair partner. And later that night, after the guests had gone
and the Sanderson household was retired, Brent and Mrs. Leigh
met in the shadow of the veranda. "I'm determined to in-
vestigate that fireplace," Brent said. "I'm sure there is some-
thing hidden in there that will give us a clue."

The two went around the hotel and with Mrs. Leigh as
guard, Brent stealthily opened the window and crawled again
into the apartments. Over to the fireplace he edged in the
deserted room. Persistent rumbling around brought to light a
secret button, which, when pushed, let down the wireless
equipment. Brent was trium-
phant. He knelt down and tapped the in-
strument. Then, with an ejaculation, he
drew out from his pocket a code-book he had
recently found in his investigations.

Opening this, he slowly tapped out a query
and in a few seconds came a response.

Rejoicing that he had finally found some
tangible evidence of the Sanderson's
duplicity, he arose and savagely tore the
equipment from its moorings, hopefully
leaving it with its acc-ompanying
wreckage. Then he hurried out and told
what he had found to the waiting Mrs.
Leigh.

"Even talked to some of the murderous
gang," he whispered with enthusiasm.
"Luckily I had this code-book with me

The Man Who Stayed

at Home

NARRATED, by permission, from
the playplot adapted by June
Mathis from the drama by Lechmore
Worrall and J. B. Priestley,
produced by Metro Pictures Corporation
under the supervision of Maxwell Kar-
ger, with the following cast:

Christopher Brent..............King Bagott
Molly Preston.................Molly Phipps
Fritz (wailer)...............Christopher Tracey
Robert Whittaker.............Norman Preston
Andrew Herbert..............Alexandre Herbert
Carl Sanderson.............Frank Fisher Bennett
Judge Preston..............George Paton Gibbs
Fraulein Schroder............Julia Calhoun
Mrs. Sanderson.............Ida Darling
Gaston Letour..............A. Lloyd Lack
They saw Fritz enter the pigeon cage, select one of the frightened birds and hold it close as he fastened some paper to its foot.

and could understand what they were driving at. Thought I was Sanderson and asked something about maps. Then they suddenly cut off. Don’t know whether they were suspicious over my handling of the wireless or not.

By this time the two were out on the walk leading to the veranda. Mrs. Leigh held him back at the door. “I think,” she whispered, “you had better turn over that code book to me. Remember—you are under suspicion.”

Brent handed it to her; she thrust it hastily into her handbag.

At daylight that morning Carl Sanderson went in to use his wireless equipment. Discovering that it had been put out of commission, he aroused his mother and phoned for Fritz and Leto. A careful search of the room was made by the four German agents. Carl was triumphant as he stooped and picked up an eyeglass case.

“This belongs to Judge Preston,” said Mrs. Sanderson, excitedly. “I saw the Judge hand it to Brent last night. Brent offering to leave it at the oculist’s.”

“Then Brent is the one,” Carl said savagely, a plan forming in his crafty mind. Later that morning he went to the Judge’s rooms and there showed him his eyeglass case.

The Judge was bewildered. “I gave that to Christopher last night,” he said. “How did you get it?”

“Then,” said Carl, ignoring the question. “Then Brent is a German spy!”

Judge Preston faced him sternly. “Explain your statement,” he said gruffly.

“I have been suspicious of that fellow all along. I will get in touch with the authorities immediately. Judge Preston, last night an important navy paper was stolen from my rooms and after the thief had gone I found your eyeglass case on the floor.

Judge Preston hurried to tell Molly of the news. Molly refused to credit the accumulation of evidence that was heaping upon the man she loved.

“You can’t dispute it,” said her father. “He is obviously an agent for the German government. You—”

But the girl, weary of thinking, waved him into silence. “Please, Father,” she said wearily, “please don’t talk about it any more.”

That morning during the visit of Carl Sanderson to the Prestons, Mrs. Leigh and Brent stood for the hundredth time, fascinated by the fowl-yard at the edge of the hotel grounds. Divided off from the chickens and ducks were a host of pigeons, unmistakably carriers. Mrs. Leigh had repeatedly told Brent she thought those carriers, so carefully attended to by Letour and Fritz, were part of their spying equipment. Now they saw Fritz enter the pigeon cage, select one of the frightened birds and hold it close as he fastened some paper to its foot. Quickly Brent sneaked back into the hotel and procured his shot-gun. Outside again, he saw the carrier soaring into the air and taking careful, experienced aim, stopped the bird in its flight and watched it flutter to the ground.

He ran out and picked up the bird, detached the paper from its leg, substituted a blank one and had just stuffed the precious paper into his pocket when Fritz ran up, red anger on his face. He clutched up the dead pigeon from the ground with an oath. “How dare you shoot my pigeons?” he demanded.

Brent was humbly apologetic. “I had no idea I would strike the bird,” he said, “I was merely trying out this new shotgun. I am sorry indeed,” but Fritz was even then hurrying away, relieved to think that the precious message was still tied to the bird’s leg.

Molly had stood in the background during this bit of action and when she saw Mrs. Leigh—now looming in her eyes as a horrible pro-German, seeking to influence her sweetheart—drop her handbag, she kicked at it, the code book flying out. With a gasp the girl picked it up and realized what it was that she held.

A German wireless code-book! Irrefutable evidence of pro-Germanism. Heavy-hearted, Molly stumbled back to the hotel and to her father. In tears she told of her discovery. “I guess you are right, Father,” she said. “Brent must be a pro-German. But it’s that horrid old Mrs. Leigh who is influencing him.”

Judge Preston arose excitedly. “We must report this to Sanderson at once. He has warned us so many times that it is only fair that we tell him first. I’m sorry, little girl,” and he put his arm tenderly around her shoulder.

The Judge and the girl entered the Sanderson’s library just as Carl and Fritz were finishing a fiery inquest over the dead carrier pigeon and the blank bit of paper Brent had substituted.

“Sanderson,” said the Judge. “I guess you’re right about this Christopher Brent.”

Carl studied the Judge cautiously. “I mean,” the Judge went on sadly, “that we have found evidence that indisputably implicates him with that Mrs. Leigh, practically proven to be a German agent.” And he drew out of his pocket the German code book. At sight of it, Carl let out a gasp. His eyes were wide. The triumph of his position swept over him. He had “the goods” on them! He jumped to the phone and called for Mrs. Leigh and Brent to come to his rooms immediately. Curious at this initiative from those whom they believed were afraid of them, the couple came. Melodramatically Carl Sanderson held the code book in his left hand while he pointed at Brent with his right.

“Last night, Mr. Brent, an important paper disappeared from my desk and on the floor this morning I found Judge Preston’s eye-glass case. The Judge declares he put it in your keeping, for repairs, while at the party last night.” Then he turned to Mrs. Leigh. “Mrs. Leigh, the Judge’s daughter saw you drop your handbag today and out of it fell this German code-book. He looked triumphantly around the room. “There is but one
From Yankee, Brent general Mr. now never moment. i shuts submarine give had went deputies interrupted the bomb. — are allowed rooms not the designated time-bomb can she not the over number 720 engraved on the back of it. “The Wilhelmstrasse often sends an agent to watch an agent. Mine has been the privilege.”

Sanderson gasped. “Wha—what about Brent?”

Mrs. Leigh laughed coldly. “What match is a simple American secret service agent for a servant of his Imperial Majesty? I never had so remarkable a life—watching his work! Do not detain him. Let him go. From him we can learn much.”

Delighted with this unexpected entry of so clever an ally, Carl ushered her back into the room where Brent stood waiting. The Judge was impatient to be off. Molly had slipped silently away.

At last Brent and the Judge had gone, Carl took Mrs. Leigh to be introduced to his mother all over again. “Not an American, mother,” he said, “but a noble ally—a servant of our Imperial Majesty.”

That afternoon the whole group of them gathered in the Sanderson apartment, Carl informed them that he was about to give the signal to the U-boat 11 of the approach of the American troop convoy. “The signal is to be a fire on the shore so that the submarine can see the flames. I presume we’d better burn one of the poultry sheds, eh, mother?” he said. Fritz interrupted with a greater yet idea.

“Why not fire the hotel itself?” he said. “There are people in this building who know too much anyway. What if they are killed? Brent, for instance. Some dangerous information would die with him.”

The group liked the idea of bombing the hotel. Fritz was designated to place the bomb in the outbuilding to start the fire—the signal for the U-boat commander. “I myself will set the time-bomb in the hotel,” said Carl.

The murderous clique did not know that outside their rooms was Brent, listening by means of his dictaphone. Brent ordered two of his deputies to follow Fritz and to note where he placed the bomb but not to interfere with the bomb. “Let them notify the submarine commander,” he said. “I will see that our destroyers are at hand to take care of the U-boat.”

While the two detectives went after Fritz, Brent followed after Carl Sanderson. But the German spy had eluded the secret service agent and had succeeded in planting the bomb before Brent came upon him. Carl had just set the time clock at midnight.

Drawing his revolver, Brent insisted that Carl tell him the location of the bomb, but the German shook his head. The clock ticked on. One minute to midnight was at hand. Then, under a sudden inspiration, Brent turned with his revolver and fired it at the time clock.

The hotel was saved!

Meanwhile, aroused by the bomb and the resultant fire from the outbuilding, the hotel guests were scurrying excitedly about. Judge Preston and Molly stumbled into the room where Brent had cornered Carl Sanderson. Brent, triumphant at last, faced the Judge and Molly with radiant face. “Judge,” he said eagerly, “this is Mr. Carl von Mantel, son of a general in the German army and one of the German rats.”

Carl, cringing before the verbal onslaught and Brent’s gun, was the picture of guilt. Molly turned her eyes toward the man she loved. The Judge was slowly comprehending. Suddenly Carl made one last attempt to hurt Brent.

“Well, Brent,” he said, “you may have cornered Fritz and me, but Mrs. Leigh has put one over on you. She certainly has fooled you beautifully. She is a member of the Wilhelmstrasse and every plan you made known to her has been told to us. She has taken my mother, Letour and Fraulein Schroeder away with her.”

(Continued on page 105)
Team Work

Catherine Calvert has a leading man; he leads her a merry chase—he's only four, going on five.

By Dorothy Allison

She always wanted to go on the stage, she told me, and, through Mrs. Young, the mother of James Young, she obtained her first position in "Brown of Harvard." It was while she was working in this play that she attracted the attention of Paul Armstrong.

"He did more than 'discover' me; he reconstructed me," declared Paul Armstrong's widow.

"And the first thing he did was to take me off the stage and send me back to my home town in Baltimore to learn everything all over again.

Then, when he was finally satisfied with the general effect, he put me in as the girl in 'The Deep Purple.' Then later I appeared in 'A Romance of the Underworld,' 'The Escape' and 'To Save One Girl,' all written by Mr. Armstrong."

After her marriage to the playwright she continued to star in his plays until a severe illness broke short her career for a time. And when Paul, Jr., was less than a year old his father died.

"I made the transition from stage to screen at the suggestion of Daniel Frohman. I was at a dinner once in a home where Mr. Frohman was visiting. He suggested that I might 'screen well' and soon after that I appeared with Ann Murdock in the film version of 'Outcast.' Later I did some work for the 'Art Dramas' and then went to the Keeney Film Company where I signed my present contract. Up to the present time, I like my Keeney picture 'Marriage' better than anything I have done."

AND this," said Mrs. Paul Armstrong, who is also Catherine Calvert, "this is my leading man."

I shook hands with the leading man. He seemed somewhat bored with the entire proceeding and cast wistful eyes at Noah's Ark which he had politely dropped to be introduced. But he unbent far enough to inform me that he was four, going on five, that his name was Paul Armstrong, Jr., and that his favorite indoor sport was "putting on shows" in the nursery with his mother.

To prove it, they staged a show then and there with the library portieres as a back-drop. He was a noble hero, his mother was a simple country maiden and I was a crowded and wildly applauding theater.

"I love you," declared the hero in noble accents, none the less noble for a slight lis.

"But that cruel villain, the city feller . . ." faltered the country maiden realistically and then spoiled the whole effect by gathering the leading man up on her lap in an ecstatic hug.

He struggled manfully to his feet and was going on with his lines when the cruel villain entered in the person of a white-aproned Maggie who carried a protesting Hamlet off to bed.

"It's a shame to break up a successful performance like that," his mother said ruefully. "But he would keep it up all night if we didn't stop him. He is my most discriminating dramatic critic. 'You looked pretty in that play, mother,' he will say, 'but you wiggled your arms so funny.' His reviews are embarrassing before company but I always ask for them in private. I try to bear the truth, however brutal it may be."
A Review of the
New Pictures

The Shadow Stage

By Julian Johnson

Mr. DeMille's most notable contribution to the visible side of film-making is not his silver whistle, his artful déshabillé of shirt, pants and puts, or his Louis XV hat. It is his stock company.

Mr. DeMille now has, about the pepper-bowered Lasky temple in Hollywood, the most notable stock company that the dramatic world has seen since history claimed Augustin Daly for her own. It was more than the large chances of wholesale California filming that accumulated on one lot an aggregation including Tully Marshall, Frank Campeau, Julia Faye, Monte Blue, Theodore Roberts, Charles Ogle, Casson Ferguson, Walter Long, Tom Forman, Eugene Pallette, Douglas MacLean, Louis Willoughby, Mayme Kelso, Fred Goodwins, Ernest Joy, James Neill, Raymond Hatton, Parks Jones, Sylvia Ashton, Spottiswoode Aitken, Jane Wolff, William McLaughlin, John McKinnon, Nina Byron, Bud Duncan, Edythe Chapman, Wallace Beery, James Cruze, John Stepling, Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, Ann Little, Elliott Dexter, Lew Cody, Bryant Washburn, Lila Lee, Ethel Clayton, Thurston Hall, Kathlyn Williams, Edwin Stevens, Emory Johnson, Zasu Pitts, Mary Thurman, Wallace Reid, Ora Carew, Anne Schaefer, Shirley Mason, George Fawcett, Eugene O'Brien, Catherine Calvert and Horace Carpenter. This enumeration is not a catalogue. Owing to the fluid condition of engagements, it may not be, in all particulars, an accurate list. But it will serve to indicate the amazing and diverse expert talents mustered under the standard of a single corps-commander.

It seems to me that DeMille has gone about solving the evils of the star system in his own way. The star with the thirty-cent play and the thirty-five-cent company has absolutely cursed the sunshine trade. While a good story is the foundation of a successful motion picture, and a good director the architect, the actors are the building materials.

To see and to realize, in camera-land, is to copy. Hence no press agent has proclaimed DeMille's quiet but masterly mobilization of extraordinary interpreters.

It seems to me that I first realized what DeMille was doing when I saw "Old Wives For New." "The Squaw Man" was the perfect fruit of a truly great stock company. No New York producer, rummaging Electric Alley from end to end, could have chosen a more perfectly appointed, easyworking cast than that which graced that momentous revival of the Royle drama. Tully Marshall, a stage star in his own right, played what was practically a bit. Edwin Stevens, another stage star, scarcely got his name on the programme. All in all, there were in this piece five first-rate footlight luminaries—Dexter, Thurston Hall, Theodore Roberts, Marshall and Stevens. Besides notable picture women like Ann Little and

Anita Stewart, snowed under for a twelvemonth by litigation, comes back in "Virtuous Wives" with all her girlish charm, her gift for frocks and her talent for drama.

the coolly sensuous Katherine MacDonald. Yet the play, not an actor's name, was the thing put in electric lights!

This is constructive picture-making. It's getting somewhere. It's gumshoeing into an art worthy to endure.

More than any other camera general, DeMille works in the shadow of the theatre. In this, of course, he is his father's son, but it must be acknowledged that he has a special adaptability in remolding the gifts of the footlights into practical, real and human utilities of the lens.

Without any typewriter blasts DeMille has, for himself, solved the problem of casting all roles with real actors, thus making his photoplays veritable, believable, and an approximation of life. Only one man seems able to make anybody act, no matter how small or weak his or her infusion of acting talents; and the Griffith recipe is not one to pass along—for where are there any more Griffiths?

DeMille's stock company is at once the most adroit and the most constructive advance in motion pictures in a year—or two years, if you like. It is a concrete gun emplacement for the big shooting of tomorrow.

**VIRTUOUS WIVES**—First National

When George Loane Tucker produced "The Cinderella Man," for Goldwyn, he became a marked man; that is to say, marked
for great expectations. These expectations are fully realized in "Virtuous Wives," a scroll of life as it is lived; life reproduced not only with scrupulous care, but with a knowledge of our golden aristocracy such as has been only dreamed of, and that nightmairishly, by most of our directors. Yet Mr. Tucker did more than present to the people of Owen Johnson's story as though they were to the manor born. He found a mediocre novel and rewove its threads into a vital and powerful photoplay. The argument of this tale is that the American society woman, bored either by her husband's attention or his neglect—it really doesn't matter which—is a hideous sinner in her soul while always taking care to keep the whitewashed fence of physical chastity between herself and her man. If the introduction of this theory the hero goes to a Colorado smelter and leaves his bride to the care of an unblushing matron of nickel-steel conscience, oriental disposition, and no acts that would be goods in the divorce market. Nothing especially dramatic happens. The young man nearly loses his wife—but doesn't. But everything that happens, and whatever makes these things happen, is absolutely human. The places, the parties, are perfectly appointed. Here are rich men's homes that Stanford White might have designed. The gowns are like a fashion-show. The performers disport credibly and veritably. Anita Stewart, snowed over for a twelve month by litigation, comes back with all her girlish charm, her gift for frocks and her talent for drama—though she has many more dresses than big scenes. Conway Tearle plays her husband not only with delightful sincerity and virile force, but with grave gentlemanliness. Tearle's raiment never gives any indications of independent dramatic ambitions—if you get what I mean. It is easier for a camel cigarette to pass through the eye of a needle than for most of our young mimics to play gentlemen. But the two outstanding performances, after all, are the saddened, lonely captain-general of finance portrayed by the late Edwin Arden; and his wife, a combination of carnality, cattishness and cowardice, marvelously limned by Mrs. DeWolfe Hopper. William Boyd portraying a villain who is not one, is a welcome addition to the dark side of screen plots. And we do not conclude the catalogue of excellences without a word for one Wattersohn Rothacker, a sort of Griffith of film mechanics. So to speak, Rothacker's toning and tinting are so apropos that they become absolute and vital parts of Tucker's drama. In the print I saw Miss Stewart, rescuing a boy from a runaway motor-boat, is left struggling with him in deep water—and next thing she is standing at the little fellow's bedside, faultlessly gowned, and coiffured in ornate dry hair whose "do" must have taken hours and hours. This, and a caption referring to the hero's maintenance of a big New York apartment on an income which would about equal his rent, are odd lapses in a photoplay otherwise well nigh flawless.

**THE HEART OF HUMANITY—Universal**

Here is one of the biggest, most elaborate and most mechanically clever of all the screen's war stories. I think it unfortunate that it should have been produced so late. Director Alan Holubar of course had no inside information on the German collapse, but, had his multi-scened narrative reached the houses in late summer or early autumn, I think it would have immediately ranked, in favor, close up on "Heart of the World." Not that the human side of the thing is as masterful, or its people as unique, vivid and appealing. Its dominant note is a celluloid reconstruction, never before approached, of the kaleidoscopic engineering of war in all its particulars—on the ground, below the ground, above the ground, and even from the air onto the ground. Machine-gunning trenches from biplanes, the fights in Flanders mud, savage Hun violation of Belgian towns and hospitals and refugees, hand-to-hand encounters, unknown heroisms, the little bright laughs of black days—as an achievement this is Holubar's best. That young man is arriving rapidly. Mrs. Holubar, the varied and passionate Dorothy Phillips, is to be seen as a Canadian bride who, when her husband goes overseas, follows unbeknown in the service of "the greatest mother in the world." There are good stout scenes, some of them on the verge, in this picture. There is pathos, and some laughter. The preliminaries—a tame thousand feet or so—might be described as the legendary hokum of the simple North Woods whose idyllic love yarns have put Sir Gilbert Parker in the hall of fame. William Stowell plays opposite Miss Phillips.
ARIZONA—Artcraft

It seems to me that Douglas Fairbanks' trade secret is in the fact that he never takes either his plots or himself too seriously. That is to say, he is as ready to laugh at himself as at anyone else, and he is never, even in his wildest hours, the conventional hero. This is paradoxical, but it is true. It is not Doug's simultaneous laying-out of seven men that does the business in the front of the house; it is the twinkle of his eye while he lays them out. "Arizona" has been translated out of the dramatic gospel according to Augustus Thomas without heresy or too-façulent disregard of tradition. It is some changed, but not spoiled. It is, too—for once in the movies—a real period play. That same De-Mille stock company to which we have just referred is drawn upon for a redoubtable cast. Frank Campeau plays Sergt. Kellar, Theodore Roberts is Canby, Frederick Burton is Col. Bonham, Harry Northrup is the wicked Col. Hodgeman, Raymond Hatton is momentarily visible as Tony, Kate Price is exce- cuted. Roberts, Canby, and Marjorie Daw adorable as Bonita. Mr. Fairbanks, of course, plays Denton. And the swiftness with which the story rushes along prevents us realizing—until afterward—that Thomas' characters are all put in subsidy to the jovial and athletic lieutenant. Theodore Roberts is experienced enough as an actor to overcome any check-reins in the scenario, and Marjorie Daw, on the other hand, isn't. There you have the part situation as it concerns the supporting people. In the parlance, it seems to me that this play when complete was "cut a little too fast;" which is to say, the scenes are just a trifle short; the play has only one speed, and that's third. Fairbanks, who is always in third speed himself, needs repose by way of contrast. I scarcely think the horseback marriage, would win Thomas' approval, or the approval of anyone else who respects old "Arizona's" place as a native classic. It is cheap burlesque.

THE SILVER KING—Artcraft

Like "Sporting Life," this towering lattice of plot and scheme is one of the few surviving monuments of the melodrama of another day. It is the fashion to consider all the personages of the melodramatic old school as grossly unreal—yet, if they are unreal, what shall we say of the fabricated folk that pass for humans in the cheap dynamic sensations of our own time? The old melodrama people may have been unreal, as far as individuals were concerned, but they were exceedingly real, and were exceedingly well recognized, as types of their respective classes. Thus, in "Silver King" we discover the indigent nobleman of sporting proclivities, the unctuous money lender, the trusting young wife, the false friend—all of these walking synonyms which were, really, compendiums in stilled form of a lot of people who had real existence. Space forbids detailed consideration of the large number of people in this cast. William Faversham, who might pass for thirty in the long shots but never in the close-ups, decorates the principal part with personality, suavity and power. Barbara Castleton is very lovely as his wife and the mother of his children.

INFATUATION—Pathé

The best thing about Gaby Deslys' picture, made in France, is that it is something different—entirely different. Some parts of it are not executed as well as we would have executed them here; some parts show that motion picture technique in Europe stopped with the clock of progress on August 1st, 1914; yet other parts we could not duplicate in this country, and in the imaging of stage spectacles we have never, spend our money and our people as we will, done anything that is so simply and really of the theatre. The story is one of the old-time pantomimes of the days when photoplays were only movies—the poor little flower girl, the villainous landlord, the kind gentleman and all that. Yet, notwithstanding much saccharine sentiment, there is sheer dramatic sincerity and passion in the acting of the distinguished M. Signoret, who becomes, over the flower girl, a veritable Pagliacci. Nor is M. Maxard, as the wholly obvious villain, far behind M. Signoret in interest. Here is a different school of acting (Continued on page 98)
CHAPTER TWO  Wherein the famous songbird tells of her adventures and debuts in the capitals of Europe and America.

GIRLHOOD’S "someday dreams" are too sublimely sweet and frail, so the realists declare, to ever come true. Actualizing, they believe, performs the same ravages on day-dreams as a soft-coal atmosphere does to your mother's favorite window curtains.

I'm not so sure of that, myself; the realized dreams of my young girlhood seem every bit as desirable as they were in the dream-days. I wish I could describe the wonder of my realized dreams; more interestingly tell of the thrilling and eventful experiences of a young American girl, benevolently allowed fullest access to the magic realms that fascinate her.

Ever since I had decided on a musical career I had day-dreamed of going to Europe. But the actual trip, when it finally came about, proved far more wonderful than the anticipation. The new worlds opened by music, drama, art, books, new personalities and places—these made a dazzling parade before my romantic and assimilative nature.

The sparkling days of our arrival in France, in 1899, still evoke a thrill in recalling them. I remember the huge delight I took in everything—in the streets, the gay restaurants, the picture galleries, the theatre. And I think that I divided all of my spare funds between driving in the Bois on Sunday and attending performances by that wonderful woman, Sarah Bernhardt.

I was enrolled, first of all, as a pupil of Trabedello, the Spaniard who had taught Emma Eames and Sybil Sander-son. Mother and I established ourselves in the Latin Quartier, near the lovely gardens of the Luxembourg.

In trying to give an impression of these first student days in Paris, I can do no better than follow the suggestion of Pito- toplay's editor—that I copy excerpts from any letters I wrote at that period. Appealing to old friends, I have been fortunate enough to gather a few that suggest the color and the impressions made upon my young and eager mind.

With the enthusiasm of untried youth, I expressed myself positively upon all subjects.

"I have spent the whole afternoon in color revel among these great masters." I wrote, after a visit to the picture galleries of Paris, "and my head is full of their superb lines. I saw a St. Sebastian that set my heart wildly beat-

Above, a recent pose of Miss Farrar. At the right, a succession of pictures showing the diva in many of her most famous characterizations. The first at the extreme left shows Miss Farrar as Cherubino in "The Marriage of Figaro." Her "Gio-cio-San" in "Madame Butterfly," the opera that helped to make her Metropolitan debut such a tremendous success, is conspicuous—in the strip on the opposite page, third from the outer margin.
By Geraldine Farrar

ing, so full of glory was he, and the inner divinity . . . by Mantegna, in the inevitable saints’ grouping around the Virgin . . . These have the sweetest, unearthly air about them, large pensive blue eyes, faint rosy tints, small noses and perfect mouths; the Virgin’s golden hair is shielded by a delicate veil, and the halo shines like a circle of sunshine about her well-shaped head. You feel that the Mother of Christ was a wonderfully pure woman, and an extraordinary one, too. The hands are long and slender, a trifle square at the finger tips.

How I love this old Italian school! Many pictures of the dead Christ are ghastly and sickening, but I saw a head, with thorns, most admirable, and another, at the raising of the Lazarus—truly divine!

Another time I wrote:

"I enjoy intensely acting; it is heaven. Am now at that stage when one is supposed to suggest case and gracious lines, and in reality it is torture.

I am flung around on chairs, sofas, and the floor, acquiring experience. If a peaceful scene comes I hardly know what to do without the excitement. Hope my handwriting has not alarmed you. I had to change; we have had high tragedy and my muscles are sore."

And again:

"My French is coming—sweet language that contradicts itself every minute, inconsistent yet quite charming. Am scraping up some money to hear Sarah again. She is my inspiration and always wonderful; such a Camille is wonderful. Capoul sent me a charming note . . . I heard he spoke very nicely of me. . . . I nearly fainted getting seats for Sarah, in ‘L’Aiglon,’ but the joy of anticipation is well worth it all."

At the time of writing the above I did not know that in a few years, immediately after my Parisian debut, Madame Grau, wife of the then director of the Metropolitan Opera Company, would come to me and say: "Sarah wants to know you. When will you lunch with her?"

"My admiration of this woman has always bordered on idolatry. My meeting with her unforgettable. I can see her now—standing slim and white in her long, curling draperies, at the entrance of her home; her keen eyes appraising me, her voice raised in cordial greeting. I was to enjoy her friendship from that day on. As I write this, a most recent photo stands on my desk. Her face smiles, despite her tragic affliction. In truth she is an element—ageless, fearless, dauntless!"

During those student days in Paris I talked with Nellie. I had heard that she was in Paris with her husband, Zoltan Dome. I wanted her to hear me sing—since my studies in Paris. (She had heard me in the United States.) Meeting her through a happy accident one day, she asked me to come to her house and sing for her. And it was upon her advice that mother and I abandoned our plans for going to Italy, and went to Berlin, there to be tutored by the Russian-Italian, Graziani. (Continued on page 102)
Photoplay Magazine
Screen Supplement

The Stars as They Are

Do you get the idea? Photoplay Magazine on the screen. A one-reeler to be issued once a month just like the magazine itself, full of the most interesting personal doings of the stars, entirely apart from their screen work—just as they are in real life; taking you right into the studios and showing you all the interesting phases of motion picture production; in brief, everything that you find in type and illustration in the magazine itself.

As you sit in a comfortable chair in your theatre you are borne as on a magic carpet through the heretofore closed gates which lead to the wonderful and mysterious regions of Filmland.

In every reel you will meet at least six or seven stars and see many phases of motion picture work. Then you will realize more than ever what a wonderful art it is, what a tremendous business it has grown to be. It is without doubt one of the most fascinating ideas ever put on the screen. You will gasp with delight when you see how it has been worked out.

These pictures are produced and edited by James R. Quirk and Julian Johnson, respectively the publisher and editor of Photoplay Magazine. They are edited with the same absolute independence and impartiality that have always characterized the magazine itself, that have earned for the publication its place as the undisputed leader among moving picture magazines, and won the confidence and respect of over a million readers a month.

Without the unstinted co-operation of the motion picture producers and artists this delightful little feature would have been impossible. To them we extend our sincere appreciation.

Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement is to be distributed by the Educational Film Corporation of America. Remember, it is issued every month. It is being shown now at hundreds of the finest theatres in America.

Tell Your Theatre Manager You Want to See It!
The modern way to manicure

To keep your own nails exquisite, shapely, manicure without cutting the cuticle

You can have beautiful, well-groomed nails. Learn how to manicure with no tedious and harmful cutting of the cuticle, no tiresome soaking of the nails.

Cutting the cuticle leaves a rough, uneven edge. The more you cut cuticle, the faster it grows, the tougher, drier and more irregular it becomes.

Cutex, the modern cuticle remover, has done away forever with the tedious and harmful cutting.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it into the bottle of Cutex and work around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Rinse the fingers in clear water.

If you like snowy-white nail-tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails directly from its convenient tube. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

During certain seasons of the year, the skin shows a tendency to become very dry. A little Cutex Cuticle Comfort applied at the base of your nails will help to keep the cuticle soft and pliant.

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Secure Cutex at any drug or department store. The Cuticle Remover comes in 35c, 65c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c, Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.

Complete trial manicure set for only 21c

Mail the coupon today with 21c, and we will send you the complete Midget Manicure Set shown below, enough for at least six "manicures." Send for it today.

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MAIL COUPON WITH 21c TODAY
A Lot to Laugh At

Frank McIntyre, a real comedian who has produced only two pictures in two years—and an interesting reason why.

By Randolph Bartlett

YOU may or may not have noticed it, but all your laughter is based upon some other person’s pain, unhappiness, embarrassment or peril. Whether it be the slapstick comedian receiving upon his countenance a ripe custard pie, or a youthful swain being kicked out of the house by his best girl’s father, somebody must suffer. This is why, all other things being equal, a fat comedian is funnier than a slim one—there is much more of him to hurt.

Now, in the Who’s Who of moving pictures there are listed one hundred and thirty-eight names of men who lay claim to possession of the comic spirit. Looking over the list carefully I find less than half a dozen to whom I am indebted for so much as a chuckle. Looking over the list still more carefully I fail to discover the name of one of the funniest fat men I know—Frank McIntyre. Why, when comedians are in such great demand, two years should have been permitted to elapse between “The Traveling Salesman,” McIntyre’s first picture and a huge success, and “Too Fat to Fight,” his second picture, was a curious problem until Mr. McIntyre himself solved it in a word:

“The actor who signs a contract for a certain duration of time instead of for certain specific productions, places his professional life in the hands of persons who, so far as I have

(Continued on page 76)
Why envy the girl with the faultless complexion? Once possibly, you had the same charming, radiant skin, but failed to give it the attention it required. You allowed impurities to steal into the tiny pores of your skin,—they set up irritation,—they caused disfiguring eruptions, both embarrassing and painful. Before you may know again the charm of a lovely skin these impurities must be removed,—stamped out.

The healing medication that Resinol Soap contains is prepared for just such treatment. Don't suffer embarrassment longer—commence tonight the proper cleansing and stimulating treatment this soap gives.

Sold by all druggists.
been able to discover, are not always its best custodians," he explained.

When "The Traveling Salesman" was made for Paramount, Mr. McIntyre had the advantage of working with the late Joseph Kaufman. He had for the story the James Forbes comedy in which he had starred four years. He had for his leading woman Doris Kenyon, then just coming to the front. The picture was a great success. Immediately he was approached with every conceivable sort of long time contract, and always he would ask the question:

"What stories will you put me in?"

They didn't know. They only knew that in "The Traveling Salesman" Mr. McIntyre was funny, and they supposed they would be able to "dig up something" for him. But McIntyre knew too well that so much depends on the play, to be lured into blind agreements.

"I am not going to be a pie-stopper," he said.

So because nobody seemed to have a scenario built to fit his ample figure, he went back to the stage, and eventually was trained down by Goldwyn who lured him back to the Cooper-Hewitts with a Rex Beach story, "Too Fat to Fight." And now he is waiting for some other enterprising producer to find a scenario suit cut to his measure.

There are just two ways to be funny on the stage or in a picture. There is the grotesque method, the burlesque make-up and the slipstick, the pie and the gun; the hilarious night-marring dress and accessories. Then there is the natural method, the reflection of the amusing phases of life, the presentation of amusing ideas that are humanly recognizable, in which the spectator can imagine himself a participant. It is the latter method as opposed to the former, or Keystone school, that McIntyre employs, has employed, and will continue to employ, he declares, so long as life endures within his well upholstered bosom.

Certainly there has been a sufficient degree of consistent success in Frank McIntyre's career to justify his belief that he is the best judge of what he should do. He was working for a newspaper in Ann Arbor, Michigan, playing the piano in off moments, and writing pieces about actor folk who passed through. One of these actor folk was Frank Keenan, and hearing McIntyre give a recitation at some informal gathering, asked him why he didn't go on the stage. McIntyre 'thought it would be a good idea too, but didn't see how it could be arranged. He specifically thought it would be great for him to make his debut as the Sheriff, in "The Hon. Jim Grigsby,"

Keenan did not see just how this could probably be brought about, and went his way.

A few months later McIntyre received a telegram from Keenan, saying that Grigsby was going into rehearsal, and telling him to come on to New York and play the Sheriff. McIntyre pinched himself ten times and hired a boy to kick him to be sure he was awake, packed his grip, and opened on Broadway in the fall of 1901 in the role he had always wanted to play. He has been on Broadway ever since. He played Sedley to Mrs. Fiske's Becky, he appeared with Nat Goodson, J. Louis, and Robert Edeson. Then he blossomed as an independent star, supported instead of supporting, in "The Traveling Salesman." He played in "Snobs." "Oh, Oh, Delphine," and "A Pair of Sixes," and starred in vaudeville. In the summer time he goes to his home in Ann Arbor—a bachelor mansion, by the way—motors and plays golf, playing very carefully so as not to remove that girth which is worth its weight in salary checks. Ordinarily the life of a comedian is lacking in funny incidents, but one happened to McIntyre not long ago that is a classic:

He was playing a vaudeville engagement in Atlantic City. One afternoon he was standing in the lobby of his hotel when a man and a woman came swooping down upon him.

"How do you do, Mr. McIntyre?" they chirruped. "Don't you remember us—the Smiths—New Orleans—Mr. Heath brought you out to our house to dinner when you were playing at the Orpheum in "The Ham Tree." Dear us, how long ago is that? Must be ten years," and so they babbled on.

Now Jim McIntyre, of McIntyre and Heath, is about old enough to be Frank McIntyre's father, and is small and very slim. But before Frank could get an opportunity to break into the eruption of greetings he had been introduced to several of their friends, and a dinner party was being arranged for that evening after the show. He decided to let it ride and see what happened, having a whole lot of fun inside. So he attended the dinner party, and let the Smiths of New Orleans spend a hundred or so dollars on expensive foods and drinks for their "dear friend, Mr. McIntyre of McIntyre and Heath." But one of the guests knew the other McIntyre, and Frank nearly broke his leg tipping him off to the joke. At that they both nearly exploded when Mrs. Smith, with the utmost solicitude, said in her maternal, advising, helpful way—

"Mr. McIntyre, I really think you ought to go back to blackface."

... (Continued from page 74)
Every woman who knows how to make her skin look its loveliest has found that, necessary as a cold cream is, it is not enough.

The skin also needs the protection a greaseless cream gives—a cream that can be applied while dressing, before going out.

Do you know how different Pond's Vanishing Cream is from any cream you ever used? It does for your skin something that no "cold" cream can do.

Rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the back of your hand. At once it disappears. Quickly your skin takes on a soft, creamy tone. Even one application gives a softness, smoothness and delicacy of coloring.

Whenever your skin feels dry or drawn, or your face shows fatigue, one application of Pond's Vanishing Cream will freshen it up at once. Entirely free from oil and absolutely greaseless, it lies cool and smooth on the skin for an instant, then vanishes, leaving no trace except in the greater softness, the greater freshness of your skin.

People with oily skins should use only a greaseless cream

For the average skin both an oil cream for cleansing and a greaseless cream for daytime use are needed. On the other hand, the famous skin specialist, Dr. William Allen Pusey, says that people with coarse pores and large fat glands should avoid fatty toilet preparations. If your skin is inclined to be coarse-pored, omit the nightly cleansing with cold cream and use only Pond's Vanishing Cream. Use it several times daily to soften and freshen the skin. You will find it ideally suited to your type of skin.

A refreshing cold cream

Unless your skin is of the oily type, you should give it a thorough cleansing nightly with Pond's Cold Cream. The face is exposed to dirt during the day and it is almost impossible to keep your skin clear and fresh looking without this cream cleansing.

Tonight cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. This is an oil cream prepared especially for cleansing and massage. It is entirely free from pastiness. You will be delighted with the wonderful freshness it gives. Use it also for massage, where soft, smooth consistency is so important.

Use these two creams faithfully and see how much they will improve your skin. You can secure them both at any drug or department store—in tubes or jars.

Test both creams free

Mail the coupon today for free samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream to test.

Or for larger samples, containing enough of both creams to last two weeks, send 10c to cover postage, packing, etc. Mail the coupon today. Address Pond's Extract Co., 136-M Hudson Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Pond's Extract Co., 136-M Brock Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

See why your skin needs two creams
“Cleaner Posters!”—New League Slogan

Kansas City members of Better Photoplay League induce exhibitors to demand more wholesome lobby displays—their report a model to work by

The League has a gold star to mark the place of one of its Advisory Board, and we bow our heads a moment in respect to one who stood by the strength of her convictions in this movement. The reference is to Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, educator, of Chicago. Mrs. Young is well known on both continents for her staunchness of character and ability as an educator, and her fearlessness of action when she was convinced.

When the secretary of the League wrote to Mrs. Young and asked her to go on the Board she wrote back refusing, giving as her reasons:

“Three years ago I was invited to attend a presentation of a number of films that had been collected for use in schools and motion pictures houses under the heading of Better Films. The names of the women standing sponsor for the collection were sufficient guarantee of the quality—moral—of that which was suitable for children. I, as a matter of courtesy, went to the exhibition and the films were tiresome to exhaustion. They were all interiors of shops, fields of grain and other scenes in industries. I told the ladies that they certainly knew little of children’s interests. I have very boldly suggested the reason why I evaded answering your courteous note. There is no doubt in my mind you may have succeeded in making an excellent collection, adapted to the need and interest of both adults and children, but that experience of three years ago created distrust in my mind, which makes me unwilling to endorse what I have not seen.”

After receiving the secretary’s reply to this letter stating the aims and objects of the League and its definitions of a worthy film, Mrs. Young replied immediately, saying, “The aim of the Better Photoplay League as stated by you is very attractive. It is a move in the right direction. I should be pleased to be counted as a member of the Advisory Board of the League.”

Mrs. Young answered her country’s call for service and headed a committee at Washington on educational affairs, and while at work was taken with influenza and died suddenly.

Let us “carry on” the good work she so heartily endorsed. Among the reports from two Branch Leagues for the month are two that show diverse methods of procedure and interpretation of what a better film movement consists of. Both have proven effective and most interesting, showing activity and persistence.

Mrs. Leslie Frank, chairman of the Community Branch League of Kansas City, read the report of the League work in Photoplay. She wrote for information, after which she secured a constitution in a hurry, and went to work in her community. Some two years ago Mrs. Frank won a contest by which she was declared by a group of art critics in New York City as one of the six most beautiful, young women in America. This brought her a great deal of publicity at the time, and the papers in Kansas City gave much space to the fact. At that time she was approached by several producers, who suggested that she enter the moving picture world, but Mrs. Frank would not consider any step that would take her from her home and her two charming children. However, her interest in pictures has developed and she is now one of the workers in the Better Photoplay League of America.

Mrs. Frank and her members felt that the first step towards helping to clean up the moving picture situation was to get the exhibitor to present a more sane and more truly illustrative poster exhibit of the pictures offered inside. The committee went the rounds, inspecting several theatres. One house had the front entirely plastered with brilliant placards showing the vampire in the leading role in all sorts of sensuous poses. At first glance it was a heterogeneous mess, but on close inspection it proved to be a series depicting the worst scenes in the film. The admission fee was small. The committee entered and found the film undesirable and being watched by a large group of children who did not understand it at all, and a few young people, who stared open-eyed, drinking it all in.

Another theatre was conspicuous for the poster display—neat, framed photographs and “stills” in a large glass-covered case, one large oil bust picture of the star. This display mirrored the type of picture being exhibited. It was a good, ordinary drama, not objectionable, and yet entertaining.

The committee discussed the day’s survey at their evening meeting, and then deciding to take the aggressive course, visited the first exhibitor whose theatre they had found objectionable. After a lengthy conversation with him, they were told that he was “running his show, and that the posters were bringing him business, furnished him free, etc.” They told him they were “running their homes” and paying his bills by their admission fees and that they would immediately organize a systematic boycott on his house if he did not render the front of his house less objectionable by eliminating the most obnoxious of the posters; and suggested that when his contract with the vampire company was over, to give the community instead good, wholesome dramas. They also informed him they would take up the matter with the larger civic organizations of the city, and apply for the assistance of members who resided in that section.

A week passed, uneventfully. Just before the meeting was called, they received word from the ailing exhibitor, asking them to come over and view his poster display, and see how they liked it. The new layout of posters was most pleasing to the League, and even the exhibitor admitted himself that it was far more attractive.

In reporting the affair to the parent organization, Mrs. Frank made the suggestion: “Cannot you make a stirring appeal to all Branch Leagues to fight this poster evil? That is what excites our boys and girls.”

Mrs. Frank has struck a rising note in the Better Film Movement. Here is not the only request the parent organization has received in regard to fighting the lurid poster. Other organizations also realize that this is one of the best ways to combat the undesirable film.

The State Federation of Woman’s Clubs of New York.

(Continued on page 108)
Why the Brunswick Method of Reproduction Insures a Superior Phonograph

Reason No. 1 The Brunswick Method of Reproduction includes the Ultona, a new conception in playing. The Ultona consists of an arrangement of the several necessary reproducing diaphragms upon one tone arm. This is an all-in-one arrangement, with no attachments—nothing to take off or put on.

At a turn of the hand, the Ultona is adapted to play any type of record. The proper diaphragm is presented, the exact weight, the precise needle. Thus the requirements of each type of record are met.

So each record, whatever make, is played exactly as it should be. The Ultona demands no sacrifice in tone, as attachments often do.

The Brunswick owner can choose records without regard to make. Every singer, every band, every musician, every selection may now be played at its best on the one phonograph.

Reason No. 2 Equal in importance to reproduction is tone amplification. The Brunswick Method of Reproduction also includes a new idea in acoustics—The Brunswick Amplifier.

Old-time ideas were at variance. Some makers still cling to metal construction. Others use a combination of wood and metal—a wooden horn and a metal casting as the "throat." But the Brunswick Amplifier is oval in shape, and built entirely of wood, like a fine violin. It is molded of rare holly-wood.

Sound waves require uniform amplification to reach their fullness. You will note that The Brunswick tone is richer and more natural. Strident, metallic notes are absent.

Make comparison. Let your ear decide. Try to find an equal to Brunswick tone. You are bound to end such a search at a Brunswick Shop, where every opportunity will be given you to decide for yourself.

Hear this remarkable instrument before you decide. And you'll avoid regrets.

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PARIS • PARIS
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 which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religious, sectarian writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of these 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, Chicago.

J. H. Culver, West Toronto, Canada.—Send that letter to us and we will forward it. There's little to grieve me in the world today. Only thirty-one people, having read all about it in the papers, wrote in to ask me if it is true that Charles Chaplin is married to Mildred Harris.

Sister-Cousin, Richmond.—Seems to me that would be worse than a mother-in-law. Still, I don't know; I never had a mother-in-law. Yes, that's a picture of the pretty perennial, Mary Smiles Minter. You girls are peevish because you have never discovered her fountain of youth. Have no record of Thelma. Who is Thelma; where is she?

Kenneth Haplan Fan.—You probably read about him in Q's and A's for February. He was in France the last I heard. Yes—after a few minor injuries incurred on Peace and adjourned days, I determined to stick to the straight and narrow (oeste) path. To advise you to do likewise.

Eighteen, Washington.—No, no, you can't disillusion me. I go right on building air castles, no matter how the price of building material soars. Thurston Hall? There's a story about him, in this issue, which I believe will tell you all you want to know. With DeMille-Arctart last; he's back on the stage now. No, his eyes aren't blue; they're gray-blue. Your protestations of preference overwhelm me. Am I really, the only Answer Man you ever loved?

Helena, Venice.—I have never seen Theda Bara's sister, but I don't believe she is a blonde. Her name, I know, is Loro. Note your comments. Perhaps.

Jane Novak, Admiree, Quebec.—Wanda Hawley is married to J. Burton Hawley. Eileen Percy, Marjorie Daw are not married. Marguerite Marsh has one little girl, Betty. The other ladies have been married. I wish you the same.

M. D. C., Urbana.—Write to any music publisher, for a list of song hits. The latest I have heard of are: "The Busted Blues," "Quit Callin' Me Hon," "Oh Moon of the Summer Night," and "Everybody Shimmies Now." I have not heard these; only heard of them. I am going to do everything I can to see to it that this remains thus. I thank you.

Gertrude, Long Beach.—Positively, Marguerite Clark isn't dead. Please believe us. The watch on the Rhine is now keeping American time, you say. Yes, it has an American movement. Let's hear from you again, Gertrude.

A. R., Palo Alto, Cal.—A friend of ours was advised to get an automobile to help him work up an appetite. He says he has the appetite now but he can't afford to eat. Wish I could print your letter. I can't do anything to still those slanderous tongues except to advise you not to listen. Indeed, I advise you for having the courage of your convictions, even if you did swear at the ladies and get pinched for it.

Emily, San Diego.—Please help you? Sure I love verses libre. I wrote a dear little thing the other day. I called it "Ode to a Jilley Onelet." Or did Amy Lowell use that title once? I like your little friend, Doris Lee; I hope you have a pleasant visit with her. Yes, I'd like to meet her sometime. Constance Talmadge may not have time to an- swer your letter, but I believe she will send you her photograph. Her address is given elsewhere in these columns. (Sounds great, that.) Write soon again, Emily; and I insist that my verses libre, sung softly to lowered lights and sad music, would be much more effective than yours.

Pendennis, Pittsburgh.—These new ladies are all right, I suppose. You have to hand it to a woman who can talk on any- thing from teleology to thautamurgry: who knows all about the origin of the theobro and all the principles of thermodynamics. But—like a woman who says nothing at all and says it well; who wears one of these silver lockets on a black ribbon; and opens her eyes wide and says she never reads any of those English authors when you mention Joseph Herzheizer. She thinks the nebula- ral theory is something to carry from the wrist, like a coin purse. But I like her.

J. H., Pittsburgh.—I have learned lately never to believe or care what people say, and it takes most people a lifetime to learn one of these lessons; to curse the Kaiser; to like ripe elives and H. G. Wells and that all is not gold that glitters in the top-knots of some blondes. Photoplay has not neglected Ethel Clayton. We have said some nice things about her. Her husband was the late Joseph Kaufman, the director, Miss Clayton is twenty-nine; she has golden red hair and blue eyes. She's with Lasky now and may be addressed care that company's Hollywood studios. Will tell the Editor you want a story about her.

Glady's R., Minneapolis.—Interview with Mary Pickford in July, 1918. There's something about her in almost every issue. Gladys. Write to her for a picture: she'll send you one gratis. Sure, stop in when you come to Chicago; I'll be glad to see you. Here's hoping you get to Cal.

C. A. I., Crafton, Pa.—Dorothy Gibb's address is the Griffith studios, Hollywood, Cal. She'll write to you, I'm sure. At this writing Dorothy and Lillian are just recovering from the flu. It held up work on Dorothy's new picture, and her director, Elmer Clifton, was also laid up; but Dorothy with her usual sunny froid, said it was the fashion and they might as well have it and it go over with.

Lloyd H. S., St. Joseph, Mo.—So glad, Lloyd, that you finally decided to ask a few questions about the motion picture business. In reply would state that Billie Burke, Car- mel Myers, and Mary Pickford wouldn't be mad if you wrote to them; that Mae Murray is, according to latest reports, to go to England; make pictures accompanied by bubbly Robert Leonard; that Edna Goodrich makes pictures for Mutual; that Triangle isn't, any more; that those ladies do not give their ages, and that the Answer Man is pretty well tucker'd out, and would you mind if I answered the rest of 'em some other time? Thanks awfully, Lloyd.

Phil, Penn.—I have, I am proud and glad to say, broken more hearts than any one man in the world; caused more to curse deep into their pillows and to weep large, real salty drops at will—when I answer the question of "Is he married?" truthfully, as is my wont. But think—when I tell her he is married—think what it saves her in post- age stamps! On the contrary—your assurance didn't allay my fears. Douglas Mac- Lean—we say it MacLane—was born in your town. Armitage School. "Tragedy" published by Lewis Institute of Technology. He's in his early twenties, I think. No. I hope he proves to be your long-lost cousin. Same to you, and many of 'em.
Questions and Answers (Continued)

THOMAS A. GENTIJA—Sorry, but I can't help you. I don't know anyone who would be able to help you. There has got to be an audience to watch the players, you know; you can't all get on the screen. (Thank heaven!)

MARY L. ALLENTOWN—Mary, we haven't any such book. I don't know what we could have said, ever, to lead you to believe that we might have such a book. If so, I apologize.

JESSIE GORDON K., ARIZONA—So you think the red-headed lady is our better-half? I told her that and she almost died a-laughing. I asked her what she saw to laugh at and she looked at me and said, "Why, nothing." No, I'm not married to her, so don't take a toast to the little-lady-who-keeps-the-home-fires-burning for the Answer Man. If you've lived in Arizona for a year you'll be able to laugh at the armored-toads and the submarine-toads and the airplane chickens—all wings and machinery—periscope-pigs, elongated canines, to say nothing of inhuman beings. I'll bet you work in a telegraph office. Ask some questions next time.

SAILOR BOY W., PHILADELPHIA—They weren't married when my stuff went to press. Did it inconvenience you much? If you kept a carbon copy of your letter to me, read it over carefully and maybe you'll understand why I got provoked occasionally.

NING NANG, CHRISTCHURCH, N. Z.—My idea of non-essential occupations is trying to keep the Kaiser from committing suicide. What's yours? Your questions are all out of order. You'll have to be more specific if you really want answers. If the man who always wears a check suit with one button done up for a purpose" with Louise Fazenda might be Charlie Murray or Chester Conklin, whom both run to that sort of thing on the screen. My dear, we could do most anything else for you, but we fear 'twould be impossible to get Olga Petrova to dance a jig. Anything else?

EDONIA, NEWPORT, KENTUCKY—There were two beautiful babies in the print of "The Dancing Girls" that I saw. Mabel Normand and—but I suppose you mean the child actress who played Mabel's little protege, "Dimples" Briggs? Her name is Nadia Gory. The same Nadia Gory who plays the Virgin in Virginia's "A Daughter of France."

J. R. MILLER, CHARLESTON, S. C.—My pet hobby? I suppose, since I'm in pitchers, I should say, "My Work." But it wouldn't be true. For more than anything I want—to help make Liberia known. Theda Bara is twenty-nine. I don't care what you say to me, this is Miss Bara's official age. Kitty Gordon is the Hon. Mrs. H. H. Beresford. It has been rumored that she was starting divorce proceedings against her husband, the Captain, in England; but Kitty has denied it. She has one daughter, Vera, who is about seventeen and who is a member of her mother's company. There were pictures of them in PHOTOPLAY for January. They're married. Drop in any time.

LILA, LEXINGTON—No, no. Don't even think of such a thing. Improbable. Carlyle Blackwell was born in Syracuse, N. Y. None. Gail Kane was born in Philadelphia. Paul Willis is still in his teens, but I'm not sure about this. Probably nineteen or twenty. He takes juvenile roles, you know. Glad to help you, if I have.

JOA P., DALLAS—No, he isn't married. Never has been and says he has no intentions of marrying. Don't know whether you'd call this an encouragement or a downright rebuff. He isn't dead. Please believe us, as Antony is said to have remarked to Cleopatra. Anita Stewart is playing, now, she has her own company and running pictures through First National. At present she's in the west, working on "An American Girl," at the Loew Webster studios, under that direction. She has finished "Virtuous Wives."

MARY E. J., SEATTLE—Now that the war is over, you have time to write? What are all you girls going to do now? The only one I knew with Universal list. She's in "Fighting the Fair," and "Under the Sea," and after that in the Universal comedies. Believe she hasn't been active lately. You'll have to give me more facts about that picture and tell me if you asked her to. Ask me some other questions next time. Thanks very much for all your good wishes; they are much appreciated by Mr. Johnson, and by this department also.

J. W. H., NEW YORK—Not only because you're fifteen and afraid of us, but also because you refused to conform to the movie office. We are giving you a mighty nice answer. No sarcasm or anything. We can handle an occasion; all strong men are gentle. Harry El-Rado is still with the Constance Talmadge company; hope he's her permanent leading man; I like to see them together. He's more funny in "A Lady's Name." Write to him there; he looks kind and would like to break your heart by refusing you his photograph. If I were you'd insist upon the personal autograph. Flop in again some time.

CUTE SIXTEEN—No, you can't coax me into another peroration on sweet sixteen. You assure us solemnly that at times we are as tepid as the cold tea, and we truthfully admit that we earned our salary. Edith Story may be said to be still in pictures, although she is not working at present. She's left Metro. Pearl White is with Pathé. Jersey City, N. J. Pearl isn't married. Says she's been too busy. Owen Moore hasn't made any pictures for quite a while now.

LIBERTY BELL—It's time to ring again. No; I didn't have the Spanish flu; I got my red nose from another Guse entirely. Like this one. Edith Story is making pictures for a company (he's working now in "Cheating Cheaters"); Mary Miles Minter, American studios, Santa Barbara, Cal. Jack Mulhall and Wallie Reid are working there. I wouldn't call 'em pretty; they're both good friends of mine. Dorothy Gish—by the way we have had more queries about this young lady than anyone this month—is twenty. Norma Talmadge, twenty-two; Billie Burke, thirty-three; Wallie Reid, twenty-seven; Doug Fairbanks, thirty-six. Some corking views concerning Doug in this issue.

FORD, MOLINE,—You say, "and there was no noise except the chug of the engine and the rattle of the machinery in the little old Ford." I'm afraid you're deaf, or else you don't mind noise. Another contribution: "Make Germany pay their fine; until then we'll watch their Rhine." Dorothy Gish is blonde, but wears a black wig in her pictures.

ROBERT YOUNG, BALLARAT, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA—Whenever I see Fairbanks walk through a scene in "In Old Kentucky," the picture and its effects, at the present time I am worried for fear Douglas isn't quite himself. Your address is 109 Barkly Street, and you would like to exchange civilities and snap-shots with someone in New York, Chicago, or any one of our large cities. Go west young man (Continued on page 109)

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Color Photography and the Motion Picture

Why educational films, and not dramatic, are waiting for the development of the color film process

By Terry Ramsaye

Among other distinctions, Old Mother Nature is quite an authority on color. And have you noticed, when Nature thinks especially well of anything she paints it red—red watermelon, red apples, red in the peach, red in the glory of the autumn, red in the rose, red for all that is earnest, rich and hearty. If the cherry was not red, I very much doubt if it could have ever hoped for the medal for pie filling.

The more I think about red, the more sure I am that Nature made green just so that red would stand out in contrast.

Think of a world of all things black and white! A black sea and a white beach—a white chorus in black flummery, or per contra—black and white sunsets—black trees and black hills! But that is the way the world looks to the motion picture camera. That is the way, speaking broadly and generally, that the camera makes its reports to us on the screen.

For many years inventors have been dallying with the problem of making the motion picture camera color sensitive, and to bring to the screen the exact colors of nature.

Has any painter in the whole history of art conceived subtler or more marvelous color combinations than a sunset can paint on the vast canvas of the Western heavens? Color photography will catch the sunset's finest variations in tint.

The red tile roofs of the tropics, the cream-colored walls, the dazzling blue skies, the riotously rainbowed costumes of the natives, the biscuit-brown earth—mere black-and-white plates cannot convey any idea of these things. Cholo Indian celebration on the Island of the Sun, Lake Titicaca, Peru.

Even now a half a dozen little groups, each with its hopeful inventor, its business promoter and its financial angel, are at work on the yet unsolved problem of motion photography in natural color.

Several of these groups have come near to genuine success. Enough has been done to make it certain that ultimately the thing will be perfectly done. Some of the pictures already made are excellent. But the perfect color picture is yet to be

(Continued on page 86)
How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful

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Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING.

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achieved. That is a matter of more laborious years.

A few color pictures have at times reached the public in the larger metropolitan centers. But thus far the investments in research have been far beyond the returns.

Motion picture photography has two things to do and, they are often confused. One is a dramatic and artistic function, to convey and depict on the screen emotions, motives, actions, ideas. The other function is that of making a record, a plain photographic record of the thing as it is, as nearly as possible as the eye sees it.

The dramatic or entertainment picture is widely considered a more effective art medium in monochrome than it could possibly be in natural color. Color films, however, have only a casual and incidental occasional use in picture drama, and for those infrequent purposes methods now available for color treatment are ample. These methods will be discussed later in this article.

But the educational picture, the picture which deals with fact and the world just as it is, the picture which is intended to inform and to entertain by informing, demands color for the complete fulfillment of its mission. Without color the record is not complete.

And this means no restriction of possibility for color photography. It is a general opinion among serious students of the motion picture that the drama will not always be the greatest function of the film. The picture which is today called "educational" for the lack of better name has many fields of activity yet unentered. And every opportunity ahead of the educational picture is a color picture opportunity.

Of course the motion photograph of today makes a certain interpretation of color, rendering colors in varying tones of blacks and grays. Pure grass is a lighter black and the blue of the sky is a curious velvety grey white. Competent hands can make this art, but not realism.

If it is our mission to depict for information purposes the scampering chipmunk, the budding rose, the billowing golden grain rolling across the mountain-hemmed mesa land, the swaying sea gardens with their bizarre denizens in riotous tropical hues, then we must seek to reproduce or at least approximate nature's own colors.

It is hardly important that we should set down here any of the intimately technical problems of the color photographer. However, it is obvious that the camera must record not only form but must make some memorandum of color which can be translated into that color for itself, in the making of the finished positive prints which are used for the projection of the picture on the screen. This means an analysis of light into the three primary colors in the negative and then a synthesis of these colors on the screen. Perfection then means three separate color records or negatives, and three colored positives. Physical complications arise at once. A compromise is the best that has been done yet.

By using both sides of the film two color records can be presented and that is the way the best of the color pictures thus far attained have been made. One of the color records is in blue-green and the other in a red-orange. Nature's three primaries are thus represented by two compromises. The result is also a compromise and almost never is the color picture absolutely faithful. Bright red, for example, is not bright red in the picture, but a rich pastel pink instead. A faint suggestion of green often clings to the blue.

In all fairness to the process though, it should be said that the realism attained is astonishingly satisfactory. But it would be interesting indeed to know how much of this seeming realism is due to the eye itself, to the habits of the eye itself. The spectator knows that the grass is green; his eyes are sure of it, and so without hint of green it has the eye jumping at a conclusion. If it were possible to watch the color pictures with an eye untrained in color experience the present color pictures could not be so satisfactory.

In fact anyone who gives any time to the study of motion picture optics and photochemistry will swear never to believe his eyes again. Too many things happen on the screen that are not real.

The color picture as it can be made today can perform excellent service. As this article is written, a series of rather creditable color pictures made under the best application of the new process will be prepared and will be presented in the larger cities. The subjects chosen for this premier are fortunate, one reel is devoted to an exploration of the flaming lava lakes of Kilauea, another to the underworld of Catalina, the Indians of the north-west, and the like. The producers have quite automatically taken to the one field in which they can hope for dominance.

And while we are discussing natural color pictures, we must take cognizance of the un-natural color pictures—the hand-colored films and the more common tinted and toned films.

The hand-colored films, requiring costly and skilled work with a fine brush, working under a strong magnification, will never reach its peak, but has reached its best in Europe where before the war artisans were cheap. Excellent pictures have been made by that hand-color process covering all manner of subjects. It is interesting to observe that hand-colored drama has met no special success, but that topical and educational pictures by that process have met a fair welcome. But the limitations of hand color on film are many and the cost of fine work is almost prohibitive. Further hand-color cannot satisfy even the most casual scientific requirement. It is not a part of the "record."

The very generally used tinting and toning processes are those which impart color suggestion to the films that we see in the theaters every day. Tinting gives us blue or green or yellow or blue green, yellow sunlight, and the like. It is plain and simple dyeing of the film. Toning is a bit more intricate. It changes certain chemical aspect of the image on the film and gives the possibility of a second color. So by laboratory means any color can be given a two-color effect, which is all that the drama can well use and which often times helps out educational pictures considerably, particularly scenic and travel films.

But any such color treatment by dyeing is rather arbitrary in its effects and can not be anything more than a suggestion of the natural colors.

By the tinting and toning process we can have a green pasture, in tone, with a blue sky above, in tint, but the cream and red jersey cow in the foreground will also be reduced to greys and blues.

This effect may be very well for the spectator who knows a jersey cow when he sees one, but for John Tenement Child it is all very bad, because he is likely not to know that cows come in green and blue. And that, you will agree, would be most un-educational.

All of which makes it certain that the perfect educational picture must be in perfectly natural color. And, as inevitable as the perfect educational itself is the perfect color process—it is yet of tomorrow.
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Why-Do-They Do-It

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution.

What have you seen, in the past month, which 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 indiscretions of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Remembah! Tarzan was a Superman

In "The Romance of Tarzan," when Tarzan came to California, he road in a sadder as nicely and as comely as though he had received years of equestrian training.

Gayton McCorkle, Havenford, Pa.

A Pleasant Winter

In "The Gypsy Trail," a Paramount picture starring Bryant Washburn, there was an interior scene, a mountain lodge, in which there was a roaring log fire. This looked very inviting and cheery—but—when the lovers went out into the garden, everything was in full bloom, as in midsummer.

In "Hobbs in a Hurry," an American picture, starring William Russell, a scene showed him giving his last cent to a railroad conductor, and he was put off the train at the next station. At that point he entered a Western Union office and wired his father; and paid the bill.

Elmer H. Mayer, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ouch!

In Ethel Clayton's new film, "The Mystery Woman," after her leading man was wounded, he was told that he could return to the front again in three days if he would give up smoking. He immediately put his lighted pipe in his back pocket. Ouch!

Fred W. Sibley, Denver, Colo.

Not Scared Out of His Boots

In "Hell Bent," Harry Carey forces his "pard" to get out of bed and to jump out the window. When he lands he is wearing his boots. Do cowboys, then, wear their boots to bed?

Later in the same picture, Harry is supposed to be buried completely by a sandstorm, but a close-up after it passes shows plainly the footprints approaching the spot.

Eddy Arken, Ennis, Tex.

The Drink Was Blushing for Him.

Say, did you see George Walsh in "I'll Say So?" The drink he serves to the traveling salesman is as colorless as water until the salesman asks him why he isn't in the army, and then the drink suddenly shows up dark.


Russian Technique?

In "The Changing Woman," starring Hedda Nov, Hedda is perched up on a table in a hotel dining room playing a guitar but instead of playing where it should be played, she plays it way up where the frets are and she uses no fingering and a ukelele stroke instead of picking it.

Foxey, Syracuse, N. Y.

Art Is Often Simplicity

They say photoplay directors should be students of pretty nearly everything in order that their pictures shall be, at least technically, correct. Doesn't, or shouldn't, this category of texts include typography?

Some of the most interesting and smooth-running of pictures are made almost incoherent by delirious subtitle artists whose notion of lily-painting an otherwise perfect production is in dolling up the y's and i's and g's with tails, horns, spirals, typoehens and other befuddling whatnot.

In reading one certain subtitle in Hart's "Branding Broadway," I devoted all of the brief instant of its presence on the screen toward trying to figure out what a "cat," mentioned in the second or third line, had to do with a most important situation; then to discover, at the last flier, by unraveling the curley-curves of the "n" that the word was "can."

Decorate the subtitles all you want with sunsets, midnight moons, skulls-on-the-desert, yosemites and such—but please make the reading matter legible.

Will Montague, Nulcy, N. J.

Wally Would Make a Fine Smugler

Wallace Reid certainly gets better every day, in fact in "Too Many Millions" he not only excels all of his past performances but has something on most bridegrooms we have seen.

He loses his millions, his car, spends his "change" for supper and then in the dead of night his clothes are destroyed by fire.

Without preparation and clad only in patch-work quilts, he and the heroine are married at once.

Question:

Where did "Wally" hide the new wedding-ring the bride looks at so lovingly at the close of the ceremony?

William Gordon, Oklahoma City, Okla.

We Can't Answer

In the 12th episode of the "House of Hate," the Hooded Terror is shot. He was home and in bed when one of his gang came and told him the police were after him.

He got out of a window and climbed the water-spout to the top of the building.

Why is it that no matter how badly hurt a person is they can always get away?

M. L. P., Minneapolis, Minn.

A Long, Long Trail

Rawther late last, but I'd kinda like to get it outa my system. The little bugg into which Marguerite Clark falls from "Out of a Clear Sky" is, or was, supposed to be in Tennessee. Yet, in spite of this, I observe on the tender of the engine shown the initials of the New York, New Haven & Hartford (N. Y. N. H. & H.) Railway. Has government control of railroads reached such a stage that New England trains are required to travel way way down themah?

Royce Sheldon Aldrich, Wichita, Kans.
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Mae Marsh is the latest of the real brides of the film world. She was won by one outside the profession, Louis Lee Arms, a New York newspaper writer who entered the naval aviation service some time ago. The marriage occurred on September 21 just before Miss Marsh left for the Coast.

Wallace MacDonald, who enlisted last spring in the Canadian artillery, is back on Broadway (N. Y.). He hoped to get overseas but influenza and the armistice prevented. Bert Lytell is busy again on the Metro lot, after a short time spent in an, officers' training school at Waco Texas.

Louise Glaum has announced that she has quit vamping, and is now to be an adventurer. Her first picture for her new company is called "Sahara," and here are Louise and her leading man, Matt of the Moors, making up on location, on the great Oxnard desert. Well, many an adventure has occurred on the desert, though, personally—

Two Laskyites to return were Lieutenant Tom Forman, a volunteer of the early war days, and Eugene Palette. Tom enlisted as a private but did not remain in the ranks long. Gene was with the high flyers.

Other returning players were Rex Ingram and Eddie Sutherland, both of the British Royal Flying Corps. Rex was immediately welcomed back to Universal's directorial staff. Eddie used to play juvenile leads for Mack Sennett. He is a son of Julie King, the vaudevillian, and a nephew of Tom Meighan.

Captain Norman Kerry of the Tank Corps will be coming back soon. Lieutenant Earl Metcalfe has been mustered out after one year in France with the Rainbow Division. Metcalfe is an old Lubin favorite, and his last screen appearance was in a serial, with Zena Keefe.

How much cash do you carry? Sometimes the foxiest financier has the puniest pocket-book. It is said that John D. Rockefeller was once hard put to it for street car fare, while J. P. Morgan found himself far from home without even a nickel to telephone. But Mary Pickford need never worry over the whereabouts for any of the little necessities of a movie star's life, such as pearls or Pomeranians, if we are to judge by the fact that she recently had more than one hundred thousand in cool cash on hand. Miss Pickford deposited the cash instead of giving a bond to cover her appeal from the judgment for $108,574 obtained against her by Cora C. Wilkening. Much of the Pickford fortune, it is understood, is invested in government bonds and other securities.

Miss Thomas, an Olive for whom it is no effort to cultivate a taste, isn't going to desert the creeping pastels, after all. She has signed a contract with the newly-formed Selznick Pictures corporation (Myron Selznick, son of the Selznick) at a cheerful salary. She wants to act in adaptations from well-known plays, else, she says, she might as well have stayed with Ziegfeld's Folies.

"The Triumph of Death," by Gabriele D'Annunzio, whose recent flights from Italy's battle-fields have quite put his poetical flights in the shade, is to be set to celluloid by Metro, with Dolores Cassinelli, herself an Italian, as the principal performer. D'Annunzio set his own cinema record when he wrote and supervised "CABIRIA," in Italy several years ago. "Cabiria" was the first "feature" picture and it has never suffered through comparison to more recent screen spectacles.

Alma Rubens is working again, on a five-reel Russian film affair. The dusky-eyed star registered one continual close-up there for a while, for a public keenly intrigued by her marriage to Franklyn Farnum, also of the films; her divorce; her subsequent illness. And, with the passing of Triangle from active pictures, her absence from the screen. Her return will be conducted under Robertson-Cole auspices.

Canada seems to have just cause for her complaint against some of the American hurrah films. Citizens of the Dominion have declared against the pictures which glorify to the nth degree America's participation in the war and disregard the part played by Great Britain and Canada. Canada's aversion to the fire-works and hokum of some sensational producers is not to be wondered at. Moreover, our northern neighbors admit America's big service in the European mix-up: they are only asking (Continued on page 92)
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FRANCES MARION, scenarist extraordinaire who quit a thirty thousand a year job with Artcraft-Paramount to enter the government employ at $3 a day was the first American woman to reach the Rhine, according to press cables from the Army of Occupation. Miss Marion is preparing a series of screen stories which are to be produced by Uncle Sam's celluloidists.

CATHERINE CALVERT, the beautiful widow of the late Paul Armstrong, was mentioned recently in the Los Angeles press as a prospective bride. She declined to comment on the current rumors that she was to wed Colonel R. C. Carruthers, a millionaire Canadian, who is spending the winter in California. Miss Calvert went to Los Angeles to take an important role in the Salvation Army film being made by Lasky and in which Commander Evangel Booth plays the leading part. Ruby de Remer, a well known Broadwayite, also participates and Eugene O'Brien is the chief male.

WHILE on the subject of Broadway beauties it may not be amiss to record the fact that Kay Laurel who has decorated many an edition of Mister Ziegfeld's Follies has joined the filmers. She is making her debut in a leading role of the next Rex Beach picture to be cared for by Goldwyn in the newly acquired Culver City studio relinquished by Triangle.

CHARLES GUNN, one of the most popular of the leading men in the Los Angeles film colony, died, a victim of influenza, on the eve of a return to the legitimate stage for a brief engagement. His death occurred on Friday, December 6. The following Monday he was to have opened at the Morosco Theater, Los Angeles, in "Pals First" playing the same role on the stage that the late Harold Lockwood played in the film version just before the latter's death from the same disease. Mr. Gunn was 53 years old and married. It was while nursing his wife that he contracted the fatal illness which caused his death. Mr. Gunn was recruited from the stage to play leads for Thomas H. Ince in the latter's Triangle days. His first work was opposite Enid Bennett. Since that time he played opposite nearly all of the Ince stars and then went to the ill-fated Parada. He played with Bessie Barriscale and his last picture was opposite Madame Vorskia, in "The Eternal Net."

NO peace conference followed the split between Douglas Fairbanks and Director Allan Dwan, as predicted by the Hollywood board of strategy. It had been rumored that Dwan, who drew a salary of $8,000 weekly for directing the athletic star for a year would return, but scouts of the intelligence division report that the standing between star and director was such that not even a Wilson speech at a Versailles conference could ever bring them together again—except 35 combatants.

(Continued on page 94)
Can you honestly ask any girl to marry you?

Can you marry any girl, without making her the victim of the meanest kind of deceit a man is capable of? Are you fit to be a husband, fit to make the girl you love the mother of children who will inherit YOUR traits of body and mind? Think, and think hard, before you ask her to give her body and soul into your keeping, unless you are FIT. You know what the Law of Heredity is—there's no beating it: WHAT YOU ARE when you become a father your children ARE bound to be.

Make Yourself Fit to Be a Father

If you are skinny, undeveloped, weak, watery-blooded, build yourself up before you marry, so your children will not be rickety imitations of yourself. If you are dyspeptic, bilious, constipated, or the victim of any other chronic ailment, such as youthful errors, vital losses and consequential impotency, get rid of these handicaps; don't take the risk of passing them on, in an exaggerated form, to the helpless little children you will bring into the world. You can't commit a worse CRIME than to make a sweet, pure, trusting girl the mother of weak, ailing, defective children who will be a sorrow to her and a reproach to you as long as you both live.

Have Healthy, Happy Children

You can do it: you can make yourself healthy, strong, vigorous, full of LIFE and the joy of living, and capable of transmitting that health and strength and happiness to your children who will be full of rollicking fun, a comfort and a blessing to you and to the girl you marry. No matter how low down you have got in the human scale, and no matter how you got there, YOU CAN COME BACK, if you go about it the right way.

I don't care how much druggist's dope or patent pillie you may have tried without success; three hundred years ago the greatest brain in England wrote "Throw Physic to the Dogs"—and Shakespeare knew, as every doctor knows today, that physic isn't the kind of food that makes men strong and vital, that fills them full of overflowing life and energy and spirit.

Get Strong in Nature's Way

Give old Mother Nature a chance to cure your ailments and build you up, by living in the way she meant you to live, and you'll be amazed in a few weeks' time at the improvement in yourself. There's no guesswork about it, there's no doubt about what she can do for you; and there isn't any other way: Nature's way is the ONLY way many men on the ragged edge of being thrown into the everlasting scrapheap of humanity can EVER get back the health and strength and vigor and vitality of a MAN.

I KNOW: I've tried it, not only on myself—and I am called the strongest man in the world today—but also on thousands of miserably ailing, weak, downcast, discouraged men, suffering from early indiscretions, vital losses and other troubles, that are the result of these ailments, who found their first ray of hope and comfort and quick improvement in the system of Strongfortism that I teach. I will help you, as I have helped them, and as I am helping other men in every quarter of the civilized world today. I will show you how to shuffle off your ailments, how to develop your muscles, reinvigorate your vital organs, steady your nerves, clear your brain; how to become, in a short time, a 100 per cent Man and take the place in the world you ought to hold.

Send for My Free Book

I have put the results of my life's study, research and experimentation on the subject of man's vitality and vigor into a book called "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." It will tell you all about Strongfortism, show you how thousands of men who have had their grip were able to become red, blooded, vigorous citizens again, and point out the way—the simple, easy, natural, quick way in which YOU can gain and retain health and strength and ability to enjoy life.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
794 Park Bldg., Newark, N. J.
H. B. WARNER is the papa of a baby girl. Mrs. Warner is known professionally as Rita Stanwood. You'll remember H. B. in Ince's "Shell 43," and "The Beggar of Cawnpore," and in Frohman's "God's Man." His wife has appeared with him in several productions.

Another convert to California is Frank Mayo, formerly leading man for World, in Fort Lee. Now he is working on the Universal lot with Mary MacLaren and can't say enough for the climate etcetera. Wait—wasn't he a westerner for Balboa a spell back? Of course; how one does forget these things!

WILLARD MACK has written a play, called "Lady Tony," and his wife, Pauline Frederick, is going to act in it next September. Miss Frederick has a contract with A. H. Woods, the producer, to appear on the stage for the next three years. This will not, however, affect her screen appearances; she goes to the coast in January, for Goldwyn, and she will make pictures for them until the time comes to resume her legitimate activities. It is said Willard Mack, also, will act in "Lady Tony."

THE picture players of Los Angeles have formed a union, the aim of which is to bring the photoplay actor into the ranks of organized labor. The formation of Local No. 1 and the election of officers under the charter granted by the American Federation of Labor, mark a pursuance of plans to give the filmers and the filmed the advantages enjoyed by any craftsman belonging to a labor organization.

"DADDY LONG LEGS" is the first of the Mary Pickford independent pictures to be completed. Marshall Neilan was the director, loaned by Harry Garson with whom he is associated; and Miss Pickford was regarded as very fortunate in being able to secure the services of the director who made "Rebecca," "Stella Maris," "Amarilly" and others of her Artcraft pictures. Mahlon Hamilton played the name part in "Daddy Long Legs" loaned by the Kitty Gordon company.
Plays and Players
(Continued)

THERE'S no limit to the public's curiosity to see its newly-wedded idols. They flocked to see "Little Miss Hoover," the tiny Mrs. H. Palmerston Williams' first photoplay. (Under its original title, "The Golden Bird," this story appeared in last month's issue of PHOTOPLAY.) It wasn't long before some bright-eyed fanette caught the glimmer of the little band of gold on nee Marguerite Clark's fourth finger. She wears her wedding ring all the way through the picture, although as Nancy Craddock she does not come to the conventional orange-blossom finish until the last reel. My, but she takes her marriage seriously!

FILM magnates have come to the manufacture of movable strips of celluloid from such professions as managing nickelodeons and selling furs. But it remained for Mr. Kessel, pioneer film man, and the K of Kay Bee (the B standing for Bauman)—to reverse the usual order of things by leaving the film business for the fish business. No matter what you might say, there is not the remotest connection between the two. Mr. Kessel is going to sell fish on a lavish scale; he's an exporter and has already disposed of a million and a half pounds of fish to the Canadian Government. Fillums—or fish? Consult Mr. Kessel.

GUESS who Jack Pickford's new boss is! Give up? Well, it's his "ma." Sure enough, as they say in Texas; and she's a pretty good boss too as she slips Jack a check each Saturday night that nets him 2,000 round dollars. Jack is making a series of three pictures for Mrs. Pickford which the latter turns over to the First National Exhibitors' Circuit. The director is James Kirkwood, who once officiated in like capacity for Sister Mary. Jack's last motion picture salary before joining the navy last March was $200 a week—from Lasky—and he's been given three pictures a month. According to the film wiseacres, the raise came like this: When Mrs. Pickford was negotiating with First National for Mary's pictures, she imposed a condition that three pictures with Jack as the star be taken at $500 each as well as three of Mary at $500 each. Greatly desiring the Mary Pickford pictures the F. N. agreed to take Jack's also from Mrs. Pickford, acting as manufacturer and vendor. Jack's pictures were so popular that he had to leave the navy to keep up the demand.

If all press agents are truthful, there will be such a hecatomb of stars to France within the next few months as will depopulate the film centers of East and West, as well as all intermediate points. Doug Fairbanks was the first to announce, at the ending of the Continental fuss, that he was going to France to make some pictures. Mary Miles Minter also plans a similar journey as do Mary Pickford, Louise Lovely, and others. Alice Brady thinks she will go, too; and Pearl White may take her serial company over in the near future.

What 5c Buys
For Breakfast

Ten dishes of Quaker Oats cost five cents—about one-half cent per dish.
Ten dishes—a liberal serving for ten people, of the greatest food that grows.
Below we picture what five cents buys in other breakfast dishes. Just a tiny serving for one person nowadays.
Compare in another way.
Food is largely measured by its energy value—by calories. Here is what five cents buys in energy at this writing.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dish</th>
<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quaker Oats</td>
<td>1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fresh Halibut</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Round Steak</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hen's Eggs</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Veal Cutlets</td>
<td>90</td>
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<tr>
<td>Salt Codfish</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canned Peas</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This means that some foods cost you ten times Quaker Oats. It means that breakfast cost can be vastly lessened by serving Quaker Oats.
And breakfast can be bettered. The oat is almost a complete food. It comes close to the ideal food.
It is the vim-food, the food for growth. Food which costs ten times as much cannot compare with oats.
And Nature has made few foods so inviting.

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Quaker Oats attained its fame through flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump oats.

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Learn how you can have the same exquisitely shaped and polished nails you have so often admired on others. "The Better Way to Manicure" tells how to do it quickly and easily, without the use of cuticle scissors or injurious acids.

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Brooklyn, New York

The Flu continued its havoc in the California studios during December. Among those who died during the month were Wayland Tarkis, a Sennet player, Director William Wolbert, for a long time with Vitagraph and Universal and Harold Pecival, technical director for Thomas H. Ince. Rex Weber, a young director who worked for Lubin, Titan, and Rex in the old days, and who most recently assisted in the direction of "The Birth of a Race," succumbed to the pneumonia in Chicago. J. Warren Kerrigan was stricken with double pneumonia and was at the point of death for several days. Mabel Normand and her leading man John Bowers were among the afflicted.

The Late Samuel Goldfish.

Not dead, but legally annihilated. By permission of the New York courts the head of the Goldwyn corporation has become Samuel Goldwyn, and Goldwyn is henceforth his family name. "Goldwyn" was originally a piece of proprietary nomenclature, derived from the names of Samuel Goldfish and Edgar Selwyn, founders of Goldwyn Pictures.

The Lost Goldfish.

More flu News: Douglas MacLean and Jane Novak of the Ince studios; Alma Rubens; Claire duBrey, free lance vamp and most recently with Dustin Farnum in "The Man in the Open;" Douglas Gerrard and Paul Powell, Universal directors; Dick Jones, Sennett comedy director; J. G. Hawkes, Goldwyn scenario chief, were among others who had it.

When the will of the late Harold Lockwood was filed in New York, several interesting facts came to light. One, that his widow, Alma Lockwood, was not mentioned in the will; and two, that the film star who brought down a considerable salary, left only $45,000, $20,000 of which was in life insurance policies of $10,000 each; the remainder in real and personal property. The policies go to his mother, who lives in New York, and his ten-year-old son, who resides with the widow in Los Angeles. The $25,000 is to be equally divided among the mother, son, and Gladys W. Lyle, a friend of the actor, who also resides in Los Angeles. It is not known whether the widow, whom Lockwood was separated, signed away her dower rights when she parted or will make claim to the reality of the estate.

Captain Walter Long, late of the Coast Artillery, walked onto Director George Melford's set at the Lasky Studio in Hollywood. "Well, George," said the captain, "I'm out of the service and back to work." That's nice said the director, "just peel off that coat and cap and get in that set; you're a private now." And Walter took his place in a scene for Ethel Clayton's picture "Private Pettigrew Girl." Long was the first of the Laskye regulars to return to work, just as he was the first to enter the service. Despite his year and a half in uniform he never got away from the active service, despite numerous applications for a return service.

Three of the four Moore brothers, Tom, Matt and Owen, had a holiday reunion with their mother in Hollywood. Owen being the last to reach the Coast. Matt played the male lead in the big Garson-Neilan production of "The Unpardonable Sin" with Blanche Sweet and also the lead in "Sahara" with Loretta Young. Joe Moore, the youngest of the brothers is with the Wild West Division in the American Army of occupation.

You read last month in these columns of the contemplated combination of Allan Dwan and Marshall Neilan which, if their plans had not fallen through, would have meant glorious directorial achievements. It reminds us of the Dwan-Neilan association of other days, when Dwan, directing, was still unknown and Mickey—well, Mickey's status was that of an actor seriously looking for a job. He came to Dwan who was putting on a western at the time. Dwan asked him if he could ride. "Why, sure," said Mickey, who had mounted a horse perhaps once or twice in his life. The joke of it is that he got on and stayed on by holding on to the saddle. It is a matter of note that Neilan, who directed Mary's "Daddy Longlegs," hasn't forgotten the incident and even likes to talk about it.

Colonel William Selig is planning to revive "animal stuff." The veteran producer believes that the public will like it as well as it did in the "Adventures of Kathlyn" days. Mebbe so and mebbe not. Anyhow, the Colonel has a fine assortment of lions and tigers and a choice lot of other jungleasts and he feels that they might as well be earning their keep. And Essanay, in Chicago, apparently reached the conclusion, after "peace," that their plant might as well be in use; so we may expect another production spurt from this quarter.
A Quick Beautiful Manicure

That's what you need—a sure and easy method of keeping your nails in perfect condition. The use of Hygro Preparations will keep the nails free from all stains and discolorations, will keep the cuticle smooth and firm and give the nails a beautiful tinted lustre that is waterproof and lasting. Start today with this New Hygro "Home Outfit" as pictured above. It contains all of Graf's

HYGRO

Manicure Preparations

Hygro Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, removes all surplus cuticle and keeps the cuticle smooth and firm, doing away with the roughness caused by harmful use of scissors. Also removes stains and discolorations.

Hygro Nail Polish, in cake form (can be had separately in powder form). Quickly and easily tints and polishes the nails, giving a tinted lustre that is lasting and waterproof.

This Hygro outfit will give you fifty perfect manicures at the small cost of $1.00, and can be bought at all drug and department stores or will be mailed direct by us to you if your dealer is not supplied. Any one of the articles can be bought separately for 25c.

Hygro Nail Polish Paste (Pink), a fine rouge for polishing the nails which gives the beautiful pink appearance so desirable.

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50 cents (double quantity) at toilet counters or minature box for 40c.

The Freeman Perfume Co.
Dept. 101
Cincinnati, O.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 69)

indeed, Gabrielle of the Lillies is luxurious and supple and, anon, bewitchingly and wonderfully gowned and hatted. Young Mr. Pilcher, Gaby’s dancing partner in America, plays a minor seducer in acceptable fashion. The scene of the twinkle legs descending a staircase is such a absurdly simple shooting that we’re amazed that it has never been done by our home directors in their attempts to represent the spirit of the theatre. Many patently Parisian locations, interiors and supernumeraries contribute the charm of the unusual.

The Wildcat of Paris—Universal

In its campaign to make a star of Priscilla Dean, Universal finds its best shot so far in “The Wild Cat of Paris,” the annal of a young Apache’s declaration when confronted by the great emergency of France. The story runs fairly consistently throughout, except that the usual underworld stuff, by way of preliminary, is not only overdone, but overdone in the grand old manner of those whose interest approach to a real Apache den has been some dance resort in New York. After the attempted robbery of the artist’s house the slow reconstruction of the girl’s spirit commences, and with various personal and patriotic episodes, continues in a believable manner. Miss Dean is her flashing self—not always nor often a good actress, but always an effervescent young girl. Louis Dorchay and Edward Celic have the leading male roles.

Once to Every Man—Sherill

Larry Evans’ story, of the above title, had deserved serial and book popularity. If Priscilla Dean, Sherill’s picturization does not duplicate that premier popularity in every particular, we’ll be amazed. For the principal reason that here is a careful, considered in intelligence, effort to develop a good tale—not to make it a loose-jointed and inconsistent vehicle for somebody of big-type dimensions. Denny Bolton, as described by Evans, was a country boy fighting an inherited craving for booze. When the girl he loved doubted him he broke the last of his ties, and, falling in with a horridous sporting writer, fancied that any young man who could survive a hard kick in the stomach by a horse ought to contain great fighting timber, he went to the city and actually became championship material—returning to claim his repentant young sweetie, and under the government air service. Jack Sherill, as Denny, is delightful. Denny is by far the best part he has ever played. The fight scenes are great, and some of the training scenes—for instance, the ones in which the tough pug walks all around the young and hampered aspirant to see what he possibly would hold him up—are uproarious. Thanks to the producers, also, for introducing in a leading part, a more and really delightful little Wintergarden peach, Mabel Withee. Mr. Sherill’s production manifests a general air of intelligence, good construction and good direction. The adaptation of Evans’ story was by Tony Kelly.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued)
and returns to the plains after her college days. Here she loves and yields to our Anthony Wells, the teacher of the local school, but her secret is quite her own until, selected as a virgin in an ancient Indian ceremony, she cannot falsely accept this traditional and sacred honor. Upon her confession to her father John Hardin, the Government agent who is quite openly in love with her, is suspected by the old Chief-tain, and a finely arranged skein of complications begins untangling. Norma Talmadge, as Wetona, again employs her varied resources of subtlety, passion, pathos, humor, intelligence and sheer sex appeal: all, to great advantage. It does not seem to me that Wetona is one of her best performances, but it is a very fine one, and the rest of the production measures up to it.

Fred Huntly as Quannah, Gladden James as the schoolmaster and Thomas Meighan as the government agent are the trio chiefly and ably in support of the star. But no more praise should be accorded anyone than S. A. Franklin, for his splendid direction.

THE CODE OF THE YUKON—Select
Mitchell Lewis' first starring vehicle is the story of a man dedicated to vengeance—always a poor business, either in life, on the screen, or between pages. It has, furthermore, the disadvantage of presenting Mr. Lewis in a romantic role rather than a character part—and if ever a man was truly a character actor, that man is Mitchell Lewis. The story is by Tony Kelly, and while it does him no particular credit, the scenario does him even less. There is at least one amazing interposition of Providence which I misdoubt was Kelly's writing. Good support by such people as Tom Santschi, Vivian Rich and Goldie Caldwell, with good scenery, bolster up a poor plot.

THE ROAD THROUGH THE DARK—Select
Add this to non-essential war industries. As a story it is a sort of mawkish "La Tosca," with a ruination added to make it believable. Gabrielle Jardee, a French girl, becomes the mistress of Karl, Duke of Strelitz, when that worthy's troop of noble Teutonic ravishers enter the district where Gabrielle lives. Of course Gabrielle does not consort with the enemy except for a price, and that price is intelligence which she conveys in cipher letters to an American officer sweetheart. Finally, after accompanying Karl back to his own hinterland, she kills him and conveniently escapes across the border in a stolen car. And, of course, the American writs around a bit but eventually accepts her for the heroine she is. Now with this same story a Gall-worthly could make a human masterpiece, for it's not what happens to people, but what they do about it, that is the substance of literature. In "The Road Through the Dark" Clara KimballYoung sighs through five reels as the immodulating Jardee, capably supported, principally by Jack Holt. Where do they get their atrocities—this kind—the conventional kind? Does it all come out of the same film can?

THE LIGHTNING RAIDER—Pathé
By gosh, they've got a new one in Pearl White's latest serial: a villainous Chink, in New York's Chinatown, has beneath his apartment a well of horror. In it he keeps an octopus, and the octopus is at once the Chinaman's kept murderer, undertaker, embalmer, sexton and graveyard. This delicate fancy would have given Edgar Allan Poe one of the happiest days of his life.
Every Woman of Refinement
must remove the hair from her underarms, to wear the smart, sheer fabrics modestly. X-Bazin, the famous French depilatory, the comfortable, clean way, dissolves hair in five minutes, just as soap and water dissolve soot. The repeated use of this preparation reduces the growth and vitality of the hair instead of stimulating it.

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Little Wireless Phonos for the Ears* require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.

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The Shadow Stage
(Continued)

but, it is hardly necessary to add, these authors haven’t man a little notion the grizzly terror it would have become beneath the pen of the melancholy gentleman from Baltimore. However, the kindly octopus is only one of many in "The Lighting Raider," the best thing about which is the always energetic and always photographically lovely Pearl White. Warner Oland plays the Chinaman; pictures come even more rapidly than usual.

LITTLE MISS HOOVER—Paramount

Perhaps you read this delightful story in the pages of last month’s PHOTOFAX MAGA-

ZINE, under its original name, "The Golden Bird." As a sign of a year, which with a good patriotic turn which is both pleasant and realistic, it has seldom been equalled in Paramount annals. Marguerite Clark plays Nancy Craddock, the girl whose original food-slogan is "Eggs will win the war!" Eugene O'Brien, Alfred Hickman and Forrest Baker are other important members of the cast.

THE SPENDER—Metro

You will have to hark back to Bert Lytell’s first motion picture story, "The Lone Wolf," to find anything which fits him so perfectly as this. Yet this is no more like "The Lone Wolf" than a Jonathan apple is like an orchid. It is not a melodrama, a fight nor an adventure; it is the persuasion of a good-natured young man upon a nar-

row, crabbed old uncle—a persuasion to loosen up and be human, to try to be happy himself and to make other people happy. It has a tremor that is not lacking in human interest. It has character and humor. And it has what a good story lacks in its final develop—remarkable cost and almost flawless interpretation. Lytell plays the boy with a most plausible disillusionment—"to be a star." Yet fact there are few circumstances in which this was the center of the stage. Thomas Jefferson plays the re-

juvenated uncle, but William V. Mong as Stetson, a kindly old accountant, actually has it on him for a great piece of character acting.

THE CAPTAIN’S CAPTAIN—Vitagraph

Vitagraph Eastern seems to be deteriorating. One smashing drama in which Harry Morey and Betty Blythe figured is the only thing I’ve seen all winter which has reflected the glory of days when Blackton, Ralph Ince and a few others were the ar-

tistic powers behind the managerial throne. "The Captain’s Captain" was a delightful story, and it had, in this Vitagraph filming, one of the greatest of casts. Alice Joyce played the Captain’s niece; Julia Swayne Gordon and Evalle French, a pair of the great Vitagraph emotionalists of other years, were among the playing names; Maurice Costello returned as the leading man. And Vitagraph is showing a surprising amount of casting, good actors both, complete the list. Yet, the total result is—stupidity.

THE POOR RICH MAN—Metro

A plausible tale by Elaine Sterne and A. S. Levin, in which James Carter, a man of considerable means, just out in life what might happen to his in-

heriting family after his death—principally, whether his son will turn out a man or an it. Elmer Gantry in a new outfit, with abundant evidence of decease, and young man Vantyne Carter goes it alone. To su-

cess, of course, but to a success reached only after a good many stops and side issues. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne
The Shadow Stage
(Concluded)
are to be seen in the principal parts. Stuart Holmes returns to the screen in one of his accustomed heavies, after a long absence. The story is well developed, the subtitles are, in the main, human and often humorous, and there has been especially good dramatic construction manifested by scenario writer and director—said director, as usual in Mr. Bushman’s pictures, being Charles L. Brabin.

IN BRIEF

“Fuss and Feathers” (Paramount)—not all fuss, and deeper than feathers, too. A speedy and charming comedy with Kind Bennett, plus the best direction that Fred Niblo, her husband, has ever given a photoplay.

“Danger, Go Slow!” (Universal)—Mac Murray in a rural melodrama. Artificial, but will doubtless please those who wish Miss Murray to take at least one wallop at every style of picture.

“Wild Honey” (Deluxe)—A three-part— not three-reel—story in which practically the entire lives of heroine and hero are encompassed. A fair story, well made photographically. It stars Doris Kenyon.

“Little Orphan Annie” (Seligs)—James Whitcomb Riley’s poem of the lonely little girl who “came to our house to stay.” A photoplay which does reverent justice to the great dead lyricist, and is a compliment to its maker, Colin Campbell, and to the charming little star, Colleen Moore.

“Goodbye, Bill!” (Paramount)—An Emerson-Loos satire on what might have been the passing of the Kaiser. Comic, but still, not in their best vein.

“Quicksand” (Paramount)—A transparent account of the adventures of a young wife along the highway of deprivation and trouble. Miss Dalton is better than the literary buggy she rides in.

“The Mystery Girl” (Paramount) — George Barr McCutcheon’s reliable old string of minor crooks and subsidiary thrones jangling to the new tune of war music. Ethel Clayton.

“Wives and Other Wives” (Pathes)—Mary Miles Minter. Kind of a derailed farce, it seemed to me. The vacant will laugh. But then, they always do.

“Sylvia on a Spree” (Metro)—I think you will have a pretty thin time at this one. It’s a highly unoriginal story of a fenced-in girl who takes one look at fast life, gets picked up in a raid, and settles down within her wedding ring forever after. Emmy Wehlen is to be observed as Sylvia.

“A Lady’s Name” (Select)—An adaptation of the play by Cyril Harcourt. A graceful comedy whose sure touches give it an appearance of much more substance than it really possesses. With Constance Talmadge, Walter Edwards’ direction and a good cast it is bona-fide entertainment.

“The Midnight Patrol” (Select-Ins)—A piece of Inc’s direction that will remind you of “The King of the Highbinders” or it will remind Wallie Reid’s father of some of the shockers he used to write himself. Laid in San Francisco’s Chinatown, it is good open-face melodrama.

“Hoarded Assets” (Vitagraph) — One wishes for better things for that actor of really tremendous potentialities, Harry Murray. However, this piece is better than some Vitagraph has given him, and, what with people like George Majeroni and Betty Blythe in the cast you needn’t dodge it when it gets to the house nearest your block.

“The Man Who Wouldn’t Tell” (Vitagraph)—Earle Williams, in a variant of “The Man Who Stayed at Home,” James Young’s direction lifts this above the ordinary.

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By a woman who typifies millions

I had, like most women, two or three pet corns, which remained with me year after year.

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A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

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C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

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The Story of My Life

(Continued from page 71)

My Parisian debut was effected under difficulties. To add to the inevitable excitement, the stage was delayed, my trunk was mislaid, and finally it was given to me with the information that I had just one day to prepare for "La Lili Lumiere."

My fortune turned, however, with the receipt of a wire from my dressmaker informing me that she had completed a whole Juliet outfit for immediate use. This helped ease my mind, for I had learned early that a Parisian professional's success was quite as important as the subject of voice. I remember I hummed some of my songs on the docks, waiting for the train and the next day I climbed into the express. I gaily went to rehearsal and the next evening (not without much nervous anxiety) was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm by a representative audience. As above mentioned, Madame Nordica had suggested that Mother and I go to Berlin, instead of Italy, for further study. This we did and I enrolled under Graziani, whom I met through the medium of Frau von Rath, wife of Herr Adolph von Rath, a leading Berliner of incidents and happenings most people would consider commonplace. You receive personal instruction. Your stories are carefully edited. Under the terms of our special introductory offer now being made your success is assured. Send the coupon today for full information.

I replied that I could not sing in German.

"Could you learn to sing in German—in ten days?" he asked. "Elisa's Dream," perhaps?

Perforce I delved into the language, assisted by Fraulein Wilcke, and in ten days, when I stepped upon the stage of the empty Koniglische Operehaus and looked into the direct face of Karl Muck, later director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, I sang the waltz from "Romeo and Juliet" in French, the bird song from "Pagliacci" in Italian, and "Elisa's Dream" in German. As a result of this, I was offered a three-year contract to sing with the Royal Opera. And—I was to sing in German.

"It will be a novelty," Count von Hochberg said.

I agreed. Father and mother signed my contract as I was not yet of legal age. It was agreed that I was to sing "Faust," "Traviata," and "Pagliacci," three roles in Italian, but I was not to be required to sing in German until I could perfect myself, to my own satisfaction, in the language.

* * * * *

After my third season at the Royal Opera in Berlin, during which, by the way, I sang the Berlin premiere of "Manon," I received word from the man of Milan, Enrico Caruso, who felt that the resort would favor the American singer who had so enraptured music lovers in the German capital.

I was as eager as ever. I felt that it would be a great step forward to appear in this world show place, whose patrons could help me in acquiring international reputation. I started for Milan, and at our first meeting with Enrico Caruso! He was just beginning to be known and had just come from New York, and to prior to that, Milan, South America.

My debut occurred on the night of March 10, 1904. That was a wonderful night for me—and for Caruso! I remember that I was struck dumb by the full wonder of this
The Story of My Life
(Continued)

The tenor's gift—a gift he had not fully revealed in our rehearsals. In my diary I found this notation, in regard to this debut:

“Tremendous reception on my debut at Monte Carlo. After the third act, and in full view of the audience, Caruso lifted me bodily and carried me to my dressing room in the general wave of enthusiasm.”

The Monte Carlo engagement was a brief one and I returned to Berlin on the twenty-eighth of March—only to go from there to Sweden in response to a most enthusiastic invitation. On May sixth, accompanied by my mother who went with me everywhere, I arrived in Stockholm. My audiences there were delightful ones, distinguished by the venerable King Oscar. I remember that I sang opposite Herr Oehmke, the tenor, who, in his early youth, had sung with Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson. Although he was now sixty years of age, he was interesting and particularly vain about his figure in “Romeo” and in “Faust.”

After my Stockholm appearance, during which I had sung “Traviata,” I was summoned to the Palace where His Majesty presented me with the gold cross of the Order of Merit, a mark of esteem that but two other singers had received—Melba and Nilsson.

In the spring of 1905, again at Monte Carlo, I appeared in the premiere of Saint-Saëns’s “L’Américque” in which I created the role of Margarita, and later in the same season I created the title part in Mascagni’s “Amica.” It had been planned to have Calve sing Amica, but just five days before the premiere, she withdrew, mysteriously. Gunsberg appealed to me and after but five days’ preparation I sang.

News of my popularity as Amica sped to Paris and followed as a result, a sensational engagement in the French capital. This appearance I consider my real debut in Paris. My vehicle was “The Clown,” which I had the entire Monte Carlo Grand Opera Company sing three nights, for charity. “The Clown” was conducted by a certain Count Camonda, who had written the music to the libretto of Victor Capoul. The opera was lavishly staged and we sang it three evenings in the Theatre Rejane.

I returned to Stockholm the next season and from there went back to Berlin, thus fulfilling my contract with the Royal Opera. It was here that Heinrich Conried from New York, scouring Europe for artists for the Metropolitan Opera, came to hear me sing. And as is the way with human nature, although I had always thought of Metropolitan Opera as my real goal, my inspiration, now that I faced the opportunity to return to the United States and sing with this glorious company, I hesitated. So fearful was I of taking the chances of success in the United States and blighting my popularity in Europe that I avoided signing a contract by my unreasonable stipulations. Herr Conried left with the contract unsigned, and after he had gone I was wretched. Later, he returned and this time found me in Franzenbad. We managed to close a contract. I did not go back to America, however, until a year later. Meanwhile I was to conclude another season in Berlin, for regardless of what other contracts I might make, it was understood that I was to return to the Royal Opera each season.

I arrived in New York on a crisp November day of 1906, fearful of my impending debut. I was half afraid and half eager, but although I fretted for weeks preceding my appearance, I felt in my heart that my own country could stand by me—if foreigners had. Herr Conried chose “Romeo” and “Juliet” for my first debut. I tried to alter his decision, for I feared being handicapped in this well known

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I had made my debut with the Metropolitan Opera!

The real bright spot in that initial season was the premiere of "Madame Butterfly," on February 11. I told unceasingly to perfect my role in this then little known opera, studying Oriental's characteristics and gestures, aided greatly by a little Japanese actress, Fuji-Ko, who helped me greatly in remaining true to the type of the helpless little "Cio-Cio-San."

The night of the premiere of "Madame Butterfly" was the first real step I had taken toward international fame. My thanks go out to that picturesque little Japanese opera when I think of my real American debut. David Belasco, to my joy, was enthusiastic over my portrayal of "Cio-Cio-San."

In January 1908 I was back again in America, after a season in Paris, and went to Boston. Here I sang four performances in six days, "Faust," "Madame Butterfly," "Elisabeth," and "Pazifical." Boston seemed to approve. And when I visited my little home town—Melrose, Massachusetts, I was given a tremendous reception.

About this time Herr Conried's health began to fail him and I expedient to secure new management. I decided on Mr. Gatti, Casaza of La Scala, Milan, in conjunction with Andreas Dippel, when a member of the company. In December, 1910, I appeared in the premiere of "The Goose Girl," in which I used live geese, to the consternation of Professor Humpe, directress of the piece.

The season of 1913-14 was not over happy for me. Bronchitis forced me to lose my opening night in Metropolitan. Some days later, still ill, I insisted on appearing in "Madame Butterfly" and the next night, in the midst of "Faust," I totally collapsed. I was forced to abandon the remainder of my season and spent the next summer in complete rest in Europe. When I was ready to sail for home the great war was brewing and I raced from Munich to Amsterdam in the hope to join the steamer. Unsuccessful, I was forced to join my company at Naples. It was while on board ship, bound for home, that Toscanini suggested the immediate preparation of "Carmen," for my first appearance of the season at home.

"Carmen" was brilliantly received in the 1913-15 season in Metropolitan and after that I sang the amusing "Madame Sans Gene." Not long after I began to pay the penalty of too arduous attention to my real and too little to my health. My voice was temporarily crippled, I was miserable, in body and mind.

To make the inertia worse, my brain was doubly active andayed my body to be up and about. It was in the midst of this discouraging condition that motion pictures were suggested to me.

Why not? I asked myself, while my friends shuddered. The real possibilities of the new field fascinated me, the more I thought about it. First, because of the inaction caused by my ailing voice, and, secondly, because motion pictures seemed to suggest a new medium for dramatic expression.

What happened remains to be told in another chapter. Next month I will tell of my debut into motion pictures, of the initial horror of my generalized terror, of the thrill of this new art, of its cumulative fascination; in short, of some of the most thoroughly enjoyable days of my entire career to date.
Markham had the option in his possession, it must be one of the hundreds of documents in the various hauls that he had pulled off in the course of the night. And with this feeling that he had accomplished his task thoroughly and well he now turned his attention to another matter that was engaging his interest more and more.

This matter was Enid. And her interest in him seemed to be no less than his in her. The trusting manner in which he had been encouraging, and beneath the light ripples of conversation, they both felt the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. Once he was arrested, Enid declared, she would marry this girl, and although they had known each other less than a day, friendship developed rather swiftly in such a case.

Somewhere on the way they crossed the trail of three excited men hurrying to Markham's home in the suburbs. Markham had gone direct to Blatch, and the latter, disillusioned at the energy Craig had displayed in carrying out his orders, agreed with Markham that the affair had gone too far. With him they immediately set out to intercept the young adventurer, and when Craig and Enid arrived at Blatch's home he was not there. Enid suggested that he might be at the office of the defunct firm, and they hurried there, only to find that nobody but Driggs was in the office.

"I'm Mr. Blatch's partner," he explained. "Wont I do?"

The hour was swiftly approaching when Craig had to have the thousand dollars that was to save his company from disaster. He decided to take a chance, and explained the situation.

"Oh that's all right," Driggs assured him. "The option was half mine."

"If you need it for yourself," said Craig, and dumped out his papers.

Swiftly Driggs delved into the collection. He was an insignificant little man in many ways, but he was good at the game, and there was nothing wrong with the inside of his head. Within a very few minutes there were revealed to him many things concerning the operations of the firm that he had not supposed possible. Blatch and Markham had been double-crossing him for years. With a double set of books they had robbed him of many thousands. They had worked together in half a dozen crooked deals, and it was owing to a disagreement over the spoils that the two thieves had quarreled and gone their separate ways. There was evidence that they had been instrumental in wrecking a small banking institution through fraudulent securities. In short there was in Craig's bundles evidence sufficient to send both men to the penitentiary for a long, long time.

Another fact that was divulged was that Markham had been playing tricks with the fortune that was due Enid Drayton. With many a twist of financial cunning he had been making losses appear on paper, making manipulations from a cut-and-dried basis. "Young woman," Driggs said, after he had been examining the various books for an hour or so, "you are worth somewhere in the neighborhood of a million dollars."

Craig's heart stood still. He couldn't be a fortune hunter. The million rose suddenly like a stone wall between him and his hopes. The telephone bell rang.

"Yes, this is Driggs," Driggs replied. "Yes, Markham, he's here with Miss Drayton. . . . Yes, he brought everything here for Blatch, and I've been looking over the papers. . . . Oh no, you wouldn't do that." Putting his hand over the receiver he turned to Craig. "Markham says he's going to have us all arrested unless we send back his papers."

"Don't let him bluff you, Craig replied. "Tell him to come and get them, and we'll have the cops here to save him the trouble."

Driggs repeated the remark into the telephone.

"What did he say?" Craig asked.

"I can't tell you before Miss Drayton, but he hung up," Driggs replied.

"That's the last we'll hear of them," Craig ventured. "Now if you will give me the thousand Blatch promised I'll be going. Goodbye, Miss Drayton?"

"Oh, not goodbye," Enid exclaimed in dismay. "You—surely you don't think—just because I've got a lot of money—it isn't going to make any difference, is it?"

Driggs looked at them with quick understanding, and discreetly left them to talk it over by themselves.

"Markham said Haddon picked you out for a coward and a dub," he said as he went out. "There must have been some mistake."

On a train bound in the general direction of the Mississippi draymen were engaged in a never ending quarrel.

"One thing I want to know," Blatch demanded of Haddon. "What made you think this fellow Craig was a coward?"

"He was sitting on a park bench and a boy exploded a paper bag behind him," Haddon explained. "Craig jumped up and ran like a deer—ran right into my arms, the scarest thing you ever saw. He must have got all the scare out of his system right then."

In the private office of Phineas Driggs, Enid Drayton, her eyes shining, looked up at Craig and asked.

"What in the world ever made Mr. Haddon think you were a coward," she asked.

"I was sitting on a bench in the park, worrying about my financial troubles," he explained. "I suddenly remembered I had a business letter to answer. Felt the dynamics on my office, safe, and just then I heard an explosion behind me. Before I had time to think, I was so startled I thought the dynamite had gone off and involuntarily started to run for the office. I ran into Haddon and he grabbed me and made his proposition."

"But how could anyone ever think you are a coward?" Enid demanded.

"I'm glad he did," said Craig.

"Why?"

"Because otherwise I wouldn't have met you," the dub replied, and she rewarded him prettily.

The Man Who Stayed at Home

(Concluded from page 65)

The Judge did his best to assure Brent of his renewed faith in his patriotism and to apologize for having ever doubted him. But Brent understood—and besides, Molly was waiting, her eyes shining.

"You've been wonderful," Brent whispered. "No one else would have trusted me and believed in me as you did."

From the shelter of his arms she murmured: "My, but I'm glad you stayed home!"

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(Continued from page 39)

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his grey suede gloves and his correct English shoes he was immediately and in good form. His cheeks were ruddy with health, but his eyes were restless and seeking.

"Yes," he answered unattentively. As they turned a corner and tearing wind shrieked in front of them, he continued until reaching the dress half warm enough." He reached into a side pocket and pulled out a wrap. "Here's an old coat of yours. Put it on."

Leila obeyed. It was just like old times, sitting here with Jim. The old sense of security and peace stole over her. Almost it seemed as if the events of the last few years were a troubled dream. Then she roused herself.

"I must hurry home, Jim. You've given me a lovely ride, but I'm expecting Mrs. Hucklew for the week end—she'll be there now."

"Mrs. Hucklew?" eagerly. "Then why not let me come to dinner, too. It's mighty lonely eating at clubs and alone, with no one in the house but Jones."

Jones?"

"My valet," Jim looked a little confused. "You see when they started to make political timber of me—when I was alone and didn't have anything else to think of, I mended my ways."

"I don't know about dinner, Jim," faltered Leila, "it's a hard one.

But at the door the maid informed her that Van Sutphen had telephoned he would be detained at his office. Leila beckoned to Jim. "You can stay to dinner," she whispered, smiling like a child.

Again and again during the course of the meal she marveled at his changed habits and manners. And he, noting the dimmed splendor of the furnishings and Leila's semi-enchantment, had hard work to refrain from picking her up then and there and carrying her away to luxury and fame.

He noted that her slender fingers bore only one plain gold band. "Where's your sparklers, Leila?" he asked. "Where's the big one, the—ah the one I gave you once for Christmas?"

"Oh," faltered Leila. "It needed cleaning and...

"She gave it to her husband this morning for an investment," broke in Mrs. Hucklew bluntly.

There was silence; the talk grew disjointed and strained, overlaid by nervous and eager laughter. "It might have been," Presently Jim took her leave. Leila sat for a while gazing into space, then she buried her face in the huge bunch of violets which she had brought home.

Mrs. Hucklew did not fail to see two big tears that rolled down her face. The older woman, who understood, patted the bright head softly while Leila's tears fell on the violets.

Jim Porter could not sleep; memory was tearing at his heart strings. To while away the time the forward I. D. W. was one of the gambling houses. There was a commotion near the roulette tables; loud voices were raised. Porter recognized Van Sutphen who appeared to be amusing himself by being around. Jim knew by sight as Nannette Van Dyke. Nannette was holding something tightly in her hand; as Van Sutphen grew more insistent, before her Leila's diamond ring. "Take it then," she said.

Before anyone could move, Jim stepped forward and picked up the ring. "If you need money I'll buy the ring," he said quietly. Van Sutphen, in an insolent voice, ordered him aside, but Nannette parleyed.

"You gave me the ring. I'll do what I please with it," she said. "Then to Jim. I know I'll win this time—I feel it. Give me cash for the ring so that I can make one more play."

This ring belongs to Mrs. Sutphen," said Porter. "I'll give you a hundred dollars, the ring and the wedding ring he handed Nannette a hundred dollar bill.

Nannette hesitated; then, the gambling fever in her veins, seized the money and made her play. In the meantime Jim had pulled a diamond ring and handed it home with to me your wife," he said quietly.

"I will see that she gets her share of this ring is worth. Now, don't bluster or there'll be trouble."

Van Sutphen went. Leila greeted them with a smile, and Jim's explanations were plausible and valuable. "I met Sutphen at the club," he said, "and hearing that he wanted to sell the ring, I would like to be the purchaser. I promised to pay a little ready money with me and I can just as well give you cash. Diamonds have advanced in value and you may not know the real worth of this ring. I am willing to pay making bills in a neat little pile on the table. Leila gasped as he shoved the pile of money at her. "You are right, that it contains thousands. "We can't take it," she cried in a choked voice. "Don't take it."

The sound of an altercation at the door caused her to pause. "I will come in," cried a high pitched voice. A second later the maid was pushed aside and Nannette Van Dyke burst into the room. She started laughing and screamed, "Van Sutphen, I am taking you for a hundred dollars, and I'll not let you try to purchase the ring again for me."

She said they was a fool—and I was. The ring was a fortune."

Jim stepped forwards and took her by the arm. "This is no place for you," he said. "We can settle matters later—

She wrinkled herself away. "We'll settle them now. Schuyler, I declared you a Christmas present and I'm going to have it."

Leila, who had stood white and still, stepped forward. "You are right," she said to Nannette. "He may sell a few things also, such as love and protection—and he didn't pay. But let both of us be cheated. I am here."

While the two men watched her in silence she carefully divided the bills and gave an exact half of them to Nannette. Nannette, after a moment's hesitation, thrust them in her bosom and rushed away.

Then Van Sutphen turned on Jim. "So that is what you are doing," he jeered. "Standing between me and my wife. Bringing her violets and trying to steal her away from me when I'm down and out. I never gave Nannette the ring—she took it from me and I thought they'd make her give it back when you came in. I never saw her until the other day."

That is not true," said Leila calmly. "I was a engaged and met her with and heard her telephone to you. You had promised her a new suit and she had come to get it."

Sutphen, with the fury of a beaten man, turned on Jim. "You are her mouthpiece with your standing and your millions and try to take Leila away from me. Nannette is nothing to me. But you can't have my wife."

"You stole her from me," said Jim. "I came into my own house and stole her away. But I've realized since that I was the most to blame. Turning to Leila, he said gently: "If you ever want to leave all this and come back to me, dear, your home and my name are waiting."

"She can decide now," said Van Sutphen.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Don’t Change Your Husband
(Concluded)

coldly. “Of course I have no chance against your millions.”
Leila flung out her hands in distress. “Oh, Schuyler; is it not the money. How can you say such a thing?”

“Suppose you do choose between us, Leila?” asked Jim, a quaver in his voice.

“It might as well be now as any time.”

“Oh, I must think,” she snapped. “It’s too hard a thing to do. I can’t.”

Jim seated himself in a chair and took out a cigarette holder. “You go to your room and decide. We will await your decision.”

The clock in the hall slowly ticked off the hours but there had been no word from Leila. Jim sat quiet, but Van Sutphen’s shattered nerves kept him in an agony of restless movement. “I can’t stand this,” he muttered. “It’s a farce.”

Toward dawn they heard footsteps—Leila and decide. We will await your decision.”

The sound of the report came to Leila. With a cry she rushed into the room and went straight to Jim. “He didn’t kill you!” she cried. “Oh, Jim, Jim!”

“Not even scratched,” was Jim’s cool answer, showing her where the bullet had buried itself in the wall.

“Oh, Jim!” Leila’s arms were around his neck, her tears upon his face. “If he had killed you, Jim!”

Van Sutphen spread out his hands in defeat. He had regained his poise. With an ironic laugh and a gesture of exaggerated courtesy, he bowed low, stooping as he did so, to pick up an orchid bloom which Xannette had dropped in her hasty departure. With this in his hand, he bowed again and left the room.

The scene has changed again. Jim Porter lounged in his own easy chair with his wife on his knee. He was smoking, his head turned carefully away from her.

“I don’t mind your smoke, Jim,” she said as she pressed her cheek to his shoulder.

The firelight glowed over the rich comfortable furnishings of the room. After a while Jim dozed, and woke with a start. “Excuse me, honey,” he said.

“Go on and sleep,” she answered. “I love you a dozy man.”

He tightened his arm around her. They had both come into their own.

The Romance of Cavallerio and Muratore
(Concluded from page 34)

Under the Zukor management she has appeared in four features, characterized by remarkable beauty, as the stars charm requires for a background. These are Love’s Conquest, The Eternal Temptress, A Woman of Impulse and The Two Brides.

So there you have the twin romances of Cavalleri—the romance of her career and the romance of her marriage. Here is the true birthright of her country—child of Italy, child of laughing skies and lyric seas, child of the land of song, and beauty, and eternal youth.
Every cough in public betrays a thoughtless disregard for others. For coughing is unnecessary. You can relieve it with S-B Cough Drops, and often prevent a sore throat or cold. Pure. No drugs. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

Drop that Cough

SMITH BROTHERS of Poughkeepsie

---

Elizabeth Arden's Salon has long been the mecca for women who desired the services of the foremost specialist in the cultivation of beauty. Many, however, cannot come for the treatments, so Elizabeth Arden has determined that the Treatments shall come to them. To this end she has arranged the

Elizabeth Arden Home Course

Through her own method, Elizabeth Arden can analyze your requirements and be as accurate in results as if you were a regular client of her Salon. She will plan a course to suit your needs which will improve your natural charm. And emphasize your individuality. To obtain information, check any firm in the following list and address them to Elizabeth Arden at her New York Salon. You incur no obligation. Request on request.

CULTIVATION of Complexion, Eyes, Hair, Hands, Feet, and Bones. Corrected Neck, Face, Arches, Shoulders. CORRECTION of Sagging Muscles, Double Chin, Wrinkles or Lines, Blackheads, Course Acne, Brown Spots, Weight, too Thin, too Heavy, etc.

Elizabeth Arden

173 Fifth Avenue Dept. P, New York City

BOSTON, 122 Bay State Rd., NEW YORK, 184 Delicious Ave.

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"Better Posters!"—New League Slogan

(Continued from page 78)

representing two hundred thousand women, thought the movement for Better Photoplay Posters important enough that a whole session of their state meeting held in New York was devoted to the discussion of the movement. The most prominently stood out the poster issue, which resulted in a resolution being passed to "fight the Poster Evil." corresponding with all existing Better Film Movements.

Miss Mary Wood, Chairman of the Legislative Committee, gave a most comprehensive, constructive, convincing and encouraging talk on the value of wholesome, attractive posters.

Another interesting story of a group of better film people is reported by Huber of Syracuse, New York. He says that in a certain neighborhood of modest homes and domestic sentiment there are several families which attend the motion picture entertainments in a body once a week, and they have developed this practice into a delightful social affair. The entire family includes forty-two members, and as a rule the entire group goes out together. The neighborhood league is well organized. There is a division of labor. A committee on selection of film programs, two heads who are employed downtown, secure advance information about the films, and it is up to them to determine what is best and most pleasing for the whole company.

Another member, an insurance man, is purchasing agent, authorized to secure the tickets in advance and reserve a suitable block of seats for the company, and if a school boys is accountant and bookkeeper. At the end of each month he renders a bill to the head of each family for the price of their tickets for the period of the company.

A treasurer, who is a successful business man, guarantees the entire bill to the theater manager and settles monthly.

There is a double if not a triple significance to this neighborhood plan which commands it strongly. In the first place it furnishes a splendid opportunity for social contact. These city neighbors are actually getting acquainted with each other.

There is a distance of nearly two miles to ride on one's car before the theater is reached, and the film furnishes a congenital topic of conversation, but the larger motive of this organization is that of securing the best available programs for the children of the group. This group refuses to attend a show, no matter how attractive its appeal, unless their committee on advance information finds it to be unconstitutionally a desirable one for the children of the group to see.

Finally the purchasing agent of the company, being a man of unusual judgment in such matters, assumes the role of critic of the films and reports his findings weekly to the manager of the theatre. The showman has already learned to defer to the opinions of this voluntary critic, and is trying to make use of such help in the improvement of his entertainment.

Mr. Philip C. Moore, president, presided over a meeting of the Board of Directors of the National Council of Women at her home in St. Louis in December at which the following resolution was adopted:

"Whereas, President Wilson has called the Metal Picture The Universal Language, and whereas it is recognized as the greatest single factor in the education of the public today by the government in giving its messages to humanity, Therefore:

Be it resolved that the Board of Directors of the National Council of Women expresses its approval of all effort to elevate the standard of the photoplay, and give its moral support to every movement for the wholesome, constructive pictures."
Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 82)

JOHN JONES, Esq.—You say you have al-
ways been an interested parasite of my de-
partment. Just what do you mean? Sorry but we have no dope on that director; if you'll write again soon I'll try to have something for you. No, it isn’t. When you get your copy of the little old Magazine and see your favorite screeners on your and your next-door adorning the art section and personalities of the he-stars you like and furthermore—we blush to say it after you—the inimitable q's and a's last but not least—ain’t it a grand and glorious feel-
ing? Ask me.

HARRY, INDIANAPOLIS—I just adjourned to
my favorite arm-chair foodery for a slice of
ham sandwiched in the familiar wheaten, and
a slab of pie. I’m fond of pie. The girl I mar-
y may not be able to discourse on the peri-
phrastic conjugation, or swap airy per-
itage, but she’ll be able to bake lemon-creami
pie, or I won’t marry her. Now that I have
delivered my ultimatum, we will take up your
questions. Tony Moreno is a Spaniard; born
in Alfonso’s country but moved to
America at an early age. Haven’t those
birth-dates. But here’s the entire cast of
“Tedo Baroski” Alice Brady, Alexis Nazimoff, John Bowers;
Constantine Kariecheff, J. Herbert Frank; Ivan
Burosky, Norbert Wicki; Count Paul Nazi-
moff, Jack Drumer; Katherine Kariecheff; Kate Lester; Olga, Lillian Cook; Grand
Duke, Frank DeVermon. No, we didn’t go
to see this little classic of blood-on-the
snow, much as we liked it. Those Russian
games give us bad dreams.

ISABEL B., EL DORADO—Yes; I can quite
sympathize with you. To love her devoted-
ly, for years; to worship every hair on the
little blonde head that the Cooper-Hewitts
and the sunshine turned to gold; to frame
her picture and to cherish it—only to dis-
cover that after all, she has been deceiving
you; that her real name is Gladys Smith.
I like Little Mary just the same. I don’t
care if you haven’t any questions to ask, as
you say “after reading your dope I’m al-
ways plum answered up.” But you would,
wouldn’t you, oblige with an incidental in-
quiry just to get a slice of my sunshine?
Don’t sign yourself “Rex Smoggrass.” If I
were a woman I’d laugh at you. As it is
I’m laughing with you.

DELICIA, DES MOINES.—For Christmas? Ooh, I got a calendar with a picture of a lady
brushing her hair; three pale blue neckties and
one green necktie; half a dozen ties that I
can wear; one key-ring; one dozen initialed
handkerchiefs; one ticket to the Delux-er
Theatre in Beaville, Iowa, for November 3,
1928. One wit sent us a pair of lingerie
clips. But I want to thank all the rest
who remembered me with cards. It’s great
to be remembered.

H. M. C., GREENVILLE.—After all, it’s the
little things that count. Many an accidental
characterization has saved a poor picture.
Sure, I consigned your letters to the waste-
basket; did you think I saved all my letters,
and framed them? The sleigh-riding.
Mrs. Mason is married to Bernard Durning; she
is eighteen or thereabouts and she has brown
hair and light grey eyes. Write to her care
Lisky, in Hollywood.

M. M., FRESNO.—Dear M. M.: My
salary isn’t $8.00 a week. ridiculouS! Who
ever said I got that much? The reason, I
suppose, that the producers don’t cast pretty
girls to play opposite good-looking men is
because the returns are just twice as much
when they feature them alone. Not yet—but
soon. Write whenever you like.
Be Well Without Drugs

It is easier to be well than to be sick when you learn how. When you learn to daily build your vitality, disease germs, and colds have little effect upon you.

You're free from nagging ailments! Welcome what you should welcome! Have a good figure! Enjoy life! Be a source of inspiration to your friends.

In other words, LIVE. As sure as sunrise you can weigh exactly what you should by following a few simple, healthful directions at home.

I KNOW it for what I have done for 87,000 women, I can do for you. Are you too thin? Does your figure trouble you? Let me help you. I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands and that you can reach your ideal in the absence of noise.

No Drugs—No Medicines

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural, and permanent, and because it appeals to Common Sense. You can free yourself from such nagging ailments as:

- Excess flesh in any part of body.
- Thin bust, chest.
- Neck or arms.
- Round shoulders.
- Incoherent standing.
- Poor complexion.
- Weakness.
- Sleeplessness.
- Hernia.
- Torn ligament.
- Poor circulation.
- Constipation.
- Lameness.
- Auto-intoxication.

Our Soldiers Have Done So—Why Not You?

If you are in Chicago, come to see me, but sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait— you may forget it. I will send you FREE my illustrated booklet showing you how to stand and walk correctly and giving many health hints.

Susannah Cocroft, Dept. 35, 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Questions and Answers (Continued)

Lillian Adams, Brooklyn—Marguerite Clark in "Bob's Diary"; I thought everyone knew Marguerite. Nigel Barrie with her in the Bob stories; both in the Royal Air Force, and they couldn't complete the series without him, as Carter Brooks. Now I suppose he will be back. Here's hoping—

R. L. Kingsburg, Cal.—You thought Fanny Ward was Jack Kerrigan's wife and you don't know the matrimonial status of those other stars and you a Californian! I never would have believed it. You're wrong. Clara Kimball Young is divorced from YOU. Of course, she has retained the name for professional purposes because the public knows her as C. K. Y. Owen Moore.

Alice B. G., Coatesville.—Write to me on wrapping-paper, Alice. Your letter was a gem; I don't care what you write on. Yes; the Douglas Fairbanks are divorced. Mrs. Fairbanks has the custody of Douglas, Junior. I don't know, I'm sure. Thanks.

S. O. M. Beebe, Solvay.—Same Beebe, as someone remarked upon seeing Beebe Daniels of the Harold Lloyd comedies. Broncho Billy? He's back, in a film they call "Naked Hands." I haven't seen it. Eddie Polo used to be in this particular; but he's getting one now, in his Universal serial, "The Life of the Circus." Yes. Yes. George Chesbro was in the army; I suppose he'll be back to his studios soon. Percy was with Metro last; with Bert Lytell in "Hitting the High Spots." Another chance for an exhibitor's wheee.

Little Buckeye Girl.—Why does every member of the family, as soon as Photoplay arrives, turn first to the Answer Man's pages? Oh—I can't tell 'em. I'd rather not. Yes, I work very hard; but don't sympathize with me; I don't want to be understood. That's Jack Holt; and almost every month you'll read something about him in these columns. He was with Mary Pickford in "The Little American."

Maestro.—The Man of Many Aliases—That pome is all right; send it to the Tal-madge girls. Why don't you go in vaudeville? You may yet hear from some of these players, addressed to E. MacDonald in care of the Betzwood studios in Philadelphia? She used to be with Paramount at the Lasky studios on the west coast. Good luck to you. I suppose the “Man of Many Aliases” is still working in the eastern concern now. You'll hear from Reid.

Billy Blue Gum, Sydney.—There was another sign in front of a Brooklyn vaudeville house that has been brought to my attention. "High Class Vaudeville and The Public Be Damned." You bet I celebrated the signing of the armistice. Good luck to your two-in-one-year-old brother, who, you say, has been in active service four years. Maurie Costello reappears on the screen in "The Captain's Captain," from Alice Joyce. So you remember him in that one of, "The Battle of Gettysburg." Well, well!

J. H. Media.—Enid Bennett is Mrs. Fred Niblo, incorrect; the woman directing her. Bobby Harrow is twenty-five. Lillian Gish is twenty-three. Lillian and Bobby have been seen lately, together, in "The Greatest Thing in Life" is charming in it; and Bobby is fine. Lillian is working now in a Chinese play, "Limehouse Nights." Eugene O'Brien isn't back on the stage; he's signed a long-term Paramount contract, to star. Thomas Meighan has been playing opposite Norma. Thanks for your many good wishes.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Questions and Answers (Continued)

CINEMA Ray LESNER, N. Y. C.—You're breaking into my apartment for the first time? You mean department, don't you? Look that up in any encyclopedia. Ah! Here is David Wark Griffith, rear his own studio, the Sunset, in Hollywood. Cal. Max Linder is still abroad, I believe, recuperating in Switzerland. He will come back soon to make comedies in America, it is said.

THE POPPY GIRLS, MONTREAL.—Just what do those signatures mean at the top of your letter? Looks to us like junk cabbage. Frank Morgan played with Alice Brady in "At the Mercy of Men." Remember him with Anita Stewart in that Vitagraph of two years or so ago? "The Sunset" was Morgan's. I believe, back on the stage now. So is Alice Brady; she makes pictures by day and acts in the evenings in "Forever After." Didn't you see those Brady pictures a month ago? Grace George isn't Alice's real mother; she's her stepmother.

Wops, I I.—You aren't the original Wops. Bill Russell was born in New York; his favorite boyhood sport was swimming in the East River; loves dogs; married, once; and wrote a program for a man and a water boy before he was an actor. Bill used to be with Thanhouser; and you remember him in the American serial, "The Diamond in the Eye," inked by facsimile folk in this magazine "The Diamond in the Eye." His new American pictures are "When the West Begins" and "When a Man Ridest Alone." Now, now!

A GOB, PARIS ISLAND, S. C.—You write to Dorothy Gish andtell her the Answer Man said she should send you one of her best likenesses. She doesn't go to it Griffith studios, Hollywood. Your connotations with the typewriter were mild as compared to some of our contributors' struggles with their typewriter pencils. Some loop hounds I know were awfully sore because they were refused exemption. There were so many maniacs and bar-tenders dependant on them, too. Come soon again, please.

MEDIT, URBANA.—We have a good many readers from your town, none of whom are more urbane than you. Your letter fairly brimmed with it. We're not accustomed to such kind treatment. She's about eighteen. Norma Talmadge's latest picture is "The Heart of Wotona:" she is working now on "The Probation Wife." She's just signed a new contract, with First National. No. I think so.

A. E. S., STEGO, S. D.—No, not one of Photoplay's editorial staff had the flu. Lucky for you—you say Photoplay pulled you through. Yes, Fannie Ward's home is lovely but I'm afraid the poor old Answer Man would be somewhat uncomfortable in it; I prefer my third-floor-hack, if you don't mind. Here you are: Niles Welch, Lasky; Betty Blythe, Vilasgraph (eastern); Madge Kennedy, Goldwyn, Vivian Martin, Lasky; Fannie Ward, Pathe, Texas Guinan, World; Alice Brady, Select. Others answered elsewhere.

LUCY G., NORFOLK.—If you are eighteen, blonde, stenog., can dance, drive a car, ride horseback, and play the piano, but are how- ever indebted in the somewhat possibly art of culinary, I'm afraid there's little chance for you to succeed in the movies. Can you sing? I believe Peggy Hopkins was a Washington society girl before she went on the stage. She only makes pictures occasionally; but she was great in "Hick Manhattan," the James Montgomery Flagg comedy, and I hope she comes back.
Questions and Answers

Salene, Washington.—“Dear dear Sun-ship Man! I’ve been called a lot of things but never that. I’ll be there again, yes. It’s true. I don’t believe you.

M. F., Tisdall, S. D.—Your parents are dead right—it’s a hard life, this movie life and I know several girls just your age with dark brown hair and eyes—weight, 120 pounds; height, 5 ft. 1 in.—they are per-
tectly sure they will set the film world on fire if they are only given the chance. That’s all they want—the chance. Did you read, “I Want to Be a Star?” in the August 1918 issue? Ann Pennington is on the stage now in Ziegfeld’s Folies. June Caprice isn’t planning. Say that you look up, the others; we have printed them many times.

Stephen.—You say you have just moved into a new flat and you want the names of the starlets and their pictures to ad-
mirers thus saving the trouble of your writing to them? Anything, anything, Mary Pickford, Bill Hart, Frank Keenan, the Gish sisters, Douglas Fairbanks, Thaddeus Clark, Waltie Reid—to mention a few. Oh, yes—and Theda Bara.

I. P. F., At Sea.—I should say you were. You want to know how to reduce. And you want to know why we never print a personal interview of Theda Bara. I can answer the last question; there was an in-
terview, very personal, of Theda Bara in the May, 1918, issue. Drop me a post-card from Alaska. You sign yourself, “Till the trees leave.” Gosh!

Miss A. A., Guzman, Sonora, Mexico.—Thank you for your very nice letter; I assure you it was appreciated. Keep right on read-
ing the Column, won’t you? Pearl White has left with Pathe. I don’t know if “The Iron Claw,” appeared in book form although Arthur Stringer wrote the novel for new-
paper syndicate purposes. Write again; and good luck.

“Doof.”—Almost you are our most de-
lightful correspondent. Thank you for wishing us an enjoyable slide down the banister of death, until we empty into the ash-canal of eternity. Please don’t call us your favorite star-ess. I like ‘em all.

Dear Friend Helen.—Yes, I will be your friend, Helen. I read somewhere that your first friend is your only real friend. We live in a deep and we won’t go into it just now. You’re wrong. I am not a woman. (You are, praise be, the first one to ask me that today.) I don’t see just how I can arrange that; you see M. M. of Buffalo wants Gine O’Brien to play with Oliver Thomas and you want him to be Marjorita Fisher’s leading man. There’s no pleasing all of you. Come again.

Rene, Buffalo.—I like you very much. Just wait; Bill will send you his picture. He’s a great admirer of yours. Branchitz Biler was your former favorite, is making pictures again. Kitty Gordon’s daughter is Vera Beresford. Yes, I know Kitty and Miss Beresford; Miss Gordon is very charming and English and clever, while Vera, blonde and blue-eyed, quite captured my old heart. Doubtless you read the Harry Carey story in the January Magazine.

F. W., Farmerville.—That’s very nice of you to say that and I would thank you if I thought you meant it. I’ll give you the benefit of the doubt, you never sent me that judge you promised. I got awfully hungry for home-made judge.

Louise St. Claire, Bay City.—Your cousin Diana also wrote in this month. Are you visiting in Bay City? Billie Rhodes has her own company now, for National. Miss Pauline Lord, who does for John-

Photoplay—A Complete Guide to Motion Pictures

WELLER SERVICE, Inc., Binghamton, N. Y.

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—talks with women about things. Women should know before marriage; things mothers should tell their daughters; women should know about medical knowledge a husband should have. Post-
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10 Days’ Trial Send for our dollar bill and we will allow you to try your Vibrator on either of the accessories, giving you the privilege of using it 10 days and if you are not absolutely satisfied, you may return it and we will immediately, and without questions, refund every cent.

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ing experts.

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It is so refreshing and soothing, and its antiseptic qualities are beneficial to the most tender skin.

JAP ROSE Talcum Powder is the preferred powder for the baby, or for grown-ups, after the bath, after shaving, and unusually good for all purposes that a talcum powder is used.

It is delicate and as fragrant as the breath of fresh roses.

JAP ROSE Talcum Powder does not clog the pores. Try it, you will like it.

Trial Offer: Send 20c for an attractive Weekend Package containing four Jap Rose minatures, consisting of one each of Talcum Powder, Soap, Cold Cream and Toilet Water.

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FROM the sinister tumult of battle arises at least one comforting note—the record of a great salvage in wounded men. For each brave life charged to war's grim account, ten broken soldiers are brought back to health through the merciful agencies of surgery. Among these agencies, the X-Ray holds a necessary place in the prognosis of wounds and fractures, in locating bullets and in reading the condition of internal tissues.

Photography discovered the X-Ray; and when the dangers lurking in its injudicious use threatened to discredit the X-Ray, photography devised safeguards and reclaimed it for the good of humanity. Moreover, it is upon photographic negatives that the X-Ray publishes its secrets to the appraising eye of the surgeon, so clearing the way for correct treatment and cure.

Here again, science, through photography, looks to the Eastman Kodak Company for much that is of constructive value. Eastman probably supplies the largest proportion of the entire world output of X-Ray plates and films; and while these form but one among many classes of Eastman products, the sponsors of the business regard with a peculiar pride this definite contribution to a great and humane achievement.
Ah, Madame, Mademoiselle, even the genius of Maxfield Parrish can emphasize through fancy only the charme of Djer-Kiss. Wherever beauty is considered first, Djer-Kiss holds its magic sway. Wherever smartness is desired, its French appeal, its air parisien are irresistible.

To be charmed with Djer-Kiss once is to be charmed with Djer-Kiss always. To use one Djer-Kiss Spécialité once is to desire them all.

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EXTRACT
FACE POWDER
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April 20 Cents

Margaret Roland

How Pictures Found Charlie Chaplin
Shouts of "Oh, Good-e-e-e!" and clapping of hands greet mamma's appearance with a big dish of Jell-O for Bobbie and Jack.

It is a plain dish of Strawberry Jell-O, made and served without sugar or cream—but perfectly delicious.

Substantial dishes that are good to eat and generally made without any trimmings or garnishments, are very popular just now. Probably the Bavarian creams made as follows are the most satisfactory:

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in half a pint of boiling water and add half a pint of the juice from a can of pineapple. When cold and still liquid whip to consistency of whipped cream and add a cup of shredded or chopped pineapple.

Either fresh or canned fruit of almost any other kind can be used in making these Bavarian creams. Canned peaches and peach juice are particularly good.

The whipped Jell-O takes the place of whipped cream in these dishes, and no eggs are used in them. Anybody can make them.

In every case of sickness or convalescence there is a period when feeding is a most important factor, and often it is found that Jell-O is the one particular dish which satisfies the craving for something refreshing and revives the weakened appetite. It is relished when nothing else is.

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Jell-O is put up in six pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate, and is sold by all grocers, 2 packages for 25 cents.

THE GENESSEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.
SAVE $43
By Being Your Own Salesman
Try the Oliver for Five Days at Our Expense

This Simple Plan Makes It Easy to Own an Oliver

This sales plan is a legacy of the war, which taught us all new economies—ones we won't forget.

By reorganizing our method of distribution, we were able to make a radical reduction in price.

We did not change the famous Oliver an iota. The machine we now sell for $57 is the identical one formerly priced at $100—BRAND NEW, not second-hand or rebuilt.

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

Pre-war extravagances were ended. And our plan of selling made simpler. We send the Oliver to you for free trial, so that you may judge it, in solitude, without being influenced.

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Merely send us the coupon. We ship an Oliver to you. Try it for five days. Then, if you agree that it is the finest typewriter at any price, merely send us $3 per month, until the $57 is paid.

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Canadian Price, $72

THE OLIVER TYPETRISER COMPANY
1474 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, III.

Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection.
If I keep it, I will pay $57 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is

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

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

Name

Street Address

City

Occupation or Business

Canadian Price, $72

*502

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Paramount and Artcraft Stars’ Latest Productions
Here are their latest productions, listed alphabetically, released up to February 26th. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount
John Barrymore in "HAPPY TRAILS"
Enid Bennett in "THE CABBAGE PATCH"
Billie Burke in "THE MIME"
Lena Cavestro in "THE TWO BRIDES"
Marguerite Clark in "MAGGIE PEPPER"
Ethel Clayton in "THE WISHING GIRL"
Dorothy Dalton in "HARD BOILED"
Pauline Frederick in "STOLEN"
Dorothy Gish in "THE MARRIAGE OF LISA"
Vivian Martin in "PANDORA"
Shirley Mason in "THE WINDING GATE"
Charles Ray in "THE TOWN WINS"
Wallace Reid in "THE DREADFUL DODGER"
Bryan Washburn in "VENUS IN THE EAST"

Paramount - Artcraft Specials
"The Man Within," With a Special Star Cast
"Private Peace," With Private Harold Play
"Sporting Life," A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Silver King," A T. S. Mack Production
"Little Woman" (From Louisa M. Alcott’s famous book)
"The Farmer’s Pride," A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft
Enrico Caruso in "THE MUSICAL BOX"
George M. Cohan in "HIT THE ROAD"
Cecil B. De Mille’s Production
"DOUBLEDAY,” A T. S. Mack Production
"AKIYAMA,” A T. S. Mack Production
"THE PARISIAN WIFE," A T. S. Mack Production
"THE VENUS OF MILAN," A T. S. Mack Production
"THE VENUS OF MILAN," A T. S. Mack Production
"THE VENUS OF MILAN," A T. S. Mack Production

Artcraft and Paramount Motion Pictures
The two trade marks are the sure way of identifying Paramount and Artcraft Pictures—and the theatres that show them.

“What’s on tonight?”
Sometimes it’s the man of the house and sometimes it’s the woman that starts the ball a-rolling.
An eventful evening two or three times a week is an important part of the art of enjoyable home life.
Now that the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has taken the guess-work out of motion pictures you can bank on the evening coming off right.
Is it a Paramount Picture?
Is it an Artcraft Picture?
Those are the key questions.
The reputation of the foremost stars, of the greatest directors, of the topmost and largest motion picture organization is vested in and richly expressed by Paramount and Artcraft Pictures.
Those brand names have naturally come to mean a whole lot to America. They sum up the cream of the national entertainment.
Don’t take chances with your evenings. Be sure it’s a Paramount or Artcraft Picture. Note current releases in panel.

"Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures"

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Are You a Photoplay Leaguer?

If not, you should be.
The Better Photoplay League of America is the biggest constructive organization of its sort in motion pictures. Its aim is the promotion of clean pictures, intelligent pictures, everywhere.

But, you may say: 'Pictures are good enough for me as they are; I'm no reformer—let the professional fixers join!'

Exactly! You have given the average excuse, and you have put in it the very reason that you should be interested in the work of the Better Photoplay League of America.

The time has come to stand against the professional reformer.
The time has come to kill off the busybody censor.
The time has come to stop hypocritical and puritanical interference with an art which is everybody's art, but which is particularly the heritage of the people.

Intellectual and artistic America is on the threshold of a very dangerous period. Moral reform is, every so often in the world's history, made a matter of politics. Then all of morality's real ends are defeated, and the only victories are the triumphs of bigots and busy-bodies whose self-appointed business in life is to tell other people what not to do. After which the pendulum swings to the other extreme, and enshrining liberty is exceeded by license and excess. Thus restriction and persecution defeat every end that they might serve.

It is to prevent such a thing as this in motion pictures that we must all work together. If you make honest selection the criterion of your community, working with instead of against those exhibitors whose desire is for the right kind of public service, you are not going to be troubled with professional censorship. If you don’t, you will have the evil chains of intolerance clamped on you before summer. You may be
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Have You Seen the Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement Yet?

That one-reel innovation supplied to progressive motion picture exhibitors by the Educational Films Corporation of America.

The Supplement opens with an avatar’s view of the great Triangle-Goldwyn studios at Culver City. From the clouds, you get an unusual view of the studies and can realize, in a measure, just how the birds feel about it all.

It also includes a railroad week—with all of the regulations, which means that Helen Holmes is in it. This week was pretty well used for the Supplement.

Then Ben Turpin—that comedian with the gothic vision—is shown in the all-consuming preparations for appearance before the Mack Sennett comedy camera. This is followed by Cleo Ridgely and her two babies.

This second issue of the Screen Supplement also follows the careers of two great luminaries back to babyhood, showing you “how they looked when.”

The Supplement also shows Thomas H. Ince in his elaborate private office and on the studio floor.

Then a glimpse of Bessie Love, now a Vitagraph star, and Paul Powell and Eddie Dillon. It shows Bill Hart on his horse in New York, working for the fourth Liberty Loan and then shows him with his splendid dogs in California.

Wallace Carlson concludes this issue with his amusing animated cartoons.

The Third Screen Supplement Will Include:

Views of Arthur Berthelet making Better Farce at Fyansville; Edith Storey in some delightfully interesting and unusual poses, off the studio floor; “what makes the move move,” the soul of the move, so the public can understand; Fanny Ward and her husband, Jack Dean, in their home in California; “Bill” Russell and his Chinese cook; a cartoon by Wallace Carlson, Warren Kerteen visiting Photoplay, and Dustin Farnum on a motor boat outing.
Yes, Beauty Instantly

MAID:—"The Lieutenant is here!"
MY LADY:—"I will be down in an instant!"

Instant beauty is indeed at her finger tips. A pale or Sallow complexion or signs of care or age do not worry her because she has her "Complete Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

POMPEIAN
BEAUTY POWDER

First a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream. She works this softening, vanishing cream well into the skin, so that powder will not stick in spots. Now her Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, with its pearly touch and captivating perfume. Then a bit of Pompeian BLOOM on the cheeks. My Lady knows that this touch of color in the cheeks not only adds to the bloom of youthful beauty, but also makes her eyes seem darker and more lustrous. Presto! What a change in a few minutes.

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— will be sent for a dime. Beautiful patriotic panel, 2½ inches by 7 inches, finished in colors. With the samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments.

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Do you see the latest pictures of Norma Talmadge, Clara Kimball Young, Alice Brady, Constance Talmadge and the others, at your favorite theatre?

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They destroy the value of your recreation hours, they take the spice out of life, they literally cheat you out of your fun.

Go to see the motion pictures that do something, that tell something, that show something in plot, in acting and in story value.

Try for instance a few nights with

SCREEN CLASSICS INC. PRODUCTIONS

and

METRO ALL STAR SERIES PRODUCTIONS

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METRO PICTURES CORPORATION

NEW YORK  Maxwell Karger, Director General  LOS ANGELES

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"The Play's the Thing"—Shakespeare.

THE HAND OF BLACKTON

in

The World's Best Stories

GOOD Motion Pictures depend, primarily upon good stories—just as all good plays do.

Each J. Stuart Blackton picture is based upon a good story. "THE COMMON CAUSE," the latest Blackton Production, was an adaptation from a play written by J. Hartley Manners and Ian Hay Beith.

The story, strong, magnetic and intense in its appeal formed a solid foundation for the wonderful picture.

And it was The Hand of Blackton that interpreted it; —that made the story come to life; —that made the characters really live; —and that brought the scenes of the story faithfully before you.

It was The Hand of Blackton in one of the world's best stories.

All Blackton Productions do have good stories behind them —and that's only one reason why they're so good!

"Pictures with the mark of BLACKTON are worth while"

Blackton Productions, Inc.

25 West 45th Street, New York City

Studio: 423 Classon Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.
We do not recommend All of our pictures

PICTURE-MAKING is a great gamble, but a gloriously interesting one. Perfection in any art is always uncertain. No matter how hard we try for perfection, we never know whether the public will like a picture until the public sees it and says thumbs up or thumbs down.

Once in a great while you have "thumbed down" some of our efforts. Maybe the story was weak, or the acting not so good as it should be, or for some other reason it lacked what you want for your hard-earned money.

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The Heart of Humanity

(The Picture that will Live Forever)

—is one you will love. We recommend it heart and soul. We believe it contains all the elements that real picture-lovers demand as entertainment—a little laughter, a few tears, a certain amount of excitement and suspense, and much love.

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"THE PRICE OF A GOOD TIME"  "THE KAISER"
"PAY ME"  "THE BEAST OF BERLIN"
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Not many Jewels are made—but they are Jewels

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Pay Her $3
For Each Empty Package
A Suggestion to Men

The 32-cent package of Quaker Oats contains 6,221 calories — the energy measure of food value.
In meats, eggs and fish the average cost of 6,221 calories would be at least $3.50.
So each 32-cent package served in place of meats saves around $3. And the housewife who saves it should have it.
Make each empty package worth $3 in some special household fund. Then watch the fund grow.
This is how some necessary foods compare in cost, at this writing, based on their calorie value:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Foods</th>
<th>Cost per Package</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quaker Oats</td>
<td>$0.32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average Fish</td>
<td>$3.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Round Steak</td>
<td>2.54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canned Peas</td>
<td>3.35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Veal Cutlets</td>
<td>3.53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cod Fish</td>
<td>4.85</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Quaker Oats, which costs so little, is the greatest food in the list.
Analysis shows the oat to be almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.
Make Quaker Oats your standard breakfast. That’s the best way to bring down food cost.

A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror — of murder — and treason. That on their entrance, half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.
Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. With their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed.
It is a wonderful story with the kind of mystery that you will sit up nights trying to fathom. It is just one of the stories fashioned by that master of mystery

ARTHUR B. REEVE
(The American Conan Doyle)
CRAG KENNEDY
(The American Sherlock Holmes)

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken the science of crime and built into it the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest details, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly twenty years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy — marveling at the strange, new, startling things that detectives here would do. Such plots — such suspense — with real, vivid people moving through a maze of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terrorism; Irish writers have thrilled whole nations by their weird heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these come old-fashioned — out of date — beside the infinite variety of the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve’s tales.

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To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe’s works in 10 volumes. When the police of Paris failed to solve one of the most famous murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe — far off here in New York — solved the solution.
He was a detective by instinct; he was a story teller by genius. He has written so many stories — all of which have that unique Poe atmosphere — no one has ever had his power to make your hair stand on end — to send chills up your back — to hold you in terror — horror. To read these stories — to try to guess the ending — to enjoy the perfect, flawless style — to feel the power of the country — that is all you can do in each and all of Poe’s wonderful stories. In England and France Edgar Allan Poe is held to be the greatest writer that America has produced. To them he is the great American classic.
This is a wonderful collection. Here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and science detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkable low price and the Poe FREE for a short time only. Send the coupon now.

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Name
Address

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To More Persons than Were Ever Taught by One Man Before

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You learn faster, not because anything is omitted, but because you use every possible scientific assistance—many of which are entirely unknown to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. It enables you, in your third lesson, to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well. This one fact saves you months of valuable time. The COLOROTONE is patented and cannot be used by any other teacher or conservatory.

With my fifth lesson I send you another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX, a mechanical "movie." It shows you every movement of your wrists, hands and fingers at the keyboard. You see the fingers move, as clearly as if thrown on the moving picture screen. You do not have to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from your MEMORY— which naturally cannot be always accurate. Instead, you have the correct models right before your eyes during every minute of practise. You follow them minutely and exactly without any chance of error or misunderstanding. Without Quinn-DEX much of your time (and your teacher's time) would be devoted to correcting bad habits acquired through faulty practise. This discourages more students and wastes more time than any other single factor. Quinn-DEX does away with it entirely. You cannot obtain anything like Quinn-DEX except from me. Moving pictures have never before been applied to piano instruction. Quinn-DEX is operated easily and simply by hand, and even a child can successfully use it. It contains 684 separate pictures. Quinn-DEX is fully explained in my free booklet "How To Learn Piano or Organ." Write today.

The old way of studying with a so-called "private teacher" by the oral or "spoken" method is rapidly being discarded, and anybody can see why. If you want a teacher "all to yourself" and can afford only $1 to $5 a lesson, it goes without saying that you can obtain only theta-rate instruction. No true authority could give you his entire, exclusive attention for so small a fee. Furthermore, by the old fashioned oral method, at least half your private teacher's "time is absolutely thrown away in giving you routine instructions about clef signs, measure bars, sharps, flats, the value of notes and rests, etc., etc., which are necessarily the same for all students and could just as easily be put into writing. Of course: you can't remember a quarter of what he tells you, so most of your next lesson is taken up going over the same material again. This truly sinful waste is entirely done away with by my WRITTEN METHOD: Your routine instructions are all in writing for reference any time, day or night. Nothing is forgotten nor needlessly repeated. You obtain as much of my time as you really need, and every minute of it is devoted to your real guidance and not to routine instructions. In all essential ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is far superior to all others. Even for the wealthiest student, there is nothing better at any price. You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day, and this makes all the difference in the world.

Investigate Without Cost—Special Offer
My method is endorsed by distinguished musicians and educators who certainly would not recommend a second-rate system. It is for beginners, or experienced players, from 14 to over 60 years of age. You progress as rapidly or slowly as you wish, in spare time at home. All necessary music is included free and becomes your property. Diploma and degree granted. The tuition fee is now, for a short time, cut exactly in half, on account of our Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Offer. Investigate without cost or obligation. Write today, using postcard, letter or Free Book Coupon for my 64-page free book "How To Learn Piano or Organ."

Marcus Lucius Quinn
Conservatory of Music

FREE BOOK

How To Learn Piano

FREE BOOK COUPON
QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio PD
Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ," and full particulars of your course and special reduced Tuition Offer.

Name________________________
Address_____________________

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"Battling Against a Human Vampire!"

What was that mysterious thing that made monsters out of innocent girls—that made every mother clutch her baby to her breast in terror? What was the old man trembling in the calm of the Undead—those pitiful creatures who no longer live, but who are deprived of even the kindred of life? Jonathan Harker started to Transylvania on an everyday business trip. What did it mean when he reached the end of his journey when the peasants pressed around him begging him to go no farther? Why did one woman push into his body a rusty and scoured crucifix?

What was this thing—even his wildest fancies and ever-imagined madness—is more terrible than a woman's shriek at midnight, more thrilling than the Doesky's song of the long night? What you can learn from him, the great mystery and adventure tales in which their deeds and the plots of the world's best adventurers in the

INTERNATIONAL ADVENTURE LIBRARY

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by Sir A Doyle

THE ABANDONED ROOM

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by Sati Baranov

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Chart of Marinello Seven Creams

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cream</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lettuce Cream</td>
<td>For removing dirt, it cleanses more thoroughly than soap and water and without irritation.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tissue Cream</td>
<td>For a rough, dry skin. It builds up the skin and gives it the extra nourishment which it needs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Astringent Cream</td>
<td>For the oily skin. It removes the unsightly secretion of oil.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitening Cream</td>
<td>For a shiny skin. Gives your skin that “pink and white” rosy condition.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acne Cream</td>
<td>For blemishes and blackheads. The disagreeable condition may be overcome in a short time if you use it faithfully in the use of this cream.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Motor Cream</td>
<td>For the protection. Neither wind nor weather can harm your skin if you use it with Motor Cream first.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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Every girl can have a soft, clear skin—free from blackheads or blemishes

BLACKHEADS are a confession. Think how constantly your face is exposed to dust and dirt. Every day irritating dust carries bacteria and parasites into the skin, causing blackheads and other blemishes. Such blemishes are a confession that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin.

Make the following treatment a daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the regular use of Woodbury's brings.

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Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then, with a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Dry carefully.

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Get a cake today. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury treatment and for general cleansing use. On sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

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To make your skin fine in texture

If constant exposure to dust and dirt is coarsening your skin, a special Woodbury treatment will make it fine again. Full directions in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
DOROTHY PHILLIPS' latest photodramatic success occurs in "The Heart of Humanity," the most ambitious feature Allen Holubar has directed for Universal. The Holubar-Phillips combination is also a domestic one.
ILLIAN LORRAINE, a year or two or so ago, acted in "Neal of the Navy," a Balboa serial. And she has done other picture work. But she is best known to New Yorkers, for whom she sings and dances.
MISS VIKING! But to give the fair Scandinavian the name bestowed on her by Denmark's king—Valkyrien. Since she came to our shores she has appeared on the screens for Fox, and lately for World.
In "Daddies," a Belasco play, Jeanne Eagels becomes a definite theatrical personality. In pictures? She has been with Thanhouser; but is perhaps better known for her work with Montagu Love, for World.
If KATERINA DE GALANTHA—sometimes called Ketty—will be recalled, by picture-goers, as the lustrous Russian loves in Herbert Brenon’s “The Fall of the Romanoffs.” Otherwise, or on the stage, she is a dancer.
GRACE VALENTINE, as Daisy, the model, in "Lombardi, Ltd.," the Hattons' stage success in which she is soon to appear on the screen. Miss Valentine's most notable camera contribution was "The Unchastened Woman."
SYBIL CARMEN, a lovely ring-leader of the Midnight Frolic. She pirouettes and pouts in the miniature Follies on a Broadway roof, while Harlem sleeps. Seen lately in a Catherine Calvert picture.
YOU recollect the little living statuette in Max Linder’s Essanay comedies? Martha Mansfield. She’s forsaken the films for awhile, ornamenting instead Ziegfeld’s opulent ocular entertainments in midnight Manhattan.
I am the Universal Language.
I call every man in the world Brother, and he calls me Friend.
I have unlocked the riddle of Babel after fifty centuries of misunderstanding.
I am the Voice of Home to Democracy’s lonely sentinels on Liberty’s frontier.
I am a chorus of Eagle and Lion and Cock, crying “Shame!” to the Bolshevik Bear.
I am the rising murmur of repentance on lips in the Kingdom of Sin.
I am California, springing a funny story on Constantinople.
I am a Chinese poet of a thousand years ago, singing gently in Chicago.
I am a salesman purveying harvesters, tractors, overalls, oil stoves and hog products to the Siberians.
I am a vertical and eternal Peace Table, and my Conference has five hundred million delegates.
I am a tenement doctor, telling mothers of twenty races how to wash their babies’ milk-bottles.
I am the rusty tongue of Rameses, thrilling Broadway with the sunbright story of my lotus-columned temples on the Nile.
I am the voice of Christ in the country of Confucius.
I am the remembrance of Old Age.
I am the chatter of children with blue eyes or almond eyes.
I am the shy confession of Miss and Mamselle and Senorita.
I am a Caspian fisherman, visiting a coffee planter in Santos.
I am the Apostle of Kindness, the Orator of Tolerance, the Minstrel of Love.
I am the greatest Story-Teller of the Ages.
I am the Universal Language.
I am the Motion Picture.
Ruined Cities of the Malibu

Costly reminiscences of the Argonaut days when they built a town for every photoplay

Photos by Clark Thomas

At the top, the deserted canyon which was once Inceville's main street. It was also the metropolis of the North in Dorothy Dalton's "Flame of the Yukon." At the left, the village street scandalized by the racing car of Billie Burke in "Peggy." Revamped, the thoroughfare moved from Scotland to Ireland, and became a romping arena for Bessie Barriscale, in "A Corner in Colleens."

Through the decaying gateway above marched the army of Cortez, bringing the evils of the outer world to the Aztecs, in Farrar's "The Woman God Forgot." Below, the ruins of the capitol city in Ince's huge anti-war play, "Civilization." The ruined square, the massive and shattered staircase, the lonely equestrian statue signalling seaward through the years—these, to an uninformed traveller coming upon them unawares, would seem the thrilling and veritable relics of a lost race.
IN the Golden Age of picture-making production efficiency, as we have seen it demonstrated with more or less success, was a thing unheard-of. Thousands were spent upon art and architecture for tales of every period, and once a set had been used, it was generally forgotten. The great Triangle-Ince ranch, in and around Santa Ynez canyon at the foot of the Malibu range, had more than three thousand invitingly empty acres. It was only two miles from Santa Monica, with an enchanting variation of shore and mountain and plain. Not only Ince, but DeMille—though this is not generally known—staged great spectacles in these cosmopolitan fields. Glasgow's suburbs encroached on Cheyenne, even as the halls of Montezuma were within sight of the dance-halls of the Klondike.

* * *

Above, the great gateway of Kiev, through which rushed the Cossack horde of "Civilization's Child," to their massacre of the Jews. The Malibu mountains themselves lie upon the horizon, primitive as when Columbus sailed from Spain. From the lighthouse tower at the right William H. Thompson kept faithful watch for his missing daughter, in "The Eye of the Night."
NOT long ago there appeared in The Authors’ League Bulletin, a New York publication of strictly class circulation, an amazingly frank and intelligent attack on the strange spirit of Phariseeism exhibited by many writing men in America toward motion pictures. The story was signed simply “By a New York Agent.” Photoplay investigated and discovered the challenger to be the best-known business go-between, for authors and producers, in this country. Mr. Giffen has consented to repeat his sentiments in Photoplay—underneath his name.

The Prussian Authocracy

By R. L. Giffen

Instead of re-telling my story—putting the same thought into another form—it seems to me that I cannot make it more effective than by repeating much of what I said in The Author’s League Bulletin, just as I said it there. The tremendous vogue of the moving picture has brought to the writing of screen stories a greater percentage of the population, male and female, of these United States, than ever before “took its pen in hand.”

And the results have been appalling! Unfortunately, the field has for the most part proved unattractive to the skilled professional writer, who, when he has undertaken scenario work, has all too frequently done so with a lack of seriousness, not to say flippancy, which in itself precluded satisfactory results. Perhaps many of the stories that are screened are a justification for this and for the dictum that “Anything will do for the movies”; but if the same literary responsibility were associated with play writing, magazine, or novel writing, the results would be as dire as they are in the movies.

Many an author of good, salable fiction will, in the search for an idea, in the writing and polishing of it, in the salesmanship and proofreading, devote vastly more time to a story for magazine publication than he would ever think of giving to one for the screen, and for a pecuniary reward no greater, perhaps much less. The greatest hue and cry about “the rotten stories they do in the movies” comes from those who have it in their power to make them better. Not every professional writer can become a successful author of screen material, but it is none the less certain that no success whatever can be gained without a proper attitude toward the new medium and a careful study of it. That the screen offers no opportunity to “the stylist” is no reproach, no argument against it, and if the man whose literary flavor is his main asset will not, or cannot, write stories the telling of which can be accomplished through action instead of words, he should not complain if the movies are not for him. Another argument, almost contemptuously voiced against writing for the “Silent Drama,” is that the silence is deep and dark as regards the financial returns—“there’s nothing in it.”

Literary work is presumed by the public, assumed by its followers, to be an artistic pursuit; yet where the screen is concerned, the monetary yardstick is the only standard of measurement. And even here, “let the fight be fair.” Is there nothing in it when one prominent company stands ready to pay any well-known author one thousand dollars for merely “talking” an acceptable story for fifteen or twenty minutes, to two or three of its executives, with fifteen hundred additional upon the acceptance of a written synopsis of three to five thousand words, in the writing of which the author has the benefit of all the picture suggestions made to him during the preliminary discussion? Show me a writer who would not go down on his knees to any editor who offered him twenty-five hundred dollars for a three to five thousand word story, or an editor who would not be “fired” for paying it, except in extraordinary instances.

The writing fraternity must not overlook the fact, and it is a fact, live and indubitable, that there are some brains in the picture business.

The motion picture business is a business, a very large and a very successful one, and while naturally, owing to its newness, it has not yet settled down to its final rules, it could not have reached its present position without keen business insight and direction, without “brains,” and, believe it or not, without, in many instances, a knowledge, or perhaps it might be better to say an instinct for material that is so amazing as to be almost uncanny.

The writers should not forget that as in the theatre no art can live without commercialism, no picture company can live unless it can sell its pictures, and every picture produced means an investment of from twenty to two hundred thousand dollars. Would anyone expect a continual series of experiments in the face of experience as to what will sell and what will not? When a producer cannot be gaged into purchasing a costume story, does he refuse for any other reason than that he knows the “exhibitor”—the proprietor of the moving picture theatre—will not accept it? On the contrary, he would jump at the chance to secure many a fine subject, for the search for material is the never-ending, sometimes almost desperate, grind that keeps the producers awake nights.

How many times do I hear the contemptuous slur, “They don’t want anything good”—meaning, usually, “They don’t want anything of mine”—but believe me, they do. I know for I make a very good living and buy a bond or two by selling it to them. Nor are they implacable in their opinions. They welcome discussion of a story and if angles of treatment can be pointed out that have escaped them, they frequently revise their verdict and a sale results. As personal proof of this, I recently sold, at a handsome price, a fine

(Continued on page 98)
CHANNING POLLOCK is that rare combination, a sur-
ering Chaucerian and a successful dramatic critic. He's
same except when he looks at a screen. Photoplay asked him
to write frankly on the picture business from the author's stand-
point. Pictures are an industry from which he has derived
profit if not pleasure. The result was astounding. In addi-
tion to his own barrage of contempt, Mr. Pollock polled the most
amazing group of eminent opinions ever collected. Do they
reflect knowledge and sympathy—or mere, sheer prejudice?

The Author’s Strike

By Channing Pollock

IT is one of the fundamental principles of democracy that in
general the opinion of the whole people is sound. The
individual may be slow, unimpressive, bovinely content;
but the nation is like the tutti of an orchestra—individual
lacks or excellencies are lost in an ensemble of tonality which
is not a bewildering maze of single scrippings, blowings and
thumpings, but one emotional idea. The motion picture has
seized upon the people of the whole world as has no other con-
venance of thought since the coming of the printed page.
Either the motion picture is fundamentally right, a real mile-
stone of science and civilization, a thing to be carefully and
thoughtfully brought out of its blundering infancy—or else
the whole principle of democracy is fundamentally wrong, and we should
profoundly apologize to Wilhelm and hasten to prop him up again
in Potsdam. This is not a far-
watched comparison. If the com-
mon people have made a mistake in
their belief that the motion picture is a good thing, they are certainly
not fit to be trusted with govern-
ment. Back to the lash of Pharaoh,
and let’s have some more pyramids,
as our only contribution to pos-
terity.

PHOTOPLAY Magazine has never
shrilled in enamelled falsetto:
“All’s right with the screen!” Safe
to say, it never will. It has been
a hard knocker. It has recently
taken hold of a figurative machine-
gun in The Better Photoplay
League of America, with its fight
for clean pictures. It has engendered
one rich and notorious producer so
soundly that its very presence is forbidden in his offices.
But it does acclaim the good, hunt out the new idea, land
worth wherever it finds it. The

It resents, profoundly, the ignorant and bigoted nuncs of
men old enough and certainly able enough to know better.
It offered its pages for the author’s side of the production
story, and solicited Mr. Pollock, so far broadminded and fair,
as the best spokesman available. Mr. Pollock, and those who
speak through him, evidence no acquaintance with the best
things of the screen; and no sympathy, and no belief.
Four words summarize what they have to say: "We hate
the movies!"

Unfortunately, last-minute exigencies of space prohibit the
printing of all of Mr. Pollock’s first article. Ignoring the
achievements of Griffith, the universality of Chaplin, the tragic
power of a “White Eagle Chorus” or the poetic beauty and au-
thorial fidelity of a “Stella Maris,” Mr. Pollock bases his own
screen judgment on mere and sheer pot-boiler meller. Of
fourteen pieces he names as fair examples the writer, who en-
dorsers to glimpse everything worthwhile or allegedly worth
while, hasn’t seen one!

For reasons which have been given we omit Mr. Pollock’s
introduction, and begin his account at the point in which other
authors answer his letters of inquiry.—Julian Johnson, Editor.


THE postman brought the answer—twenty-five answers.
I had expected a chorus of mixed voices. What came
was a single deep bass “No!” “Do I not always pay
my bills?” Raymond Hitchcock used to ask in “The
Beauty Shop.” A thunderous negative. “Not one dissenting
voice!” boasted Mr. Hitchcock. Here was “not one dissenting
voice.” “Do you write for motion pictures?” “No!” from Booth
Tarkington, and Basil King, and Gertrude Atherton, and Rupert
Hughes, and the rest! “Not without a partner’s financial interest in
the picture,” said Augustus Thomas. That statement repeated by Rex
Beach and Thomas Dixon, was the only qualification of unanimity.
"Why not?” If surprise had
lurked in first paragraphs, utter
amazement came after. I had
known, of course, that there was
organized ill-feeling in the Au-
thors’ League. Had written one
article, for The Pictorial Review,
that was part of a campaign to "in-
duce fair and equitable treatment
of authors by producers of motion
pictures." I had been invited to
take up this subject verbally before
the Authors’ Club of Boston, and to speak to the question,
"Is the Writer’s Grudge Against the Movies Justified?" at a
dinner of The Writers. But, honestly, I hadn’t known there
was a real grudge; real bitterness; a sympathetic strike; a tacit,
unspoken, unconscious agreement to boycott the biggest
wholesale dealers in fiction. Twenty-five letters from twenty-five
of the most talented and best know producers of that fiction in
America. Not "kickers;" not revolutionists, but contented,
conservative workmen, friendly with editors and publishers,
earning a good living, and satisfied to earn it without invading
the new field. "Do you write for motion pictures?" "No!"
"If not, why not?"

"Because," said Robert W. Chambers, "those who have to
do with motion pictures are usually crooks." No equivocation
here. Mr. Chambers had written for motion pictures, as Josie
Sadler’s beau had played with South. "Once!" and had stopped
"on account of the dishonesty, ignorance, stupidity and vul-
garity which I encountered. There is neither pleasure nor
(Continued on page 103)
The picture above and the balancing large one on the opposite page show the Australian and Bill Hart comparing their methods of handling a gun. Although the bushman carries a revolver in place of a rifle, Snowy Baker shows (above) how the revolver is aimed and fired. On the opposite page, Hart shows the technique of Western firing.

WRITING isn't in my line, folks, but I'll try hard to set down on paper what took place when Snowy Baker, famous Australian sportsman and athlete, and I got together recently to compare our methods of cow-punching.

For one thing, I learned that the Australians can rope steers with the best of us, even if their style is different. And for another, I suspect that one of these days a ship bound from Australia is going to bring us some reels of film that will be mighty interesting. For Snowy Baker came to America to study up on motion pictures as well as American methods.

Snowy has already produced one five-reeler, "The Lure of the Bush." He made it in California and it is all a part of a great plan of the Australian boomers to start a motion picture campaign for advertising their island, now that the war is over.

But, to get to my story, I invited Snowy to our "ranch," not only to let the boys meet the distinguished guest of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, but to satisfy a cowman's curiosity as to "how they do it" on the big island. I wanted to compare the Australian Bush with the American West.

He accepted my invitation with alacrity. The location was a small valley nestling away amid the awesome grandeur of the wild, rugged mountain ranges of Southern California. It is called Brent Crags.

Cowboys are suspicious souls where tenderfeet are concerned. When I first introduced Baker to the boys they viewed him with frank suspicion, although they had heard tales of his athletic prowess.

Snowy had to prove himself, and—he did. We found the blond-topped Australian a regular he-man—a virile, outdoor-loving, square-shooting gentleman of action.

The first thing Snowy did was to don the cowpuncher's outfit that I had loaned him at the studio. The outfit—and his splendid athletic build—made the Australian look like a realistic Westerner. He said he had a new saddle to exhibit, so we promptly unsaddled our
the Antipodes

American cowman's only rival. Australian sportsman, and our own West, compare and foreign steer-tamers.

S. Hart

jump" we voiced our objections. It is much flatter than our saddle and it has no horn. It is impossible for us to rope a steer without a horn to dally onto.

He explained:

"In Australia a lariat or rope is never used and in fact it is practically unknown. The buckjump has these knee pads six inches high and hip pads two and one-half inches high, which makes our grip on the horse more certain. We have monkey grips—which are really leather straps—on the swell of the pommel to insure against a fall in breaking brumbies." (In Australia wild horses are called brumbies.)

Right here we showed him why an American cowboy couldn't use the 'buckjump' saddle while roping cattle.

We must ride free. When we tie onto a steer the pony turns and

Our cowboys are bushmen and stockmen in Australia. Ranches are stations; ranchers are squatters; corrals are stockyards; and, shades of our traditional sheriffs!—sheriffs are police inspectors. Snowy called "Bill" Hart's precious pinto a bonzer, a boskum and a dinkum pony, which was Snowy's way of saying "some horse!" Wild horses are "brumbies."

Snowy explains that instead of the rope, the bushmen use a powerful 24-foot whip made of kangaroo leather. (See oval below.)

Snowy further explained that his saddle had an American cinch girth with surcingle, martingale, breastplate and bridle made of plaited kangaroo hide, ringed snaffle bit and buckjump broken irons.

"If you fall off your horse these irons open and release your feet," said our friend, "and this prevents any chance of being hung in the saddle."

The American "kack," as we call our saddle, has wooden stirrups, however, to which the punchers swear allegiance. Personally I'll stick to the ox-bows. Both saddles have side flaps, which we call "fenders," to stop the perspiration from soaking through to the rider's clothes. After all comparisons had been made we unanimously agreed that each saddle was perfection itself for the country in which it is used. What interested the strenuous Snowy most was roping and rope-spinning.

Instead of the rope the Australian bushmen use a powerful 24-foot stock whip made of plaited kangaroo leather. After the boys had amazed him with their truly marvelous roping Snowy exhibited several whips, all made of the same beautiful plaited kangaroo hide. The deftness with which he cracked the "snakes" so fascinated us that we all began lessons immediately. The air was so filled with the sharp crackling sounds
that the noise resembled as many guns in action.

Said Snowy: "The Australian bushmen throw cattle by the tails rather than with a rope. One man riding at good speed twists the steer's tail so deftly that the hind feet are knocked from under while another rider pounces upon the struggling animal. Of course, the whips are used only for driving purposes, although the bushmen can tie a half-hitch about an animal's neck with one crack."

Incidentally, I am still practicing with the whip Snowy gave me. He is also sending me a bushman's outfit and a boomerang from his home in Australia. Not to be outdone, I presented him with the cowboy outfit. He surely can astonish his neighbors back home now.

When I explained what to do with each and every thing, Snowy showed us how the bushman's regalia differed.

For instance,—we wear a big Stetson for protection against the weather—and it keeps the sun out of our eyes. The bushmen wear small Stetsons. Contrary to average opinion, our big bandana handkerchief is not for display but to pull up over the mouth and nose for protection (Continued on page 97)

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**Grand Crossing Impressions**

**By Delight Evans**

Chicago, the Grand Crossing: the transfer-point for players on their fittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

A Door-man and Said.
"I Want to See
Mr. Keenan,"
And he Looked at Me
Pityingly, and Said,
"Yes—the Line Forms
At the Left, Lady;
And Pushed me Back.
I stood in line,
You Know How it is—
And your Feet Go to Sleep
And you Wonder
What on Earth made you think
That any Movie Star
Was Worth Waiting
This Long For—
"He Isn't Exactly
What you Call Handsome,
Like Bushman," remarked
One Musk-Rat
To Another, in front of Me.
As she Powdered her Nose;
"Still, I Like the Guy.
"Oh, yes," said Someone,
"If I Used to See Keenan
With Joe Jefferson, long ago."
"Aw get;"
Said a Kid, Squeezing Up,
"I like him—
In westerns
Where he Rides 'n Everything."
Finally, I Got In, and Saw
Keenan Come On,
And Make the House
Feel Right at Home.
I'd always Thought
He should Be
Strutting the Stage

In a Toga, or
Reciting the Oration
Over the Body
For the Benefit
Of Slightly Skeptical
Shakespearean Fans: and
Here he was, instead,
Holding an Audience
Who'd Seen him
Play all Sorts of Parts,
A la Fillum.
I Couldn't Wait
At the Stage-door
For this Celebrity; but
I Finally Nabbed him—
"I don't Care.
"He Says Real Recklessly,

His grandchildren are the pride
of his life.

"If I Never
Go back on the Stage,
We're Going to Turn Out
Some Good Pictures, in
This New Thing, I think."
Happily Married?
I Should Say So.
His Grand-children
Are the Pride of his Life.
Ann’s Oriental dance in the current or 1918 Follies is one good reason why the line at the box-office never dwindles. You have to be a personal friend of Mr. Ziegfeld or somebody to get in. The little figures above show Penny in her various dancing roles in the previous Follies, dating back to 1913.

Ann Pennington in the New ‘Follies’

This is Ann Pennington—“Penny” to her good many friends. She’s dancing with the latest edition of Mr. Ziegfeld’s well-known national, institution, now on tour. They say Penny is one of the best little reasons why Mr. Ziegfeld’s show answers to the call of the ne plus ultra of entertainment which combines, to the satisfaction of all concerned, girls and music—which means a little music and some girls.

When is she coming back to pictures? She left the Famous Players studio one day and it begins to look as though she left, like the heroine in the meller, never to return. In the movies they want her to act soulful and sedate and Penny can’t do it, she simply can’t. “I’d like to do some more pictures if they would give me suitable stories,” she says. Perhaps if Miss Pennington were coaxed—anyway, it should mean a pretty penny for the producers.
A Chat with Effingham K. Emptyface
By R. L. Goldberg

We were permitted to observe Mr. Emptyface dining at his private table after finishing the final scenes of the great cereal, "The Ash-Can of Love."

Effingham is an inveterate reader. During his spare moments he can always be found with a book in his hand.

An intimate picture of the celebrated film hero's home life. Photoplay's interviewer was the first outsider to gaze upon this scene of domestic bliss—all the others were afraid of being hit.

He is also musically inclined.

Eff—a familiar name he has with these club-fellows—is fond of outdoor life, and spends much of his time motoring.

A slave to his ever-increasing popularity, Effingham often receives notes from women before he has had a chance to get out of bed.
"Here Comes the Bride"

One hundred thousand dollars brought Fred Tile a wife—two of 'em, almost.

By FRANCIS DENTON

THE Hotel Magnifique was the favored stopping place of illustrious personages of races other than American. Therefore Maria Gomez Tile and Manuel Sevier attracted no particular attention at dinner there, their dark eyes, olive skins, and opulence of raiment being only typical of the Magnifique's South American visitors. But they lingered so long over their finger bowls, absorbed in conversation, that Jacques, their waiter, grew impatient. He had anticipated a good-sized tip, therefore he had been more than usually attentive, but—well, at this rate, he would not serve half a dozen guests in an entire evening. The gentleman was beckoning to him. "Bring a New York telephone directory; be quick!"

Jacques hurried away. Of course, if the tip were large enough he would be no loser.

The two at the table had their heads close together again.

"But you have no cause to worry, Maria," said Sevier. "It should be easy in a big city like this to find another Frederick Tile. And these Americans will do anything for money. The marriage license to show your trustee—and the two million is yours!"

Maria spread out a crumpled telegram and read it for the hundredth time. "Have just arrived from Buenos Ayres. Will be with you to-morrow night to pay you your legacy."

"Dios, the time is short," she murmured.

Sevier took up a stained and creased paper, bearing the legend, "Last Will and Testament of —— " and read the following extract aloud:

"If Frederick Tile of Buenos Ayres, the divorced husband of my beloved niece, Maria shall re-marry within one year after my death, as a punishment he shall get no money and Maria shall get all the money which I hereby leave, amounting to $2,000,000."

"Marry again!" Maria's voice was hysterical. "And he in prison for life for murder! What chance had he to marry? And for this I must lose $2,000,000!"

Sevier soothed her. "All we have to do is find a bachelor named Frederick Tile, here in New York. We obtain the marriage license to show. Pouf!—it is done."

"But to take the reek," murmured Maria doubtfully. "Your once husband in a cell for all his life in far-away Buenos Ayres—can he come to America? There is no reek. In this country there are cavalier lawyers. We must find one."

He beckoned to Jacques, who was still hovering restlessly in the background. "Can you give me the name of a good lawyer? One who can do things quick?" The query was accompanied by a crisp green parchment oblong. A great peace smoothed the lines of anxiety from Jacques' countenance. He considered. "I think Mr. Thurlow Benson is the best. He tips me better than anyone else."

Sevier consulted Maria again. Then he said to Jacques: "Perhaps you also know a woman who would like to get married for $500?"

Jacques looked mystified. Another crisp note made him bend with alacrity and dismiss all curiosity from his voice, as he answered:

"There is a widow who works in the linen room who is dying to try it again. I will send her to your room in the morning."

A few minutes later Jacques sprang to help Sevier with his coat. As he watched the couple go, his fingers caressed the two bank notes resting crisply in the breast pocket of his waiter's jacket. This was patronage worth while.

Just about the time of the foregoing action, Mr. Frederick Tile, an honest and therefore poor young New York lawyer, stood resolutely before his mirror, assuring himself that, sartorially at least, he could not be suspected, on his face value, of poverty. Nor could he—for Mr. Tile was a well set-up youth who wore his clothes well and who carried with him a natural manner of easy familiarity with affluence—in spite of his consciousness of several past due bills and the more or less guilty feeling that he had "inserted" the studs in his evening shirt with the assistance of a fountain pen.

Mark you—Mr. Tile was not chronically worried over his
A marriage license, dear; I—"

Then he stopped in terror, for Sinclair had snorted suddenly and half-awoke. In a panic, Tile thrust the envelope and license under him as he sat on the bench. Again convinced there was no danger to expect, he groped for the envelope, found it and thrust it in his pocket.

Nor, when he went home some time later, did he realize that he had left the important part of the envelope on the drawing-room floor, where it had fallen as he thrust the envelope under him.

Arriving home in the best of spirits, he refused to permit the discovery of a due room rent bill to disturb his equanimity.

The next morning he left his room at an early hour, to thus avoid embarrassing contact with his landlady. He carefully sorted his small change and concluded that he could not afford to buy a paper. Just at the moment when he was considering whether a first-class reputation which cannot be exchanged for as much as a bowl of soup is a really worth-while asset, he was cheerfully hailed from the curb.

"Hello, there, Tile. A word with you."

Tile waited while a nifty little roadster drew up to the curb. "You everlasting idiot," remarked Carlton, as he opened the door of the tonneau. "Do you know what happened after you left last night?" He was referring to his own and Tile's call the previous evening, upon the Sinclair sisters. "The old man found your wedding license on the floor where you dropped it when you were showing it to Ethel. He is looking for you to murder you. Better come to my place and stay until the row blows over."

Tile looked horror stricken. "He—he found the license—"

"He sure did," Carlton surveyed Tile curiously. "By the way, old man, just what was—er—the idea? You weren't thinking of eloping just at present—no?"

"It was—er, I mean Ethel wanted to see how her name would look on a marriage license—er—understand."

"Y's—er," uttered Carlton vaguely. He slapped Tile's shoulder. "Cheer up, old man; so far as that goes I am no better off than you. I can only come in after dinner to play around a while with Nora. I've got the money and no standing and you got the standing and no man."

"He ended with a discreet cough. "But here's my key. Just go to my place and make yourself at home. So long."

Meanwhile Ashley, Tile's confidential clerk-stenographer-office boy, had unlocked his employer's door and was making the preparations as if for a busy day. Shortly afterward there was a quick turning of the office door knob and a short, pompous man, tightly clutching the arm of an agitated young woman, entered. Ashley recognized Sinclair and his daughter Ethel. With quick presence of mind he closed Tile's desk, wherein reposéd the mate to the portrait that graced his dressing-table.

"Tile in?" asked Sinclair.

"Here Comes the Bride"

NARRATED, by permission, from the story of Max Marcin and Roy Atwell, as produced by Paramount with the following cast:

Fredric Tile .......... John Barrymore
Robert Sinclair .......... Frank Loece
Ethel Sinclair .......... Faire Binney
Nora Sinclair .......... Frances Kaye
James Sinclair .......... Alfred Hickman
Thurlow Benson .......... William David

"Not down yet," answered Ashley. "Is there something I can do for you?"

"Humph!"

Without comment Sinclair stalked into Tile's private office and looked around. Satisfied that Ashley was telling the truth, he sat down to wait.

Ashley slipped a sheet of paper into his typewriter and became very busy. Presently another visitor entered and shoved a bill under his nose. "Mr. Tile isn't in," said Ashley again. "I can't do anything for you until he comes."

"All right," was the calm answer. "You're six months overdue and this is the eleventh time I've been here. So it's 'bye 'bye to the alphabet piano, Sonny.'" He removed the sheet of paper that was in the typewriter, picked up the machine and walked out.

"He forgot the cover," murmured Ashley. Mournfully he arranged the cover plumply upon the typewriter.

"Are you Frederick Tile?" demanded a voice in the outer room. "Do I look like it?" came in indignant tones from Sinclair. Ashley pricked up his ears to listen. "I'm not Frederick Tile, but this is his office."

"It won't be much longer." The man walked through and addressed Ashley. "Are you Frederick Tile?"

"Mr. Tile will be down in a few—"

"Well, just tell him he'd better look for other quarters," showing a notice under Ashley's nose. "We ain't runnin' a charitable institution."

The visitor picked up the dispossession notice, which Ashley had read with appropriate expostulations, tucked it on the outside of the door, and stalked away.

Sinclair turned to his daughter with a bounce. "Do you see? Tile's broke; pitched out of his office. All he wants is your money. The infernal rascal! Marriage license in his pocket! Roguel"

Ethel sniffed quietly in her corner.

Tile, upon reaching his office, calmly removed the dispossession notice and stuffed it in his pocket. Throwing out his chest and assuming a brisk attitude, he entered with the air of a man whose affairs needed attention.

"Your girl and the old gentleman are outside," whispered Ashley. "The old boy seems ready to choke."

Tile's jaw dropped, but he stepped briskly into his outer office. "I came to bring you this," announced Sinclair, waving the marriage license. "And this is what I am going to do with it." He tore it into pieces and threw it into the waste basket. "You haven't a penny; they're going to turn you out of your office. I want, you two—addressing both Tile and his daughter—to understand that you are never going to see each other again."

Ethel was still weeping. Tile looked at her, his face indicating his distress, but there was apparently no argument. He
shook his head and leaned despondently against the typewriter cover, which flattened out, letting his elbows rap the desk sharply. Tile rubbed ruefully while Sinclair laughed sardonically, and took his leave, muttering explosively, "Marriage license, indeed. Puff!

Tile and Ashley looked at each other. There was really nothing else to do.

The telephone rang. Ashley answered it.

"It's Benson from the floor below."

"I don't want to speak to him over the phone," answered Tile. "Tell him to come up."

"Here, hand me a law book," he went on. "Prop that typewriter cover up again. Grab a notebook and pencil."

When Ashley showed Benson in a few minutes later, Tile was so absorbed in a heavy volume that he did not at first glance at his visitor. But Benson was not at all impressed. He announced: "Mr. Tile, I am going to offer you a chance to make one hundred thousand dollars."

Tile's mouth went open as by automatic springs. He swallowed, and pressed the buzzer on his desk. "I am not in to anyone," he informed Ashley, with dignity.

"Mr. Benson," he continued earnestly, "I don't know any little thing I'd rather do right now than earn one hundred thousand dollars."

"Very well; read that." Benson handed him a drawn-up agreement, and Tile read, finishing the page: "The said Frederick Tile hereby agrees to marry, for the consideration of one hundred thousand dollars, a lady whom he agrees not to see until after the ceremony." He shook his head.

"But you get twenty thousand dollars in money this morning, and at the end of the year, by which time you can be divorced, you get the rest. The marriage is a mere formality, and it's easy money."

To add force to his words, Benson drew from his pocket a yellow-backed roll as big as a cabbage. Tile looked at it; automatically his fingers went to his own pocket—empty!

Benson saw the dispossess notice lying on the floor; he picked it up and spread out the bills beside it. "Twenty thousand right here," he said.

Tile's glance rested on the torn marriage license reposing in the waste basket. "Wait a minute," he said.

He picked up the telephone and called Sinclair's number.

"May I speak to Miss Ethel?"

Sinclair's butler, who had answered the call, replied: "I am told to say that Miss Ethel doesn't wish to speak to you."

Tile hung up the receiver. "All right," to Benson. "I'll sign."

Benson called Ashley from the other room. "Please ask the ladies and gentlemen who are in my office to step here for a minute."

Ashley returned accompanied by a veiled lady, and the Judge, present in an officiatory capacity. Benson made the introductions, but when he came to the veiled lady, merely remarked, "This is the lady whom you have agreed to marry."

Tile made a flank movement, with the intention of getting a glimpse of her face, but Benson prevented him. With a face set in lugubrious lines of despairing acquiescence, Tile allowed the ceremony to proceed. When he reached for his bride-to-be's finger to slip on the wedding ring, he started. "She has a wedding ring on her finger. Nu; great heavens!—there's four of them."

"It's all right," murmured Benson. "She's a widow. Go on with the ceremony."

"— and I pronounce you husband and wife," ended the Judge.

As the words were being spoken, Ethel, in a great hurry, entered an ascending elevator in the building. The elevator shot swiftly upward. At the same moment Benson was saying to the Judge jestingly, "You have the right, you know, to kiss the bride."

The Judge gallantly raised the ex-widow's veil, but dropped it hastily, and, looking like a man who has received a severe shock, left the room. The rest of the company followed, after Benson's parting words to Tile: "You will, of course, leave the city immediately and you are not to hold any communication with the lady you have married. At the end of a year you will be divorced, and if you keep everything secret as you have agreed, this check for eighty thousand is yours."

Tile, like a man in a bad dream, nodded. After the rest had gone he sat by his desk disconsolately fiddling with the money Benson had given.

The door flew open and Ethel burst in, her cheeks aglow.

"— and I pronounce you man and wife," ended the Judge.
"Darling, I have telegraphed father that we are going to be married today!"

She put up her face to be kissed.

Tile made a movement as of utter collapse, but managed to hold her feebly away from him.

Ethel pouted. "Wont you even kiss me, after all I have done for you? See"—she snapped open her leather vanity case. It was packed full of bills which, released, from confinement popped outward like lettuce leaves. "I have drawn all my money out of the bank. Never shall the wolf of poverty come howling at our door."

Poor Ethel! Poor Tile! He spent the next half hour trying to make her understand that he could not marry her for a twelve months, but he made a poor job of it, with explanations that did not explain. Ethel pleaded, cajoled, and wept.

Finally her pride came to her rescue, and for the first time she was cognizant of the money which lay on his desk. She drew herself up. "I understand now. Father was right. You no longer love me because you have suddenly made some

money. Good bye. You will never see me again."

Tile stood looking at her without answer, the apotheosis of woe. He heard the clatter of her little heels on the floor of the outer office, then the door slammed.

He collapsed miserably in his chair. After a while he called Ashley. "Handing him a couple of thousand-dollar bills, he said: "Take this and pay your laundry bill, and buy any little thing you want. I shall not be back to the office for a year. Let the furniture go back—what's the use? If you want my address I shall be at Mr. Carlton's."

Ethel, with inflamed eyes and a look of desperate determination, hired a taxi and drove around the city until night-fall. She had no intention of going home and facing the wrath of her father nor the humiliation that would await her when he learned the truth. But she must go somewhere. Finally, she instructed the chauffeur to drive to Carlton's. She would seek refuge there.

The family butler answered her ring. "The family are all away, Miss Ethel," he replied in answer to her inquiry. "But I am sure you are quite welcome to the best there is."

"I can't go home," shivered Ethel. She was chilled and

burst into tears. "Compromised!" she sobbed. "What shall I do now?"

In the meantime, Sinclair, upon receipt of Ethel's telegram and her failure to return home, after first indulging in a first-class imitation of an apoplectic fit, had reported her disappearance to the police, who, in turn had let the news leak out for the benefit of the newspaper reporters. After a diligent inquiry and burning of telephone wires had elicited the fact that Tile, in some way, had come into a large amount of money. This news rather changed the complexion of the affair. Father Sinclair, beginning to soften around the edges, like ice on the pavement when the basement steam pipes began to rumble in the morning, now agreed with that Tile had come to the conclusion that his lost daughter was found. As reports continued to exaggerate the amount of Tile's windfall, Sinclair thawed more visibly. He grew positively genial as the morning crept on, and leaving his office, he repaired to a florist's, purchased a large bouquet, climbed into his limousine, and told his chauffeur to drive to Carlton's home. (Continued on page 107)
The Open Season for Salamanders

Wanda Hawley will undoubtedly lead a flock of 'em over the screen horizon.

YOU can establish without a shadow of doubt the fact that Theda Bara was the original vampire on the screen; and Mary Pickford the original ingenue. Mary Thurman was the first show-girl, and Marguerite Clark the first sub-deb.

Ladies and gentlemen, we take ever so much pleasure in introducing to you the first and so far only saucy salamander the silver-sheet can boast. Her name's Wanda Hawley and you know her best, perhaps, as the heroine of the Rupert Hughes DeMille drama "We Can't Have Everything." At the end of the picture, Wanda, you remember, has about everything her little heart desires except a presentation at court. Her ducal consort assured her at the final fade-out that he thought he'd be able to arrange that before very long; and it didn't matter much; because she had a Voice; and in the Follies, you know, a Voice is as superfluous as knitted wristlets for the starving Slovaks. Wanda kept on studying; she'd left the home-town, which happened to be Seattle, Washington, to come to the City to have it cultivated—the Voice, you know. Most of her time when she wasn't practicing to improve the Gift she spent posing for artists. Her fair face and pretty profile have decorated quite a few covers of the best-known publications, pasted there by such prominences as Leone Bracker, Lejaren Hiller, et al.

Meanwhile she accepted an offer to understudy one of the stars in "Chin Chin." She was getting along beautifully, when she contracted a sort of laryngitis. And she had to give it up. But Wanda wasn't without a job very long. The movies discovered her, with William Fox as the picture Columbus in
question. She was, all this time, Wanda Pettit; and she acted with considerable grace opposite Stuart Holmes in "The Derrick," with William Farnum in "The Doctor" and with villain Holmes in another Fox-film, "The Broadway Sport." Then the company sent her west; photographed her for the magazines on the lawn of her California bungalow and for the screen, opposite Tom Mix, in several westerns. At Fox's west-coast studios she was George Walsh's leading femme, also.

Wanda Pettit became Wanda Hawley in the identical manner in which every-day girl changes her name. Her husband is J. Burton Hawley, of Los Angeles, a young merchant of the coast city. Soon after she became Mrs. Hawley she became also a Lasky light, winning lasting recognition under Cecil DeMille's direction, in "We Can't Have Everything," as the saucy little salamander. This started her on the Paramount path, which has always led upward, and onward, for Wanda. Between Lasky pictures she found time to make a picture with Constance Talmadge, "A Pair of Silk Stockings." Lately, Wanda has been Bill Hart's leading woman in "The Border Wireless." Now she is acting opposite Bryant Washburn; she has played with him in two pictures, "The Gypsy Trail," enacting here the role created, in the stage success, by Elsie Mackaye; and "The Way of a Man with a Maid."

Directing a Photoplay by "Vibrations"

HELEN KELLER, who understands perhaps better than anyone else the eloquence of silence, is to appear in a photoplay. Deaf, dumb and blind, this remarkable woman is now at work on a melodrama that shows her triumphant struggle through darkness and silence. The director, George Foster Platt, instructs his blind and deaf actress by tapping his foot on the floor, the code reaching Miss Keller by vibrations. Mrs. Anne Sullivan Macy, the woman who has helped Miss Keller in her life-long studies, assists the director. In the picture above are: the cameraman, the director, Miss Keller and Mrs. Macy. The oval at left is a scene from the photoplay, showing Miss Keller cheering a blinded soldier.
The lady in the chair is Johnny's mother, and sitting on the arm of the chair is Johnny's mother's son. He's also the engineer of Number Fourteen, above, and the axle of all those pistol-spokes, below. That photoplay was "The Cub."

CURIOUS are the vagaries of ambition. I know a girl with wonderful dimples and a smile that makes you think of apple blossoms and springtime, and she wants to play heavy drammer. When the good Lord built her purposely for light comedy. One of the sweetest-faced of all the screen ingenues wants to be a vampire. I suppose, way down deep in their hearts, Douglas Fairbanks wants to play Shakespeare and Bill Hart wants to be the cute little leading juvenile in the pink tea and tennis college play. So it is not surprising that Johnny Hines, when I asked him what he wished for more than anything else in the world, said, after much thought:

"I wish I were more dignified."

"But you couldn't use dignity effectively in your work."

"Not in my work, but in my business," said Johnny. "It's hard for a man of my size, and with a sense of humor, to get himself taken seriously. Now look at Monty Love, for example. Monty is big and impressive. When he goes into an office the natural impulse of everyone is to ask him please what is it he wants and how soon and where. But if I try to talk business with anybody, he will say, 'Oh, go for a walk around the block, smoke a cigar, and come back when I'm not so busy.'"

"Look at it this way—you never think of me as John Hines, do you? You think of me as Johnny. Of course. That's it. Just stick a 'y' on the end of a guy's name and you've got him nailed to the mast. You don't talk about Billy Farnum, or Mitchy Lewis, or Davey Warfield, or—"

"But you do of Charlie Chaplin and Wally Reid, and anyhow, what are we living for, to be respected or to be liked? If people like you what's the difference?" I demanded.

"Oh, I'm not kicking at life," Johnny replied quickly. "Life's all right. But if I could have all I've got and some one other thing as well, I'd have dignity. It's great stuff. But after all

Everybody calls him "Johnny"

The rest of it is Hines, and he danced off the stage onto a picture lot.

By CAMERON PIKE
I don't need it so badly. You see a man can only sleep in one bed at a time, eat one meal at a time, wear one suit of clothes, live in one home—"

"And love one girl?"

"There are differences of opinion on that point. I don't know. But if we just go ahead and get all we can out of existence as we find it we're going pretty nearly to be happy, and that's enough for anybody.

"Trouble is, I guess, we're always trying to be somebody else instead of ourselves. We envy other people so much that we don't stop to consider that chances are a lot of others are envious of us."

Which is a considerable condensation of philosophy to be dumped out of the system of one young man still in the very early twenties. But Johnny Hines has been to school—that great big school whose graduates learn a lot of things not in the books at Harvard and Yale—the University of Hard Knocks. Young Mr. Hines' earliest public activity was selling newspapers on the streets of Pittsburgh. That's enough to teach anybody self-control and a good deal about human nature. He was born in Golden, Colorado, but his recollections of the West are considerably limited by reason of the fact that he migrated to Pennsylvania at a time when his wishes in the matter were unrecognized, not to say even uniformed. His father has oil property near Butler, Pa., and to Johnny he is the greatest man in the world.

"Dad isn't such an awful lot bigger than me," he says, "but he's eighty-one years old, straight as an arrow, and hair as black as mine, with a beautiful gloss. Comes from living outdoors all the time. And I bet you he could lick either one of us and probably both."

One of Johnny's older brothers elected for a dramatic career, rather than following the paternal footsteps through the oil business. He came to New York—his name to the stage world is Stephen Colby—and Johnny came along. Johnny attended the College of the City of New York, and kept his eye open for an opportunity to go on the stage. He was a clever dancer, and finally he had his chance in 1905 in an extravaganza, "The Babes and the Baron." He played the part of a big ball, and the gross duration of his daily appearance was about forty-five or fifty seconds. But it was a start. His dancing led him into musical comedies such as "The Firefly," with Trentini, and it was when he was rehearsing for the Cohan piece, "The Little Millionaire," that the seed of his picture career was planted in his imagination.

Now this, remember, was more than five years ago, or perhaps only four. Some day the chronology of this swift-moving business is going to be written or compiled, and I will then head with one month's income a subscription to erect a monument in honor of the compiler thereof. Anyhow, away back in the dim and distant past, when the World was young, and Maurice Tourner had just come from France and it was beginning to be nearly respectable to be a moving picture actor, somebody told Johnny Hines he had the real pantomime idea, and he ought to go to it. He went. He stayed. He played in the first picture the World made, "The Man of the Hour," and has been with the company ever since, except for a five-months' absence. When he had told me this much he glanced up at the clock and said:

"I hope you'll excuse me, but I've got to go now. I'm due home for dinner."

"Your wife—"

"Wife nothing. I live with my mother."

From which it will be noted that Johnny Hines is quite a family man. In another minute he had disappeared within the cavernous interior of a hell-bent roadster, and was engaged in the game of trying to get from Times Square to Washington Heights in fifteen minutes without being pinched.
The Next Genius—A Cameraman?

A painter's photoplay prophecy, from a painter's standpoint.

By Antony E. Anderson
(Art Critic, The Los Angeles Times)

IGHT or ten years ago a few kindred spirits frequently foregathered in the studio of a certain portrait-painter in Los Angeles, where they would hear the portrait-painter discuss at length and at large—not portraits, or landscape canvases, or any other use of oil or pastel or water-color, but motion pictures. I used to laugh at his enthusiasm, and so did the others.

We regarded him as many of the old-line artists regard the cubists and futurists: individuals determinedly straining a point to be original. We didn't realize that he was one of the few wise men among the intellectuals, an inspired gazer into the future.

I had been interested in fiction, in painting, and in the drama, and had written something about all of them. But I couldn't get interested in motion pictures. I hadn't my friend's vision. I regarded pictures as utterly lacking in artistry, and I still think that I wasn't entirely wrong—then. For who shall say that the productions of that era were not crude? To be sure, like most of the prejudiced, I didn't have data to back unbelief, for I seldom went to see a motion picture.

But now witness the difference:

For a year I have been seeing an average of ten features a week, recording my impressions and reactions for a hundred thousand readers.

My friend the portrait-painter was right. The Motion Picture is an Art, to be sure the youngest of all the arts, with many of the faults and caprices of childhood, but every artist must admit its artistic verity. And they do—all save those who are utterly prejudiced or spiritually blind.

My training has been that of a painter. My viewpoint is a painter's. Therefore it seems to me that I have a different angle from most of the other writing men whose privilege it is to discuss the healthy advances and the small frailties of these living paintings by the sun.

We have passed through the mechanical toy stage of pictures, and are almost through the stages of cheap and maudlin drama, and it is very evident that in the face of such advances as a few great men of the films have made to-day we are at the threshold of a new era. Indeed, the picture has never for a moment stood still. It has come nearest to standing still in the last two years; in fact, it might take an engineer with a spirit level to detect any advance at all in the last twelvemonth. Which makes it all the more certain that we are at the boundaries of some rich new province.

So I am going to ask this question: will the next celluloid genius be a cameraman?

So far, the progress of the motion picture has been made entirely and exclusively through its directors, in which class I put Charlie Chaplin, not for a moment considering him exclusively as an actor. A few authors have written some very good things for the movies, but these have been at the directoral behest. Those golden birds, the stars, may have made the world happy for the casual playwright, but with the exception of Mr. Chaplin, an unclassifiable combination of all the silent talents, none of them has contributed a whit toward the real and permanent advancement of the photoplay. The best that can be said of them is that they have decorated the photoplay as they found it.

Few except the greatest of the directors have seemed at all aware of the remarkable protean loveliness of the thing in which they are working. Some persist in seeing only "dramatic situations," others sense only the "story," comparatively few even try to visualize the "picture." Yet many times the "picture" has been the most important of the three essential parts of photoplay. The drama and the story must be shown in a series of pictures. Photographic snapshots won't do. They must be pictures.

Each and every one of these motion pictures must have artistic completeness, composition, a proper balance of light and shade, a correct distribution of masses, depth, atmosphere and rhythm. No matter how charming an outdoor scene, the cameraman must not lose his head and forget his composition. Again, the distribution of lights and darks and physical masses. This is not an easy problem—it is, indeed, one of the hardest in the artistic world—but in the artistic motion picture of the future it must be solved everytime a shot is made.

Therefore it seems to me that the next man whom the world acclaims as a great advance of the motion picture will very likely be a genius-cameraman. He must be a practical cameraman, one who understands the mechanism of the mysterious little dark cage on three legs, but not a mere trickster with films and solutions—oh, no! We have had almost enough of him, though he has proved himself exceedingly useful—even necessary.
Above—Mrs. Ella Adelaide Fairbanks, the mother of Douglas, Robert, and John. Mrs. Fairbanks died three years ago last Christmas, in New York City. Her three sons are associated now in the Fairbanks filmery in the West: Doug, as star; John, general manager and treasurer; Robert, manager of productions.

Below—When Douglas Fairbanks was born here thirty-six years ago, the address was 61 South 14th Street, but Denver has grown since that time, and it is now 1207 Bannock Street.

The house that Doug built from the earnings of his motion commanding spot in the centre of an estate of fifteen

Doug Fairbanks

The calendar goes in for acrobatics also, on the right. He wasn’t quite he was the champion 4-year-old

Below—Steward, overseer, doge of domesticity—call him what you will—this is Tanaka, who keeps the machinery well-oiled and running smoothly, in the Fairbanks household. With three top-notchers from the actor’s kennels: a high-brow villain from Alaska—a patient St. Bernard—to say nothing of the dachshund.
picture years. Fairbanks' new home is situated in a
acres. It cost Doug $200,000. (Several weeks' salary.)

Jumps 32 Years!

and—well, just take a look at that kid
camera broke in those days, but
Beau Brummel of South 14th St.

Above—Another view of the Fairbanks place, at Beverly
Hills, Cal., one of Los Angeles' ultra suburbs. A hotel-
dweller all of his professional life, perforce, Fairbanks ap-
preciates this fair-sized villa set in fifteen acres of Golden State.
Fully equipped with hot and cold gymnasiums, swimming-
pool, tennis courts, etc., etc., etc.

His first adventure with the camera. Above, Doug,
at the age of four, in a moment of inaction. It never
happened again. What's he thinking about, this reso-
lute young Fairbanks? Is he doping out his future dare-
deviltry, or is he doubling up his fist preparatory to
pasting the photographer for calling him "little man?"

This, and not the comfortable home at the left should
have the historic interest attached to a hero's birth-
place. But it's only the present-day studio home of
our high-priced athlete—and that sign reads "Abso-
lutely private; please keep away."
Breed of Men

Proving that often while we are shuddering at the alleged "bad-man-of-the-west" his eastern brother is picking our pockets.

"God made Arizona," debated a stalwart young woman, pausing over the plowshares for a moment's whimsical reflection.

"Are you listening, Bobby?" turning to a boy of four, rummaging for worms in the newly-turned earth. "I say, God made Arizona. Then he must have hurried back to Europe to get civilization started, and forgot all about Arizona. And the sun shone hot and the wind blew furiously, and the centurys came and went and so Arizona became dry and hot and forgotten!"

"'F'gott'n!'" echoed Bobby.

The girl was suddenly earnest. "Centuries later, a man came from the east who discovered this strip of fertile land set between two great hills. And the man named the strip 'Windwide Valley' and told the world about it. Then other men came—to take sections of Windwide Valley, to work them into ranches. One of these men was Dad. He brought us here. Then he died. And here we are."

She smiled with a new light in her face. "It's all very clear. Our task is to go on from where Dad left off. In two years, as Dad planned, we will hold a clear title to the ranch—providing Wesley B. Prentice is an honest man!"

"Hones' man," echoed Bobby, paying no attention at all.

"Which I cannot help from doubting," added the girl.

"Elp dottin'," from Bobby.

The girl stared pensively to the close horizon on a hill to the south. Was Prentice straight with his settlers? she wondered. She could only hope. She could not read masculine character very accurately, being but a girl. But she had a feeling, a foreboding that women can understand but cannot put into words. Anyway, Bobby refused to listen, was absolutely hypnotized by the worms. So she emerged from her reverie, and the horse started moving over the turf.

And now, let's leave the fields of Windwide Valley for the hot dusty street of Chloride, Arizona, the metropolis of the Valley. Into the lobby of the Palace hotel we go, where lounged Wesley B. Prentice, the "king" of Windwide Valley by reason of his being president and organizer of the Arizona Ranch Lands Company.

Wesley B. Prentice was one of the early editions of the land magnate, combining the polish of the east with the stalwart ferocity of the westerner. The latter quality, though acquired, was none the less effective; Prentice knew how to handle the westerner and they knew that he knew. They respected his soft linen summer clothing as they recognized and saluted the flippant tilt of the sombrero. In short, Prentice, aside from being the man who created Windwide Valley from an unworked series of messes, was easily the lord of this particular part of the west. As we meet him, he was sitting in the lobby, surrounded by a group of cattlemen sheltered from the heat of the midsummer day.

Suddenly, out of the silence and tranquillity of the main streets, floated over the horizon a cloud of dust—a cloud that grew rapidly nearer and that finally broke, letting through the leader of a train of six horses. Down the main street they swooped and straight up to the front of the Chuckwagon saloon, visible from where Prentice sat. Acting as a unit, they drew up their steeds, vaulted onto the steps of the saloon front, and were disappeared within in the flash of a lariat.

Across the street, in the hotel lobby, Prentice stared inquiringly at the panting horses. One of the cattlemen sitting near, sought to explain, "Careless Carmody and his riders from the Bar Double O have just hit town," he said, "'There'll be hell a-poppin' tonight.'"

This announcement created a stir of interest. The loungers were electrified into sudden, eager attention. The cattlemen, to whom a sight of Carmody was always interesting, turned their eyes from Prentice, who had been telling them stories of the east.

"I've heard of him. Was it his carelessness with his gun that gave him that name?" Prentice growled, himself evidencing keen interest.

One old cattlemans vouchsafed a reply. "Carmody ain't never careless with a gun," he drawled. "He's never known to draw unless forced to. But he's always careful to find out when its time. Then its shore business with him."

"They call him careless," explained another, "because he don't give a damn for his life."

Barry Kennedy stood hard by, listening, but offering no vocal contribution to the vivifying of Carmody's character.

Kennedy was sheriff through the magnanimity of Prentice and not necessarily because of his moral or physical qualifications; hence he was afraid of Carmody. But when one of the cattlemen laughingly declared that Carmody was neither outlaw nor rustler—just plain Arizonian, the sheriff decided that it was time for him to justify himself.

"There's nothin' agin him in this county," he said, nervously, "But I reckon I'll saunter down and kind a keep an eye on him."

And he started for the door.

Close after the sheriff went Prentice, his curiosity aroused by the interesting testimonials as to this new personality—new to him—in Chloride.

The new arrivals at the Chuckwagon saloon had taken over the place for their personal hilarity. Newly in town after a burning session on the plains, they were in no mood to be checked or crossed in their outing. And, as he entered the doorway, Sheriff Kennedy felt this spirit and decided that he
would strive to be purely ornamental. The instant the sheriff stood in the doorway Carmody, at the end of the bar, stiffened. He eyed the sheriff as the latter drew slowly up to the bar. For an instant the nervous tension of the law responded, but his eye was to drop. The tension suddenly broke. Without a word, Carmody saw weakness in the sheriff's eye, and knew that there was nothing to fear from him. For, all too plainly, the sheriff's eyes had said: "I'm just standin' by and don't aim to meddle."

Cardplayers, at their tables, waiting and half-hoping for something to start, informed Prentice, newly entered that "Carmody don't cotton none to sheriffs."

Careless, now ignoring the sheriff, spotted the faro game and strolled over. He drew out a roll of bills and tossing them on the table, said to the dealer:

"The sheriff an' me has had a peace smoke so you can take the bridle off. I'm goin' to play the roll."

Kennedy, near by, flushed as he heard this. Prentice, who did not ridicule Kennedy for the simple reason that he knew he was a dummy, smiled and stood by as the dealer started rolling his wheels of iniquity. For a while he stood by and realized that as the minutes passed he was becoming more irritated by Careless' manner and arrogance. He approached "Smooth" Farley, proprietor, and whispered, "I want that man broke, Smooth. Set him afoot."

The hours passed on. Evening came and went and midnight was at hand. Still Careless played. The crowd, weary but stubborn, stuck by as the luck came and went to Careless. Once it started to go, it left rapidly, and now Carmody had made his last bet—against a sure thing. He lost but that did not anger him. He had had a good run for his money. He had enjoyed the night splendiferously. For Carmody was somewhat of a philosopher.

But Carmody wasn't through playing as yet. He had decided he was hot, stupefied by drink and the tension, he succumbed when Smooth insisted that his luck was due for a change and that he ought to play on.

"I'm cleaned," protested Carmody with a grin. "What'll I stake?"

Smooth's eyes narrowed. He leaned over the table and massed a pile of blue chips, "I'm matchin' that against 'Slipalong,'" he whispered craftily.

Carmody drew back in his chair, a brow cutting diagonally over his brow. His lip curled as he glared at the proprietor.

Stake "Slipalong"—his horse—the one thing he valued above all else? He refused flatly. But Smooth insisted, doubling the stack of blue chips. Then Carmody, rather bewildered anyway, succumbed and so "Slipalong," the precious mount, was staked against two stacks of blue chips.

Of course he lost; for Smooth was remembering his instructions from Prentice—"Set him afoot."

Now Careless was "set afoot!"

Carmody arose weakly from the table. Remorse was deeply etched on his long, lean face. There was a note of fierceness in his tone as he spoke, facing Smooth. "I think a heap of that pony, Mister Smooth—he's yore's now an' I'm warnin' you—if you don't treat him right, I'm goin' to come back!"

The entire group of men knew what Carmody meant by that. But Smooth seemed unafraid. He smiled grandiloquently as Carmody stalked out into the darkness. Inside the boys heard a familiar whinny. Carmody was saying goodbye to his four-footed pal. "Slipalong," moreover, seemed to know something was amiss. Why did Carmody throw his arm over the horse's neck and plant his face against the animal's own jaw? And why was he saying, over and over:

"I'm a low-down, onery, gamblin' coyote, Slipalong. I done lost yu!"

Carmody passed on away from the Chuckwagon. He was broke and afoot, a calamity and a disgrace in cowland.
Photoplay

Morning found him asleep over a saloon table. He was roused by the information that Prentice wanted to see him over at the Palace. He mornfully responded.

"You're the fastest draw and the best shot in Windwide Valley, Carmody," said Prentice. "Barry Kennedy, the present sheriff, goes out of office on the first. How would you like the job?"

Carmody was first astonished, then suspicious and finally amused. Prentice seemed in earnest. Carmody suddenly burst into laughter. "Me—sheriff? Mister Prentice—I've got most all of my experience dodgin' sheriffs."

Prentice was insistent. "I want a game man who'll not be a Jim Crow sheriff. There'll be work for him soon." And he added to the Mexican's face a smile. But, when he had accepted the office, his joy returned manifold when he learned that Prentice had redeemed his horse, "Slip-along's yours again," said Prentice. "I don't want to see a good man afoot!"

In the days following a strange and interesting change came over Carmody. Gone was the spirit of outlawry that had fired his life in the past. He seemed reincarnated by the power of his office, rendered upright and just by his importance and many were the evildoers who dreaded and dodged Carmody. "Careless" was a good sheriff.

Then one day came a supreme opportunity for the sheriff. Pancho, a crooked Mexican from over the border, repeatedly warned by Carmody to behave, knifed a card player and then escaped over the border. Six miles out of Chloride, just as Carmody's gun was getting a good bead on the Mexican, that runaway stumbled over a girl, intent on plowing in the fertile Windwide Valley soil. He grabbed her up and holding her between him and the pursuers, managed to escape gunshots until he got inside her shack, where he barricaded himself in. Secure inside, the diabolical Mexican turned his attentions to the girl. She, in terror, stood swaying in the corner, anticipating with pounding heart, the plan of the Mexican. Outside, Carmody put into action some of his prowess that had made him elusive in other days. He burrowed under the shack.

Thus it was that when the Mexican had just thrown his arms about the swooning girl, he heard a stern American voice coming from behind:

"Lay your paws off that American lady!"

The Mexican wheeled and there saw a gun barrel and the face of Carmody, emanating from the propped up trap door that descended under the shack.

In his own whimsical way, the sheriff forced some preliminary punishment onto the Mexican by making him finish the plowing outdoors—while he and the girl—Ruth Fellows, played about with her little brother Bobby—brother and sister who lived all alone on the claim.

During the afternoon the girl mentioned that the claim would be hers in two years. "Providing," she added, "that Wesley B. Prentice is honest and trustworthy."

"Why?" asked the sheriff.

"He promised me a clear title to the land in two years."

Careless assured her, strengthened by all of his trust in Prentice, that the magnate was a person of his word.

This he had heard repeatedly from Prentice. The girl hospitably produced refreshments in the form of apple pie and coffee and her own charming self as hostess. And thereafter Ruth Fellows was his inspiration.

Then a month in which the Navajo moon of blossoms came and went and Windwide Valley grew a carpet of green crops. Day after day Careless paid ardent court to the pretty girl yet Carmody treated a stranger beside the East by driving him about the beautiful valley. From the road they observed the love-smitten sheriff take a half-hour to tell Ruth goodbye. When he finally left she shyly presented her with a brace of ducks, kissed little Bobbie, and galloped out to the trail.

"Nice little section of land. Careless—thinking of settling down?" queried the great man, much to the sheriff's embarrass-

been dispossessed by Wesley B. Prentice's surveyors. His face fell and Careless rode off on the Granite Sinks trail hoping to overtake the poor homeless ones. He passed many sad, sorry-looking caravans of homeless settlers.

In front of a little farm house three strangers demanded that as sheriff Careless recognize the legality of their deeds and evict the occupants. As Careless rode to the house to investigate shot after shot greeted him. One bullet hit him in the shoulder and he promptly returned the fire. When he broke into the house he found Ruth unconscious on the floor with little Bobbie and an old woman crouched beside her. A shot had pierced her hand. Stricken with remorse, Careless feverishly worked to revive her. When she regained consciousness Ruth turned on him in a fury.

"You thief!—you tool!" she cried. "I tried to kill you as I would kill that wolf, your master. You told me he was honest and I believed you. Now we've lost everything. Why
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don't you go to him in the East and share his blood money?"

Careless stared dumfounded at the girl during her tirade.

Then he caught her as she swayed and fell. An hour later

Careless headed a scornful procession of three back
to Chloride.

Old Judge Bledsoe of the circuit court was an honest man.

To him went Careless for advice.

"I'm asked to put people out of their homes. I don't sabe

it, Judge, suh, this lawin' and jogglin'. Is it—Wesley B. Prenti-
tice as folks say?"

The old judge sadly nodded. "It's a rotten tragedy, Care-
less," he said. "He's safe in the East with his millions and

the West will see him no more."

Careless clutched his sombrero with clenched hands. He

took a deep breath, his jaws set, he raised his clenched fists and

his face was fierce and grim as he protested:

"—but Judge,—the women,—they haven't any money and

of the game. He held the crowd back at the point of

figure cowered behind him.

they haven't any homes. The man that don't deal fair with

women breaks the biggest law of the West."

Kind Judge Bledsoe looked upon Careless helplessly as the

sherrif rose to his feet. With his two hands extended before

him Careless slowly clenched his fists as he vowed savagely:

"Then I want him right here an' just as shore as the law

lives here I'm goin' to get him." Abruptly he turned and left

the old judge who was overcome with the tragedy of it all.

The county of Windwide provided a home for its sherrif.

With instructions to look after Ruth and little Bobbie, Care-

less turned over this home and a roll of bills to the old lady

of the Granite Sinks trail.

Thus, Careless Carmody departed from Windwide Valley.

At the shipping chutes of Yuma, Arizona, a dusty, travel-

stained cowpuncher landed a job to work his way East. A week

later, Careless Carmody, cowhand, arrived at the Chicago

stockyards.

Careless was intent on just one mission. He wandered out

into a busy street near the stockyards where the strange sounds

and, hustle bewildered and dazed him. To the crossing cop

Careless put this query:

"Yu the marshal uv this town?

I'm lookin' fer Mister Wesley B. Prentice. Can yu put me

on the trail to his house?"

The cop grinned in enjoyment. Then he advised the West-

erner to hunt a drug store and a directory and not to be gold-

bricked.

After ninety-seven blocks on cowboy heels Careless came
to the Prentice mansion on the lake front. In the driveway

a girl and her groom mounted their horses for an early morn-

ning canter. They looked upon the Westerner unheedingly as

he watched them, thinking of those sad caravans of homeless

women and children on the Granite Sinks trail back in

Arizona. Careless drew his lips into a thin line.

At the front door Careless tried to get in every way but

the right way. He fussed with the doorknob, looked-for the

knobs and then he knocked. Finally, the door was

opened by a very pompous man servant, who, after

appraising the odd figure before him, inquired

haughtily:

"Wot is it, me man?"

Careless opined that he wanted to see Mister

Wesley B. Prentice.

"The honorable Mister Prentice is h'out of town. Where

do you come from, may I ask, that you knock as you do? 'Ave you

never seen a bell?"

With this haughty reply the butler slammed the
door in the furious cowpuncher's face. Ever per-

sistent, Careless followed the long trail to the offices of the

Arizona Ranch Lands Company situated in a

substantial office building downtown. The in-

evitable office boy was not only astonished but out-

raged when a tall Westerner forced his way into

the president's private office, only to find it empty.

The following afternoon Wesley B. Prentice re-

turned to his offices. His manager casually re-

marked that quite a strange character had called to

see him the previous day. The news that he

looked as if he might have stepped out of a Ren-

nington or a Russell drawing greatly disturbed Wes-

ley B. Prentice. After closely questioning his em-

ployee the land promoter telephoned his residence.

The pompous butler assured him that the person he

was describing had been there. Further, he had
dented the door with some blunt instrument and

had not been admitted. Now thoroughly frightened

the promoter summoned private detectives for pro-

tection.

Early that night Careless grimly watched Wesley B.

planting his hired guards about his estate. He

then returned to the cattle train in the stockyards.

In the caboose Careless related the story of Wesley B.

Prentice to the boys. Taking his star from his pock-

et he put it on his vest and solemnly declared:

"I'm his sheriff—he put me in office an' I've come
to Chicago to take him back to Windwide Valley."

The punchers grinned. Their foreman said:

"Yore out of yore territory here. Yu can't arrest

him without a Chicago warrant."

Careless merely smiled as he patted his six-gun.

"I'm usin' my Arizona warrant," he said, "I

reckon he'll not fuss about it much."

The spirit of the adventure appealed to the cowpunchers.

With elaborate carelessness they asked him if he wanted

any help on his little party which tickled Careless immensely.

Fortworth, he administered the oath.

Three o'clock the next morning Wesley B. and his daughter

had hidden their guns. Their clothes. Outside the dwelling

guarded closely. Little did they suspect that they were at-

tempting to combat something they had never confronted

before—the cunning strategy of the men of the Western trails

rendered desperate in the cause of justice.

As two of them stood together talking for a few moments

a rope—coming out of the night—fell about them and they

were jerked into the stockyards. Carefully the detectives

safely while the punchers gagged and hog-tied them. Via

the six-shooter route Careless then persuaded the other two

(Continued on page 102)
“The Story”

By 

Geraldine Farrar

I TOOK keen pleasure in planning for my advent into motion pictures, although my opera-faithful followers prophesied a disastrous descent into nomanity, as a result of my professional folly.

“Unethical,” some accused. “The flickerillums are inartistic,” from others. Or: “You’ll stifle your musical soul.”

Nor could I blame them, hardly. I was venturing out on an uncharted sea; setting foot on a road no opera star had ever before trod.

Nowadays, secure in the feeling that I may sing in winter and stand before the camera out of the operatic season, I take great pleasure in going over the daily papers with those old friends who, in the old days, feared for the success of my venture. “Here, on page three, top of column one,” I point out, “is an account of my premiere in ‘Sister Angelica.’ ‘Wild approbation,’ the critic says. ‘Farrar in best of singing condition,’ H-m-m-m-m!”

Then I turn to the motion picture columns. Sure enough, sandwiched in amongst the news of the studios is some comment on my new screen appearance. “The Hell Cat” exciting. Farrar shown at her best” (or some such comment).

“So you see, dear friends,” I say to them, “that for once, an opera singer, seldom credited with sound judgment, made a sensible decision.”

Last month, if you will recall, I ended my chapter with my distress over my poor condition of health, how I was desperate for action, being kept off the stage for a season, and how an offer to appear before the camera came at that time when I would have welcomed anything promising action.

But here, besides action, came something that promised a new artistic vehicle—a new manner of dramatic exploitation. I had already taken the motion picture somewhat seriously, and now it seemed to promise succor from actual soul starvation.

I remember the time when the Directorate of the Metropolitan Opera House frowned upon the movies. That was when I first informed them that a tempting offer had been made me to act in the films, and that I was going to accept. Not having any precedents to go by, they were bewildered.

“How can you!” they exclaimed. “You must remember that you are the greatest American prima donna—a star of the Metropolitan Opera Company” (whose traditions had never before been threatened by the gathering momentum of the silent drama). “When people can see you in pictures for fifty cents,” they tried to argue, “they will not want to pay six dollars to hear you sing.”

I answered that I was willing to experiment, and to take the consequences.

And the consequences, I do not need to add, have been satisfactory, even to the Metropolitan Opera Company, for many a movie admirer has become an opera convert, still, however, remaining faithful to the silver sheet.

Miss Farrar on the steps of the New York Public Library where she sang to the tune of a million and one-half dollars in Liberty Bonds.

Above, a photographic souvenir of Miss Farrar’s debut into motion pictures — her arrival in California to begin work on “Carmen.” Below — her dressing room in the Lasky studios.

White

Miss Farrar in her most recently created role—“Sister Angelica,” Puccini’s new opera, given its premiere by the Metropolitan Opera Company this season.
of My Life

The third and final chapter in the self-told tale of one of screenland's most picturesque stars, telling of the impulse that brought her into pictures.

and many an opera devotee has become, in addition, a movie fan.

But there seemed no logical reason why I should not. I have never been an overcautious prima donna, swathed in cotton, silent save for singing, for fear of undue fatigue upon the voice—the human vocalist! No! I like the novel and the unusual always, and I adore to act and elaborate in pantomime.

As I have contended, the opera is the most restricted form of dramatic expression; so I revel in quite the most untrammeled way of all modern drama—the movies. I find that the simplicity of acting for motion pictures is quite a relief after an arduous winter at the Metropolitan. My movie season is really my period of relaxation.

And, unlike Mr. Tellegen, who believes in the art of the cinema as a potentiality only, to be developed later into something artistically static, I always hold that it is already an established art, not brought to its maximum of perfection, perhaps, but moving very rapidly and surely in that direction, with a tremendous opening for the same display of personal talent as any other profession.

My screen offspring have

A last summer's seashore snapshot of Miss Farrar and her father, Sidney Farrar, at one time a professional ball player.

Above, Miss Farrar during her production of "Carmen," being instructed by Cecil de Mille. Below, Reginald Barker directing Miss Farrar for "The Turn of the Wheel." Lou Tellegen, her husband, is standing in the background.

been as much children of my heart and soul as my opera creations. The filming of "Carmen," my first portrayal on the screen, was one long period of undiluted joy—the glorious California weather, the beautifully appointed house there, the special studio built for my privacy and convenience! The experience itself was novel and refreshing, with its own unusual dramatic procedure. I sang and declaimed my role in French or Italian, as I chose—and sometimes good American slang phrases—a product of the studio—added "punch" to the piquancy of the situations. There was no curtain to go up! The director-general replaced the harassed stage manager and gave the signal: "Camera, Go!" No fiery leader overwhelmed me with the feverish tempest of his orchestra; just a watchful operator warily turning the crank of his machine, while I evolved my scenes.

Joan of Arc—my favorite movie characterization—I gave to the full of my heart and soul. I spent as much thought and energy in making live again—if only on the shadow stage—the blessed Maid of Orleans, as upon any of my opera creations. The enthusiastic appreciation with which this photodrama has been received in almost every country in the world compensates me for all the physical risks I have taken in the filming of the play. For, at the very start it was understood that there was to be no "doubling" for risky passages. I would no more think of having some one substitute for my "physically violent" scenes in the movies than I would think of letting another sing my top notes at
The latest portrait of Miss Farrar and her husband, Lou Tellegen.

the opera. If I cannot do a thing absolutely and completely, I do not want to do it at all.

Of course, I was censured for taking such risks, but to date—except for occasional bruises, bumps and nosebleeds—I have escaped unharmed.

After "Joan" came in succession, other screen successes, "The Devil Stone," "The Woman God Forgot," and under the Goldwyn banner, "The Turn of the Wheel," "The Hell Cat" and "Shadows," and another still to be released at this writing.

Of a curious and inquiring turn of mind, I have learned many things about every phase of the motion picture art and industry. Mr. Tellegen once jokingly said that if I ever got tired of acting in the movies—I could make either a successful director, camera-man, electrician or film salesman—but there is no doubt that he overestimates my versatility along these lines.

The only field, outside of the acting one, I would care to attempt is that of writing my own scenarios, and this not because I consider myself particularly gifted in this direction, but because one gets so out of patience with the dearth of good stories for the films. Motion picture literature has not kept abreast of the growing perfections of other phases of the motion picture. Even a new art of acting has been evolved for the movies—a different sort of face make-up and a new science for all the combinations of colors which will produce the desired shades in black and white. But what now seems to be the crying need of the film art is a new and distinctive sort of literature.

However, that is not sufficient cause for discouragement. After all, the movies are still young—scarcely a gen-

eration has elapsed since the first kinetoscope was given a trial.

My friends often ask me whether, in acting movie dramas, I do not miss the audiences and the applause? Answering that question, I can do no better than to repeat what I wrote in a recent issue of Vanity Fair:

"Since the mechanics of motion pictures are what they are, perhaps it is just as well that we cannot have audiences while we work in them. But if it were only possible to give a logical and sustained performance of the completed action of a photoplay before a representative movie audience, before the camera fixes it indelibly upon the film, it would be a tremendous help.

"The presence of an audience is always a great stimulus. A direct and almost electric current is established between the actress and her audience the very first minute she appears on the stage. An actress can feel the quality of her performances, the intensity of their friendliness and interest, or, on the other hand, their unconvinced or even antagonistic state of mind. She can, in this way, gauge her public and intensify or modify her emotional appeal in such a way as to win them over.

"No actress knows her métier until she has learned to sense the mood of her audiences—and win them over, if the mood is one of antagonism.

"Exactly what an actress must do to sense the varying moods of her audience, I believe no one, least of all myself, can say. All I know is that this instinct rarely fails me. Critics have often remarked that I never play a role in the same way on any two occasions, and I am sure that this is so, because I always try to adapt my interpretations to fit the mood of my audience.

When I began working in the cinema I missed this intimate and living relationship between the public and myself. At first, I kept trying to think of imaginary audiences but I soon found

(Continued on page 106)
E-x-t-r-y! Great Hollywood Disaster!

Theodore Bear loses leg and arm—Virginia Corbin overcome when chum is stricken in studio.

MISS VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN: January 7, 1919.
Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Virginia:

Photoplay Magazine has asked me to write a page or so about you and your work. Won't you send us your latest photographs and one or two views of that fine old Teddy Bear? 

LEIGH METCALFE.

LEIGH METCALFE, January 12, 1919.
Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

Dear Sir:

Well, I have tried. Goodness knows how hard! to get some good pictures of Teddy. But a terrible thing has happened to him! The poor dear is so terribly shy that upon being posed before the camera he went all to pieces. He has not been his old self of late, anyway—life seems to be wearing on him, for he was considerably broken up before your letter came.

His right leg and right forearm both dropped off suddenly, and his head saged a bit to the left. Outside of that, he is all right, though. We have posed him in a chair, draping his off leg on the floor. The right forearm is behind him. So, as you see, he is all in.

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN.

Actual photograph taken of Theodore Bear just ten minutes after he went to pieces. Note the leg at the base of the chair. Catch his intrepid spirit, exhibited in the firmly upheld left arm. In circle, Virginia in left arm of the giant in "Jack and the Beanstalk."

MISS VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN, January 26, 1919.
Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Virginia:

Yes—he certainly is all in! However, we decided to use the photograph anyway, as the editor happily saw in it Teddy’s superb spirit of optimism, his determination to “carry on.” When you think of it, Teddy shows remarkable bravery and moral courage. Picture one of us remaining so whole-heartedly defiant with an arm and a leg newly off.

Then, too, the off leg doesn’t look half bad, placed as it is; your photographer is remarkably artistic: he should go in for interior decorating.

Now, Virginia—about your own photograph, showing you in tears. At first the editor was inclined to publish it, but finally decided that it was out of sympathy with Teddy’s fine spirit, exhibited in his picture. In utter contrast to Teddy’s sturdy reluctance to let a leg or two take him off his feet, you are shown crumpled in a tragic heap, weeping over one of the unalterable foibles of fate.

I don’t believe Teddy wants you to cry over his misfortune. Just think, Virginia—of the uncounted Teddies, sound in limb and in cotton stuffing, but not one-half so well-cared for as your Teddy. Remember, that down in the tenement districts of the big city languish any number of forsaken Teddies who have no pale blue nurseries to call their home—Teddies who hobnob with alley cats and with (Continued on page 106)
He Knew Them When—

GEORGE MILLER, veteran watchman of moving picture development on the Pacific coast, has turned the key and bade farewell to the first regular studio erected in Los Angeles—the old Biograph plant at Georgia and Girard streets. After ten years of vigilance this faithful guardian of the gate has departed with his latest employer, Thomas H. Ince, for that producer's new studio in Culver City; and the old picture landmark, just vacated, will soon be razed to make room for expansion of street railway yards.

George Miller commenced his service as watchman of the plant under the Biograph management and has remained while directors have come and gone and while players have come and won the laurels of fame. Under two very eminent picture-makers—David W. Griffith and Thomas H. Ince—he has welcomed and bade farewell to Mary Pickford, Lionel Barrymore, Dorothy Gish, Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Harry Carey, Robert Harron, Dorothy Dalton, Enid Bennett, Charles Ray, Charles K. French, Robert McKim, Andrew Arbuckle, Thurston Hall, Gertrude Claire, Gloria Hope, Jane Novak, Donald MacLean, Colleen Moore, and many others.

During the periods when the studio was vacant "Daddy" Miller was the lone tenant and later, when the Biograph pictures were discontinued, he remained guardian of the premises.

Fleeing the 'Flu in Frisco

Below—a demonstration of safety-first from the influenza, on the part of some film exchange men in San Francisco, and their families.

Charlie and the Writing on the Wall

It's his own, his signature, "Charles Chaplin," to appear in every one of his First National comedies in conjunction with the well-known but necessary line, "None genuine without this signature." It must be pretty hard to work day and night to make corking new pictures and then to see one of your first comedies, filmed when you were an unknown comedian, advertised in opposition to your late efforts as the world's greatest comedian. That's why, when you see Charlie's hand scrawling his signature on the screen, in every new Chaplin, you know it's genuine. Here's how it's done.
Impending This is the early summer of 1914 War. Metaphorically speaking.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the whole picture industry stands at the threshold of a second great war among its elements. The first memorable struggle took place years ago between the Independents and the Patents company. It was a war fierce and all-embracing; a war to the death of the then autocracy; but the scope of the screen, the money involved, the people concerned and the public interest enlisted are immeasurably vaster now.

It looks as if 1919 must see the new hostilities. The contenders: the producer and the exhibitor. The rich province which will be the spoil of war: absolute control of the industry.

For a long time the producers have been the masters. The exhibitors have been the restless proletariat. The picture programme, the necessity of playing a series, including good, mediocre and bad, has been the tyrannic soil in which the flowers of revolt have grown to full bud and blossom.

The sinister thing in the whole situation—the bolshie thing, if you please—is the lack of a master, the absence of one powerful personality to tower above both sides of the controversy, and, in the clear light of truth, command a general reconstruction which will do justice to everybody. The screen doesn't want a Napoleon, for Napoleons are out of date. It does want a Roosevelt—an impartial man of tremendous energy, a man who can speak softly and carry a big stick.

You say that you can name two or three fearless honest big men in the picture business, all with mighty executive qualities? So can we. But each of those men is, perforce of circumstances, already a partisan. He is a piece of the fight and he can't disassociate himself from his own tribe. If he did, his own tribe would hate him, and all the other tribes would revile and distrust him.

The creature who, with his insatiable demands, is fast rendering the producer helpless, is the creature who also has the exhibitor's goat—much as he would like to use him as an engine of war. The Star.

The producer is going into a free-for-all fight carrying the star on his back. The exhibitor, to whip the producer, must win over the star—yet if he does, he will that minute be saddled with the same burden that has been crushing the producer to the earth!

The Power of Personality is at once the power, the public appeal, that fills the motion picture coffers and empties them. If there were a perfectly free system of booking pictures; that is to say, if the exhibitor could go into a market like a city square devoted to vegetables and fruit, with full power to take what his particular patronage wanted, and reject what they didn't want, there would be no kicks at all from the exhibitor. But in our present system of quantity production at great expense such a condition, speaking in general, would ruin the producer in a month. It is a curious thing that American quantity production in everything else lowers prices to practical limits—automobiles, shredded wheat, lumber or clothing. Only in pictures this doesn't work. Quantity production is one of the unfortunate and all-wrong necessities of our present picture system, and quantity production grows more and more costly. It does do away with an impossible overhead charge, of course, but it cannot do away with star salaries.

The rife in the clouds lies in this fundamental fact: picture manufacture must get on some business basis to continue; there must be pictures coming from somewhere, and there is too much money involved to deliberately wreck the system already created. So there will be, no matter how hard or long the battle, eventual peace and general readjustments of some kind. That's certain.

Now then, you ask: "What's all this to me, the disinterested fan?"

You are, in a way, the one ultimately concerned. You are interested in the constant betterment of pictures, their growth in beauty and reality and service; and the picture cannot grow into its ultimate beauty and reality and service, it cannot be what it may and must and will be, unless all the elements which make for its creation, invention, manufacture and presentation are working in business harmony and a fair measure of prosperity.

The Appearance of Evil.

If a woman is as old as she looks, a man is as wicked as he appears.

In playing a villain Frank Campeau's most convincing dramatic property is his iniquitous face, behind which lurks a gentler soul than most poets possess. But his soul has nothing to do with what happened Christmas Eve at Vernon, a merry gathering place of cheerful spirits near Los Angeles.

There had been some hilarity, and some roughness at other tables, when Campeau's
waiter turned to the quietly observing actor
and said: "I guess it's time for you to leave."
"Why, I haven't started anything!" returned
Campeau, indignantly.
"Sure not!" frankly returned the garçon.
"But you look like you was just going to!"

—for a film drama—

The Absent Middle-Class. According to our screens
American and all other so-
cieties are made up of two
classes of people: the rich and the poor.
According to fact American and all other
societies are composed of a great and all-
powerful middle class, upon which the rich are
a mere fringe and the poor a stub tail.
The middle-class man and woman are the
quantity people of Europe and the United
States. They are good enough for the great
novelists to center stories upon. They are
important enough to be the principals in the
drama of the theatre. The newspapers are full
of their doings. Yet only occasionally is a
scenarioist acute enough to realize their im-
portance and give them the cinematic place
they deserve.

On the one hand we have paterfamilias
simply weltering in stage "business," mama
with her embobonpoint, her lorgnette and her
hauteur; daughter with her maids and her
motors; son with his college scapegraceness
and his fifth-reel heavy virility. On the other
hand, paw and his slippers, maw and the dishes,
and sis cabaretting to ruin.

Great Scott! Don't you and I ever do
anything interesting enough to make a photo-
play about?

New Year's

On New Year's afternoon that his hostess deter-
mimed he needed fresh air more than hospitality,
and, accordingly, skillfully maneuvered him to
the front door.

He walked awhile, felt better and, again
seeing a familiar entrance, put himself, his silk
hat and his frock coat inside. After a few very
delightful minutes he was much hurt to discover
himself once more tricked to the street, even as
on his first friendly essay at sociability.

And he walked on, until he was quite sure
that he was all right—and then he made
another call.

This time he got no farther than the
vestibule. A servant coldly and distinctly in-
formed him that the ladies were not athome.
"Say, what's the matter with me?" he pro-
tested. "I been thrown out o' three houses
this afternoon!"
"Oh no, you ain't!" explained the servant.
"You been thrown out o' the same house
three times!"

The Highest

A reader writes Photoplay's
editorial desk, inquiring "Why
is Tragedy considered the high-
est form of dramatic art?"
A great many people believe this, whether
or not they have ever put their thoughts into
words.

There is no proper basis for such belief.
The highest form of art—in drama, paint-
ing, literature or active photography, which is
by way of being a combination of the other
three—is a faithful commentary upon the art-
ist's times and surroundings, and a repro-
duction of human nature as he has found it. Mere
photography is no art; that's mechanical.
Moralizing is not art; that's maudlin.

The greatest art expresses belief in the inher-
ent nobility of men and the goodness of women,
and finds it rising godlike from the morass of
menial influences which surround us all—shin-
ing through the little selfishnesses and mean-
nesses which speck the soul of every son and
daughter of Adam.

Tragedy was the regnant art-form from the
Greeks to Shakespeare, and so the supremacy of
tragedy is a tradition which is largely accepted
as fact.

Photoplay magazine believes that the
highest art-form of tomorrow, for many tomor-
rrows to come, will be true comedy—comedy as
expounded by Molière, the classic writer of
France, or by David Warfield, the favorite actor
of the United States. There are often more
tears than laughter in such comedy, but its
note is triumph; its fibre, optimism; its wit,
satire which never descends to cynicism; its
creed, faith.
"Over the Top" Once More

A simple and practical scheme to give photoplay enjoyment to seriously wounded service men in several of our great base hospitals. A special type of portable projection machine has been arranged to throw its legend-laden beams vertically instead of horizontally, the ceiling acts as a very good substitute for the silver-sheet — and there you are.
Enchant

It was old and crumbling, but it was the means of bringing health to one and love to two

By Janet Priest

"W

E will investigate the property, and if it is all you men say it is—consider the deal closed!"

Walter Graham, senior member of the successful firm which bore his name, handed over a mass of maps and documents to his son Sidney. The elder Graham had none of the customary distrust of his own kith and kin in business. He himself had "made good" from small beginnings, and he saw no reason why his boy should not "follow in the footsteps of his dear old dad."

Collins and Grant, who had made the mining proposition, evidently considered themselves dismissed. They sidled out of the door in a way that a student of psychology might have aroused suspicion. But Walter Graham never bothered with psychology. He left all that to his wife.

Collins, mining promoter and "faker" extraordinary, spoke jubilantly to Grant as they went down in the elevator. "That will be easy money, with only a kid like young Graham to fool!"

"Easy is right!" responded his partner. "Now if we're as lucky with John L. Barnard—"

Barnard was at that moment reading a telegram which suddenly changed his plans.

"Miss Hollister," he said to his pretty and efficient young stenographer, "I am unexpectedly called out of town. You may have the rest of the day off."

Now for John L. Barnard as well as for Clegg, his shifty-eyed clerk, this was a swelteringly hot day. But for Shirley Hollister it was just glorious, radiant midsummer, and it had brought on its magic wings—opportunity! Shirley went to the little park where five streets converged, and stood wondering for a moment which way to go, finally deciding on a street marked "Glenside Road."

"We've got to move!" Shirley had told the little family that morning. "These old houses are going to be torn down and besides, mother isn't getting well.

Vacation time came for Shirley. And there could be a no more delightful place to spend it than in the beautiful, undulating country and around the curious old barn itself.
ed Barn
fast enough to suit me. She needs country air. Yes, you do, Mum'sie! If we could only have a little cottage in the country! Harley, drink your milk!"

Mrs. Hollister smiled at her daughter's attempts to bring up the "boys" in the way they should go, in addition to being the family's principal bread-winner. "Yes, dear, it would be delightful. But the cottages in the country cost money."

"I believe George and I together could manage it, " insisted Shirley, a determined look on her sweet face. "Besides, you never can tell what a day will bring forth." Her words had proved true, for here she was already on her quest of a home—beginning her adventure in happiness.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the conductor.

"To the little real estate office at "the corners" Shirley got a list of houses for rent. All afternoon she tramped along the dusty country road, but could not find one house within her means. Tired and discouraged, she struck off into a by-path and gave herself up to the beauty of the day and the rapture of the clover-scented air.

Just in front loomed a delightful old barn. It appeared to be quite deserted, and Shirley decided to explore it. Without the view of gently rolling country was a blessing alike to eye and brain, and within, there were the most fascinating nooks and corners,—stalls, partitions and harness-rooms,—and a wealth of windows.

"Why, a person could live here!" was her delighted discovery.

"I wonder."

"Who owns the old barn?" she asked the friendly street car conductor, on her way back.

"The Grahams own all that property," he told her. The all-absorbing question then was: would the Grahams rent their deserted barn, and could she afford to pay for it?

Next day in her noon hour she went to the offices of Walter Graham & Sons. "I want to see Mr. Graham," she told the office-boy, who was reading a lurid contribution to modern literature, while cheating more than the usual allotment of gum. "He's out—which one?" he asked suspiciously.

Just then Sidney came out of his private office, and settled her problem for her.

"I'm Sidney Graham. Is there something I can do for you?"

"Do you own a barn in Glenside?"

Graham grinned. "Several. Come in and tell me which one."

"Yes, we own the barn you describe," said Sidney when she had explained its location. "Farmerette? Are you going in for agriculture?"

"No. I'm a stenographer. I want to live in the barn."

"Live in a barn!" he gasped.

"Oh, but such a barn! You don't realize! It's an enchanted barn,—or at least it's an enchanting barn!" She stopped suddenly, fearing he might ask too much rent for such a treasure. "How much do you need to get for it?"

"Well, you see—" he hesitated. "We have very few calls for that property. Let me have your telephone number, and I'll look into the matter.

When Shirley had told him about her mother's illness, and the little family's reasons for wanting to live in the country, Sidney Graham would gladly have given her the barn rent-free, but he knew that this admirable little business woman would never consent to such a proceeding.

"Would ten dollars a month be too much, Miss Hollister?"

he phoned her later in the day.

"No, indeed. I am afraid you are not asking enough for it," was her delighted reply.

"Some girl!" he exclaimed to the little bronze god that served as a paperweight on his desk. "She can be happy in a barn! Imagine Harriet Hale's face, if anyone should tell her she had to live in a barn."

Harriet Hale was a burned young beauty, whom his father and mother were hoping he would marry, but somehow, Harriet and her golf trophies left him cold. This appealing little Hollister person, with her enthusiasms and her sunny smile, there was something captivating about her. She was different. "Now! About that new mining proposition—I'll want an expert to go over the problem, and a stenographer. Walter Graham & Sons became submerged in his subject in a way that proved him a real chip of the old block.

Such sweeping, such dusting, such furnishing, no barn in its entire history ever experienced before. But then, of course, this was an enchanted barn, and in an enchanted barn, enchanting things may happen. Dainty curtains were hung at the windows, and old-fashioned beds and a dainty couch substituted. "Farmerette?"

Shirley Collins, the stenographer, was asked to read some business letters. She had a pretty way of submerging herself in the most fascinating nooks of nature, and the whole house was transformed into an enchanted barn, "farmerette?"

She drew the curtains, the curtains and the curtains, like a piece of velvet, and men, on their way to the farm, would call out, "Hi there!" and "Hey, have you seen our country!"

Shirley would smile and ask them to come in, and they would sit in the barn, under the velvet curtains, and ask her questions about the country, and the houses she had seen, and the barns they had seen.

"Gentlemen, we are here on a wild goose chase. I called you together in all sincerity, because it seemed that we should have obtained an option on an estate in the country, and the people might have been sold. However, it has just come to my knowledge that this mine has been purposely and deliberately saluted." Mr. Collins
The motorcyclist opened the cab door and thrust an automatic at her face.

and Mr. Grant, who are here to sign over this ‘valuable’ piece of property, are a couple of common swindlers, not even clever enough to keep their mouths shut. I introduce you, gentlemen, to Mr. Collins and Mr. Grant."

The two crooks jumped to their feet. "How dare you, sir! What proof have you of any such statement?"

Shirley whipped out her notes.

"Your own words, taken down as a stenographic report," said Graham. "Young lady, are these the men whose conversation you transcribed?"

"Yes, sir," replied Shirley, bravely, though her knees were trembling.

"There is the door!" said Graham, senior, to Messrs. Collins and Grant. He turned to Shirley with old-fashioned gallantry.

"Miss Hollister, you have saved this firm a great deal of money, and prevented us from making a serious mistake."

He took out his check-book, but Shirley stopped him."

"I couldn't think of taking money for what was a simple duty. See here," she added with a smile, "I owe something to your son for making me so comfortable. He's my new landlord." Sidney explained.

"What! The old Glenside place?" exclaimed Walter Graham. "Some of the happiest days of my life were spent there, before the old house burned down. Glad to have you using it, Miss Hollister."

When Shirley had gone, he stood for a moment musing.

"That's the sort of girl we used to like when I was young."

"The type is still popular," said Sidney, in a tone which made his "dad" look up in wonder. "Funny! She's not a bit like Harriet Hale," he thought.

The elder Graham said: "Here are the keys that used to belong to the old place. The big one is for the padlock on the barn."

"Good!" thought Sydney. "It will give me a decent excuse to call."

Vacation time came for Shirley. And what more delightful place for a vacation could there be than the new home, with its outlook of gently undulating country, its cool, clover-scented breezes, the little brook where Harley was confident he would some day, with his bit of string and bent pin, catch a big fish, and the curious nooks and corners of the old barn itself.

On the day Sidney had chosen for his visit Shirley had dressed herself up in some outlandish old garments, and stuck durnce's caps on her own head and those of the boys. She had mounted the partition which had marked an old hay-mow, to give an imitation of a tight-rope walker, and was addressing the boys in a ridiculous impromptu speech which set them off into howls of laughter,—when her young landlord made his appear-

ance. Horrified that he should catch her in such a predicament, Shirley wavered, swinging her arms in a frantic attempt to regain her balance, and would have fallen if Sidney had not rushed forward to catch her. She made a hasty exit to change her dress, and it was well she did, for Mr. and Mrs. Graham, curious at Sidney's having rented the old barn, had decided to take a run out to Glenside. The two families proceeded to get acquainted in true neighborly style, regardless of the difference in their stations. Walter Graham had the time of his life recounting his own boyish pranks in the old barn, his wife and Mrs. Hollister discussed current events, and Shirley and Sidney tried all the keys on the old padlock,—without success, since the young man had been very careful to leave the right one safely at home. But Fate, in the shape of little Harley, provided him with an excuse the very next day. Seeing Sidney's roadster parked outside a store, the chubby hands found pencil and a bit of wrapping paper, and writing, "Picnic down by our brook to-night at 6 o'clock," left the message on the driving wheel.

In the realm of "frenzied finance," matters were becoming more difficult for Collins and Grant, the two swindlers whose plans Shirley had succeeded in balking. The net was closing around them.

"Bad news!" said Grant to his partner. "Clegg has just put me wise. For a little ready cash I believe that old fellow would poison his mother."

"Well, well, come across. What is the news?" asked Collins nervously.

"The State Commission has ordered an investigation of our property and operations, and John L. Barnard has been appointed chairman of the investigating committee."

"What is his price?"

"The darn fool hasn't any price. He's a bug on reform!"

"Wasn't it his stenographer who spoiled our game over at Grahams?"

"Yes,—on the occasion when you talked too much."

"I talked too much?—You said as much as I did!"

"Well, post mortem won't help us now. What we've got to do is to find out in advance what the committee will report, and try to cover our tracks before the grand jury returns an indictment. Clegg will keep us informed, and the rest is up to ourselves."

Under the leadership of Barnard, the committee discovered that Collins and Grant were the principal agents of a ring engaged in a gi-
gantic hoax, in which the funds of the poor were being unscrupu-
sulously garnered to promote mining property that was absolutely
worthless.

"Tell that to the United States Attorney at the Federal
Building at three o'clock to-morrow," directed Barnard, when
his investigators placed their findings before him. "I will have
a stenographer there to make a complete report." Turning to
his desk he wrote a hasty note to Shirley.

"My Dear Miss Hollister:
"I am very sorry to interrupt your vacation, but will have
to ask you to meet me at my office at two o'clock to-morrow. There
is no one else I care to trust in this matter.

"Very truly,

"JOHN L. BARNARD."

Clegg duly notified Collins and Grant, who prepared to set
their trap. Some of their henchmen were called in. "Get
those notes!" was the order.

"Regardless of what happens?"

"Regardless of what happens!"

Wholly unconscious of the drama so soon to be played about
her head, Shirley made ready for her picnic, and the guest
summoned by Harley's note gave added happiness to the affair.
She and Sidney had drifted into love as simply and naturally
as the brook beside them was drifting by on its way to join
the river.

"I have a secret to tell you," said the youth, looking into
her eyes, "the very next time I see you."

"Yes?" faltered Shirley, blushing. She dared not say more,
for fear her happiness would betray her.

Harley came running, breaking into this idyllic scene. He
had caught a minnow! "Look, sister! Let's cook it for sup-
ner," Sidney and Shirley laughed, and Sidney threw the wrig-
gling thing back into the water, explaining that it was still too
young to be used as food even for small boys. An
George returned
"The chauffeur
he explained.

"What proof have you
of any such statement?"
the crooks demanded.
Shirley whipped out
her notes.

had bravely shut all false happiness out of her thoughts.

Collins and Grant had their plans laid. A taxicab driven by
one of their own henchings waited outside Barnard's office, and
another man with a motorcycle loitered near, to follow and
give him aid. The master-crooks themselves would be sta-
tioned outside the Federal Building in an enclosed car, to super-
intendent operations.

"Why, we can't lose!" boasted Grant with a short laugh.
"All we have to do is to get the stenographer when she comes
out with the notes."

Shirley arrived promptly at her employer's office. "Clegg,"
said Barnard, "call a taxi.

"Very good, sir," answered Clegg. He called the "planted"
taxi, and unsuspecting, Barnard and Shirley entered it. "Drive
to the Federal Building," ordered Barnard. Unnoticed the
man on the motorcycle followed. "Now, Miss Hollister," said
Shirley's employer, "you will take down a complete report of
everything that is said at this meeting, and return to my office
to type it. On no condition must you allow the notes to pass
out of your possession even for an instant."

Collins and Grant, ensconced in their car, watched the pair
enter the Federal Building. The motorcyclist and the taxi
driver waited. Upstairs, in the office of the United States At-
torney, the investigators were seated at a long table. They
began their reports—verbally, at first, then presenting docu-
ments in corroborations. Shirley at her desk took care to miss
no word.

"Very good, Mr. Barnard," said the United States Attorney
when the evidence was all in. "Now if you will have
these reports typed as soon as possible I will place them before
the grand jury, which will undoubtedly return an indict-
ment."

"My stenographer will attend to it at once," answered
Barnard. "Miss Hollister, I will get a taxicab for you." He
went downstairs with Shirley, and innocently placed her again
in the "planted" taxi. Collins and Grant were jubilant as they
saw the cab drive away, and Higgins, the motorcyclist, follow
a moment later, according to instructions. He "chug-chugged"
up beside the chauffeur, stopped him, and came to the cab door
to speak to Shirley.

"Pardon me, miss, but Mr.
Barnard says not to go to the
office. He will be detained,
and he wants you to work
at his home." The
chauffeur started
(Continued
on page 100)
She rightly concluded that her forte was comedy.

"Completely crushed I walked over to Echo Park to drown myself."

"They hired everybody there that day but me!"

"I told him my next meal depended on getting a job."

"I told him my figure was twelve dollars a week."

"I decided that I wasn't cut out for a stunt performer."

By Alfred A. Cohn

"You go in the movies—with a face like that?"

That's the sort of comment evoked from a kid brother when Zasu Pitts, in the bosom of her family at Santa Cruz, Cal., calmly announced that she was going to Los Angeles to break into the picture game.

That was less than two years ago but in that short time Miss Pitts has played with the greatest stars in filmdom. We'll let Zasu tell about it:

"Naturally, I first went to Mack Sennett's studio.

"Do you think that if I worked hard there might be a chance for me?" I asked the employment director.

"He looked me over carefully; then: 'Not a chance in the world!' Crushed, I walked over to Echo Park to drown myself, but all the water space was occupied by comedy companies.

"Then I journeyed to the Chaplin studio where I lined up with a big crowd of extras and atmospheres.

"They hired everybody there that day but me!"

The Christie Film studio was my next stop. I walked in and sat down in one of the offices. I told them that my next meal depended on my getting a job.

"Mr. Christie asked me if I could ride, shoot, swim, dive, play tennis etc. and to each I answered 'yes.' Then he asked me what salary I wanted.

"He had me there. I didn't know anything about salaries but I knew enough to start at a high figure when negotiating for a position. I screwed up my courage and told him my figure was twelve dollars a week.

"Well, my first picture was nearly my last. I was nearly bruised all over, half drowned and almost burned up. I decided that I wasn't cut out for a stunt performer. The company arrived at that conclusion simultaneously.

"Universal City saw me next. They told me they were sorry but that they had nothing for me, and to leave my name and address. Disheartened almost to the point of seeking suface in the waterless river that bears the name of the..."
That is how Miss Pitts got her first name. As regards her position in pictures—

city, I went home only to find a telephone message asking me to return to Universal the next morning for a test.

"It must have been a good one. I was placed in the list of regular stock players and given a small part.

"While at Universal I was loaned to Artcraft to play a little part in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' with Miss Pickford. I was fortunate enough to attract the attention of Miss Frances Marion and Marshall Neilan to whom I owe much for what success has come to me.

"I returned to Universal, remaining several months. Then one day one of the officials came to me and said that the New York office had advised them that I wasn't 'funny enough' and, in the words of the extra gang, I was 'given the gate.'

"My best opportunity came soon after when I was cast as 'Becky' in Miss Pickford's 'Little Princess.' Later I played with Mr. Fairbanks in 'A Modern Musketeer.' I seem to please best in roles which make me the victim of unrequited love. I had a part like that in 'How Could You Jean?' with Miss Pickford. Since then I have played with Edith Storey, Dorothy Phillips, Constance Talmadge and Carmel Myers.

"I guess I'm the only girl who has played with the big three, Pickford, Chaplin and Fairbanks, although I have never been seen on the screen with the great comedian.

"I had a peculiar experience with Mr. Griffith. He rehearsed me in a part several months ago and when he got a look at me on the screen, I was found to look too much like Lillian Gish to work in the same picture with her. Of course I felt terribly flattered, but I was out of a job again.

"It's her right name. When the time for christening the youngest Pitts arrived, the parents could not decide whether to name her after her Aunt Eliza or her Aunt Susan. So diplomacy was resorted to. The first syllable of the latter's name was attached to the last syllable of the former's and the result was wished onto the helpless infant.
A Real Vaudeville Equilibrist

Ruth Roland, another one of those skillful persons who remain balanced on the theatrical fence, playing both in films and on the stage.

W HEN you're being hostess at your very own birthday dinner and the telephone rings and rings,—and you have the maid answer it with instructions to "take the number,"—and the party won't give the maid a number and insists on speaking to the busy hostess,—and you leave the table to the tune of the scraped-backed chairs of your male guests who stand, danging their napkins awkwardly in their fists and staring longingly at the drinks growing hot and the food growing cold, you wouldn't like it, would you? But that's what happened to Ruth Roland. When you stop to think that Ruth was giving some party—you'll forgive her the frown that wrinkled her pretty complexion.

Hurrying across the room to the impertinent instrument Ruth grabbed the receiver out of the hands of the maid.

"Hello, Hello, HELLO!" she called into the helpless and innocent transmitter.

"Say Ruth—" drawled a calm, masculine voice.

"This is Walker, manager of Pantages. I'm short a singing and dancing act on my bill for the next few weeks. Can't you give us a twenty minute act and fill in until I connect with a new number?"

"You can connect with a new number right now so far as I am concerned!" said Ruth. "I'm busy! I have just about as much idea of going back on the stage as I have of walking to Paris!"

"Yeh-h, but listen—" persisted Walker.

"My dear man, I can't listen!" explained Ruth. "I'm giving a dinner party and I haven't time to argue."

"Then don't argue," urged Walker. "Just let me put you down on my bill for a twenty minute skit and then run along back to your guests."

"Oh for goodness sake don't bother me," yelled Ruth—"Do as you like!"

The party went merrily along and the interruption was soon all forgotten by Ruth. Not so by Walker. While Ruth and the birthday celebrators did a lot of eating, drinking and being merry far into the wee small hours,—energetic Carl Walker did "just as he liked." He wired Seattle and booked Ruth Roland over the entire Pantages circuit.

On the following morning Ruth's phone rang again. She covered up her head. But she couldn't get away from it. Reaching out a sleepy hand she dragged the phone over to her pillow. "Hello, " she yawned.

"Say, Ruth," came the same kind voice of yesternight.

"This is Walker. You are booked to appear in Seattle, Washington, next Monday afternoon."

"It can't be done," said Ruth. "I haven't been on the stage for seven years. I—"

"It's up to you," said Walker.

Did she stay in bed? She did not. She had actually given the man her word. She hustled around Los Angeles enlisting the immediate services of all the shops, the furriers, and the milliners, and arrived in Seattle at midnight, Sunday night; and went on that stage the next afternoon, as advertised,—and she sang and danced and made her costume changes in pronto time. Result, a half dozen encores! Great success! Honestly, Ruth had a good time doing all this; but it wasn't as much fun as being a movie serial. So she is going to stick to pictures. She has signed up with Pathe for a new Western serial with an option on a second one.
A Review of the New Pictures

The Shadow Stage

By Julian Johnson

MR. GRIFFITH'S recent interurban essay, "A Romance of Happy Valley," may not be appreciated for its character fidelity, but it will certainly be criticized for its lack of cumulative drama. The way of the genre-painter is hard when he works with sunlight. His customers want dangerous reds and yellows and greens and big splatters of black shadow—not the pastel conglomelings and camouflageings of nature.

This "Happy Valley" story has depths which the casual picture patron, in search of the formula good time, is not going to suspect. For instance, Mr. Griffith has never been more unerring in his psychology than in his consideration of the religious natures of these valley folk. The ecstatics of conversion and the sublimer heights of sanctification are not a common part of today's soul experiences, but in the Middle West as well as in New England, a country deprived for generations of almost all outlets for the spiritual emotions, the frenzy of religion swept the quiet fields and sleepy towns at regular intervals. But the convert was no more familiar with the backslider, hence while sending young John Logan to the mourner's bench his director may be seen providing the skids of situation upon which John will, in a short time, slip from grace. The treatment of our forms of religion, upon the screen, is a professional disgrace and national slur. Story-writer and director alike, the movie confectioners manifest little more knowledge of past or prevalent religious habits than a Jew has of Methodism, or vice-versa. A priest, a clergyman, or "the minister"—these are the smug manikins who fill our various denominational guises in the photoplay, speaking unparseworthy volumes for the dense religious ignorance of most of the people who make and direct motion pictures. You cannot write the history of any nation, you cannot presume to represent any nation, literally, unless you comprehend, not only its temple forms, but the religious beliefs, practices and customs of its laity. The worship of God, the sacrament of marriage and the observation of law are the three foundation stones of civilization, and the man who would romantically reconstruct the life of any people should know how to pray as well as how they make love.

But Mr. Griffith, with his characteristic thoroughness and intelligent authority, masters the subject before he essays his story.

There are holes in the story, unfortunately, and while the superior audience pokes its fingers through these, and peeks through them, it won't be properly appraising the picture. I found it rather hard to believe, for instance, that young Johnnie would spend exactly seven years in a New York attic trying to make a tin frog swim. Johnnie might have done it—but not in New York. Granted that he resisted all temptation to fritter his time, the myriad apparent opportunities of the metropolis would have made him try other things. Jennie Timberlake, too, seemed to pause like an enchanted princess during the cycle. It was not a Jennie grown older, or wiser, or full of quaint experiences and philosophy to whom Johnnie returned: it was the same Jennie—preserved, arrested, canned in a Mason fruit-jar against his home-coming. George Fawcett's Logan, Sr., was characteristically clear-cut, energetic and complete, and at moments terrible in remorse. The situation of the father's almost-murder of the son is sudden and inexplicable, as a logical part of the play, but it is a strong and baffling situation at that, in itself perfectly worked out. I hardly think that the snappy and ultimately triumphant Johnnie would come home at all—after a voiceless absence through the years—much less settle down in rural contentment with a girl who hasn't budged since his departure. It isn't done nowadays: further, I don't believe it ever was done as a quantity performance. I'd like to see Bobbie Harron play another being than himself, once in a while. This story is a pot-boiler. The best thing, the incomparable thing, about "Happy Valley" is Griffith's unerring analysis of the combined sincerity and frailty of religion in a rural community.

DON'T CHANGE YOUR HUSBAND—Artecrat

This enterprise, as a matter of screen tone and wall decoration, is a masterpiece. As a story it starts a masterpiece and ends a
masterwork. Had Miss MacPherson, who conceived the entanglements, kept pace with Mr. DeMille, who visibly unawaed them, this piece would certainly have been the first great and true society play born on the screen. The DeMille faculty of exquisite detail is in its dazzling zenith. Here is life—elegant or practical, romantic or funny, just as life springs up and grows in gardens fertilized with gold. James Denby Porter, a glue manufacturer, is a hound of unpressed suits, chewed cigars, onion breaths, eternal business and parlor sleeps, while his crystalline wife, Leila, is as amenable to this backyard domesticity as an orchid to a garlic patch. Porter is the American husband in that he gives his wife everything except himself and his thoughts. It is not difficult, then, for one Schuyler Van Sutphen, a platinum watch on the grimy wrist of everyday existence, to shake Leila out of Porter's nest, and into his own. Then Leila discovers that Van Sutphen's virtues are tined, while her former husband's faults were a sort of dirty gold. Coincidentally Porter trains off his fat, shakes down his lethargy, becomes a man as well as a machine, and wins Leila back. To the point in which Leila discovers the essential differences between James and Schuyler, the play is perfect. From that moment it is obvious, mechanical, movieish. There is no degree transformation of Porter; one moment he is the gross, kindly, slovenly, pathetic and cow-eyed husband—the next he is the svelte Elliott Dexter, popular leading man and actor. Van Sutphen, to provide the crowning offense, must mix in with a chorus girl who pilfers his wife's last remaining solitaire and follows him home. The ex-husband becomes her champion in her current or series husband's house—and of course he exits. The beauty of this play is the perfect elegance of its mounting, sumptuous and rare to a degree but never out of taste. Its believableness lies largely in the remarkable performance of Elliott Dexter as Porter of the first phase—a character such as has seldom been given to the screen. Lew Cody plays Van Sutphen with great facility and vividness, but I venture to suggest that Mr. Cody is going too strong on a deadwhite or "pretty" makeup. Gloria Swanson, delicious always, suggests a married chicken more than a serious-minded wife. The support and the thousand-and-one details supplied by Mr. DeMille must be seen to be appreciated.

**MICKEY—W. H. Productions**

"Mickey" is worth anybody's time because it is a long dash of the old-time Mabel Normand, than whom the screen has never possessed a more whimsical, droll or wholly original comedienne. As a story this mile and a half of film—or thereabouts—is an absurdity. It rehashes the fond and familiar tale of the miner's daughter, loved by her social relatives in the metropolis for her gift alone. And such relatives! "Mickey" had more directors than a revolution. Presumed to raise Miss Normand into large prominence in extra-sized Sennett pieces, it occupied the better part of a year in making, cost several hundred thousand dollars, had its plot changed every day before lunch, and was finally cut into seven or eight reels—from a fireside library of assorted film—more than a year ago, by H. O. Davis. The generals in the field ran the gamut of talents, from Keystone Dick Jones to James Young. But through it all romps the Mabel Normand of Chaplin days in Edendale. Whether she is falling down a well, leaping through an upper window in a ball groom or visiting New York (New York with deep lawns, palms and California architecture) she is startling, vivacious, girlish, and always funny.

To increase sluggish circulations in cold weather I unreservedly recommend the horse-race, and to cure those who are melancholy that uproarious innocent pursuit of the scared squirrel up the leg of Mabel's overalls. Best and largest in Miss Normand's support is Minnie Ha Ha, a noble redwoman of several hundredweight and equally solid intentions. Note number two to Lew Cody: go back to the grease-paint you used here. Lew: it's exactly your proper shade.

**HERE COMES THE BRIDE—Paramount**

Here is one of the best screen farces that ever galloped across a silversheet. This is not a comedy—it is farce, pure farce, stage farce, with its rapidly succeeding gales of laughter, its ludicrous though perhaps artificial situations, its climaxes of complication. Frederick Tile, an inimurous lawyer, loves Ethel, daughter of the rich Robert Sinclair. On the same day
that Tile is hooted out, as a suitor, a South American beauty, whose legacy depends upon the marriage of a certain other Frederick Tile—now languishing in jail beneath the Southern Cross—engages her lawyer to make any Frederick Tile he may find a proposition of business marriage, with a large reward and subsequent divorce. The lawyer finds the disconsolate suitor of Ethel, has him spliced to a fright—and at this moment Ethel, drawing her own money from the bank, leaves home and comes to marriage and finance her darling Frederick. Obviously he cannot tell her the truth; by chance they are thrown together under the roof of a mutual friend for the night, and here, next morning, the chaotic conclusion comes when the ugly wife of convenience, the little sweetheart's father—and everybody—rush in for a general straightening of all the knots in the puzzle. John Barrymore, that great tragic actor who can be a more consummate ass in a farce than the silliest clown who ever lived, is a convulsion as the despairing Tile. Faire Binney, a bon-bon fresher than any Huyler ever made, is the quaint Ethel

THE MIDNIGHT STAGE—Pathé

Both Frank Keenan and Jack Cunningham have done something, here, with a very ordinary story; Keenan, by the sheer power of an interpreting personality; Cunningham, by an original line writing which gives two or three old situations the kick of a Missouri motor. Cunningham allows that he adapted this from “The Lyons Mail.” But no author would have turned in his grave even if he hadn’t made the admission; the good points are all his own. John Lynch, a gambler of forty years or a little more, comes to the California diggings where his ancient Virginia father, nearly eighty and broke, but still courtly, wears the elusive nuggets in the creekbeds as he has been wearing them, ineffectually, for more than a quarter of a century. Here, also, is an alcoholic hell-bound, one Bige Rivers, a monster incarnate—and the physical and facial double of John Lynch. Rivers holds up the midnight stage and murders every man in it: he also nearly kills the insipid River, Sr., and there is a reason of pathos in the dying old man’s forced denunciation of his errant son as his murderer. In the eventual revelations Rivers’ “woman scorned” reveals the truth, and, trapped in the top of a shed, Rivers and the younger Lynch engage in a gun fight to Rivers’ death—a thrilling piece of that elsewhere overworked mechanism, double exposure. The big gasp in the play is the discovery of the silent stage in the moonlight—with every man in it horribly dead. As a piece of terrific, almost demonic acting Keenan’s portrayal of the rum-crazy Rivers is a more effective indictment of Alcohol than a barrel of reformers’ sermons. Yet, where I saw it, the censors must force softly the bestiality of booze with their kindly shears. Certainly the passion for censoring anywhere and anyhow, shares its restless couch with strange bedfellows!

SHADOWS—Goldwyn

Willard Mack, the forceful but erratic genius who wrote “Tiger Rose” and “Kick In” for the stage, has been writing too many potboilers for the screen. And especially for Geraldine Farrar. Last month, “The Hellcat.” This month, “Shadows.” Some better, but still a commonplace on an old theme, in the old way. The obvious “shadow” upon a woman in a play or a story or the shadow of her own past, which must be never known in the conventional circles of a narrow society. So Muriel Barnes, now happily married to Judson Barnes, was once Cora Lamont, a girl of Alaska. Jack McGoff, her slave-driver when she toiled under the artificial midnight suns of the North, has a friend in Frank Craftley, now a swindling promoter. Craftley, getting hold of the secret of Cora Lamont and the man she hated and fled from, uses this to drive Barnes’ wife as his instrument in binding a fraudulent bargain on her husband. McGoff reappears, too. Against him, however, she plays guile against guile, and lays out her jewels in a manner that would make an intruder look like a thief. Then, when he tries to force her to his will, she fires a revolver, the household is in chaos—and the intruder is shot dead by a policeman. Thus, the shadow passes without materializing into ultimate disaster. Miss Farrar does well in her two parts, and Tom Sansichi is characteristic and magnetically wicked as McGoff. Milton Sills and Barnes and Fred Truesdee as Craftley complete the cast.

(Continued on page 93)
How Pictures Found Charlie


The main title of this anecdote is the literal truth: Charlie Chaplin didn't find motion pictures; pictures found Charlie Chaplin.

Although his winning opportunity was, in a way, thrust upon him, his remarkable progress was the result of a well-laid plan.

Contrary to general opinion—and who, in this day, isn't able to tell you all about Chaplin, from his stage career to his marriage?—the comedian was not first drawn toward pictures in America. The distinction of place belongs to the Channel Islands, those English possessions off the west coast of France. There, on the wee island of Jersey, he stepped for the first time in front of a crank camera, won his first laugh as a screen comedian, and visualized the beginnings of a quaint image he has made world-famous.

The first laugh he won as a picture actor, a laugh which remains indelibly on his memory, was the sincere laugh of a little child.

In 1912 Mr. Chaplin was a comedian in Fred Karno's traveling company, and August found them in Jersey. As the players emerged from one of their matinees they observed that the sky was cloudless, and the day, while bright and glowing, was nevertheless not too warm. The company separated for various outdoor pastimes. Chaplin and the manager, Alfred Reeves, went for a stroll.

A certain wise man whose name I do not recall once had a few words to say about destiny:

"There is a time, I know not when;
A place, I know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
For glory or despair."

What happened at the end of this particular stroll undoubtedly marked the destiny of Charlie Chaplin.

With Mr. Reeves, he went to the Jersey race course, which just then was having a day of days—its annual celebration, the island's "Carnival of Flowers." Those who have lived in Southern California, where the ancient Spanish "La Fiesta de las Flores" is still occasionally given, or those who have seen Pasadena's annual midwinter "Tournament of Roses" will gain, without further description, some idea of Jersey's flower festival.

At any rate, it was a big, joyous bit of summer glory, with a profusion of blossoms and foliage vying in beauty with the bright-cheeked island girls. Many quiet customs and observances still prevailed, and one of the English "current events" cinema firms had sent a man from London to grind in some hundreds of feet of the most striking portions of the show. A motion picture camera in public was then almost as exciting as a free light, and though the cameraman had succeeded in getting a good "set-up" in front of the grand-stand his field was swarming with a curious crowd that he found absolutely impossible to keep away. Of course Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Reeves were attracted by the novelty.

Presently a beautiful shout appeared, and with a final threatening shout to disperse the bystanders who insisted on getting...
Chaplin

By
Edward Allan Biby

in front of his pretty picture, the operator seized his crank and stared into his finder. Into the finder rolled the float, and the film began to turn upon its spools. He succeeded in getting perhaps a score of feet. Then—a short, slender young man shuffled with a curious step into the foreground of the im-

Though pathos is a most substantial element in every Chaplin comedy, the still camera has caught only one wistful closeup to date. Here it is.

prompt set, and into the hearts of Jersey. Before the cameraman realized that his mission of flower photography had been tossed to one side he had cranked in nearly a hundred feet of Charlie Chaplin’s introduction to a motion picture career.

The cameraman’s first warning came in laughter and applause from the crowd, which gave the all-of-a-sudden screen player an ovation. Above them all rose the clear laugh of a little French boy, and his excited cry to his escort.

“Maman, je vieux voir encore ce comique.”

Jersey, as I should have said, is peopled mainly by French folk.

Mr. Chaplin returned to his hotel with a keen realization that he had asserted a character personality which won him the favor of laughter’s truest exponent: a child.

And the cameraman? No one knows what became of him or his “ruined” film. He left hurriedly, disgusted and grumbling. But if that strip of old-fashioned picture could be unearthed now, and authenticated, what would it not be worth as the premier Chaplin curiosity?

Upon arriving in England, directly after his Jersey engagement, Mr. Chaplin brought up the subject of motion pictures in a conversation with his brother Sydney, who was then, as he is now, associated with him in business. Sydney not only agreed with Charlie that the motion picture industry would eclipse in magnitude any and all forms of prevailing public amusement; further, he favored Charlie’s plan to faithfully execute the remainder of their Kurno contract by making a scheduled trip to America with the Kurno company, after which they were to seriously investigate the infant screen industry and carefully cultivate the seed of ambition which had been planted in Charlie’s mind by his pleasant and unexpected little experience on the Channel Islands.

On October 2nd, the same year, the White Star liner “Oceanic” left Liverpool carrying a passenger whose aspirations ran high but who little realized that those aspirations, realized, would belt the world in smiles.

During the week of May 12th, 1913, Mr. Chaplin was appearing at the Nixon theatre in Philadelphia, as Archibald, in “A Night At the Club.” One morning at breakfast his manager opened a telegram, read it in puzzled fashion two or three times, and then remarked: “I guess they mean you, Charlie.” So saying, he handed the wire across the table. It read: “Is Charlie Chapman still with your company? If so, he will learn something to his advantage by communicating with Kessell and Baumann.”

Charlie reflected.

“I guess they mean me,” he said, finally, “even though they don’t know how to spell my name. Kessell and Baumann sounds like a couple of lawyers. I’ll bet I’ve got an unknown aunt who’s dead and left me a fortune!”

After the show that night, Charlie boarded the midnight train for New York City—from which the wire had come—and next day returned to Philadelphia in time for the matinee performance. The anxious manager, of course, was full of sympathetic curiosity.

“Well, what’s the word?”

(Continued on page 105)
This story, the story of Marjorie Rambeau, covers vast distances. It reaches up toward the polar regions and sweeps down to the warm southern seas, it lingers on the western coast and watches the sun rise out of the Atlantic; and if it were written a few months later it would span the sea itself and breathe the fogs of London. But wherever it is placed, wherever it finds its temporary resting place, it is always a story of California and a California woman—a woman whose earliest memories are of the shafts of morning light striking fire from the peak of Mount Diablo, of organ voices drifting through the redwoods, of the perfume of orange blossoms, of the joyous battle between the blue of the sky and the blue of the sea, of purple pools that nestle in the Piedmont hills, of the merry madness of San Francisco carnivals, of the rhythm of Spanish dances, of the glow of a field of golden poppies on a long-sunlit slope; in brief, of all the beauty and all the romance that go to make California America's land of heart's desire.

In saying these things, I must here intrude my personal assurance that I write not of things that have been told me in a fleeting hour's conventional "interview" (Oh accursed word!) nor from the hashed-up drivels of a press agent. A memorandum book in which various significant dates are recorded, reminds me that in Los Angeles, on the third day of April, 1910, I entered the service of Oliver Morosco as press agent for the Burbank Theatre, the same being also the date of the debut of Miss Rambeau as Mr. Morosco's leading woman. The things I have known of Miss Rambeau, on and off, in these eight years, dovetail so perfectly with those which have been told me, that the astonishing tale I am about to relate carries my personal guarantee of authenticity.

California has been compared to Italy in many respects, but in none is the similarity more striking than in the early age at which girls begin to appear mature.
ern Star

beau, who grew in Alaska, in New York.

BARTLETT

beau. "Another girl stayed all night with me, and at the first peep of dawn we rushed down to get the Examiner. 'I shall die if Ashton Stevens roasts me,' I said. Hurriedly we turned to the theatrical page, and then more slowly searched the paper. Not one word was to be found concerning our performance. That was tragedy.

Another funny thing happened in connection with that performance. An actress, popular on the Pacific Coast, and who just missed being famous, but who was at that time at the height of her success in California, asked mother to bring me to her box. She petted me and asked us to call at her home for tea the next day. We went, and at once the most patronizing airs were assumed.

"You are too tall, my child, far too tall," said the great star. "I won't have tall girls in my company. You must not wear high-heeled shoes. You must not wear plumes."

At fourteen years of age Marjorie's favorite role was "Gloria Quayle." The oval below is proof positive. If it seems difficult to believe, obscure the garb and see the face of "Gloria," revealing wide-eyed fourteen-year girlhood.

Miss Rambeau in "Motherhood," one of her motion picture vehicles.

"There is some mistake," mother said very haughtily. "I have no intention of permitting my daughter to engage in a theatrical career. We came for tea, not to apply for work. Good afternoon."

Another outcome of this public appearance was a vaudeville offer, which Mrs. Rambeau wanted to reject, but Marjorie had had her taste of the spotlights, and teased, and the manager cajoled, so finally Marjorie and her mother signed a contract for a very brief tour. It was the beginning of Marjorie's career. She has been before the public ever since.

Now comes the chronicle that places a tax upon the imagination. After their first brief vaudeville engagement, Marjorie and her mother became associated with a small company that was presenting tabloid versions of famous plays for a small circuit of variety houses in the Northwest, where the big vaudeville circuits had not yet entered. Portland was their headquarters. In the course of events the company needed a leading woman, and Marjorie insisted that they look no further. After much debate they decided to give her a chance. And so at the mature age of twelve she played "Camille," her always handy mother upholstering her slender, girlish figure, fitting her with her first set of stays, and otherwise trapping her out as Dumas' unhappy heroine.

"Of course I had only the vaguest sort of an idea what it was all about," says Miss Rambeau, "but I did take a lot of pride in my death scene. They hurried me too much and I complained. The manager finally said, 'Oh well, anybody that gets as much pleasure as you do out of dying ought to be allowed all the time she wants. Do it your way.'"

So the months passed. At thirteen Marjorie played Cigarette in "Under Two Flags," and "Carrots": at fourteen her favorite part was Gloria Quayle. And if you doubt the possibility of these achievements, turn your eyes toward the photograph herewith reproduced, of Marjorie at this stage in her career. At

(Continued on page 96)
Better Photoplay League of America

Parent organization founded—public opinion vs. censorship—news of the branches.

NOW that we are turning back from the business of war to the pursuits of peace, it is natural that some of the superabundance of energy that has been generated by the great struggle should be diverted into efforts to ameliorate industrial problems; employment, living, political, and moral conditions. But it would be well to pause and consider the use of this energy well lest it be turned into ill-considered and misguided channels.

The word Democracy is as sweet sounding a word as charity. And, just as many sins are committed in the name of charity, so if we are not careful great injustices may be done by misconceptions of the true ideals of democracy.

National prohibition should not be regarded a reform, but as a development. The professional reformer did not bring about national prohibition. It was affected by public opinion—by a feeling of the great majority of people of the United States that liquor served no good purpose, that billions of dollars were wasted on it, and that the only apparent effect was the expenditure of public money for the care of victims of its misuse and the degradation of men and women. And yet, some of the greatest voices of America, including that of Cardinal Gibbons, have been uplifted to warn us lest in the zeal to reform and perfect humanity by legislation we transgress too far on personal liberty.

So we may well pause and consider with extreme caution the ambition and desire of zealots to "reform" the motion picture by the enactment of laws providing for official censorship.

It is a poor cause that cannot find some enthusiastic adherents, and the word censorship has a sweet sound to the ears of many high-minded people who are sincerely concerned with the welfare of their country, and the protection of our people from unwarranted influences, and obsessed by an unbalanced sense of their responsibilities as their brothers' keepers.

Will it not pay us to look down through the perspective of history, keeping in mind that the people of Babylon, of Rome, Greece, and of the Middle Ages throughout Europe, not necessarily uncultured barbarians, all came to grief when their personal liberties were committed into the hands of individuals? Most of these were neither wise enough to be entrusted with such responsibility nor strong enough to resist the sources of private gain. Human nature has not changed much up to the present date, and the same injustices experienced by Rome under Cato, "the greatest of the censors," and England under Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, threaten the people of the United States at the present day.

It will be a sad and aimless world for some folks when the much advertised millennium is reached; when all mankind is clothed in the spotless garments of virtue; when all is brotherly love and unselfishness; and when nature's laws are legislated into a fine adjustment in perfect harmony with all these desirable ends. For one of the things that make human beings interesting is their little failings. With human nature legislated out of being, what becomes of sympathy, of kindly aid to neighbors and nations, of a loving appreciation of the tender and less stalwart phases of life? Are the censors demigods, that they wish to make us all over to their measure?

WHATEVER the rank and file of this nation wants, it is going to have. The people want better films. That wish is going to be granted, but it will be granted sooner if each community gives practical expression to its own wish in this regard, in a constructive manner, and shows its sincerity by attending good plays, and staying away from bad ones.

Readers of this magazine, the blessed solution of this problem lies partly with you. You may ask, "What can I do for the cause of better films, singly and unaided?" Well, in the first place, think about it. Then talk about it. Even if you do no more than to say to your neighbor, "I wish they would show a better class of film at our theatre." But the sensible way, the practical way, is to start a branch of The Better Photoplay League of America. Let your exhibitor know you have started it, and then co-operate with him in the obtaining of better pictures. Even if you are alone in your community in the fight for better (Continued on page 76)
The more you cut the cuticle the faster it grows

Why cutting makes it rough, uneven

How to have lovely, shapely nails without cutting the cuticle

When you trim the cuticle around your nails you cannot help cutting into the live part which protects the delicate nail root.

Look through a magnifying glass at the cuticle you have been trimming. You will see for yourself that you have made little cuts in the living skin.

In their effort to heal, these tiny cuts parts grow more quickly than the rest. They become rough, dry and ragged. Soon you have a thick, uneven edge at the base of your nails.

Nowadays, cutting the cuticle has given place to a safe way of removing it. One first softens it with Cutex, then wipes it off with a cloth, leaving a firm, smooth, unbroken edge.

Wrap a little absorbent cotton around the end of an orange stick (both of which come with Cutex) and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. In a moment the surplus cuticle is softened. Wash it off in warm, soapy water, pressing back the cuticle when drying your hands.

Perhaps at certain seasons, the cuticle at the base of your nails tends to become rough and dry. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is a soothing cream prepared especially to counteract such drying.

You will love the way your nails look, after you have given them a Cutex manicure. Don’t expect, however, that with only spasmodic care you can keep them well-groomed. Make the care of your nails as much a matter of habit as brushing your teeth. Whenever you dry your hands push back the cuticle with the towel. Then once or twice a week give them a quick Cutex manicure.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cuticle Cream are each 35c.

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Mail the coupon below with 21c and we will send you a complete Midget Manicure Set, which contains enough of each of the Cutex products to give you at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 704, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

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Better Photoplay League of America
(Continued from page 74)

films, keep on wishing! Don't you know there's magic in a wish? You will soon express that wish in words and in deeds and results, and other people will catch your enthusiasm. And when the psychological moment comes,—start a branch league. Use public opinion. It is like faith—it will move mountains!

The Parent League is Formed

The greater the power for good any organization possesses, the greater is its necessity for firmly intrenching itself against influences which might be brought to bear to weaken its effectiveness. To protect by every possible means the effectiveness of The Better Photoplay League of America and to legally protect its name, a parent organization was formed in Chicago in December. Among the names of the members of the parent organization are many of national importance and of people of such a caliber as to insure us that the good work of promoting clean pictures will be guided by high minds and by lofty ideals. Among the charter members are: Wilbur D. Nesbit, writer and publicist, Miss Ruth Ewing, editor of the Humane Advocate, Emerson Hough, one of America's greatest novelists, Hiram Moe Greene, editor of the Woman's World, and Miss Nina Barlow, one of Chicago's prominent Red Cross workers.

The constitution and by-laws, closely pronounced, of those of the branch leagues, were adopted. The officers elected were: James R. Quirk, president, Hiram Moe Greene, editor of the Woman's World, vice-president, and Miss Nina Barlow, secretary.

Miss Janet Priest, a writer of ability and experience in the work of stage and screen, will handle the departmental duties in connection with the League, and can be consulted by letter or in person on all matters pertaining to the League and its branches. She can be addressed at the Photoplay offices, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.

News of Better Films

Frank M. Bronson, during his annual address before the Woman's Club of Blue Island, Ill., recently reviewed the work of the League, quoting from articles in the Photoplay Magazine in illustration of his remarks. Mr. Bronson's general subject was "Music and the Better Film." He laid stress on the need of better music as an accompaniment to the better class of screen output. The lecturer referred to the work of the Monrovia, Cal., branch of The Better Photoplay League of America as an evidence of what it was possible for communities to do in obtaining better screen productions. A former Monrovia resident was present at the lecture.

Blue Island is one community which has solved its problem, so far as objectionable films are concerned. This has been due partly to the women themselves, partly to their local exhibitor, and partly to the influence of a high school superintendent, who set the pace by showing the right kind of pictures in the schools. This man has proven that the problem of the motion picture is in large part the problem of the school.

By the way, no better work in this connection has been done anywhere than by the Better Film committee of the Home and School League of Salt Lake City, Utah. For more than two years the committee has been putting on children's screen programs, with tremendous success, and for over a year it has assumed entire responsibility for these programs, renting the theater and obtaining films. All money profits are devoted to the continuance and development of the better film work.

ORGANIZE a branch League in your community! Write for information to The Better Photoplay League of America, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Do it now!

The method they want to use may not be the right one, but they are at least exhibiting a gratifying interest in this important subject.

In the meantime, The Better Photoplay League of America is going steadily forward in a constructive way, organizing public sentiment in behalf of better films, and accomplishing by the force of its ideals what state censorship has so far failed to do.

New branch leagues are forming everywhere. Ohio (a censorship state) finds better photoplays a crying need,—the "protection" having failed to protect. New branches are forming there, in New York, in Massachusetts, in Illinois, and elsewhere.

Formerly it was the women who evinced the greatest degree of interest, but now the men are everywhere waking up to the importance of this issue. Business men, heads of enterprises, writers, exhibitors, the representative men of their communities, are not only writing for information about The Better Photoplay League of America, but are starting branch leagues.

Certainly it is a splendid commentary on our national morality when the men demand cleaner and more worthwhile films.

Six ministers of Evanston, Ill., have decided that the gospel and the motion picture should go hand in hand. They are planning a series of special religious entertainments, in which pictures of the better kind are to be interspersed with readings and music, with perhaps a sermon or sermonette to go with them. They recognize the educational value of the screen and its prominent part in the lives of their parishioners. These progressive pastors are: the Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown, of the Congregational Church; the Rev. David H. Jones, First Presbyterian; the Rev. O. F. Jordan, Christian; the Rev. James Madison Scott, First Baptist; the Rev. Horace G. Smith, Hemenway Methodist Episcopal; and the Rev. Ernest F. Tittle, First Methodist Episcopal.

Emerson Hough, the celebrated novelist, one of the founders of the Photoplay League of America, has said:

"I shall be glad to do all I can to help out this movement. God knows there is need for it. As it seems to me, a great and powerful instrument is being handed to its ultimate and early fruition."

Mrs. Paul W. Tillard, founder and principal of Mrs. Tillard's School, Altoona, Pa., writes:

"From a teacher's viewpoint, the child of today has a wonderful advantage; this is given him through the pictures with their eye descriptions before him. Geography today means more than lines for rivers and railroads: cities mean more than dots on maps; voices are heard in things. Children actually live through all these and they become part of each child. That is why we must have the best.

"I am not a crunk nor do I lay claims to being what they term a 'high-brow,' but I do see a wonderful field for your work here. I know from a business standpoint that certain things do not pay: that children's days at the theatres are generally not a good investment; that some people enjoy the thing while others abominate that very thing. But surely we can strike a happy middle road. It is for inspiration in this that I shall look to your League.

**Attention—Screen Patrons!**

Are you seeing good pictures? Or are your theater pictures that are trashy and objectionable? With the aid of the Better Photoplay League of America, you can see better ones.

Write in and tell us about the pictures in your neighborhood. If good, say so; if not, state what is the trouble with them, giving name of theater, title of play, and date shown. State whether morally objectionable or merely trashy.

Exhibitors—write us! Tell us your side of it!

Send communications to The Better Photoplay League of America, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago. No communication will be unsigned or anonymous letters.
HOW TO CHOOSE SUMMER FABRICS

The daintiest things are practical now they can be laundered

"WHAT has come over you! It's wicked to buy such delicate and filmy material. That bit of cob-web will go to pieces the moment you start to launder it."

"Nonsense. I have washed it. It was a remnant and so shopworn and grimy that I dipped it in delicate Lux suds the moment I got it home."

This year, in making your choice among summer fabrics, the important thing is to ask yourself, "Will it launder?" You can choose satins, taffetas, printed georgettes, printed cottons—even for sports skirts. Just make sure you select the kind that you can trust to water. Lux will cleanse it for you repeatedly.

Wash them again and again

Blouses! There is hardly a blouse material today that Lux has not made it possible for you to wash. Pastel colorings! Shimmering and sheer textures! The finer the better!

No matter how filmy the material, you can wash it over and over again in delicate Lux suds.

Economize this summer by buying dainty fabrics that are made to wash. Trust them to Lux. Keep them like new all summer long. Your grocer, druggist or department store will sell you a package. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

How to launder delicate fabrics

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water to make the suds lukewarm. Dip the article up and down in the pure lather. Squeeze the suds through it—Do not rub. Rinse three times in clear lukewarm water. Roll in a towel to dry partially. While still damp, press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

LUX WON'T HURT ANYTHING
PURE WATER ALONE WON'T INJURE

LUX
He Still Lives—
On the Screen

Theodore Roosevelt's strenuous life has become a part of the tremendous educational energies perpetuated by the Motion Picture.

The scene above and that at the bottom of the page show the Colonel as he appears in two periods of his life. An interesting point of "The Fighting Roosevelts" is that a different actor was necessary to enact each phase of his career.

The life of Theodore Roosevelt, widely called "The Greatest American," has been perpetuated by the motion picture. Thus, America—and the world—will not be deprived of the inspiration of this great man's picturesque and constructive life. Just before the Colonel died he gave official endorsement to "The Fighting Roosevelts," the picture-biography of his life, produced in accordance with the Colonel's own scenario. It reveals his life from infancy to the time of his death and accentuates the principles and activities so widely praised for their inspirational values to young America. It shows the youth Roosevelt, the rounding of his assertive character, his schooling, his graduation from law, his part in the Spanish-American war, his frequent pilgrimages into the outdoors and, finally, his attainment of the Presidency. From the point of his retirement after the second Presidential term, the picture dwells importantly on his tireless and fearless preachings of the gospel of Americanism.

At left—Colonel Roosevelt in his study at Oyster Bay. Taken during the last years of his life.

ASK THIS DEPARTMENT
1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theatres.
2. To find for you the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
1. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures.
Address: Educational Department, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago
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in "In the Hollow of Her Hand"

There is a stirring crisis at hand but then Alice "just loves" crises. It is in tense, dramatic situations that Alice rises to the height of her ability.

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Alice Brady

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Many a woman wonders at the charming complexion of stars of the stage and film. The secret of their attractiveness and the way they retain their dainty colorfulness is an open secret. They give their complexion the proper care. Never for a day do they neglect the needs of the skin. And Ingram's Milkweed Cream is their favorite beauty aid.

It has a distinctive therapeutic quality, in addition to its softening and cleansing properties. Its daily use will tone up the skin and keep it in a healthful condition. Begin today to guard and enhance your complexion with Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

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Look Out for Crocodiles!

In the William Fox production of "The Strange Woman," starring Gladys Brockwell, the hero is seen leaving his home, which is located in Delphi, Iowa, to seek his fortune in Paris. An exterior view of the house is shown and looming up in the front yard is a giant palm tree.

C. P. STUTSMAN, Des Moines, Ia.

Legal Error

In a court of law a witness is not allowed to take an oath on the bible with a gloved hand. In "The Panther Woman" the court was not particular.

EMLER L. HANSON,

Chicago.

George Has a Big Heart

No wonder George Walsh in "I'll Say So" didn't make the navy. The rejection was flat feet. But what keeps me awake nights is wondering how the doctor could say that his heart was perfect by listening to his appendix. How come?

Nora, Brooklyn.

The Midnight Sun, Perhaps

In "The Accidental Honey-moon" it rained "cats and dogs," to use the exact expression and the hired hand who had gone to town in a buggy for gas was unable to reach home that night. Yet when he returned next morning the buggy wheels raised a cloud of dust and there was no mud on the wheels.

KENNETH C. WILLIS,

Hampton Roads, Va.

Long Distance Connection

In Dorothy Dalton's "The Kaiser's Shadow" I saw a bellboy walk the length of a room to bring a telephone to Von Krelmin, the German spy.

POLLY AND JERRY,

New York City.

Norma Heap Smart Squad!

THE introductory sub-title to "The Heart of Wetona," featuring Norma Talmadge, explains that "Wetona was born in a tepee and educated in a fashionable seminary." To bear out the latter idea Norma wears Fifth Avenue clothes and in accordance with the tepee stuff she speaks Indian—with an accent. For instance one caption quotes her as saying: "I don't" for "don't" and later on she says "don't." Again, she says "Wetona no tell" and several captions later her English is perfect. Wetona learned quickly. But then, perhaps, they don't teach grammar at fashionable seminaries.

ELIZABETH BREEN,

Chicago.

Moral: Save the Pieces

A 4-L. Komedy showed two vases with flowers ornamenting the newel posts at the head of the stairs. In the rough-and-tumble action, one of the vases is knocked down and smashed to smithereens. Several scenes later the Chinese girl and boy used both vases. intact, as weapons.

D. L. Y., ITHACA, N. Y.

Lightning Change Artist

In "The Cabaret Girl," starring Ruth Clifford, I noticed while she was singing at Benvini's, or whatever the name of the cabaret was, at one time she had a strip of velvet across the back of her gown, and while she sings it disappears, only to re-appear as she walks out.

E. A. WILKINS, 424 31st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rare Old Coins

RECENTLY, upon leave, I had the pleasure of seeing Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona," a fine picture, but in one of the scenes, Douglas and another player match quarters to see whether or not a certain young lady is to go to a military dance.

Of course "Doug" wins, and then follows a close up of the coin with which they match. It is one of the new issue liberty coins, and that scene was supposed to have taken place in 1898, at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war.

PRIVATE S. E. B., Lincoln, Neb.

A Considerate Bad Man

In "The Hell Cat," Geraldine Farrar is tied hand and foot by the bad man and after her house is burned is carried away to his ranch. She is dressed for the afternoon. A few scenes later she is discovered in bed at his house dressed in a night robe which she had worn the night before her house burned.

Did the villain stop to pack a trunk for her?

PEGGY BARKEY,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Soft for Charlie

WHEN I saw "Shoulder Arms," of course I was glad, for Charlie's sake, to learn that the War Department had seen fit to allow him a nice soft pillow with a white case in the trenches. Still it made me sorry for my own pillow-less soldier friends.

CLAIRE STRICKLAND,

Atlanta, Ga.

To Save His Coat and Pouts

Why does George Walsh always take off everything but his hat when he does his acrobatic stunts?

JOHN BRIENSON,

Portsmouth, Va.

A Forgiving Soul

In "The Fallen Angel" with Jewel Carmen, Frank Lane, finding that the sister of his bride-to-be is the willing "other woman" in a triangle, returns her wedding present with a very curt note demanding the complete separation of the sisters on account of this illicit love-making, but finally concludes his note "Respectfully, Frank Lane?"

C. J. O., Sheridan, Wyo.

Taking Her Illness Lightly

IN May Allison's picture "The Testing of Mildred Vane," May Allison came into the room, and picked up the paper announcing that she was ill at her home. She drops the paper at her side, and behold! the paper is the comic section!

CLARE VAN HOUTEN,

Atlanta, Ga.
MAINE, BOWIE, KAN.—I cannot tell you the age of Bessie Love’s husband. You see, she hasn’t any. Mae and Marguerite Marsh are sisters, sure enough. Marguerite is going to be co-starred with Herbert Rawlinson in a new Craig Kennedy serial. Anna Case’s first and only picture to date is “The Hidden Truth.” She may make more, I don’t know, but it was a long time. Speaking of longevity; remember that brevity is the soul of swiss cheese. Confine your queries, next time, to a few choice “why’s” and “who’s.”

HENRIETTA, WILKINSBURG, PA.—There are so many “burgs in Pennsylvania, aren’t there? Is Hollywood just a movie settlement, you ask? Well, I wouldn’t say “just.” So, you aren’t permitted to go to see that luscious lady on the billboards. We will do all we can to persuade her to be a better girl, on the screen. Keep on with your high-school. Henrietta. And your math, and your amo amas amat, and your introspections over repressive reptiles. I never went to college.

UNSOPOHISTICATED MARY, STATEN ISLAND.—And then you start your letter off by wishing Wally Reid was a Mormon. Some little verbal ambuscade. If you don’t know why a poor, overworked, half-starved Answer Man, bending his unbrushed back hourly over a heap of letters, rack his poor, tired brain for suitable sallies to why-aren’t-they married-to-whom queries, looking up (the flaming-haired one went and got married to someone else and here I was planning to keep her in the department)—birth-dates and death-rates—I say, if you don’t know why I can’t admire scented stationery, pink or pale blue, with delicate traceries in green or red writing fluid—I’ll be darned if I’ll tell you. Come again; I like to rant at you.

SILVER SPURS.—And still they come! I have a sneaking feeling that you are a la femme. At that you may be a war-hero, as you say. Winning your spurs with powder, perhaps of a different kind. Niles Welch is a leading man and they have been giving him beautiful rich-young-man roles; what more could any Welch fanette wish for her?

DIMPLES.—You imagine I wear my clothes well. If I do it’s innate, because I can’t spare the money to have my clothes pressed. I keep my other suit under my mattress. Lottie Pickford appears in pictures occasion-sily; she was very ill with influenza. Norma Talmadge is winding up her Select contract, after which she is going with First National. John Bowes is with Goldwyn.

DOROTHY J., OAKLAND.—You say you’re Only a school-Girl. Don’t apologize; I’m not prejudiced. Believe there is a picture-company or two working in San Francisco; but the majority are located in L. A. Clara Kimboll Young has deserted the Angel City for Pasadena, I understand. Norma Talmadge isn’t dead. She is three years older than Constance. Of course the Gish girls are sisters. Monroe Salisbury was Abelard, the Indian, in “Ramona.” He isn’t a real redhead, Dorothy. Salisbury is a Universal star now. I like your real name better than your nom, so I used it.

MARY R., FARGO.—Mary dear, we can’t tell you anything you don’t know about becoming a novice in motion picture work. But we can give you a little friendly advice. Don’t invest in a railroad ticket to Los Angeles; nor a course in correspondence school technique. Norma Talmadge has a new leading man now; Eugene O’Brien is with Paramount. Tom Meighan and Con- way Tearle have succeeded him successively in Miss Talmadge’s company.

MARY LOU, FORT WORTH.—Yes, I have heard of those Polish actresses from New York’s east side and the French comedienesses from Chicago; but it happens that Nazimova really was born in Russia, and went to school there. The same school was attended by Jascha Heifetz, the famous young fiddler. Nazimova may be a leading man now; Eugene O’Brien is with Paramount. Tom Meighan and Con-way Tearle have succeeded him successively in Miss Talmadge’s company.

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KETCH, INDIANAPOLIS.—Whoop! I ap-point you Grand Exalted Rambler of the Depart- ment. You can say nothing in the nicest way. One thing, though; you re-marked: “It must be h—if to be admired by mail.” But it’s good discipline, Ketch. You say we have a lot in common, you be- ing a clerk in a bookstore. Well, you may wield a Big Stick; but you can see your cus-tumers, while I smoke mine. Like me, you say, you deal with the sweet young thing who smells like Apple Blossom-time in Nor-mandy; and,—like me—you fall for her stuff. Sure. And who’s your favor-ite filmiste? Mary Miles Minter? I’ll let you off if you promise you, to answer right awa, that pile of epistles from your Best Girls.

M. B., CAMBRIDGE.—You quote from the Harvard Lampoon: “An impudent maiden named Claire, once walked on the tracks without care. It is needless to state when she met a fast freight, she was frightfully up in the air.” Poor Claire. Now if there had only been a motion picture camera there—Dorothy is Lillian Gish’s younger sister. Dorothy’s latest pictures are “The Hope Chest” and “Boots.” Lillian’s, “A Romance of Happy Valley.”

TAPISCA BLU, BALTIMORE.—What’s your recipe? I wouldn’t worry about not knowing my own mind if I were a woman I could always have my own way. Thanks for all the clever things you say. I’m sure Miss Evans will answer you. The Bush- mans are with Vitagraph just now. Murguerite Marsh is twenty-seven. We might read your hand-writing for you if you didn’t use a type-writer. Fl. R., Tapiscia.

JUNE, BEVERLY HILLS.—“The wisest men that e’er you ken have never deemed it trea- son, to rest a bit, and jest a bit, and balance up their rason. To laugh a bit, and chafe a bit, and joke a bit, in season.” All this, you say, reminds you of me. The proof of the pudding is in the nightmare. Yes, when a man lies, it’s a lie; when a woman lies, it’s only imagination. Vivian Martin? She’s with Lasky, in Hollywood. She’s mar- ried. She was in intense on a noisy stage before going on the screen. Now,
Look Out for Crocodiles!
IN the William Fox production of "The Strange Woman," starring Gladys Brockwell, the hero is seen leaving his home, which is located in Delphi, Iowa, to seek his fortune in Paris. An exterior view of the house is shown and looming up in the front yard is a giant palm tree.

C. P. STUTSMAN, Des Moines, la.

Legal Error
IN a court of law a witness is not allowed to take an oath on the bible with a gloved hand. In "The Panther Woman" the court was not particular.

ELMER L. HANSON,
Chicago.

George Has a Big Heart
NO wonder George Walsh in "I'll Say So" didn't make the navy. The rejection was flat feet. But what keeps me awake nights is wondering how the doctor could say that his heart was perfect by listening to his appendix.

How come?
ELMER L. HANSON,
Chicago.

The Midnight Sun, Perhaps
IN "The Accidental Honey moon" it rained "cats and dogs," to use the exact expression and the hired hand who had gone to town in a buggy for gas was unable to reach home that night. Yet when he returned next morning the buggy wheels raised a cloud of dust and there was no mud on the wheels.

KENNETH C. WILLIS,
Hampton Roads, Va.

Long Distance Connection
IN Dorothy Dalton's "The Kaiser's Shadow" I saw a bellboy walk the length of a room to bring a telephone to Von Kremlin, the German spy.

Polly and Jerry, New York City.

Norma Heap Smart Squaw!
THE introductory subtitle to "The Heart of Wetona," featuring Norma Talmadge, explains that "Wetona was born in a tepee and educated in a fashionable seminary." To bear out the latter idea Norma wears Fifth Avenue clothes and in accordance with the tepee stuff she speaks Indian—with an accent. For instance one caption quotes her as saying: "I doan'" for "don't" and later on she says "don't." Again, she says "Wetona no tell" and several captions later her English is perfect. Wetona learned quickly. But then, perhaps, they don't teach grammar at fashionable seminaries.

ELIZABETH BREEN, Chicago.

Moral: Save the Pieces
AN L-Ko comedy showed two vases with flowers ornamenting the newel posts at the head of the stairs. In the rough-and-tumble action, one of the vases is knocked down and smashed to smithereens.

Several scenes later the Chinese girl and boy used both vases intact as weapons.

D. L. Y., ITHACA, N. Y.
MANINE, BROXIE, KAN.—I cannot tell you the age of Besse Lové's husband. You see, she hasn't any. Mac and Marguerite Marsh are sisters, sure enough. Marguerite is going to be co-starred with Herbert Rawlinson in a new Craig Kennedy serial. Ann Case's first and only picture to date is "The Hidden Truth." She may make more. I don't know, but it was a long time. Speaking of longevity: remember that brevity is the soul of swiss cheese. Conflne your queries, next time, to a few choice "why's" and "who's.

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JUNE, BEVERLY HILLS.—"The wisest men that e'er you ken have never deemed it treason, to rest a bit, and jest a bit, and balance up their reason. To laugh a bit, and chaff a bit, and joke a bit, in season." All this, you say, reminds you of me. The proof of the nessecrode is in the nightmare. Yes, when a man lies, it's a lie; when a woman lies, it's only imagination. Vivian Martin? She's with Lasky, in Hollywood. She's married. She was an ingene on the noisy stage before going on the screen. Now,
June, that you have jested a bit, are you going to let the old Answer Man rest a bit? Thanks.

Mildred Jane, Moorhead.—You hope some actress will read this and send you one of those short-knee dancing frocks for an amateur theatrical, as you can get them in your town. Ann Pennington, please note. Polly's real name used to be Pauline Frederick; it's Mrs. Willard Mack now.

Mae, Vancouver, B. C.—The first issue of Photoplay Magazine was June, 1911. The magazine has been under the present management since November, 1914. Thanks for all your bouquets; also for the brick-bat. Always glad to have suggestions. Dorothy Davenport is too busy taking care of her frisky young son, William Wallace Reid, Jr., to devote any attention to the screen as far as personal appearances are concerned. Hope she'll come back some time, though. Ella Hall and Emory Johnson with Paramount last. Ann Little, Lasky. Alan Forrest, American.

Mae, N. Z.—I'll take your word for it. I don't, as a rule. That's how I keep young. You say your fiancé must have been making love to those French girls; he's improved so. Anyway—address Geraldine Farrar, care Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.

JOSH J., Duluth.—Yep, Josh, that was Annette Kellermann, all right. She's in vaudeville now, where she sings and dances and—swims. Swimming, it might be remarked, is Miss Kellermann's forte. Go ahead and write your photoplay. Me, I would rather remain original. Slong Josh, Chicago crops is fine, by gosh.

Evythe Mc, Dewey, Okla. — Awfully glad to see you. One more is always welcome. Mary Thurman is with Lasky now, having graduated from the custard-pie school. However, she has a funny part in Bryant Washburn's picture, "The Poor Boob." There's a picture of Mary, in character, in this issue. But you won't recognize her. Emid Markey and Elmo Lincoln in "Tarzan of the Apes." Ruby de Remer in "The Auction Block." Others answered elsewhere.

Hilda, Revelstoke, B. C.—We get a good many letters from British Columbia but yours is the first from your city. Doubtless you would be delighted to hang Doug and Mary and Charles in your boudoir if we sent you suitable portraits of them. But the fact is, Photoplay neither sells nor donates photographs. You should write to the players and enclose a quarter with request. We do not answer questions pertaining to religion. Vivian Martin doesn't give her exact age but she's in her early twenties.

Inquisitive Jocelyn K. C.—Another good sign: "And the Children Pay for Adults Only." You asked considerable and my eight-hour day would be longer if I answered it all. I didn't stop to count but all in all it's about fifty questions you're asking and that's too much. I'll answer a few of them just to show you how kind I can be. Sylvia Breamer is with the J. Stuart Blackton productions. Louise Fazenda is with Mack Sennett's company, stopping pies. Don't know if Louise ever played basket-ball in high-school; but if she did I'll bet she was the draw-back. Agnes Ayres, Vitagraph last. Peggy Hyland's still with Fox.

Bere, Pittsburgh.—You say you are a snow-white soul. Well, you're the only one I know that ever came out of Pittsburgh snow-white. I am not disparaging Pittsburgh, but Pittsburgh's weather. Alice Brady continues to make pictures while she appears in her stage-play, "Forever After." Conrad Nagel, her leading man in this, is the same Nagel who plays Larry in "Little Women." Watch out for him, too, in Alice Joyce's picturization of "The Lion and the Mouse." Petrova, on the stage. (Continued on page 100)

Photoplay Magazine

Have You Seen The Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement
At Your Favorite Theatre?

The stars as they are—little journeys to filmland—Photoplay Magazine on the screen. A one-reeler issued once a month just like the magazine itself, full of the most interesting personal doings of the stars, entirely apart from their screen work—just as they are in real life; taking you right into the studios and showing you all the interesting phases of motion picture production; in brief, everything that you find in type and illustration in the magazine itself. As you sit in a comfortable chair in your theatre you are borne as on a magic carpet through the hortofore closed gates which lead to the wonderful and mysterious regions of Filmland. In every reel you will meet at least six or seven stars and see many phases of motion picture work. Then you will realize more than ever what a wonderful art it is, what a tremendous business it has grown to be. It is without doubt one of the most fascinating ideas ever put on the screen. You will gasp with delight when you see how it has been worked out.

Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement is being distributed by the Educational Films Corporation of America. Remember, it is issued every month. It is being shown now at hundreds of the finest theatres in America. Tell your theatre manager you want to see it. Or write the editor and tell him the name of your theatre. We will help him get it.

"Wonderful," Say All Audiences,
"A Brand New Idea in Pictures"
Special Low Prices

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All New Parts Where The Wear Comes — Every Machine Tested and Shipped Perfect

These 10 big important rebuilt features make it possible for you to buy a just-like-new standard, visible writing Underwood at special low prices. Act quick—investigate and learn how you can get 100% typewriter efficiency at a big discount. (My (rebuilt) standard Underwoods are factory reconstructed by typewriter experts. New parts, new finish, new lettering, replace the old; everything made perfect—and the result—a typewriter the equal of any new machine in both service and appearance, just like the actual photograph shown above. And you may buy or rent my (rebuilt) Underwoods on 10 days' free trial backed by a five year guarantee. Just mail the coupon for all the facts.

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The U. S. Government has purchased over 100,000 Standard Underwoods. The result is that Underwoods are scarce, but you can still buy my (rebuilt) Standard Underwood typewriters guaranted as good as new. I sell only Standard Underwood machines, purchased direct from the Underwood factory. Then, when they are still in new factories, the largest of its kind in the world, with new parts, obtained direct from the Underwood Company. Send for my or my

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Besides the 10 features explained above I include many other improvements, such as a two-color ribbon, back-space, stencil device, automatic ribbon reverse, tabulator, etc., and in addition I furnish Free a waterproof cover and a special Touch Typewriter Instruction Book — all for my low price. It's a bargain and I want every typewriter buyer to know the facts. That's why I say—use my (rebuilt) Underwoods, before you pay and prove it to yourself. Then after you buy, I guarantee your typewriter for Five Years. Buy or Earn an UNDERWOOD FREE. Take advantage of my agency plan. Send coupon or write at once for offer.

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I Offer Liberal Discounts on Your Old Machines or Rebuild Them Like New at Money Saving Prices

Prove to yourself at my risk that my (rebuilt) genuine standard Underwoods look, work and write like new. You don't even have to buy the machine when you get it—try one of my Underwoods for 10 days free. It's the first step to cut your typewriter costs. Rent one at low monthly rates, then if you decide, after six months, to buy I'll allow you 3 months' rent and deduct it from my low price— or BUY it for cash, or get one on easy payments. But do so at once — ask for full facts now. Learn how I save you big money—mail the coupon today.

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Play and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By Cal York

The editorial page of this issue of Photoplay Magazine announces an impending war between exhibitors and producers for the control of the industry. This month's kaleidoscopic and cyclonic happenings in Los Angeles make me think the editorial writer was correct in everything but his dates: the war doesn't impend; it's here. To simplify our text, and boil the contenders from a seething mass of twenty to two, let us say that the storm centers have been Adolf Zukor, president of the Paramount-Arctafy affiliations and ramifications—the biggest producing group in the industry—and the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, the strongest combination of producing picture showmen, by far, that the business has ever known. A couple of months ago the First National executives felt sure that they had the majority of the greater talents either in their fold or contracted as futures when present agreements run out. It seemed as though this association of theater men really had a finish grip on the business. As you know they have been releasing Chaplin's pictures, and their newest signatory is Mary Pickford. Norma Talmadge had been announced—and so on.

Of course all roads lead to the film Rome, therefore, in January. Producers with millions hobnobbed with producers with shoestrings in the lobby of the Hotel Alexandria, and for days, it must be admitted, you couldn't tell shoestrings from important money. As Harry Carr wittily wrote: "You have to make an appointment to bathe your hands before lunch, because every washroom is occupied by film magnates in secret whispered conferences which are to decide the fate of the picture business.

Charlie Chaplin was the cause of the first real sky-high explosion from this bubbling crater of monetary diversity. First of all, it seems that his present employers wanted to know why he made only two pictures in the past year instead of six or eight. Charlie intimated that he was in the art business; and that his canning-factory days were over. Quite incidentally he referred to the fact that Anita Stewart and Mary Pickford were making more money out of their contract with First National than he was. Quite plainly, he was dissatisfied with this arrangement. Then brother Syd Chaplin, looking to his own business interests, forgathered with the First National men, and it was reported that he had signed a contract with them to do two five-reel photoplays at $100,000 each. Later, Syd denied this report. Charlie has always been opposed to more than one Chaplin name in pictures, so his answer was to announce that he would rest for awhile. He would close his studio, and take his wife to Europe for a vacation. While his prevailing powers were trying to digest this sudden information came the super-explosion whose effects at this writing (February first) have done more to quiet the situation than to confuse it.

And this in brief was an announcement asserting that Mr. Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and William S. Hart would unite to distribute their own product. Of course the fellow who could laugh hardest—now was Adolph Zukor. Circumstances had threatened to make him a goat, but now he knew that if he were a goat he would have a partner, and maybe partners, in tin-can alley. Messrs. Griffith, Fairbanks and Hart and Miss Pickford announced that they would complete their contracts as rapidly as possible, and then proceed along the lines indicated in their new announcement. Mr. Chaplin announced that his contract had been fractured already—he might not make any more First National pictures. Miss Pickford it might be added, was at the time seriously ill with influenza. She was compelled to suspend the making of "Daddy Longlegs" for four weeks, while regaining her health and strength. Her intention was to begin at once the production of "Pollyanna" under the direction of Syd Franklin without any wait between pictures, so that her three-picture contract with First National could be ended as soon as possible.

As these lines are written no less than four firms are openly making a drive to secure the releases of that al-

(Continued on page 88)
The story of two men who fought in the Civil War

FROM a certain little town in Massachusetts two men went to the Civil War. Each of them had enjoyed the same educational advantages, and as far as anyone could judge, their prospects for success were equally good.

One man accumulated a fortune. The other spent his last years almost entirely dependent upon his children for support.

He had hard luck," the town explained. He never seemed to catch hold after the war.

But the other man did not "lose his grip." He seemed to experience no difficulty in "catching hold" after the war.

The difference in the two men was not a difference of capacity but a difference in decision. One man saw the after-the-war tide of expansion, trained himself for executive opportunity, and so swam with the tide. The other man merely drifted. The history of these two men will be repeated in hundreds of thousands of lives in the next few months.

After every war come the great successes—and great failures

IS your future worth half an hour’s serious thought? If it is, then take down a history of the United States. You will discover this unmistakable truth:

Opportunity does not flow in a steady stream, like a river—it comes and goes in great tides.

There was a high tide after the Civil War; and then came the panic of 1873. There was a high tide after the Spanish War; and then came the panic of 1907.

There is a high tide now; and those who seize it need not fear what may happen when the tide recedes. The wisest men in this country are putting themselves now beyond the reach of fear—into the executive positions that are indispensable.

Weak men go down in critical years—strong men grow stronger

IF you are in your twenties, or your thirties, or your early forties, there probably never will be another such critical year for you as this year, 1919.

Looking back on it, ten years hence, you will say: "That was the turning point."

Thousands of the wise and thoughtful men of this country have anticipated the coming of this period and prepared for it.

They have trained themselves for the positions which business cannot do without, thru the Alexander Hamilton Institute Modern Business Course and Service.

The Institute is the American institution which has proved its power to lift men into the higher executive positions.

These men have already decided to go forward

Among the 75,000 men enrolled in the Institute’s Course, 13,534 are presidents of corporations; 2,826 are vice-presidents; 5,372 are secretaries; 2,652 treasurers; 11,260 managers; 2,626 sales-managers; 2,876 accountants.

Men like these, have proved the Institutes power: E. R. Behrend, President of the Hammermill Paper Co.; William D’Arcy, President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Manufacturing Co., and scores of others.

Men, who have trained themselves to seize opportunity, will make these after-war years count tremendously.

You, too, can make them count for you.

Send for this book. There is a vision in it for you of your future

TO meet the needs of thoughtful men, the Alexander Hamilton Institute has published a 112-page book "Forging Ahead in Business." It is free; the coupon will bring it to you.

Send for your copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" now, while your mind is on it. You could not seize the chance that came after ’63 or ’88. But it will be your fault if ten years from now you say: "I could have gone on to success with 75,000 others, and I did not even investigate."

Fill in the coupon and mail.

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 86)

leged combination of the “Big Five.” A “press-hour” report, carried by a reliable trade organ, declares unofficially that Griffith has signed with First National. Mrs. Zukor represents his own great interests, the First National Men represent theirs. C. F. Zittel is campaigning in the interests of publisher Hearst. The dark equine is the new firm, composed of Messrs. Abrams and Shulberg, both vice-presidents in the Zukor corporations, now “on their own.” But some people say that in this one instance Abrams and Shulberg represent the astute Mr. Zukor, who thus plays two hands in a four-handed game. However, we shall see.

**Norma Talmadge is new leading man: Conway Tearle.**

Anticipating several thousand queries to the old A. M.: yes, he’s married—to Adele Rowland.

**Charles M. Murray is off the screen.** He’s going back to the stage where he and Ollie Mack for years acted in vaudeville under the team name of Murray and Mack.

**The latest screen newlyweds are Harry Beaumont and Hazel Daly.** They were married in Los Angeles on January 15. Beaumont, now a Goldwyn director, bossed Hazel as “Honey” and Bryant Washburn in the “Skinner” series. Perhaps Hazel will be seen again on the screen.

**There was a novel shortage of feminine talent around the California picture studios during the influenza epidemic.** Many of the young women who had had nursing experience before falling for the lure of the screen “cleaned up” during the prevalence of the disease as nurses were scarce at $10 a day. Ten a day every day is a heap better than five a day some days.

**PROFOS of the flu epidemic and its effect in California comes this gem of a story.** “Honey” Pathe, the comedy producer who is known for his eccentricities, was stricken with a mild attack of the disease. He engaged a nurse at the prevailing tariff of ten smoloneos per diem. She remained on the job for ten days. “Pathe,” fully recovered, preferred a check for $7.5. The nurse insisted upon an even century. There was a heated argument. Finally “Pathe” played his trump card. “It’s too much,” he exclaimed; “seventy-five is enough; why, my temperature never got over a hundred!”

**Having** resurrected from the grave of “Intolerance” the entire Babylonian epoch and added thereto so that he was able to release “The Fall of Babylon,” D. W. Griffith has revived the modern story of that quadruplex expansion photo-spectacle. It opened in Los Angeles as “The Mother and the Law,” the first title of “Intolerance” and the original idea which Griffith elaborated into the four-armed cinema story. New scenes were made with Mae Marsh and Bobby Harron, just as new ones were made for “The Fall of Babylon” with Constance Talmadge and Elmer Clifton. Although it is not generally known, “The Mother and the Law” was begun more than four years ago, before Griffith had released “The Birth of a Nation.” When it was nearly completed the producer conceived the idea of “Intolerance” and the modern story became a part of it.

**Lee Moran** had a fine idea. He thought he would build a comedy around the influenza epidemic. He came through on the scenario; the filming progressed, and as a final touch Lee hit on the title. “You’ve Got It.” The next day Lee felt queer. He went home and to bed. He had it.

**After a two-year absence from the screen, Owen Moore, husband of Mary Pickford, has resumed activities.** He has been engaged by Goldwyn to play the leading role in an Alaskan story by Rex Beach, the title of which is “The Crimson Girders.” Owen’s last work was with Famous Players in “Rolling Stones.”

**Jewel Carmen,** the star-eyed goddess of some excellent Fox film vehicles, is said to have forsaken the screen forever and taken up a domestic career in New York.

**Tom Holding,** who played opposite Pauline Frederick in “The Eternal City,” which marked that noted actress’ screen debut, is back as Miss Frederick’s
He Shot the Gun
And Found that He Had the Greatest Wheat Food in Existence

Prof. A. P. Anderson knew that each wheat kernel contained some 125 million food cells.
He knew that each cell contained a trifle of moisture.
So he said, "I will turn that moisture to steam, then explode it. Thus I will burst every food cell so digestion can instantly act."

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He finally solved the problem by sealing the grains in huge guns. Then he revolved the guns for one hour in 550 degrees of heat.
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The grains came out shaped as they grew, but puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size.
The fearful heat created a toasted nut flavor.
The explosions created flimsy morsels, which melted away at a touch.
He had what is recognized everywhere now as the most delicious wheat food in the world.
But above all it was a whole grain made wholly digestible. Every food cell was broken, and that never before was done.
He applied the same method to rice. Then to pellets of hominy, and created Corn Puffs.

Now there are three Puffed Grains, each with its own delights. And happy children are now getting about two million dishes daily.
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Each 15c—Except in Far West

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*Ad*
**Plays and Players**

(Continued)

excessive cost of the comedies and unable to arrive at an agreement, General Manager Winnie Sheehan, then present in Los Angeles, decided to amputate Lehman from the company exchequer. But Sheehan is a diplomat. Nothing like the crude ordinary "hiring" for him. He was in New York politics too long for that. He just gave an order to the head painter one evening and when Lehman arrived at the studio the next morning he discovered that his name had been painted out wherever it had existed before—his resignation had been accepted! Being a comedy producer, Lehman immediately took advantage of the situation by hiring another studio and starting a comedy around it—the situation, of course.

**THERE** seems to be a mixup over the prospective services of Charlie Ray that may lead to interesting eventualities. Charley's contract for two years with Thos. H. Ince expires the middle of the coming summer. Mr. Ince has an option for another year's services, but Ray is said to have signed a new contract with Harry Garson, manager of the Clara Kimball Young company, to begin at the termination of his present agreement.

**ALMA RUBENS** makes her first appearance as a sure-enough star in "Diane of the Green Van" from the novel of that name by Leona Dalrymple. It was a $10,000 prize novel. Miss Rubens' pictures will be marketed by the new Robertson-Cole company and the productions will be made by the Brunston studio. In her first picture Miss Rubens has the support of such well known players as Nigel Barrie, Jamar Johnston, Harry Van Meter and Josephine Crowell. Mr. Barrie is just out of the Canadian Royal Flying Corps in which he served for eighteen months. Wallace Worsley is Miss Rubens' director.

**THERE** is a new face in filmland, a tiny one as yet but it may soon be seen on the screen. The mother is beautiful Florence Vidor, long a favorite in Lasky pictures and the Father King Vidor, one of the coming young directors in the independent field. Oh yes, it's a girl and it arrived about Christmas time.

**WALLACE MACDONALD**, late of the Canadian Artillery, is another returned warrior who has doffed the uniform for whatever the director suggests. He is playing opposite Mae Marsh in a new Goldwyn production which has to do with stage life. MacDonald celebrated his first film engagement by participating in an automobile accident on a Los Angeles corner. Attempting to swerve from the path of a delivery motor truck, he collided with it instead, the impact causing him to lose control of his machine. Inasmuch as neither party was injured, the spectacle of pies, onions, potatoes, eggs, and other species of fruit and vegetables swerving the street was good enough for a scene for any comedy.

AFTER having served for some months as a collaborator at the fun atelier of Charlie Chaplin, Carter DeHaven has en-

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

tered the business on his own. Assisted by his wife, Flora Parker DeHaven, he will make comedies for Robertson-Cole distribution.

TEXAS GUINAN’S western pictures—a series which has been impending ever since her Triangle “Gunwoman” showed her vividly as a real female Bill Hart—are to come into being through the efforts of the Frohman Amusement company. President William L. Sherrill has signed a long-term contract with Miss Guinan, and has gone to the Coast to establish her company. She will make twenty two-reelers, according to present plans—rapid, actionful stories of western days with a woman instead of a man as the brilliant centerpiece. The full personnel of her company will be announced later.

WHEEER OAKMAN landed in New York recently after seven months in France as a member of Captain Peter B. Kyne’s battery of the California “Grizzlies.” Oakman will be back among them in Hollywood, soon.

IT is said Alma Lockwood, widow of Harold Lockwood, will contest the will left by the picture star, which gave $45,000 each to his mother, his small son, and a friend, Miss Gladys W. Lyle of Los Angeles.

FRANCES MARION, Mary Pickford’s scenario writer, who went to France on a special commission for the Government’s Committee on Public Information, was married in Paris to Chaplain Fred Thomson of the 143rd Field Artillery of which Mary Pickford was honorary colonel and godmother. The romance began with their meeting at Camp Kearney, Calif., where Miss Pickford introduced them.

MARIE DORO, who has not been active lately in either the spokies or the pastels, finally decided to cast her lot with the latter. Herbert Brenon it is who signed her for a series of photoplays to be made in England. At this writing they are still on this side, pending passports.

IN his new western, “Breed of Men,” the fictionization of which appears in this issue of PHOTOPAY, Bill Hart staged a fight with some honest-to-goodness roughnecks, and chose as his particular opponent the toughest one of the bunch. They framed it so that when Bill said “Go” the r. n. would fall to the ground after receiving the upper-cut. Well, Bill yelled “Go” at the proper time. The big fellow kept right on fighting and dodging. Bill tried it again, louder. The third time he didn’t waste any words, simply pasted him “one” that really knocked him out. “Why didn’t he stop when I said ‘Go’?” Bill asked one of the gang. “Aw,” returned the rough guy, “he’s deaf; he couldn’t hear a word you said.”

THOMAS A. WISE, one of the “legitimate’s” foremost comedians, is making a picturization of “Mr. P. T. Barnum” for Allied-Exhibitors’ Mutual.

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THE world has learned, rather sadly, that the sweet smiles and historic handshakes of diplomats do not always mean peace. By the same token, the "flash" of the film star doesn't always mean prosperity. I'm told that a dusky-eyed beauty in California—not a newly-found chicken, but a celebrated film-star whose name means a houseful from Portland to Portland—is in reality far from enjoying the present financial assurance that her years of toil, her reputation and her luxurious surroundings casually indicate. People who ought to know say that much of this lady's splendid jewelry has gone the security route since Christmas, while her manager is ardently quarreling—and as ardently, aching, threatening to come into amicable agreement—with those who direct the affairs of her picture corporation from Manhattan island.

GEORGE M. COHN decided he didn't have half enough to do. With superintending the production of a new play, co-operating with his partner Sam Harris in their string of productions, and turning out popular songs on the side. So he assumed the leading role, at the well-known moment's notice, of his own play. "A Prince There Was." Robert Hilliard had the part originally but his portrayal was not to his or the public's liking. Cohan's-is.

H. B. WARNER has been signed for a series of eight pictures under Hampton. He will work at the Brunton studios.

*  *  *

The last line is, we agree, more or less familiar.

WORD has come from Mary Moore, the only sister of the Moore boys. She is a war-worker now; and at this writing is in Glasgow, Scotland, awaiting further orders.

JOHN MASON, one of the best known American actors, died at Stamford, Connecticut, January 12. Mason had a long and distinguished career on the speaking stage. In pictures, he appeared for Famous Players in "Jim the Penman." For Graphic, he was co-starred with Anna Luther in "Moral Suicide."

SHELLEY HULL was another pneumonia victim. He died in New York January 14, after completing his engagement in "Under Orders," in which he appeared with Elsie Shannon. Hull, one of the most promising young actors on the New York stage, was a brother of Henry Hull, who has appeared on the screen, notably in "Little Women."

While Cecil B. DeMille was in New York recently, Edgar Selwyn told him a big idea he had in mind for a stage play. CB persuaded Selwyn that his story would be much more suitable for the screen. Result: Selwyn went to California with DeMille to work out the details of the scenario. The playwright did not long absolve himself from his duties in New York, however; he is back there now.

A Muskrat Speaks

By J. P. McEvoy

I DO not feel, nor ever felt
That this my own, my native pelt,
My coy, cutaneous carapace
Is cluttered up with charm and grace;
In fact, I think the following thnk:
The doggon' thing looks pretty punk.

Some higher fate, I'm told, decides
What animals shall wear in hides,
The silver fox has fleshy fur
That sells at many thousand per,
The sable gots a toney skin
That takes some husband for his tin.

The mole, the dark and devious mole,
Has got a hide that costs a roll,
But what have I? A measly pelt
That isn't worth an ounce of gelt,
I would not wear it, were it not
The only hide I have got.

And yet I'm told that women wear
My hide for coats most everywhere,
My awful looking epithet
Is quite the thing this winter term—
I wish you'd tell me why they do,
I cannot dope it out, can you?
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 69)

"THE GREAT ROMANCE"—Metro

The last feature which the late Harold
Lockwood completed derives almost its en-
tire charm from his own pleasing personality
and innate adaptability to romantic roles.
The story, a thin one and old-fashioned at
that, is reminiscent of the mythical kingdom
of George Barr McCutcheon and what hap-
pened therein. Mr. Lockwood plays Rupert
Danza, heir-apparent of the unheard-of king-
dom of Rugar, who, when called upon to
leave an American college and return to his
uninteresting country to take up its politics,
doesn't feel at all inclined to do so until he
 learns that hopelessly embroiled in the
muddle is Althea Hanway, the girl. Then he
goes, with speed and ultimate effect, though
the righting and the winning and the settling
are not all done until many a knuckle has
been shaken and many a head grazed by
flying bullets. Mr. Lockwood is himself, and
sufficient, and the girl is played with grace
and distinction by Rubye de Remer.

THE LIGHT—Fox

Basically, this is the best story Theda Bara
has had in a year. It is another vampire tale
when it reaches the screen, but, one feels, this
is the fault of the production rather than of
the tale itself. Blanche DuMond, happily
known as "the wickedest woman in Paris,"
doesn't find her wanted chance to serve in the
mercy services of the great war. Chiefly be-
cause her reputation is against her, and the
workers think that beside, her interest is
mainly curiosity, but with the true Gallic
passion for heroic devotions, Blanche gets
finds an artist who has once admired her, now
returning blinded, and through her devotion to
him comes redemption, even though she has
to kill an intruder to insure peace to her
home. Her financial friend, smitten in the
same blast of exalted altruism, reports to the
police that he is the impaling Agauche, and
then goes his way. This story, written
originally by Luther Reed, was capable of an
idyllic treatment which would have lifted it
above sordidness and made it a genuine study
in psychology, but the idea in the Fox treat-
ment seemed to be to make it a typically
mawkish melodrama of soiled sentiment.
And it is. Eugene Omordine as Chabin, the
financially fortunate admirer of suffering
Blanche, gets especially undeserved treat-
ment by the wench to whom he so graciously
contributes. This is possibly the best per-
formance of the play.

WHO CARES?—Select

Credit for the values of this hour in pro-
jection may be divided between Walter
Edwards, the director, and Cosmo Hamilton,
The author, with the balance falling in Ed-
wards' favor. The story is a pleasing and
human one, but Edwards' perfect treatment
and adept handling in every situation form
the keynotes of this picture's success. The
subject is the sub-deb mind, that fearful
and sometimes wonderful cavern of fantastic
ideas. Joan Ludlow, the sub-deb, is em-
balmed alive in a lonely house with her
grandparents, who do not follow the general
truth that people grow better as they grow
older. Joan runs away from her prison, and
marries Martin Gray—not to be a wife, but
to gain her freedom. She refuses both the
physical and moral obligations of matrimony,
and spends her silly time with one Gilbert
Palgrave, a married gentleman whose inclina-
tions are as fancy as his name. Martin Grey,
meanwhile, is pursued by a young person of
the varieties, and the climax of general reali-
ization, reunion, happiness and one thing an-
other is only brought about by a moment of
lunacy on the part of Palgrave. The final
situation—Palgrave's burst of asylum passion

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(Continued)

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— is not very convincing nor very well done, but the unfolding of Joan is gradual, whimsical, alternating occasionally a laugh with a tear perfectly suited to Constance Talmadge, and we may say that it is so suited because Mr. Edwards appears to understand Miss Talmadge better than the writer of the play. However, a story that couldn’t be better written by a hack it’s almost cruel to publish it. Harrison Ford, as Grey, is a delight. The surroundings of this story are far above the average, both in sumptuousness and taste, and the human equipment includes the highly-ornamental Chire Anderson, as Todeles, the young woman who stands on her reasons for being in the show business.

THE DUB—Paramount

If you think that a young man cast into the whirlpool of a rapid and not altogether probable adventure has nothing to do except be the author’s puppet, glimpse this extravaganza and realize that you’re wrong. Wal- lace Reid makes a real character—whimsical, laughable, believable—out of the annoyer of a pair of real estate sharks, and gives him a dogged and altogether American spirit of persistence which completely overrides the mere physical performances with which the piece is crowded. James Cruze manifests his very best direction here, too, and had the titles of the pictures was this a Mid-Crutz effort through and through, the result would have been a melodra-matic farce which might be held up as a marker for its kind. At that, not a few of the titles middle the mildness of a Byrons triumph and is an adorable little foil for the doughy hero, and Raymond Hatton, visible at any length only in the last reel, contributes a burlesque and enjoyable performance which not only has the audience in roars, but who evidently—watch the screen closely and you’ll get this—came breaking up all his fellow-players as well.

ROMANCE AND RINGS—Paramount

There is a certain sameness in the Drew plot, brought about, of course, by the fact that each photoplay shows the tribulations and humor of the same pair of married lovers. Here we start with Henry and Polly at the altar, and Henry forgetting the wedding ring. The best man persuades his wife, much against her superstitious, to loan her for the moment; and afterwards, Polly firmly refuses because she would not only be brought by removing her wedding ring for anyone’s inspection elsewhere than on her left-hand finger. These complications crop up, of course, but not very exciting parts, and the diversions run at even tempo to its denouement. The titles are, in the main, good, and the Drew dispensation of domestic philosophy is as always.

THE GOLD CURE—Metro

This depends principally for its undoubted laugh-drawing qualities on half-portion Viola Dana in double-portion male attire. Thus accounted she resembles a Pekinese in a bulldog collar. In the coldness of the community she scatters tasks on the road to arrest the progress of interesting motorists—and draws, as her first puncture, a family of Ethiopians. However, perseverance has con- quered many things, and she finally abhors her hero with the tine man, even though she gives him a trifle of broken legs while doing it. But a detective plays with her feelings, revealing that he has been following the young woman, whom he had ordered to incarcerate in an inebriate’s refuge for the administration of the gold cure. Feeling that there is a nothing suitably arrivable Anness (Miss Dana) equips herself in a mid-bit that makes her look like Charles Chap- lin in a perineal moment, and lies her to the audience. It was the last picture (I believe) turned out by the late John Collins, and it should be especially welcome to Miss Dana’s large following for it is one of the few pictures that represents the diminutive star. As a plausible story it is negligible; as an hour of many smiles and some laughs it is A-1.

RESTLESS SOULS—Triangle

Another Cosmo Hamilton story, dealing with a subject which is a vast favorite with the shallower levels of film patronage—and also, to a certain extent, a favorite subject of the author’s: the hypocrisy of society. No one will gainsay that people are hypocritical, dishonest and run wild better out of it, but it does seem a bit artificial to draw the line of virtue exactly where salaries end and wazes begin. The best part of the feature is its cast and distribution: the former is practically perfect. With Alma Rubens as the star, there appear former director Jack Conway, Harvey Clarke, J. Barney Sherry and Eugene Burr—actors all.

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND—Select

A melodrama which begins as a mystery, and ends with the movie justification of a murderer. A movie murderer, you know, has only one justification: she killed him to protect her honor. It seems as though the plot does lay out and display an interesting problem: what will happen to one of two women, or to both, when one of them is accused of a crime, and one of her own detectives, has taken into her house as a companion the man she killed her husband? Well, nothing much happens. A high-priced detective finally announces informally that the widow killed deceased. Then, to save the woman who had been trying to trap her, the girl confesses. The latter and ought-to-be strongest part of the play does not rise to the strength demanded by the original situation. Alice Brady plays Hetty Castleton, the girl who killed, and the cast also includes Myrtle Siedman, who has not been seen on the screen for many months.

THE FIGHTING ROOSEVELTS—McClure

Here is a photoplay worthy the subject. That’s a big thing to say about a picture dealing with Theodore and his criticism cannot convey more concentrated praise. However, the makers began right. They engaged neither of the usual historians or many historians to compose their film play, but Porter Emerson Browne and Charles Han- ton Towne—the one a practical writing man the stage, the other an all-around topical reporter, publicist and magazine editor. Their collaboration has been well-nigh perfect. Escewing the better-known spectac-ular episodes in the life and career of public parade, the almost-impe- rial hunt in Africa, and the South American—exploits—they have composed a rolling record of the Colonel’s characteristic but much—known humanities, beginning in very early childhood, and concluding, mostly with real—newspictorial flashes, of the ex-pres- ident’s—Life—Anecdote and honor in the last years of his life. Thus there are four different Theodore Roosevelt scenes beside the moving images of the real man. The first is a by the second a gawky kid, then the Roosevelt of early manhood, pristine political accomplishment and Western development, and finally the soldier and President of the United States. Of all these the young man Roosevelt is most perfect in character,
The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

department, and general appearance as photographs show the Theodore Roosevelt of his legislative and plains days. But the later Roosevelt is very good, too. That actor had a much harder task—the replication of a man minutely familiar to 100,000,000 people. The cast is not given. Space forbids any detailed recitation of the scenes, but I cannot close this approbation without a word of the most genuine admiration for the captivory throughout. This is handled superbly—without cheap sentiment always, yet these titles are redolent of power, simplicity and force. Don’t miss this play.

IN BRIEF:

“Cheat Cheaters” (Select). Clara Kimball Young, in a rapidly moving version of Max Marcin’s bewildering maze of crooks and secret service agents. Fred Burton, Frank Campeau, Tully Marshall, Nick Duane, Jesse Singleton and Mayne Kebbe make the play vivid and genuine.

“Day Dreams” (Goldwyn). A positively silly story, by Cosmo Hamilton. The art director is the real star. He and Director Balger have done much to make this trifling possible. Add picquant and comic Madge Kennedy, and you have the trio that gets it over.

Under the Top” (Artcraft). Why is it so difficult to get a real play for Fred Stone? Is Stone himself at fault, or have his producers blundered by insisting that each narrative be a potpourri of all the stunts under the sun? A drizzly tale, in spite of last and abundant action and good clowning.

“His Parisian Wife” (Artcraft). Goldwyn is not the only sinner in equipping a great personality like Farrar with mean material. This play for the brilliant and beautiful Elsie Ferguson, false in its suppositions, more or less absurd in its provincial characterizations, trumps any misfit of the moment. Emile Chautard’s knowledge of New England and New England people is about on a par with my knowledge of The Department of the Loire.

“Venus in the East” (Paramount). A rapid-fire entertainment with Bryant Washburn, filmed from a popular magazine story. A story not brilliant nor outrageously clever, but amusing. Director Donald Crisp seems more to be praised than author Wallace Irwin.


“For Freedom” (Fox). William Farnum in a graphic though more or less conventional account of a wrongly imprisoned man’s redemption through the great war.


“In for Thirty Days” (Metro). A really funny story, based on the Southern laws which permit employment of convicted offenders. Miss Allison is the star, and Luther Reed the author.

Beg Your Pardon!

Last month this department inadvertently remarked that William Faversham played in the earlier film version of “The Squaw Man.” Mr. Faversham did not appear in any “Squaw Man” picture, but only in the stage production of the same play. We hope that both Mr. Faversham and Mr. Squaw Man will accept our apologies.

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first glance it is difficult to believe that this was a girl of fourteen, but if you cover the still, old-fashioned face and look only at the face, you will see there the wide-eyed unsophisticated of buoyant girlishness.

So while Marjorie was a child in California, the Latins had already adopted her as its own. And to the theatre she brought, not alone the splendid spirit of the golden west, but the inheritance of two of the best loved and most popular personalities in the world—of the golden French and Irish. Mostly she is Irish, with her splendid, gentle smile and wholesome heartiness; and then again the effervescence and dainty grace of the Latin appears to temper and make exquisite her boundless force. Minerva herself was not better armed for conquest. But perhaps it was as well that success was not possible. A pretty Irishgirl was to be traveled before Marjorie would see her name in electric lights on Broadway.

Possibly it would be wrong to say "weary." Up and down the coast mother and daughter tramped it, experiencing all the adventures that come to the "coast defenders." Yet there was always a humorous side to everything; and Marjorie never failed to see it. Her Irish wit would come to the surface when things were duller, and as she tells the story now it is impossible to discern a despondent moment.

For example—they went to Alaska, and the manager of the company lost the entire receipts of the company in gambling. They were stranded in Dawson.

"Mother said there was no danger of our going hungry," says Miss Marjorie, "because she was a good cook and cooks were in demand in Dawson. We discovered and right here I want to say that the producers of the wild Alaskan pictures ought to be taken out and shot. In all Dawson there was only one cook, and the people were as fine a community as you will meet anywhere—just as well educated and a blamed sight more human. They decided to organize a company of amateurs to play in my support. I never had so much fun in my life. Lawyers and doctors, a judge, all the best known citizens, volunteered and we played 'A Texas Street.' Somebody had a copy of the play that was not more than one-third missing, and we filled in the rest."

"We were called for at least eight of our eight or ten night performances. It was the first performance was such a success that our company became the owners of the city of Dawson. The consequence was that few of them had to go to bed early or rest before it began that night, and they came back to see afterwards. The restaurant people was fine and they treated us at simple and recherche little affairs. One or two members of the cast were distinctly less, and it will be impossible for anyone to be there for June 30. I wanted to call off the performance, but they wouldn't let me. It was a terrible, a night of success. Right in the middle of an act somebody would get up in the audience and remark that he was there to State and-so-and-so was a dammed good actor. Then they would make some jigger speech about it. Yes,—it was an unique affair. But they were real people, fine and kind, and I don't think I have ever been happier than I was that night we were stranded a winter in the Yukon."

Here, it can be said, Marjorie Rambeau was graduated from her schooling. Upon her magnetic personality and her natural gifts for stage work, she has added a kind of experience. She had played for restless vaudeville audiences and learned how to hold their attention. She had learned what it was to play before an audience in costumed stage equipment, and keep the attention concentrated upon her acting. And while she was still a child she had seen, under the protection of her mother, many and varied phases of life. She was ready for big things.

Oliver Morosco saw her in a little theatre in Pennsylvania, and engaged her as a leading woman for the Burbank Stock Company in Los Angeles, an organization long recognized as one of the finest institutions of its kind in America. But somehow Morosco let the future star slip through his fingers. While he was feeling his way as a New York producer, he seemingly failed to realize that this girl, who had taken Los Angeles by storm, could do the same with New York. So they parted company, and it was in a little vaudeville playlet that Miss Rambeau made her Broadway debut. Then, in a very bad play, "So Much For So Much," she scored a personal triumph. In an almost equally bad play, "Sadie Love," she repeated her success. After "Chimneys of Youth," and "Miss Rambeau was established as one of the greatest dramatic actresses of the American stage.


"The best I can say for my pictures," she says, "is that they gave my ranch in California at the foot of Mount Diablo, the very ranch where mother played when she was a little girl. How I long to be there!"

"You would rather be a California rancher than a Broadway star?"

"A million times!"

"But success?"

"Yes, success is splendid," Miss Rambeau replied, her eyes shining. "It is glorious to feel that all the hard work one has done has been to some purpose, that it has not been just blind struggling, getting nowhere. You can't find that in the limelight, and that's what they try to make you believe. The great joy comes with the first success, and you go on without ever approaching that same delight again. It's nice to make a lot of money, but if in my mind I always remember you forgot how to live, you are losing more than you can make. I don't want ever to forget how to live, and California means life to me, with its beauty and its freedom, its great outdoors and its splendid people. Just the other day a friend in Los Angeles wrote me that the rose bushes I planted four years ago around my house was a mass of blossoms, and it made me homesick. No—I am positive of this, that no amount of success will ever take from me my desire to go back there and live again."

But before that day comes, it let be fervently hoped that a play worthy of Miss Rambeau will be found and that she will leave upon the screen an indelible record of one of the richest personalities the theatre knows today.
Cowpunchers of the Antipodes

(Concluded from page 34)

against the dust. In Australia they use white ones. We wear fancy checked flannel shirts or something very similar. So do the bushmen. Leather cuffs are absolutely necessary to the American cowboy while roping. If he didn't wear them the rope would burn through to the bone. Dust rags worn just above the elbows keep the dust from sitting all over the body. As the bushmen don't use a rope they wear their sleeves rolled up to the elbows. The reason why we sling our big cartridge belts rakishly over the hips is so that the weight of the heavy six-shooters and the holsters won't wear us out. The Australians carry a rifle with the kit—no guns. They wear a plaited kangaroo hide belt in which to carry money and a watch.

The chaps particularly pleased Snowy. I gave him both kinds—the hair to wear in wet weather and the leather to wear in the hot country. We use leather chaps for protection against the sage brush and cactus. Of course, the bushmen never use chaps. Instead they wear very tight-fitting knee breeches with leggings or cecorina top-boots, or leggings and elastic side-boots. Our spurs are similar.

The bushman always carries a pack horse with him when traveling,” said Snowy. “The outfit is called a ‘bluey.’ It consists of a tent, a rifle, blankets, utensils, a tomahawk which is really a hatchet, and a billy which is the receptacle for his treasure.”

“What's that?” I asked.

“Cold tea,” ironically answered Snowy. Which reply calls to mind that the vernacular of the Australian resembles in quaintness and rich originality our American West. For instance,—our cowboys are bushmen and stockmen in Australia; ranchers are stations; ranchers are squatters; corrals are stockyards; and,—shades of our traditional sheriffs,—sheriffs are police inspectors. For the first time in his life my pintio pony, the one I retired from the screen after “The Narrow Trail,” heard himself referred to as a boxer, a bosom and a dinkum pony, which was only Snowy's way of saying that he was some horse.

**

To-day, Snowy Baker is home at Sydney, Australia.

The sporting activities of the Anzacs, being confined to the European battlefields for the past four years, the time is ripe for the revival of sports and the development of amusement. Australia is still in its frontier days, for there are only five million people inhabiting a country larger in area than the United States. Naturally the government looks kindly upon the development of home production of motion pictures as an invaluable advertising medium to attract immigration. Snowy Baker has already produced one five-reel picture, “The Lure of the Bush.” It has been completed in one of our Hollywood studios and Snowy was so pleased with his first effort as a star and producer that he declared his intention of dividing his time between his sporting enterprises at Sydney and Melbourne and the production of dramatic photographs of Australian outdoor life, the value of which will be greatly enhanced from the educational viewpoint.

The arrival of the bushman outfit and the boomerangs is eagerly awaited by the boys and myself. I have always wanted to throw one of the things. Snowy says that only the Australian aboriginals are able to throw boomerangs successfully. However, as he would say, I'll have a go at it.

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The Prussian

Authorchury

(Continued from page 30)

play, one of a world famous playwright's best works, after it had been considered and rejected at least half a dozen times on account of a production difficulty which had always seemed insurmountable. A suggestion as to how this difficulty could be overcome resulted in a careful reconsideration, followed by an almost immediate purchase. The author of that play will not say "The movies don't want anything good," the company has a fine property, over which the star is enthusiastic, and I made a thousand dollars.

Another instance. Some months ago there appeared serially a story by one of America's foremost writers, and even before its publication, I endeavored to interest, from the manuscript, one of the leading picture companies, but was not able to do so. Following the serialization, the story was issued in book form, and repeated with the book public the great success that it had scored with the serial readers. Frequently I brought the matter up with the picture company, and finally converted a portion of the executive staff; and with this as a foothold, I continued the battle, the outcome of which was that the whole staff finally became enthusiastic over the story, and most anxious to purchase it at a splendid price. Meanwhile, however, I had developed an interest in the screen production, which resulted in one of the best contracts ever made for the dramatization of a novel. Naturally, this removed it from the picture field without a sacrifice of my business self-respect, or a taking for granted of almost utter idiocy on their part.

Why should an author lay the scene of his story on a ranch, farm, or hillside, and be convinced that it would make "a great picture," because he "never saw a chicken farm on the screen?" Or why should another, and the whole story take place in the Wild West, Civil War or short story world, expect a tangible interest in ten or twelve pages of disassociated incidents and variegated locale, a perfect triumph of triumph, a story from which any number of the incidents, or pages, could be lifted at random, without in the least affecting it—because it had no underlying thread of narrative?

The movies want stories, not collective vocabularies. And they don't care how you tell them! In writing screen stories, the author should endeavor, not to make the producer and the audience think as he does but he should endeavor to see as they do. Visualize the story when writing it, and set down in the manuscript what the author or reader editor will visualize when he reads it, and the audience when it sees it, and do not think that because a story is "quiet," it is interesting or available for so, and, as a cardinal requisite, make the story direct. Have the main story run straight and cumulatively. And by all means bear in mind that there must get to the point of the story.

Do not take the walls of disappointed scenario-writers whose half-baked stories have failed to enlist any interest, as conclusive proof that the editor's or scenario editor's one gospel of rejection. They are really anxious to get material and co-operate with the authors; but the author must not forget that their stories are "goods."
The Prussian Authoracy

(Concluded)

the editors do not always happen to like them. A buyer buys what he wants; when an author goes into the usual markets of trade to buy anything, he hunts until he finds what suits him. Grant the scenario ever so easy, a dry joke.

The chief fault of the amateur writer for the screen is fundamental. He has not the writing equipment, but he is sometimes a writer that is capable of development. His greatest shortcoming is that he works, so to speak, photographically, instead of dramatically. Barring nature stories and whatnot, most pictures have not value on the screen. Pictures must tell a story, the pictures taking the place of the spoken word on the stage. Moving pictures merely as pictures long ago lost their appeal, and as a mechanical novelty they no longer attract.

One reason for the great success of the moving picture is its unconscious appeal to the imagination of the spectator. The spoken play puts the complete product before him—the picture, the action, the dialogue—while the screen play he has to supply. This is a stimulant to his imagination, and he likes the stimulation to work along direct and logical lines. And you cannot tell a story from the screen as you can on the printed page.

Practically all of the producing companies now ask that screen stories be submitted in strict narrative form, divided into chapters and with little descriptive matter as possible. It is useless to rhaptoize over "the translucent pool and its velvet bank" on the screen, for it is the business of the location man to select picturesque spots, and he cannot depend upon it to do.

Avoid as a plague the writing of stories in color. This is really perilous, for it takes much longer to read and the essentials of the story are necessarily considerably submerged. Again, no two companies handle a story from the same angle in making their continuations. All studios have their own methods of preparing a story for production, their own studio regulations, which it is not our place to tell you to, and their own liberal or conservative ideas as to expense in production.

Above all, stories should be "human." That is a vastly overworked word, but it is the one that most stories must come every year, every month, every week. The stage plays, novels and magazine stories cannot begin to fill the demand, and you must make up the quota.

It is possible to save time and effort to remember that the field is practically closed to the following: costume stories, political stories, religious stories, war stories, dual-storied plots, personal and laconic; and in a group of historical stories, animal stories, stories of illegitimacy, psychological treatsies, stories with long lapes of time, stories that depend upon the reader to fill in what is not exposed in the writing; and in a group that jumps all over the map, stories of married people—don't write them!

There are, of course, individual stories that are the products of the overcoming of restrictions on any of the foregoing classifications; but if written, the market for them is greatly narrowed, and the author puts an undue strain upon his ability.

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THE ENCHANTED BARN
(Continued from page 63)
without further orders from her, and Shirley soon found herself whirling along a country road.
“Stranger!” she thought, “I never knew Mr. Barnard lived so far out of town.”
Higgins had hurried on ahead, and now stopped at a lonely place in the road. The chauffeur, on catching up with him, also stopped, and the two consulted in low tones. Shirley began to be frightened. She thought of the notes in her possession, of whose value Mr. Barnard had warned her. The motorcyclist opened the door of the taxi. Shirley screamed, demanding that she be allowed to get out at once. The man thrust an automatic into her face. “Shut up, and no harm will come to you!” he said, seating himself beside her. “Go ahead,” he ordered the chauffeur, who at once bent over his steering gear, and “let her have it.”

On they raced, over the well made road. Shirley’s one thought was of the notes. They had been entrusted to her, and she must not fail in this crisis! Higgins was no longer watching her carefully. The girl was quiet, and that was enough for him. Puzzled, he would have returned. Cautiously Shirley reached into her handbag, which lay beside her on the seat, and extracted a card. With equal caution she took a short pencil from the side of the bag, and without looking at it, wrote:

“Sidney Graham, Main 850.—Help—Shirley.”

Placing her hand lazily on the window sill as if to rest from her cramped position, she dropped the card, just as the machine, whirling madly along, almost collided with a stalled automobile, which drawing drivers attempting to crank. As he shook his fist at the careless chauffeur, he noticed a bit of white paper fluttering to the ground, and picked it up. “Tremendous!” for sure he thought, and being a kindly young person, rushed into the nearest farm-house and telephoned to the number on the card.

“Wait there till I come!” was Sidney Graham’s alarmed reply. He in turn phoned to Shirley’s employer. “Meet me on the post road with the county sheriff,” directed Sidney, who had heard heart told him, behind the shadow of a doubt, where his affections lay.

The chauffeur and Higgins had arrived at a barnyard in the woods, where Collins and Grant had arranged to meet them later. Into it they carried Shirley, and lit some lamps, as it was growing dark. An admiring leer from the eyes of the motorcyclist threw the girl into a panic of fear. Glancing about for a means of escape or something to distract his attention, she noticed a piano. With studied unconcern, she seated herself in front of it, and with trembling fingers began to play. “Home, Sweet Home” were the strains that first fell on the surprised ears of the ruffians.

“Well, whaddya know about that?” muttered Higgins. “She’s came, all right.” Then, as she strayed through the notes of “Annie Laurie” and other old melodies, both were listened in delight.

“Stop that noise! It can be heard a mile!”
The order came from Grant, who had arrived with his partner. Shirley realized that her hour of trial had come.

“So you’re the bright little girl who interfered with us once before?” sneered Collins.
“WELL, you won’t try it a second time. Hand over those notes.”
She refused, but he tore the bag out of her grasp, and seized her note-book. He threw it down again with an exclamation of disgust.

“We can’t make anything out of those pot-hooks. What do they mean?” But
The Enchanted Barn (Concluded)

Shirley refused to translate the mystic characters. Collins threatened her. But just as she was about to abandon all hope, Higgins and the chauffeur ran into the room.

"Danger—cops!" they reported. The men hurriedly put out the lights. Sidney and Barnard had arrived.

"Sidney!" Shirley called out, to guide them. Instantly a hand was clapped over her mouth, and she was picked up bodily and carried out of the back door toward the woods. Graham and Barnard plucked after the retreating figures, which were faintly outlined against the blackness of the woods.

The sheriff's car had not arrived. His men joined the rescue party, giving shouted orders to the culprits to surrender, and Collins and Grant dropped Shirley in a futile attempt to make a "getaway" and save their own skins.

Sidney almost tripped over her before he saw the precious figure at his feet. He raised her tenderly in his arms. "I know you would get here," she said simply, with a sigh of trust and happiness.

The men were pursuing the crooks into the woods. A shot or two warned the culprits that it was best to give themselves up, and the sheriff soon had his charges piled into the waiting automobiles.

"But what about the notes, Miss Holister?" asked John Barnard, after her safety was assured.

"Here they are," answered Shirley with a quick smile. Lifting each dainty "pump," she extracted the neatly written sheets of stenographic notes, cleverly hidden between her shoes and stockings. "Those pot-hooks in thenote-book wouldn't have been a bit of use to you even if you had gotten one to translate them," she said to the conspirators.

"We can type the real ones tomorrow," said Barnard in admiration. "They're as safe with you as they are with me."

There seemed to be an understanding that Sidney Graham was to drive Shirley home. When the others had gone he took her in his arms—somehow it seemed the most natural thing in the world to do.

"Shirley dear, I love you," said the youth.

"And I love you," she answered simply. Just then the moon, which had been shining brightly up to now, went under a dark cloud.

"But, Sidney, you said you had a secret to tell me—I was afraid—"

"Nothing to be afraid of," laughed her lover. "This was the secret." By the light of the auto lamps he showed her the deed to the enchanted barn, made out in her mother's name.

"We must always keep it in the family," he said, "for it was the enchanted barn which brought us together."

Vote on Sunday Pictures?

THERE seems to be a difference of opinion among our ministerial brothers of Indianapolis on the subject of closing picture theatres on that day. When the ministerial delegation interviewed the Mayor on the subject and presented a set of resolutions demanding the closing of the theatres it developed that a considerable number of the delegation disapproved the tenor of the resolutions and suggested that it would be a good idea if the persons who were so anxious to close the picture shows would first pursue their parishioners to refrain from patronizing them. Might be a good idea for preachers generally to take a vote of their congregations on the picture shows—The Moving Picture World.

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Breed of Men
(Continued from page 51)

detected to join his merry party.

Next—Careless and the cow foreman tried
the Ford. Burlesquing the butler of
the day before Careless rang the bell and
then stepped back into the shadows prepar-
ing the rope. When an angry and sleepy
butler opened the door the unerring lariat
jerked him off into space. He arrived
speedily in the shrubbery on his dignified
stomach to the amusement of his captors.

With the first rays of dawn Wesley B.
Prentice stirred uneasily in his bed of lux-
ury. Impelled by an irresistible force his
eyes slowly opened. Sitting at his bedside
was a dread visitor who grimly said:

"Mister Wesley B. Prentice, yore under
arrest."

Vainly, the capitalist tried indignation,
then anger, then trickery. To everything
the stern Western visitor remained adamant.
The great man was forced to dress minus his
man servant. Next, he awoke his daughter.
He explained that "this man" had sud-denly
called him away to Arizona and left in-
structions.

Meanwhile the cowpunchers were having
a hard time at the stockyards persuading
an impatient railroad brakeman to hold the
train a few minutes over. Promptly on
the dot Careless arrived with his "guest."
They boarded the train—and the return trip
was started.

Twenty miles out a speeding automobile
was picked up from the cattle train. It caught
up. The train stopped. But Wesley B. had
received instructions what to say. When the
sullen capitalist stepped upon the platform
his hurried office employees explained that
his daughter suspected something was
wrong. Wesley B. re-assured them—and his
last chance to escape was gone. Again the
train took up the long trail back to Arizona.

The third meeting of the Chloride Vig-i-
lance Committee was rife with excitement.
Ruth Fellows had testified against Sheriff
Carmody.

The sentence of death was about to be
passed upon Wesley B. Prentice and Care-
less Carmody when a rider hurled himself
into the crowded courtroom. He brought
the news that he had seen the wanted pair
coming over the Granite Sink trail from the
railroad.

"Get a rope," shouted the crowd.

In the desert nearing Chloride a dishe-
velled, dusty, exhausted man staggered and
stumbled his way, driven by a merciless
man on horseback. They entered the town
and an excited mob surged forward for their
victims. Careless didn't figure on losing his
prisoner—at this stage of the game—not
at all. He held the crowd back at the point
of his six-shooter while the broken figure
cowered behind him.

Old Judge Birdseye quieted the mob long
enough to ask if the sheriff brought Wesley
B. Prentice back as his prisoner. Careless
assured him that if he hadn't have had to
go to Chicago for him he would have been
back sooner. That settled things.

The last check that Wesley B. Prentice
wrote before departing from Windwise
everfore was responsible for Careless
Carmody being a welcome visitor in a little
shack on a familiar section of land.

Ruth now admitted that she thought
Careless was the best man that ever lived.
Which clinched the fact that Wesley B. was
to get the first notice of their "wedding."

Raising the Question

In the dressing room of a Kansas City the-
er, reports Leonard Liebling, is penciled
this: "Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Who in h— do you think you are?"

—Chicago Tribune.
The Author’s Strike

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Qban Liquid Shampoo   $ .50
Qban Hair Tonic   $ .50
Qban Hair Color Resorer   $ .75
Qban Deplatory   $.75

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The Author’s Strike

(Concluded)

a movie, which would be more or less in the nature of hack work, and could not possibly be made artistic—or would not long remain so after it reached the hands
of the producer!"

Mr. Swan, who likes the writing of pictures and finds it "excellent constructive practice," voices the general impression that the film arbiters are not fit judges of good work—that doing one's best for them would be "singing for the devil."

Throughout this entire correspondence was manifest not only a certainty of low standards, but dread that anything submitted and accepted would be brought down to them. An author's chief triumph; it is not pleasant or profitable to lose that reputation through bad work you didn't do. Rachel Crothers, whose work is the delicacy, the tender, pink, rhubarb humor of her writing, as instanced in "The Three of Us" and "Old Lady 31," fashioned "but one story for the movies, and withdrew that because it was a badly produced. Several victims of Mr. Hildens' solicitude have done that, but he went to the result in only one instance and has "barely recovered." This experience appeared to be quite common. "One play I helped to write for the stage," Mr. O'Higgins declares, "I have seen on the screen. There were others, but I never went to see them. One was enough. It hit me into a stupor. It is a silly, stupid, dull and tawdry melodrama, without a spark of intelligence in any part of it."

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PhoToPlay Magazine—Advertising Section
Found Charlie Chaplin
(Continued from page 71)

"Pictures"

"You don’t tell me."

"Yes. Kessel and Baumann aren’t lawyer at Thekl until motion pictures. They want me to go to Los Angeles and join their Keystone Players."

The next day he paid another visit to New York and there he emerged with a one-year contract, to play at Keystone during a twelvemonth at just twice the salary he had been receiving from the Karmans. The contrast was not then a happy one, however, Mr. Chaplin finished his Karno bookings, at Kansas City.

The intervening months were busy ones for Mr. Chaplin. He never failed to take advantage of every possible opportunity to see pictures on the screen. He studied the players and analyzed the plays, the days, and now, that he was deisgner not so much of learning what to do as what not to do.

Once again let me resort to another mind for a timely expression:

"When we come to do for the last time that which we have many times done, it is with a bit of sorrow that we take up our task."

It was with no particular happiness that Mr. Chaplin bade farewell to the vaudeville stage in the Empire theatre, Kansas City, on the night of Nov. 26th, 1913. He had been modestly but uniformly successful in the theatre; it was his field of work by inheritance; there were all his associates, his friends, his dreams since childhood. He was going into a world of his own, of which he had thought much but knew nothing. Was he wise in leaving a vocation he had already mastered?

During his first weeks at Keystone he was very unhappy. He contemplated a disappearance on several occasions.

It is not surprising that Chaplin was at first a misfit. Hired to be a comedian in a whole lot of comedians, his employers had to learn that here was an individual, one whose work not only stood alone, but was like no other wanted.

Having been internationally voted an artist in pantomime and by-play he was grieved to find himself cast as one of many policemen, running behind tireless automobiles. He demonstrated with his director:

"Why make me do these things, when you can get a five-dollar man to do them as well?"

"They told Mr. Chaplin that his slow way of working and his peculiar smile ate up too much film, and that his work as a whole was not what Keystone wanted.

Bitterly disappointed, he asked them to call a halt, that his contentions might be properly threshed out. He demanded permission to write and direct his own productions, having fully decided that if they refused, he would return to vaudeville. But the permission was given him—and the world knows the rest.

Here are two thoughts in Charlie Chaplin’s philosophy of comedy which I think are distinctly worth remembering:

When a man presents a natural situation, suggesting laughter, the laugh belongs to the people in the audience, and they take it. When a mechanical prop is resorted to, it may not afford humor—but what is the general result? The laugh belongs to the operator of the prop, and the audience usually leaves it to him to do the lauhing.

But, as one writer put it, "the foot of film that carries the action of Charlie Chaplin shows a prime fact: that he always remembers to be natural.

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The Story of My Life
(Concluded from page 54)

that this rather hindered than helped me, for in the movies, one must not think of an audience at all. One must hypnotize oneself into the belief that, for the time being, you are the person you are portraying, and that the other characters playing with you are every whit as real as you are. If you can’t get out of it that the fact of the actuality of your simulated joys, sorrows, regrets, doubts, machinations and passions, you will surely convince your audience.

Not only because of the adjustment of my work, do I consider these the happiest of my life, but also because in Mr. Tellegen I have a manager who can create every girl dreams of as soon as she is old enough to play with dolls. Mr. Tellegen and I have many interests in common, and that, I believe is thé main source of my successful marriage—a perfect comradeship.

We are both interested in the theatre, but fortunately in different branches of it. Mr. Tellegen loves the opera, and he attends every one of my performances at the Metropolitan whenever he is not playing himself, and when he was playing in “Blind Girl,” I heard one of the best of the three, Mr. Tellegen’s pieces, which is to me the crowning achievement (he is the one in the country in this play the same year). I believe I attended his performances at least twenty times, so, you see we enjoy each other’s work and I believe one of the greatest feelings of jealousy. We are interested in the same things, Mr. Tellegen paints and writes and sculptures, and I like to watch him talk and work.

Mr. Tellegen and I spent last summer in Buffalo, William’s country—Wyoming—where “The Hell Cat” was being filmed. We had some thrilling adventures. She made us comfortable beds, ate badly cooked food, but we did not mind, for we rode horses like cow-boys, witnessed sunrises and sunsets—and all this without any harrowing details which civilization inflicts.

The past season has been a notable one for me (as it has been for many other singers, I am sure), because a bit of song has been put to another use besides the usual of giving pleasure. I like to feel that the many times I have sung at patriotic festivals I have, for the first time, been of some help, just a small, wee bit, to win the war. I also realize that when I am singing at the Metropolitan, I cannot see my friends as often as usual, but we hold tea parties for them, attend theatre parties and dances, and since I naturally like people and inter-course with my kind, this is often hard.

But the sacrifice has its compensation. When I am playing to an audience of three or four, I am not always surrounded from them as much—in fact much more—humanity—than I could if I had tea with my dearest friends. In fact, I get the very best of both worlds. By concentrating on the work as a concentration force, it becomes almost divine. The moment the curtain rises (either in the motion picture theatre, the spoken part in the opera) the people gather voluntarily, and intentionally are prepared to receive something from me and to give me something in return. Therefore, though they are the forms of intimate intercourse with humanity, the artist gets in a higher degree a more sensitized compensation—a less mediocre one.

In the former case, the artist would have exhausted himself upon three or four people, who perhaps were not at all attuned to what he had to give them, and who perhaps had nothing to give in return. In private life, unless one has the good fortune to always come in contact with genius—which, we must admit, does not often happen—in the artist, for then he can point to of personality, has kept her flame burning brightly these many years because she puts it into everything that she undertakes! I wish to think that her force until she dies because she has a brain which she has trained to be creative; she has so organized her life that whether at home or elsewhere, she absorbs food and feeds this flame with every bit of her being.

It is needless to say that the most gratifying feeling in the world is in the joy of repeating this personality felt. In my own case, I say, that almost greater than the joy of my personality felt, is the pleasure from the realization that the screen performer has every chance to create, that she can during this incredible register, I have always tried, while appearing before the cameras, to work in greatest sincerity, so that what the camera holds is the true record of the art—if art there be—of Geraldine Farrar.

Extry! Great Hollywood Disaster!
(Concluded from page 55)

low sparrows, kicked about by nervous mothers of indifferent children.

But what I started out to say was that I appreciate your efforts in trying to help us and work, but the fact is that we haven’t had a great deal of help. Just tell us to send anything at all the same way we have told you about the outfit on this page. They can never be any harm. But I knew that it was to red tape here. We never write your friends, employers or neighbors. We haven’t any collections.

LEIGH METCALFE

* * *

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I know because I was Deaf and Hard of Hearing Notes.

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Here Comes the Bride

(Continued from page 40)

begin to rumble in the morning, now dis-covered that Tile had gone to Carlton's to stay, and jumped to the conclusion that his lost daughter was found. As reports continued to exaggerate the amount of Tile's windfall, Sinclair thawed more visibly. He grew positively smitten, and told his chauffeur to drive to Carlton's.

At Carlton's, Ethel still at her breakfast, heard a voice at the door, and a minute later threw her arms around her sister.

Nora's face was wreathed in smiles. "You lucky girl!" she cried. "To have everything come out like this. How much money did Fred come into? Tell me all about it! Why didn't you let me know before the newspapers? Why, what in the world is the matter?" for Ethel, after one glance at the paper, had waved her away as if suffocated, and burst into tears.

A door closed; Ethel heard Tile coming from his room. Stillling her sobs, she grasped Nora's wrist and pulled her into her bedroom. Tile picked up the morning paper and became absorbed in the stock reports. Turning the paper over slowly, his eye was caught by the fantastic accounts of his own elopement with the "daughter of Sinclair, the rubber king." The door opened and Carlton, all abeam, entered.

"We shall be married!" was his hila\rious gre\\ning. "You might have invited me as you were\\ncloping to my house. Where is she?"

Mutely Tile walked to Ethel's door and knocked. She appeared, red-eyed.

"Why didn't you tell me?" beamed Carlton.

"We might have pulled off—ahem— something double," with a glance at Nora.

Ethel dropped weakly into a chair. Tile, with a sick look replied: "We couldn't ask you to the wedding—we're not married!"

It was Carlton's turn to look dumb-founded. Then his face grew red. "You—why you infernal scoundrel. what do you mean? In my house—why, you—"

There was another ring at the bell. The four in the sitting room were frozen motionless as Sinclair, paternally, entered.

"Bless you, my children," he beamed. Having the satisfaction of Tile's effort, he had regained her self control. "I've always liked you, Tile," extending his hand. "I'm going out now and buy you the finest present in New York."

Radiating beams like a polished silver teapot, he bustled away. Tile looked at Ethel; then both looked in the direction of the fire place where stood Nora and Carlton.

Carlton broke the silence. "There's only one way out of this. You must get married before Ethel's father gets back. I'll get friend Judge X."

The incarnation of hopeless tragedy, Tile beckoned to Carlton to come to his side. Nora went over to her sister, put her arms around her and they both went back into the bedroom. Tile whispered hoarsely to Carlton, "I can't get married. I'm mixed up with a woman."

Carlton's eyes went up, but he re\n
turned confidently: "I'll fix that up, all right." Then he bustled away.

There came from below the sharp peel of the bell. Turning the solemn voices in a\n

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Here Comes the Bride
(Concluded)

The chug of a motor sounded outside. Sinclair was returning. In desperation, Tile seized his bride, dragged her from the room, and pulled her struggling, step by step to his own room, where he thrust her in and locked the door. With beads of cold moisture on his brow, he returned just in time to greet Sinclair, a jewel box, and an envelope in his hands. Hearing his voice, Nora and Ethel came out of Ethel’s room. The envelope Sinclair handed to Tile with “You’ll agree that your father-in-law. Here’s a check for you and a string of pearls for my girl.”

At this juncture Carlton entered accompanied by a certain man who had married Tile the previous afternoon.

“Where is the couple I am to marry?” queried the Judge. Tile pointed to Carlton and Nora. Sinclair shook his head. “Your work was done yesterday when you married my daughter Ethel to Mr. Tile.”

The Judge looked puzzled. “I married Mr. Tile, but I don’t recognize—

There came furious sounds of pounding. Tile shivered. “What in the world is that noise” demanded Sinclair. He darted from the room, followed by a direction of sound, and turned the key, which Tile had left sticking in the door.

The Bride bounced past him furiously, and rushed into the group in the room.

“Ah,” remarked the Judge. “Here comes the Bride.”

In the general uproar that followed, Tile crawled into Ethel’s room. Pulling two sheets from the bed, he twisted them into a rope and tied one end around his neck.

On the other side of the door, the situation was growing clear. “Where’s Benson?” roared Carlton. “He got Fred into this.” He stepped to the telephone.

Lawrence Benson, in his office, was listening meanwhile to the words of a hard-looking man. As the man finished speaking Benson snatched his hat and the two rushed from the office.

Tile had attempted to hang himself but the electric light fixture tore out from the wall and for a few moments thereafter he sat stupidly on the floor, contemplating the relic of his introduction. Finally, hearing the noise outside, he opened the door and peered out. Carlton had got the Bride out of the room and Ethel was alone. She saw Tile and ran to him sobbing.

“Oh, Fred, don’t try to kill yourself, my God! I forgive you everything.”

Sinclair grew purple. The Bride, escaping from Carlton, rushed to Tile’s rescue and pulled Sinclair and Ethel violently away.

“Just a minute, there!”

Simultaneously they all turned to see Benson, accompanied by a hard-looking man. Benson pointed his finger at the Bride.

“How dared you tell me that you were a widow?”

“So I am—”

She caught sight of the hard-looking man. With entire impartiality, she rushed over and clasped him in her arms.

“Okay, I’m sorry. I just didn’t realize. I thought it was for life. This was to have some one to love me!”

Benson turned to Tile. “You’re to be congratulated, Tile. I’ll have you out of this.”

There was complete silence for several minutes, then one by one, with faces expressing consternation, Sinclair’s company filed out—all except Ethel and Tile. She came and sat on her lover’s knee, working at the knots in the shawl still twisted around his neck.

“Three whole months!” she murmured.
How You Can Learn to Write
Short Stories, Photoplays, Newspaper
and Magazine Articles

By the Author of Old Frank, the Story of Jack, Sandy's Golf Dog, and Other Stories

BY ONE WHO HAS ARRIVED
(Name and Address on Request)

EARLY everyone, I think, would like to write for publication. We all know that writing is the freest and least kind of work in the world. You do it at odd times and hours—when or where you will.

Your time is your own, and the remuneration is big. Also, the prestige that most authors enjoy is enviable, to say the least.

It is strange, then, that such a comparatively few of those who would and could write—actually write.

Some few, probably, never could learn. But by far the majority simply lack two things: Confidence and Training.

It is surprising how many people have shown me stories that they have written—stories that have never been seen by anyone but themselves—people whom one might never know had ever made any effort to record their thoughts and impressions on paper.

These persons would one and all dearly love to see their brain-children given record in print. But they lack proper knowledge of how to go about it.

You can't just write. You must know what to write and how to write it.

You must serve an apprenticeship—just as does any other artist.

Every one of the old French Masters of the Short-Story did this! Not one of them just wrote.

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Training is absolutely necessary for anyone who would write successfully.

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You may have heard that "Writers are born—not made." Bosh! Of course, you've got to be born first. But after you're born you've got to be made.

Every writer has to be made. And that brings up the question of HOW.

For my part, I believe the best plan is to follow a prescribed course of instruction augmented by the constant, consistent and constructive suggestions of a competent critic.

I have personally made it a point to investigate a number such courses and methods of criticism.

One of these, in my opinion, stands out pre-eminently for the amateur writer and I unqualifiedly recommend it.

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Questions and Answers (Continued)

MONTY, DeEN ISLAND.—That picture filmed while you were aboard the U. S. S. Seattle must have been William Brady’s “Stolen Orders.” Yes, it was released some time ago. Kitty Gordon, June Elvidge, Madge Evans, Carlyle Blackwell, George MacQuarrie, and Montague Love comprise the all-star cast. Do we know of a good-looking screenies about the age of nineteen who would like to be ship-mates with a gob who can swim, ride, sing; who is a good oarsman, can use a brace of six guns, also ride and can love like a full-rigger lies to a 20-knot wind? If so, we have your telephone number. The best of luck.

ANSWER MAN ADMIRE, SASKATCHEWAN.—Again so soon? Well! Norman Talmadge has not retired. Mae Murray has, I believe, been married twice; to Jay O’Brien and Robert Leonard. She is still Mrs. Bob. Mildred Harris, with Universal last, and Mary Thurman with Lasky. Following is the cast of “Unclaimed Goods”: Betsy Burke, Vivian Martin; Danny Dwyane, Harrison Ford; Cockeyed Kid, Cason Ferguson; Gentleman Joe Slate, George McDaniel; Idaho Ina, Carmen Phillips; Sherill Burke, Dick Larena; Uncle Murphy, George Kunkel.

BEN HUB, SACRAMENTO, CAL.—I’m not sure that she is married but it is reasonable to suppose that she is. It doesn’t require any matter, about her age. She is quite young. Get in the race; but use your Chandler instead of your chariot. Sure I like a car. You weren’t thinking of sending me one, were you?

CHRISTA H., COLEMAN, TEXAS.—That’s the true test of a woman’s devotion. That the heart of every picture goes at the women of pictures in the art section. Her hair is red-gold, I believe. I will never swear in a case like this. Yes, she will. You want a picture of Wally’s baby in Portland. There’s a picture of Wally, himself, in this issue; a good one, too. She doesn’t give her age.

H. S., LEWISTOWN, MONTANA.—To settle the striking question of whether or not your young man really resembles Wallace Reid, I’m glad to tell you that Wally’s hair is brown and his eyes are blue. Will Reid is on the stage now; he’s playing in stock. His latest picture appearance was in “The Finger of Justice,” a very problematical play by little panicle forbidden in New York and sanctioned in Washington. Crane cleans up in this, I hear. Jack Pickford is with us again; he has signed with First National. Sister Mary is also with this company.

HARRY E., BELL, CHICAGO.—Mary Miles Minter is not married, or engaged. She is eighteen years old. Her latest play in “Who’s He and Other Wives,” a distinct departure for Mary, for she has never before played other than very ingenue American roles. American theater, Santa Barbara, Texas; Lee, sixteen, I think; Lasky, Hollywood.

MADAME DиемEN, WESTFIELD.—You’ve come to the right address. I have to be totally honest. I can’t help myself. I know nothing on my telling the truth: I am not like your husband, the lawyer. Your story would be the plot of a combing scenario of home-life; your legal problem is that you are single and addicted with a husband at the bar. I don’t like to be called “father confessor to the movie fan.” It makes me feel too responsible. In a way agree with you. Are you going to look that up? Will you write again?

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Questions and Answers (Continued)

M. J. B., New York.—Your letter spoiled my day. Because I knew I could never be so clever as you. I forgive you, though; that letter was worth it. You’re the only optimist I ever met. I also have lunched with that lady. You’re going to hear from both of us, soon.

INDIAN MAIZE, DETROIT.—I won’t tell you my age. You wouldn’t tell me yours, would you? Let us speak of pleasant things; for instance, Mary Pickford. Her new picture is “Daddy Long Legs.” They say it is like Mary because she’s real. I have seen every Pickford picture since “Caprice.” You missed one of the best—“Tess.” Kenneth Harlan isn’t married. Harry Carey? Universal City, California. Yes.

THELMA, SPRINGFIELD.—I cannot give you any information on how to become a movie actress. Consult Elizabeth Peet’s story in the February issue. If I were you I should take up some sort of commercial work and forget all about it. You’re not three years of the years of training necessary; you’re thinking of your chintz-hung dressing room and parking space in limousine row.

CANADIAN, N. S.—You want to hear more about J. Warren Kerrigan in the Magazine; and more “home” pictures. I have corresponded years with the editor, Julian Johnson. Indeed, he appreciates suggestions. Glad to hear any time.

MISS MULLEN, MILWAUKEE.—In return for the compliment which calls me among other things “the jokiest fellow you have ever known,” I should like to be able to answer your questions in full. But, as it happened, one of the ladies you are asking about will divulge her age. You may reach Nazimova at the Metro studios. Yes, I come to Milwaukee sometimes.

LUCILE, GREAT FALLS.—Your pictures arrived; thank you. They are very nice but I can’t help you to get in, you know. I have been in California, but I’ve never been through there. I’ll stop off next time. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” It has been played on the stage for years, and I have no doubt it will be in the future. I wouldn’t have a photoplay with Margaret Clark in the two parts of Little Eva and Topsy. Ruth Roland, Pathe (western).

L. S., HARTFORD.—So glad it made you happy to read in Photoplay that Niles Welch was born in your city. It must, indeed, be a great thrill to feel that a motion picture actor was born in one’s own home-town. I am awfully sorry not to be in a position to tell you that I have really spoken to George Walsh. You say he sent you his autograph. My, my. I should say that neither of those stones was your birthstone. I never said I am old. I am not. Charles Heath died in December; he is survived by a wife. He was with Triangle and Paralta. Gunn was always convincing. Write again; always glad.

R. V. K., KANSAS CITY.—I read every word of your nine page letter. You are sure strong for a Wally Reid, aren’t you? I know him, lady; he’s a smart guy. Still, I wouldn’t say that, although you have determined not to have a beau unless he’s like Wally—you’ll die an old maid. Write Wally and ask him if all those writing-stuff men come natural. There are stories in this issue that you will be interested in; Monte Blue and Thurston Hall. A good many players have been injured in those hazardous stunts. Run up any time. I want to hear from you again; make it soon.

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PHOTOPLAY—Advertising Section

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

SPOZZELINKUM, KANSAS CITY—I'm afraid I can't help you to decide which of the two that I'd like better, Dusty or Bill Fernum. As to the Wally Reid questions, I'm not much when it comes to judging male pulchritude. In fact I don't know any beautiful men. What street did William Wallace live on in St. Louis and where did he ever learn to make love so perfectly and why can't he give other men lessons? I wish I knew. Why not send Wally one of your epistolary posies?

LEWELLYN—Your questions are answered elsewhere in the column. The book Lilac. That Gish reads as the girl in "The Greatest Thing in Life," is "Chantecler," by Edmond Ros- tand. Rostand recently; a great Frenchman. He also wrote "Cyrano de Bergerac."

PATIENCE, BALTIMORE—I don't blame you at all for being interested in Norma Tal-madge. Yes, I remember those old Vitaphone comedies with Norma and Leo Delaney. Delaney hasn't been on the screen for some time. I saw him last in a Famous Players picture, with Agnes Ayres. However, I believe he has made an appearance since then. Lillian Walker is in the limelight again, with her own company. Wally Van? He's directing now. I'm sorry that I never came across. I heard of him. No, Olive Thomas is about twenty. That was Mary Charleson, who is now Mrs. Henry B. Walthall. Dark. I thought some other. But, I've changed my mind. Decidedly.

EDNA, WEEHAWKEN, N. J.—Edna, if I published this in your favor, I'd lose my job. "Inquisite One!" This Column is properly supposed to scintillate with wit and bared-wire shafts of wisdom but I'm afraid the warning was too late. I suggested "Inquisite One." When you folks go back on me and I have to write my own bit there won't be a Column any more. Douglas McLeod is correct in his reply. The last thing I heard of him was that he was a successful one. I hope you know what you mean. Those ages are not divulged. Yes, Tom Melchez's admirable.

DOUG FOREVER.—Cheers rent the air. His latest is "Arizona." "The Cub" was pro- duced by World; it's a pretty old release. Johnny Himes was in it. Jean Sothern is in vaudeville now. I find your face on the screen; I believe the others you mention are awfully shy—they'll tell us their favorite flower and best-known parts played on the stage—everything but their ages. Very well.

JULIAN'S STARKS, Route 3, Box 01, CORSA- •

I am sorry to hear you have no correspondent with your address. Write him, folks.

F. R. MADERA.—That's so; we don't have those boarding-school pictures any more. Remember the midnight "spreads" and the meetings over the garden wall? Then there's the man who calls at six o'clock in the morning every day. Why, that issue of PHOTOPLAY was out before Harold Lockwood's death.

MACK, CROWN POINT.—That book is the bible of the hibboos and the refuce of the jazz. Why, that issue of PHOTOPLAY was out a week later than was expected.

MACK, CROWN POINT.—Why, that issue of PHOTOPLAY was out a week later than was expected.

G. H. McF., GRAND RAPIDS.—Thanks for sending us the clippings. Always glad to read nice things about the Magazine. Bernard Klein's public relations has been very successful. It is an art to rest up. She was suffering from a nervous breakdown. She is all right now and looks prettier than ever. She has made sever- al pictures since her return, for her own company under Harry Ganson's manage- ment: "The Hushed Hour" and "The Unpar- donable Sin." Not married. Bless you.

READER, GERMANTOWN.—How can one get to California from Gernantown, Penn.? W. W. W. No, it isn't by train. It is by car. The train has attained a certain degree of perfection and has rendered valuable service in the Euro- pean war; still, I can't quite make out why the late Judges are interested in the matter. Send your question to rest. It is not easy to get to California. I would look it up for you in a time-table but our stenog. is doing her Christmas exchanging and I musn't worry her.

PESSIMIST, NOVA SCOTIA.—You say the Colym fills you with glee. How can you still a passion in you? The Colym is not the thing to give the Gish questions elsewhere, except—that Dorothy's latest is called "The Hope Chest" and Richard Barthelmes, former leading-man for Margarette Clark, plays with her. Thanks, a great many.

EDA B. TACOZA.—So you think I'm a man because I would like to look like the Arrow or the Countess, cuties. I never said that. And it wouldn't prove anything if I did. Theodore Roberts isn't the only screen-he I like, but he has our film. Cleo Madision was in the sequel to "Tarzan" last winter. I hear that she is to be featured in a new company. Mae Marsh is making Goldwyn pictures right along. Mary Astor is married to Louis Lee Ams. W. N. Y. New York newspaper. I wish I were a N. Y. newspaper man. Dorothy Dal- ton is with Ince, turning out fillums for the Paramount program. Kathryn Williams isn't the one you mean,"We Can't Have Everything," By-by, Eda B.

M. W. PETERSBURG.—Indubitably, Wall- ace Reid is nice but you are just wrong. And you've autographed picture. Well, that's fine. Now do you feel better? It is, indeed, true that he is married. Read on. What was the last name? Joseph Kaufman, the director. She is playing for Lasky-Paramount now. "Women's Weapons" and "The Mystery Girl" and "Magpie Pepper" are recent Clay-

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Questions and Answers (Continued)

JUDITH, LEONVILLE, Colo.—I don’t mind it at all, getting let out with “love from all the girls.” I will send you my love, but not my picture. I cannot understand why girls want the Answer Man’s picture when there is surely a good likeness, by a celebrated staff artist, at the head of this Colym. Besides, I am only an Answer Man—not another movie actor, nor a war hero. I have, however, participated in some mighty battles. Oh, yes—I picked a wicked uke at college. Watch for some interesting news and views of little Louise Huff; some stuff coming out that will tickle you girls. There’s a little surprise in it, too. Her latest picture is “When the Boys Come Home,” in which Miss Huff returns to Paramount after a successful tour at Fox. There’s a John Emerson-Anita Loos production for Artcraft, and Ernest Truex is in it, too. Believe they pronounce that “true.” Write to Doug, care his own Hollywood studios.

G. W. D., ATLANTA.—Your initials are almost, but not quite, David Wark Griffith’s. No, I wouldn’t call you crazy for sending your name to Miss Elizabeth Miljan, Griffith studios, Hollywood. The Gish home, where Lillian lives with her mother, Mae, and her not-much-yonder sister, Dorothy, is in the South. She is a Southern Coyn. He and Vivian Martin is with Lasky, in Hollywood. Miss Martin and Miss Thurman are both married. Darn! My stenog. just paid $30 to have her spats cleaned, and now it’s raining!

SOMEBODY IN MICH.—One newspaper headline that surprised me was “American Bridesman Takes Her to Get Home.” May be the modests dears have read about the noisy receptions being prepared for them. Ann Little, Tom Meighan, Wallace Reid, Lasky, Hollywood; Constance Talmage has her own company, working at the Moroso studio in Los Angeles. Write to them for photographs. Harold Lockwood was very well thought of, indeed, in his profession and out of it. He left $45,000. He was survived by a wife, Alma Lockwood, a small son, and his mother.

GERTRUDE E., NEW ORLEANS.—I heard that a motion picture magistrate in Hollywood and a well-known star in New York recently had a lively exchange of compliments. “I tell you to take the leading role in my new production,” wired the magistrate to the star. “You are alone in your desire,” wired the star to the magistrate. No contracts were signed that evening. That Bara picture is released by now. Mary is with First National; her first new ones are “Daddy Longlegs” and “Pollyanna.” F. X. Bushman’s second wife is Beverly Bayne. He was divorced from Mrs. Josephine Bushman. Five children. Charles Chaplin had not married Miss Harris when I answered that question. Mae Busch’s latest is “The Racing Strain,” renamed from “Southern Pride” or “Pride of Kentucky.” Thanks for your kind words. Come again.

THIRTEEN, TORONTO.—Ab, thirteen, that’s a question that has been puzzling astronomers for many moons; which of those cute stars is the outer. I don’t know and if I did I wouldn’t tell a soul, Myriel, but I think they’re married, or going to be married. Zoe Rae is nine. Madge Evans is only ten. Those players have ages but they won’t admit it.

H. C. VARMOUTH.—He’s about forty; she is twenty-two. New York. Yes, Why don’t you write to her? Yes; she’s a chunky little coquette in the cinema. I have met her, once.
Questions and Answers

Continued

Hiello Bo. Bevo—I am reminded of that
lovable liar who, when proposing to a sweet
young thing, would say, "If you love me, I can
never love you more than I do now." I have
never said that to any woman. I love her, I shall
never stop loving her, and she will love me
forever."

I don’t understand how this
came to be, but I shall
continue to love her
forever.

There’s a saying that
women are more dif-
cult to love than men.
I don’t think that’s true.
I think men are more
difficult to love than
women.

I love her, and she loves me.

Sancho Enriquez, Manila.—Cinegoers;
that's a new one. I’m a plain fan. Somehow
I can’t work up any sympathy for the misunderstood
sisterhood. Why didn’t they stay
in the country? I’m tired of the farm films.

Edna Purviance, Charles Chaplin studios,
Los Angeles.—I must say, Miss Purviance,
that you are a very smart woman.

Priscilla Dean is featured alone now;
one of her late pictures is "The Wildcat of
Paris" (Universal). Address her Universal
City, Cal. Others given elsewhere.

Hast, South Deerfield, Mass.—Harking
back to the golden age of the thrillers in
"The Perils of Pauline," opposite hero
Crane Wilbur. Crane’s waving looks
and rippling biceps stood between Pearl and
penn in every chapter—"To Be Continued
next Tuesday at this Theatre."

"In the Iron Claw" and "The Exploits of Elaine,"
Pearl supported by the perennial Creighton
Hale. Hale’s new one is "The Lightning
Raider," in which she performs a female
Raids, alas, reforms.

Elzie M., New York.—That’s another
reason for loving the Answer Man: he
doesn’t use such awfully long words. Well,
ten-year-old, I’ll try to be understandable
here.

"How many picture theatres in the
United States have no daily matinees?"
I don’t believe you are ten, but twice or three
times I have tried to answer this and failed
that he would be a lady in that picture,
as his public expect it of him.
Several hundred thousand women in the country
depend on us. A lady in the theatre to
be seen in the latest fashions. He has gone back to the vaude-
ville stage for a short time but will soon
start work on some new photoplays.

Jack Pickford is working again.

Sara K. K.—You insinuate yourself into
our good graces at the outset by saying
that you must be a man as we ain’t
enough for a woman. And since you
clearly must learn all about George Forth’s
career: he was born in Philadelphia, he was
baptized Episcopal, he is an attorney,
and the stage offered a more precarious but
promising livelihood. In the films Forth has
been with Vitagraph, Thanhouser, Edison.
Buster Keaton, Harry Houdini. He is
five feet eleven inches tall and weighs
one hundred and seventy pounds,
with brown hair and dark eyes. Oh, yes—he’s athletically
and wildly incendiary.

Room Club, 130 W. 47th Street, N. Y. C.
Whew—that’s all, isn’t it?

Yvonne, Long Island.—And you want to
know how to pronounce your name de
plume. It’s Ev-on’. Believe me there isn’t
any well-known screen actress by that name
but if all your ambitions are realized there
will be. There! That’s the prettiest thing
I ever said to any woman. Come again
sometime.

Peggy, Fleming, Colo.—You have the
most pungent personality! You say you
have written fifteen photoplays and have
never known a failure. What’s the matter
—couldn’t you get ‘em produced? Yes, I
remember Flora Finch well. There has
ever been a comedienne just like her.
She hasn’t played in a film for years. I don’t
know how long. Those Bunny-Finch Vitagraphs
were corking, weren’t they? I saw John
Bunny on the stage, a short time before his
death. You have a very funny he.
Your vague synopsis of that picture sounds
to me like "Hearts Adrift." Hobart
Bosworth was in "The Sea Wolf." Why
is everyone so anxious to become a movie
star? I don’t know.

IGNATIUS BARNARD
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* * *

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Questions and Answers
(Concluded)

FORGET-ME-NOT, SANTOS.—I never could your letter had a flavor all its own—doubtless induced by that peculiarly-shaded stationery. It must be a sure sign of my approaching antiquity that these queer colors hurt my eyes. For the rest: I am indeed happy that a beautiful Brazilian found surrogate from the Influenza Hispaniola through my columns. And if you want to know about Earl Foxe and George Walsh. Foxe is back on the stage now. Walsh is still with Fox; he’s in his late twenties; he’s married to a young Owens, Bill Hart’s leading lady. The Walshes have a little girl. You’re welcome; and please come again—soon.

The Vamp’s Reformed!

THE Vamp’s Reformed,
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In Tiger-skins, with, maybe,
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Through Reels of Ruin
Topping Over,
With one little Twist
Of her Jeweled Slipper,
The Laces and Penates
Of More Households
Than I’d Care to Count.
Her Mission in Life
Was to Sever
Three, a Bond of Gold, and
To Prove
That a Marriage Certificate
Was Merely
A Scrap-of-Paper.
How I Did Love to Watch Her
Wreck Homes—
She Did it So Gracefully.
Anyway,
When she got Through,
Nothing was Left of the Home Fires
But a Few Cinder.-
But alas—
She Repented.
I Don’t Know Why—
And, Paradoxically Perhaps,
Formed her Own Company,
And Vamped No More.
She Plays, Now,
Those Roles
Where she Can Wear
Frilly Frocks and
Lornadoone Hats.
And I Shouldn’t Be Surprised,
Someday,
To See her
Try to Interpret
Little Eva
In Artie and Ear-Muffs.

OLIVE B. ATCHISON, KANS. — There are angels and angels. Are you speaking of the theatrical kind? At any rate, I’m one of any kind. Here: John Bowers may be addressed care Goldwyn studios, Culver City, Cal.; Elliott Dexter and Eugene O’Brien, Lasky-Paramount studios, Hollywood.

MARIE, IOWA—Grace Cunard is back again, for once I don’t have a single bad word to say of "the War" and am said to give Grace a highly emotional role. She’s Mrs. Joe Moore, wife of the youngest Moore, in private life. Remember her with Francis Ford in those Universal serials? Constance Talmadge, Morosco studios, Los Angeles. Harrison Ford is her leading man right now. Mister Kerigan, usually called Jack Warren, is with Jesse Hampton, in Los Angeles.

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The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

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And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the six men who had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

*********

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowed me over by saying in his quiet, modest way, "There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine."

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"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while every other student who lived and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

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When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off from head and heart without a single mistake.

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Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonygne, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a valuable benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strongly.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely count on memory now. I can go over old lessons and have men remember what I've said—then and again. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

Tell you it is a wonderful thing, after growing up in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

The Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anybody in one of our offices say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forgot that right now!" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph Smith"? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months.

My advice to you is don't wait another minute to send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased power will be enormous."

VICTOR JONES

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for his account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereto verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all its particulars.

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send you the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Simply mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail in the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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Name                

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
HAVE you seen it at your favorite theatre? The stars as they are — little journeys to filmland — PHOTOCYAY MAGAZINE on the screen. A one-reeler issued once a month just like the magazine itself, full of the most interesting personal doings of the stars, entirely apart from their screen work — just as they are in real life; taking you right into the studios and showing you all the interesting phases of motion picture production. As you sit in a comfortable chair in your theatre you are borne as on a magic carpet through the heretofore closed gates which lead to the wonderful and mysterious regions of Filmland.

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PHOTOCYAY MAGAZINE Screen Supplement is being distributed by the Educational Films Corporation of America. Remember, it is issued every month.

It is being shown now at hundreds of the finest theatres in America. Ask your theatre manager when he is going to show it.
Harrison Fisher Says the Most Beautiful Girl in the World is Olive Thomas.

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Paul von Beocckman, the noted Nerve Culturist, has written a remarkable book (96 pages) which explains the Law of Nerve Force, and teaches in the simplest language How to Strengthen and Care for the Nerves. It is the result of over twenty years of nerve research.

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Your book has helped me not only to sleep and eat better, but I am coming up in color as well and my voice is no longer husky.

The advice given in your book is practical, and keeping of nerves has been my motto for several years. I am a proof of the fact that the advice of your book is sound and true.

F. S. A.

Department of Commerce

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How Mary Pickford Got Her Own Way

Miss Pickford has long wished to carry out her own ideas in the production of her pictures. Last fall she made the break—opened up her own studios with her mother as business manager and now, for the first time in her career, can make pictures exactly as she likes.

Her first very own photoplay will be advertised under her own signature—like this:

THE PICKFORD FILM CORPORATION Presents

Mary Pickford

In Jean Webster’s Celebrated Story and Play—
DADDY LONG LEGS

Miss Pickford presents this American classic as an example of what her friends may expect from her own studios.

The screen rights alone to “Daddy Long Legs” cost more than is usually expended on the entire production of many photoplays. Miss Pickford wants to give her friends the very best stories, the kind she personally likes to appear in—and you may rest assured that everything about the new Mary Pickford Productions will be the best that money can buy.

So don’t mind if your theatre raises its prices for “Daddy Long Legs.” It will be worth while

Naturally, Miss Pickford had to arrange with a distributing company to handle the shipping and physical distribution of her films. For the distribution of her first three pictures she has chosen

THE FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS CIRCUIT, Inc.

A nation-wide organization of theatre owners who are banded together to encourage the independent star and producer to make bigger and better films than are possible on the old “program” plan.

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Learn Paragon Shorthand in 7 Days

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Try This Lesson Now

Take the ordinary longhand letter and eliminate everything but the long-stroke, and you will see how

This is the Paragon method for D.


to send it down word by

word for your daily routine reports the remarks of the buyer, etc.

Every advertisement in PHOTOLAB MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
HAVING heard the news about Frank Jordan, I asked him how he managed to escape. He told me simply that he had a knack for telling jokes which he learned as a child. He related that one day he was reading a book on public speaking, titled "Mastery of Speech," and found it so useful that he decided to try it out in public. He began by talking to his friends about the book and found that they were interested in his ideas. He then started giving lectures and found that he was able to hold the attention of his audience. He also found that he was able to help his friends with their public speaking skills. He then decided to take up public speaking as a career and has become one of the most successful speakers in the country.

"I've been told that I have a natural talent for public speaking," he said, "but I don't think that's true. I think it's my hard work and dedication that has gotten me where I am today. I have been practicing my craft for many years and have learned a lot from my mistakes. I have also been fortunate enough to have had some great mentors who have helped me along the way."

Jordan's success has not gone unnoticed. He has been invited to speak at many prestigious events and has received many awards for his work. He is currently working on a new book about public speaking, which he hopes to publish next year. He is also working on a new project, which he considers to be his most important work yet.

Jordan's story is one of hard work and dedication. He has shown that anyone can be successful in public speaking if they are willing to put in the time and effort. He is a true inspiration to those who aspire to become successful speakers.

"I have learned that the key to success in public speaking is to be yourself," Jordan said. "Don't try to be someone you're not, or you will lose your audience. You must be genuine and authentic, and your audience will respond to that."

Jordan's advice is valuable and should be taken seriously by anyone who is interested in public speaking. He has shown that with hard work and dedication, anyone can be successful in this field. His story is one that should be studied by all who aspire to become successful speakers.
The right treatment for skin blemishes

Nature intended your skin to be flawless

IS YOUR skin fine, soft, attractive? If not, find out just why it is marred by blemishes; then start immediately to gain the natural beauty, the clear, radiant skin that can be yours.

Skin specialists are tracing fewer and fewer troubles to the blood. They say more often, skin blemishes can be traced to the bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores of the skin with dust, soot and grime. To clear your skin of blemishes caused by this insidious and persistent enemy, use regularly the following special treatment:

To remove skin blemishes

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury’s Facial Soap; then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury’s until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Rinse very carefully with clear, hot water, then with cold.

In addition to this special treatment, use Woodbury’s regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes. Before long your complexion will take on a new clearness and freshness.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. Woodbury’s is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. A 25-cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap

with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury’s Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15 cents

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, “A Skin You Love to Touch”. Or for 15 cents, we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 505 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 505 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.
Jackie Saunders braved the blizzards of New York's midwinter, but she heard the flowers calling and brought her frost-nipped nose and toes back to her very own lily-pond, on the Horkheimer place in Hollywood.

Midwinter in California

Photographs taken in February by Stagg, Los Angeles

HORACE GREELEY'S advice isn't needed nowadays. "Go West, Young Man!" was a vital cry when there was nothing in the west but gray sage, brown sand, red Indians and roseate possibility. Oh, for a 1920 Horace Greeley to tell the boys to stay East, on the old prosaic farm, in the factory or running the store! The farther west you go now the less they seem to need advertising. When you get out on the Pacific slope, as evidenced by the little catalogue of attractions in the pages immediately following, they nearly have to make immigration restrictions. The land and the sky and the sun have always been there, but the architectural and human improvements are largely the work of the boys who listened to Mr. Greeley in the long ago. They began where the gold-miners left off; their sons made cities like Los Angeles and San Diego and the modern San Francisco, and their grandchildren constitute the very Grecian young folks who so delightfully adorn our screens.
THE best little reason we know why the ocean is so close to the shore: Harriett Hammond. Her pictures—some even more moving than this—form part of Mack Sennett's divertissements for the tired movie fan.
On the sun-swept plains of inland California can often be found Ora Carew, cantering on "Nigger." Which is to say that the seaside isn't the only haven of beauty and that Miss Ora has her own company now.
THAT stern and rock-bound coast the poet used to tell us about is out-of-date. Almost any afternoon you'll find the beaches lined with screen mermaids. That swim-suit was never made to swim in. Phyllis Haver.
LIMOUSINES are Sennett-upholstered this season. Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost maintain the Sennett record for high visibility. (Note: don't blame the photographer; Marie's making a quick change for the next scene.)
THERE are no fish in Kathleen O'Connor's basket; it's filled with contracts. Kathleen, since appearing with Tom Mix in "Hell Roarin' Reform," hasn't been out of a job. She's with Universal now.
MANY of our leading financiers started life as newsboys. Well—Anita Stewart, started a recent day right—by posing as a newsgirl. The "entry" is probably all about Anita's success in "A Midnight Romance."
Young Man:

Stay Away From the Movies

—in your working hours.

The picture-theatre in the town or city is open all day, like the cathedral of old, because it is the temple of imagination. Here the tired woman, resting, may forget her household cares and find her soul. Between tasks or trains the busy man discovers a real recreative stimulus the lack of which once made him an easy subject for the saloon.

But you can abuse any good thing, and if youth has a cardinal sin, it is time-wasting. The fable of the tortoise and the hare is applicable here. As the artist shows above, while the hare tarries at the roadside, studying the theatre poster, the tortoise plods steadily onward to the work to be done. The average young man of seventeen, or twenty, or twenty-five, has no business spending his afternoons regularly in a picture show.

The only period of life where energy seems inexhaustible, where resource is boundless and ambition stands undismayed is the short golden day of youth. The unimproved days of youth can never be reclaimed, and from generation to generation the way of success grows more rigorous, its obstacles higher, its easy paths fewer and fewer.

Young man, you owe yourself three parallel courses: hard and regular work for your material and mental improvement, exercise for your bodily health, play for your mind and soul. If you want to become a success, and be a long-lived success, do not neglect any of these three essentials.

Remember that your loyalty to your employer is a carbon copy of your loyalty to yourself. If you steal his time you will steal your own—you are stealing it.

When your day’s work is finished see that you can say to yourself: “Today I have done my uttermost—I have given the best that is in me—I know more about my job than I ever knew before!”

Then, young man, put your work aside with your overalls, your typewriter, or your salesman’s persuasion—and play! Play with every energy of heart and imagination!

Then it will be movie-time, for there is nothing in the whole repertoire of make-believe at once so continuously diverting and variously informing as the living world seen through the window of the screen.
The director is usually depicted as a terrible, monarchical, inartistic, film-eating sort of roaring tiger. It behooves someone to write of him an appreciation. Here it is.

**Directors**

The director is usually depicted as a terrible, monarchical, inartistic, film-eating sort of roaring tiger. It behooves someone to write of him an appreciation. Here it is.

There are, of course, fifty-seven varieties of directors. At any rate there are fifty-seven different ways of describing them—not to mention ways that require words which are not in my vocabulary. But there are only two important kinds: those who know their business and those whose knowledge is confined to fluent and plausible conversation about it.

Of the latter kind I know only by hearsay. My own personal experience has been singularly fortunate, as I have been brought in contact only with the most able and intelligent. And this is not said for the purpose of being ingratiating or from any reluctance to write unpleasant truths. You need only look over the list of directors I have been associated with in the making of pictures and you will see that they are all men whose skill is unquestionably admitted by everybody in the craft. Hugh Ford, for instance, Edouard Joseph, Emile Chautard, Robert Vignola, Joe Kaufman and Hobart Henley—all men whose ability has been tried and proved.

Incidentally you will observe that every one of them is a theatre-trained man, got his schooling in the footlights, knows the history, tradition and technic of the drama. Their experience shows in their work. Perhaps it is easier for one who works with them to realize this fact than it is for you who sit out in front of the screen. But even this is doubtful, for the letters that arrive in my mail every day show me that the people who go regularly to cinema theatres have a critical and intensive knowledge of technical values that is sometimes quite awkward! But that, as Kipling would say, is another story.

For my part, I was lucky from the very first moment I went into pictures. My very first director was Hugh Ford. The play was Hall Caine's "The Eternal City." For both of us it was our first picture. He knew no more about the cinema than I did, except that he had thought a great deal more—not only about the cinema but every other conceivable subject in the world.

I could write an entire article about Hugh Ford, and I think I should, although writing is not in my line, if it were not for the fact that it would annoy Hugh to death. For he is that rare and most
Have Known

By

Pauline Frederick

incredible and inconceivable of creatures—a theatrical man who hates publicity. He really does hate it; perhaps he would be worth a great deal more money today if he did not. The only thing he pays any attention to—with the exception of his wife and daughter, who is not merely the apple but the pomegranate of his eye—is his job. It frequently irritates and wearies me to hear the snobbish and supercilious absurdity that the cinema people consist entirely of ignorant, illiterate mountebanks. (I am not talking about the actors now. Let some one else defend them.) But whenever I see that statement in print and think of men as cultivated as Hugh Ford, Frank Reicher, Emile Chautard, to say nothing of a host of others, it rather annoys me. It is an unfortunate fact but the ignorants, the humbugs, the creatures who don’t know whether Balzac was an author or a face powder, seem to be the standards of judgment in pictures.

Of course the humbugs do exist and in large numbers, among directors as in every other branch of the craft. I have seen some of them tearing their hair in frantic rage with an actress who was trying to explain that nice women are not supposed to prance out into the street all smothered in jewels, that ladies do not receive men callers during the middle of the afternoon in negligee and other absurdities even more grotesque.

The anecdotes about the ignorance of these comics are so numerous that one forgets them as soon as one hears them. There are no anecdotes and no legends about the Hugh Fords, the Chautards and the Hobart Henleys for the obvious reason that there is nothing ludicrous about ability. Outside of a limited circle inside the profession nobody knows how much Hugh Ford, for one, has contributed towards the improvement and cleanliness of pictures. (Continued on page 109)

Frederick and Tom Meighan. Mr. Ford, who was Miss Frederick’s right of this picture, his back to you.
"O-h S-i-d-n-e-y!"

A Drew Comedy of Married Life—in a Motion Picture Studio.

By SYDNEY VALENTINE

EVERYTHING Was All Ready—
The Court-room Was in Order—
That is, the Judge—
Who with a Little Change
Of Make-up, Would have Made
A Good Irish Comedian—
Reached Over
And Tidied the City Clerk
With a Feather Duster, and
The Gentlemen of the Jury,
Such Stern Grave Men usually,
Were Jesting with the Bailiffs,
Who in their Turn
Were Nervously Dodging
Shifting Scenery;
The Court Reporter,
Sat There,
Her Note-book Open,
And her Mother
Came Up to her
And Talked Awhile—
It was All So Informal—
When over the Room
Rang a Feminine Cry of Distress—
"Oh Sidney!" Where
Was Sidney? Mrs. Sidney Drew
Wanted to Know.
She Stood There,
Beside the Camera,
From which Vantage-point
She’d Bossed the Staging
Of the Court-room Set.
It was, you See,
Out at the Essanay studios
In Chicago, where,
Between Performances of
"Keep her Smiling,"
The Drews Made Pictures
For Paramount.
And Everything was Ready—
But Sidney,
"What does he Mean,
Keeping us Waiting?"
More Insistent this Time—
"Oh—Sidney!"
"Here’m, m’dear,"
And Sidney Shuffled In.
Very Drew-Barrymore, and
Taking his Time.
"Everything's Look All Right?" snapped
Mrs. Drew, directress.
"Everything’s Fine," said Sidney—
Casting a Casual Glance Around.
He was
The Attorney
For the Defense;
The Prisoner
Was On Trial
For Something or Other—

He had Too Much Make-Up On,
But then the Charge
May have Been Murder.
Sidney Mounted the—the Rostrum,
And Faced the Jury.
"Sidney—
Say Anything,
You—try
To Look Interested,
If you Can;
Keep on Writing,
Court-reporter—"
(I Know the Names
Of All the Extras—
It’s ‘You’)"
"Oh Sidney!" called Mrs. Drew—
(He was Joking with the Judge)—
We’re Fading In?
"Friends, Romans, and
Motion Picture Actors,"
Begun Sidney.
"Don’t Think
Extras haven’t
Any Sense of Humor—

He Kept ‘em Smiling,
All Right, as soon
As Mrs. Drew called
"Fade-out," and even she
Had to Laugh.)
He Won his Case,
And Embraced his Client—
And the Court Reporters
Fond Sealskinned Mother
Watched Lovingly from the Side-lines
While they made a Re-take,
And her Extra Daughter
Sat with a Blissful Back
To the Camera.
Jetting down Interminable
Hieroglyphics—
What Would Hear all about this
At the Dinner-table.
Mrs. Drew—
Was such a Ladylike Directress;
Wonder How it Felt
For some of the Actors
Not to be Sworn At?
The Only One
She could Get Real Provoked At
Was Sidney.
"Oh, Sidney—
How do you Expect us
To Take a Close-up
When you Turn your Back?"
First Time
I Ever Heard
Of an Actor Doing That!

At the Finish,
Mrs. Drew’s Blue Eyes
Twinkled Just as Persistently,
And her Black Hair was as Unruffled
As if she’d been
Spending the Day at Home.
"Hello there," she said—
"Oh, I’m not Awfully Tired—
Used to this, you know.
Surely, I Direct:
Sidney
Holds Up the Acting End,
Don’t You, Sidney?"
"Of course, m’dear."
Mrs. Sidney:
"You shouldn’t
Have Talked so Loud
In that Scene, Dear;
You Really Must
Save your Voice;"
Sidney Rambled Off—
"Please Say
That Sidney’s Habit
Of Rubbing his Nose
Isn’t Vulgar at all.
Oh, Sidney!"
Turning to Me—
"We’ve Just Time Enough
To get to the Theatre,
If we Hurry"
And as I Left,
I Heard her Calling him—
"OH SIDNEY!"
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG couldn't change those melodious eyes—so she changed her coiffure. You might glance at the above portrait and say that Miss Young has a different do on her hair, and let it go at that. But Clara, you see, invented the combined delectation of curl and marcelle wave, and her Los Angeles hair-dresser calls it the "Frisée la Clarayoungué." A Rochambeau bend, as it were. It made its debut in "Cheating Cheaters."
From the gold-embroidered the Sennett bathing outfit, backed by costuming that is a

By Adela

Clothes are the morale of the moving picture.

The average fan, disinclined to mental effort when the pictorial result is satisfactory, may cherish a hazy notion that Charlie Chaplin "just growed," shoes and all, or that Geraldine Farrar sprang forth full armed and armoured, like Minerva from the brain of Jove.

But let me tell you anyone who thinks costuming the movies is merely a matter of slinging a few stereotyped outfits on the lovely extra and spending large sums of money on sartorial gorgeousness for the twinkling star, is in the wrong trench.

It may look easy. So does a peace conference.

I have tramped through miles of dust, from the hills above Universal City to the sea that rolls beyond the Goldwyn studios at Culver City, I have seen enough clothes to cover all the armies of Europe, perhaps, and I know that behind the pleased sense of fitness, beauty and accuracy that is carried away from the theatre when a picture is properly costumed is a psychology deeper than Ibsenism, a bank roll that sounds like a Liberty Loan, and brains, work and time enough to rearrange a couple of empires before breakfast.

The good, old days when the star had only to appear from iris in to iris out in sufficient—no matter how inappropriate—gorgeousness, when a maid was only a maid, be she parlor, kitchen or

Pauline Frederick's wardrobe costs $75,000 a year.
At the left, Miss Frederick in cerise satin, designed especially for screen appearance. This gown photographs a "live" black.
Skin Out”

robe of the Queen of Sheba to
the motion picture of today is
brother-art to the cinema itself.

Rogers St. Johns

more, and the wardrobe department consisted of twelve police-
men’s uniforms, have gone the way of mint juleps and Shakes-
peare repertoire companies.

You may not have analysed it, but today the movies are cor-
rectly, perfectly and expensively, or inexpensively as the case may
be, costumed, from the chiropodist to the hairdresser. Next time
you watch your favorite emotional actress depicting the mental
and moral stress of a betrayed wife, you need feel no qualms for
the shoulder strap that appears about to reveal secrets hidden
even from the family album. She has received the okeh of the
wardrobe head from the skin out. Venus rising from the sea
hadn’t get by without that stamp of official approval.

From Louise Fazenda’s comedy shoes, that look like they
had been rescued from a Bolshevik ash barrel but really
cost $7.50 a pair specially manufactured, to the hats that
crown Pauline Frederick’s $75,000 a year moving picture
wardrobe: from the gold embroidered robe of the Queen
of Sheba, reproducing exactly
the garment that exalted lady
wore before Solomon (who
must have been some judge
of clothes, by the way) to
the yard of material used to
make bathing suits for the
Sennett bathing girls, the
motion pictures of
today are backed
by costuming
that has be-
come an art, a
science, a busi-
ness — and
morale.

For much,
much more than
the mere effect which
the actor or actress
must achieve in
the finished picture from a
sartorial point of view de-
pends upon the costuming.
The very ability of the
artist to be—to live—to
completely sink himself in

Clothes have a great deal to
do with establishing a char-
acter on the screen. In the
circle on the opposite page is
a scene from “Old Wives
for New.” The slouchy
character in the kimona is
more other than Sylvia Ash-
ton, the groomed lady at the
right of this, with the tall
plumes. Her companion is
Mrs. A. B. Hoffman,
Lasky’s designer and
modiste.

Mabel Normand owes a great measure of
her accurate duplication of “Sir Hopkins”
to the skill and co-operation of the ward-
robe department. The greatest difficulty
was in making the pigtails true to Rose
Melville’s characterization.

a part, depends largely upon the ease,
the becomingness and the appropriate-
ness of the costume. It is the unanimous
verdict of all costuming departments that
every detail of a costume must be correct
in order that the morale of the company
may be kept at highest pitch.

It is hard enough to make a girl from
behind a cafeteria counter who never saw
the inside of a drawing room act like a debu-
tante who cut her teeth on grandmamma’s
diamond bracelet. But
clothes, more than direction,
more than anything in the
world, will accomplish it.

It is the old psychological point
that the man who starts a row with
his wife when her hair is done up in
curls and her last year’s apron is
The gowns worn by Gloria Swanson, star in Cecil deMille's recent productions, come from the artistry of Peggy Hamilton. Miss Swanson is known as the hardest star in picture to costume, but the screen's most wonderful clothes model.

Tied over her nightgown is likely to get hit with a stove lid, while if she waits until she gets into her own particular imitation of Clara Kimball Young, she'll exchange icy stares and personal remarks with him for an hour without a dish being cracked. Bromidically, fine feathers does make fine birds.

The new movement in costuming appears to be summed up in a very few words—dress the story first. The costumes are worked out from the manuscript, as to correctness and type, and then their style fitted to the particular wearer.

In the beginning, most studios dressed their own stars. Since that time, custom has fluctuated considerably, until at one time nearly all stars and many important players furnished all their own clothes, except in costume pictures. Now, however, the majority of the big concerns have adopted the policy of dressing everything and everybody in the picture. Directors who aim for harmony of production and smoothness of effect and detail find that the ensemble registers with more success if all the costumes pass beneath the one hand—that of the head of the wardrobe department.

Most of the studios have imported New York de-
signers of note to place in charge of this work and many of these women draw salaries that need not blush beside those of the stars they dress. The designer becomes one of the most important links in the chain of picture producing and more and more is assuming the function of overseeing the atmosphere of a picture and dictating as to social usage and dress propriety.

The fact is that in a scene where the star is supposed to be among people of her own kind and class, it is distinctly necessary that everyone in the scene should be as well dressed and as rightly garbed as the star. It has been discovered that where stars dress themselves they are too apt to think of their own value alone, and to stand out like a peacock in a hen coop, which may be nice for the star but "ain't art." I know of one picture in which a very excellent actress who shall be nameless absolutely ruined the story by wearing, in the character of a smart young widow about to wreck homes, an antiquated white princess dress. Her appearance made such a jarring note and so took from the force of her supposed attractions that the story became laughable. It is to avoid such mistakes as these that producers have set up their wardrobe departments.

The growth of these departments has been akin to the proverbial mushroom. Four years ago the Lasky studio owned two racks of clothing for which a kind-hearted junk man might have offered $200. These treasures were kept in a small back room and guarded by a wardrobe mistress and a small boy who enjoyed handing out waiters' aprons and comedy hats. Clothes for extra people were

Carmel Myers, in "The Little White Savage" wore a costume supposed to be made from seaweed woven into cloth and sewed with thongs. The wardrobe department, unable to obtain the proper materials, used its ingenuity combined with burlap and coarse thread. Mrs. Duncan, the wardrobe mistress, declared this picture to be the hardest she ever costumed.
largely rented from costumers and stars provided their own wardrobe.

Today the costume department of this concern has its own two-story building, employs fifty people, and has a stock valued at $500,000. From this vast array of material can be costumed almost every thing that walks and while the amount invested seems large the saving in time, rental and the overcoming of all difficulty in procuring demands from costuming firms, is avoided. Besides the everyday needs such as New York policeman’s uniforms, Northwestern Mounted Police hats, Salvation Army lasses (overseas stuff at that), ballet dresses, cowboy raiment, hayseed effects, Japanese kimonos (male and female), Harem trousers, Apache get-ups (French

Unusual costume pictures, such as “The Woman God Forgot,” “Joan the Woman,” “Intolerance” and “The Clashman” demand an amount of work that is almost unbelievable. One hundred and fifty extra workers were employed at Lasky’s during the production of the first named picture, and private individuals and costumers were also called upon.

In cases such as this the research department of the studio makes the most exhaustive study of this period possible and submits its notes and pictures to the head of the wardrobe department. In conjunction with these references are obtained from universities, museums and private libraries. Often it will be found that some one person in a city has made an exhaustive study and hobby of one thing and can furnish invaluable data.

In this way, the Aztec costumes for “The Woman God Forgot” were idealized effects from woodcuts obtained at a museum. The Montezuma robes, it was learned,

(Continued on page 97)

Geraldine Farrar in the muchly-criticised dress worn in “The Hell Cat.” The contention was that the outfit, a cross between Spanish grandeur and Southern hospitality, was out of place in the frontiered Wyoming. Miss Farrar defended herself by saying she would have been ridiculous in the conventional “western” garb.

Above, an illustration of the sanitary rulings in the modern studio. Monte, the wardrobe man in the Universal studio, is shown spraying the clothes worn by an “extra” cowboy. This practice, after each garment is used, renders it sanitary for the next wearer.

and Indian), trench coats, butler’s dignitaries, ministerial cloth (and collar) oil maid’s dresses (virtuous and otherwise), football and baseball uniforms, nature dancers’ costumes, or lack of costumes, Russian boots, farmers and farmerettes, Dolly Varden’s and grande dames, suits of armour, Chinese queues, Polish whiskers, Alaskan dog harnesses, and such like trifles, every sort of material is on hand and the large staff of dressmakers, milliners, tailors, needlewomen and fitters can soon produce any extraordinary demand.

Costume pictures are not popular at the present time and are little done, not because of any difficulty in getting the necessary things to do them with nor the amount of money necessary for produc-
Observe above one of the quaint relics of that tempestuous era on our western frontier when men died for gold, made their own laws with sixshooters, and wore terrifying petticoats. However, Eugene O'Brien's face showed potential Irish even when the above picture was taken. Boulder, Colorado, is the photographer's address, and Gene's age was four. The little panel joined at the upper right shows Gene at the age of eight months.
Never Can Tell!

Lincoln started out as a woodcutter, Joan of Arc was a peasant's daughter, Woodrow Wilson was once a professor, and—

Gail Kane seems the picture of innocence here—just below. Who would imagine that the demurely starched three-year-old would be a fascinating adventurer when she grew up wrecking hearts and homes for a weekly check in three and four figures. Gail seems to bear out George Bernard Shaw's assertion, quoted above, that you never tell.

Here's June Elvidge—World's Juno, as a member of the bib-and-tucker brigade; and she is in her first decollete. Looking at this picture, and observing the poise and easy dramatic grace in her attitude, it is easier to believe that actresses are born, not always grown-up.

Edna Earle—above—at the age of six months, took close-ups very seriously. Now Edna smiles—and the motion picture and still cameras hold no terrors for her. You'll remember Edna, with Metro and Universal.

This is Alma Hanlon's first "professional" photograph and it was taken, so the inscription says, when she was two and one-half years old. Then it was that Alma spoke her first piece—at a church bazaar.
WHEN Olive Thomas alighted from the train at Los Angeles station, she stepped right into the arms of husband Jack Pickford—and incidentally, into the Pickford limousine. The camera does not record the actual greeting but it is said Jack made life miserable around the L. A. Athletic Club before Olive came from the east to make pictures, permanently, in California. The Pickfords are now bungalowing in a palace on Wilshire Boulevard.
Wild Honey

A story particularly interesting to those contemplating marriage with an actress—or a minister.

By Dorothy Allison

THE old parsonage nestled down under the huge oak tree which framed it and beamed on the passerby like a benign, friendly face. In the gathering dusk of the village, it seemed to have large eyes, glowing with lamp-light, a hospitable door of a mouth and two dormer windows, placed like quizzical eyebrows. On this evening in early spring, it was smiling paternally on a couple pacing back and forth on the road before its gate. "Come right in," it seemed to say. "I may be old and weather-beaten but I have a young heart burning right this minute in the library grate. Ordinary people call it a wood fire but you two know better. Come right in but look out for my broken step."

For some reason, the couple outside seemed loath to accept this genial invitation. At first glance they might be mistaken for blissful lovers strolling in the twilight without a care in the world. But if you watched them until they passed the crossroad lantern, you would realize that their faces were anything but blissful.

"We mustn't do it, David," the girl was almost sobbing. She was an exceedingly pretty girl with a delicate rosebud face which could break into the merriest dimples but which was now wet with tears. "You know we can't," she repeated. "Your congregation would never forgive us. It's always unwise for a minister to marry an outsider and in this case it's a million times worse because—"

"Because you're an actress," the young minister finished for her. His keen ascetic face was set in grim defiant lines which softened as he looked down at the wistful figure beside him. "You know there isn't another reason in the world that could keep us apart," he added more gently. "I tell you, Letty, you've grown hypersensitive thinking about this thing. There are only a few in my parish that are prejudiced against the stage and they'll change their minds when they see you, they couldn't help it. And anyway, they shouldn't be encouraged in such sinful narrowness. It's my duty to broaden them," said poor David rather helplessly and without the slightest consciousness of humor.

"If it were anything but your career, I wouldn't care," said the girl tensely. "I'd face poverty and hunger and battle murder and sudden death for you," she went on growing more and more scriptural. "But this would react on you. Your work would grow more and more difficult and you might even begin to hate me," and at this awful thought she again dissolved into tears.

The young minister gathered her up in his arms in an embrace which was both resolute and helpless and then cast an appealing glance at the parsonage as if seeking advice from its venerable traditions. And as he looked, a yellow light gleamed out from the library window and he saw the
He settled them both before the huge colonial fireplace, for a few minutes talked ecclesiastical "shop" to his young colleague. But, while his manner was perfectly unconscious, his shrewd eyes twinkled with the knowledge that their visit was not purely social. And almost before they knew it, he had drawn from them the story of their brief, tempestuous romance and the problem that now faced them. David spoke at first with characteristic reticence and then as the parson's tactful inquiries drew him out, he grew more and more confidential until Letty also added her version and they were both talking in an eager duet of confidence.

As they finished, the parson sat silent for a minute, watching the leaping flames in the fireplace. When he spoke, it was without any tone of ministerial authority.

"I never give advice on such matters," he said, whimsically. "But don't tell the church trustees for that's what I get paid for. But I find that such advice usually has a boomerang twist to it and I might as well save my breath for quoting scriptures. So instead I'm going to tell you a story. It isn't a scriptural story but it is just as true as if it was. It's the life-history of a man I know very well—another minister. He may have some sort of a name so we'll call him the Rev. Jim Brown."

As he began, Letty nestled closer to David in their nook by the window seat. The two young eyes were fastened eagerly on the pastor who seemed almost to forget them and to be telling his story to the crackling fire.

"Jim Brown had all the advantages of a Boston Back Bay training," he began. "Perhaps that was why the Lord saw fit to call him to the wildest and most unruly parish in the newly settled West. It was only called a parish by courtesy for it hadn't even a regular church, just a crude sort of meeting house which the cowboys had tackled together in a fit of religious zeal and then left to the mice and spiders. He told me he never would forget the day he arrived there on the old stage coach and climbed down the rickety stairs into a crowd of curious but hostile strangers. The stage had stopped in front of a large sinister looking building and a crowd of girls and half intoxicated cowboys poured out from its doors to greet the mail. Jim learned afterwards that this building was the 'Thalia' and known as the lowest and most hectic dance hall in the West.

After thanking "Lefty" for his timely intervention, the two went together down the long, long trail that lead to the parsonage and, finally, back East.
not see Honey except for the glimpses he would have of her dark head just below his pulpit at his Sunday services. Her expression as she gazed up at him seemed demure enough but he sensed mockery in the swirl of her skirt and the rose nodding at her belt. He had lived for more than a month on memories until he again came upon her in the woods as she was struggling with Gypsy who was capricious and refused to be mounted. Jim lifted her to the horse in his strong arms but before her foot caught the stirrup he drew his face close to hers. She shook her head vehemently and swung herself daintily into the saddle.

"Not here," she laughed. "I won't be kissed with a blackbird watching us. If you come to the "Thalia" tonight—then perhaps." And with a provocative glance over her shoulder, she galloped off on Gypsy and was lost in a whirl of dust.

"But that night, in Honey's bizarre little room, it was Jim who was resolute and forbidding. "I lost my head in the woods today," he told her. "I won't ask you for a kiss again, at least not until tomorrow. For after tomorrow you will be my wife."

"Your wife!" Honey's voice broke in a gasp of astonishment. But her sudden joy changed to terror as she heard heavy steps and a chorus of gruff voices on the stairs.

"It's the boys from downstairs," she whispered. "They must not find you here. You won't hide? Then there's nothing but the windows." And Jim, hating himself as a sneak and an interloper, swung out over the casement and slipped down to the soft earth beneath.

As Honey opened the door in answer to a thundering knock from the outside, she found the stairs crowded with sturdy cowboy figures, their faces flushed and angry.

"Seen the parson, Honey?" said Dick Hadding who led the mob. "He's wanted badly."

"What's he wanted for, Dick?" Honey answered in a steady voice, though she was still trembling with excitement.

"Well, it ain't no Sunday school charge," he sneered. "It's for murder, that's what it is. Honey. He shot Danny Brett in cold blood and we found his hat in Danny's dead hand. He'll swing when we catch him. You ain't seen him? Well we'll find his shack in the mountains and lay for him there."

Honey closed the door with shaking fingers and tried to collect her dizzy thoughts. Above the turbulent whirl of her surprise and terror was the firm determination to reach Jim at all costs and warn him. She knew the secret path to his little cabin and had seen it through the trees. Making sure that the boys were out of ear-shot, she threw a cloak over her evening dress, slipped down the stairs and tore away on Gypsy up the trail.

"Meanwhile Jim had settled down in his cabin to an hour's work on his Sunday sermon with Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs' spread out before him. His mind was very far from sufferers of the early saints, however, and a very human meditation was interrupted by a sudden pounding at the door. He opened it and a manu facturing the same mob that had confronted Honey a few hours before with Dick Hadding's evil face leer ing in the foreground.

"You're wanted, parson," he snarled. 'I guess you know what for. You're a good preacher on Sunday and a first-rate gun-man the rest of the week.'"

"Without a flicker of his eye-lids Jim met the sinister gaze of the bully and the hostile faces behind. 'I don't know what devilment of yours is back of this, Dick Hadding,' he said. 'But I'll go with you quietly. Will you wait till I get my hat?'"

(Continued on page 107)
Billie Burke's latest camera pose. Done by Alfred Cheney Johnston.
Lending Enchantment to Distance

A neat reversal of the old formula by getting Billie Burke on the far end of a thousand-mile telephone wire.

By Julian Johnson

This periodical's publisher, vice-president, general manager, screen supplement director and all-around factotum should have been an artist. In fact, he is one.

He rushed into the editor's office—on his return from a recent trip to New York—without stopping even to put down the demi-tasse typewriter which constitutes the main portion of his travelling luggage.

"I've brought a beautiful cover of Billie Burke!" he exclaimed. "We've got to match it up with a story—"

"Excellent for early summer," affirmed the editor. "Billie Burke has just gone to Palm Beach, so of course—"

"Early summer rats!" interposed the P., V. P., G. M., S. D. and A. A. F. "The time to use this Billie Burke cover is now. And the story accordingly."

He reminds me of the Russian Emperor who, discovering an in-terminable wrangle between two factions of engineers on the course of a railroad between Petrograd and Moscow, took a ruler and a pen, drew a straight mark between the two cities, and said: "There gentlemen, is your line!"

A little more than eleven years ago I saw Billie Burke for the first time. She was then the adorable ingenue leading-woman for that sleek, svel-e gentleman who has since become stout—John Drew. She was playing "My Wife," and all of you who recall that footlight sensation of 1905 must remember the roguish, pink-haired, blue-eyed girl who romped away with hearts male and female, old and young, from New York's Battery to Frisco's Bay.

Since then, many interesting things and many high honors have happened to Billie Burke—and how very, very, very much has happened to the world and all the rest of us!

It is quite a new Billie Burke that the pictures found, two seasons ago; a Billie Burke no longer an ingenue, but in the prime of fine young womanhood, with a personality as elusive and distinctive in sunshine as in the upshine of floor-sunken electrics—

—and considerably more elusive, and just as distinctive, no doubt, in these February days when she was basking in Florida sands with all the reporters a thousand miles away from the north in cold and rain and influenza.

I happened to remember that one of Billie Burke's adventures in these ten years has been the quite usual feminine adventure of marriage: the other party to the contract being Florene Ziegfeld, Jr., creator of Follies and Frolics and Chief Justice in the World's Court of Pretty Girls.

One Leon Friedman has, during the whole Ziegfeld regime, been the mouthpiece and publicist of the follies-maker—therefore what less could be expected from him than an easily procurable reminiscence, based upon association and information, of Mr. Ziegfeld's charming and celebrated wife?

Leon was highly accessible—he thought it could be done.

Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld (Billie Burke) and her daughter, Patricia, on the sands at Palm Beach.
No recourse left but the telephone.

And don’t believe them when they give you these saccharine, smooth-flowing accounts of long-distance interviews. So far, I’d never had one that had even the least traces of success. You’re bothered with cut-offs, bad connections, and what you might call wire-fright at both ends of the line. My subjects have always been bored, and the only thing I’ve ever been able to think of—while endeavoring to ask snappy questions in a bright way—was the auditor’s blasphemy when he came to look over the expense accounts at the end of the month.

However—

The mail and telegraph address was simply Palm Beach, but Alfred Cheney Johnston, the benevolent old black-box Rembrandt whose ornate photographs anon appear upon these pages, suggested that I try the Vanderbilt’s cottage, in which, he believed, the Ziegfelds were wintering.

A long wait after the call, then an assortment of clicks and monosyllables, a servant’s somewhat querulous questioning, then a long silence, and then—the voice I first heard in “My Wife.”

I couldn’t think of anything to say, after introducing myself, and receiving a pleasant but risingly-inflected “Yes?” by way of reply and recognition. But at some dollars a minute, you simply must make conversation. I took from the colloquial shelf bromide No. 1.

“How’s the weather?”

“Oh, fine!” came the silvery and surprisingly clear answer. And then derisively, “Did you expect me to say that the ocean was frozen and the oranges were banked up under the snow-drifts? I suppose that’s the sort of weather you’re in?”

(Continued on page 102.)
What Makes a Gas Engine Go?

By means of the “animated cartoon” educational films now explain a number of mechanical mysteries.

By Charles Frederick Carter

Producers are now going into strange fields for stars. They are luring out from their uneventful routines such potential “star” material as George J. Gas Engine, Cecil Depth Bomb, Johnny Magneto and the rest of the scientific crowd.

One of the most striking things about the development of the motion picture art lies in its rapidly expanding usefulness to the world. Up to the present day, its real, vital usefulness has lain unapplied while the cameras ground lyrically on, providing pure entertainment for the millions. Its development as a medium of thought transference and actual instruction has not been so marked until the last year or so. In this connection, the general public knows little perhaps, of the so-called “animated diagrams”—the younger, but more austere, brother of the old-familiar “animated cartoon.”

Perhaps you’ve wondered what makes a gas engine go, or the principle on which the electric battery is operated, or how coal forms.

The technical animated drawing simplifies the most complicated engineering feat or contrivance so that the unskilled may quickly grasp the idea since its tendency is to simplify and impress only essentials upon the mind. Thus did this medium serve not long ago to make clear to millions of moving picture patrons exactly how the New York subway was constructed step by step and all shown in the period of a few hundred seconds.

Illustrations furnished by courtesy Paramount-Bray Pictograph
thinking real business during their thirty minutes of martyrdom.

But that was before the show began. From the moment the first picture flashed on the screen every man in the audience forgot all else and concentrated his fascinated attention on the animated drawings. When the half hour was concluded the exhibitor dutifully stopped and turned up the lights. Whereupon an especially busy man jumped up and pleaded for unanimous consent for another helping of pictographs, which was indorsed with enthusiasm; and the machine ground on for another twenty minutes, for all of which the assemblage spent enough time to express its appreciation in a vote of thanks.

Now note what happened as the direct result of this Atlantic City showing as these Big Guns of the Business World scattered to their homes throughout the length and breadth of the land and began to talk of what they had seen. Subjects particularly suitable were exhibited before the Good Roads Convention at Chicago, at the Executives Club of Chicago, and before the Rotary Club of New York. Also to the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in New York were shown some animated drawings of special interest to the profession and in the same manner before the American Society of Mining Engineers in New York City.

To edify and instruct two hundred sales executives at the Aldine Club in New York City in some new departures of peculiar interest to them, appropriate animated drawings were provided.

Not to stretch the reader's patience beyond its elastic limit, the foregoing may be taken as typical of the profound interest which Big Business has recently begun to take in the possibilities of animated drawings in speeding up its affairs. Had Big Business been a faithful motion picture fan it might have learned some time ago that animated drawings explain a great many things it never understood before, because animated drawings rush in where the motion picture camera not only fears to tread, but where it couldn't go if it wanted to. They make clear in a very few moments what weary hours of reading or attending lectures or studying blue prints and diagrams fail to explain. In fact, the animated drawings were made exclusively for exhibition in motion picture theaters at first, for epoch-making inventions never spring full fledged from the brain of the inventor but are the product of evolution.

John Randolph Bray, originator of the Paramount-Bray Fictograph idea and J. F. Leventhal, got busy and did a whole lot to develop and expand the pictograph along mechanical lines and invented practical ways of improving and expediting the formidable work of producing the films. Being

(Continued on page 108)

A Shattered Illusion—in Six Parts

By FISH, in London Tatler

HER ROAD TO RUIN!!

HER-ERA SECOND HUSBAND

HER-ERA HUSBAND

DON'T WANT TO GO HOME

WHY

WHY

WHY

WHY

WHY

DON'T WANT TO GO HOME

WHY

WHY

WHY

WHY

—she brings the party to a hasty and unwelcome conclusion.
Some Thoughts on Decent Pictures by Men Who Make Them

"The right of free speech has cost untold agonies and rivers of blood. It is not to be thrown away. And after all, pictures have a very effective censorship in the persons of "Pa" and "Ma," who will soon regulate any producer who offends the decency."
—DAVID WARK GRIFFITH, World-Famous Director.

"The best commercial word in our slogan is the word "Clean."" ADOLPH ZUKOR, President Paramount-Arclight.

"The Pennsylvania censor board, one of the strictest in the United States, has not turned down a Metro picture in three years."
—RICHARD A. ROWLAND, President Metro Pictures Corporation.

"We know now only to Public Opinion—the one infallible censor."
—CARL LAEMMEL, President Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

"First National was organized to encourage great artists to give their very best in wholesome and inspiring amusement."
—J. D. WILLIAMS, President First National Exhibitors' Circuit.

"I pledge myself to make clean pictures just as naturally as I would pledge myself not to drink Prussic acid, leap into a blast furnace or throw myself in front of a railroad train."
—LEWIS J. SELZNICK, President Selznick Pictures.

"My standard of pictures is fixed by whether or not I would be willing to have my young daughters see my productions."
—J. STUART BLACKTON, President Blackton Productions.

"Motion pictures in general have done more to improve the morals of American cities than any other factor in ten years."
—SAMUEL GOLDWYN, President Goldwyn Pictures.

The motion picture manufacturers of America have pledged themselves, through Photoplay Magazine, to the manufacture of clean pictures. They express themselves as unqualifiedly in favor of screen decency, and are not only against the more obvious manifestations of evil influence, such as the questionable scene and the suggestive story, but are against anything and everything in picture manufacture which is morbid, unwholesome and un-American.

It is with a great deal of satisfaction that we set their statements down in these pages. With one or two marked exceptions, the whole trend of the industry is toward decency, and Photoplay Magazine has chronicled that trend as a news fact. The picture manufacturers of the United States are not a lot of panders, a band of moral wolves taking toll from evil inclinations—as the professional reformers would have us think. They are American citizens engaged in the greatest art business on earth; they are purveying not only amusement but a genuinely necessary commodity of relaxation to other American citizens, and they know, as any merchant and manufacturer knows, that a besmirching of their own product is as fatal as false weight and adulteration in trade.

And without exception they are against censorship as undemocratic, un-American, a reversion to the intolerance of the Middle Ages, and, if by any ill-effect, the most powerful and dangerous manifestation of professional reform—short of martial dictatorship—possible in this country.

The replies of a majority of these manufacturers are given herewith.

These are not the random recollections of an interviewer, strengthened to suit the occasion. They are statements given by responsible men over their own signatures.

This has been an open winter for busybodies. The self-imposed guardsians of public morality have indicated, by their words and deeds, that the movie-going millions, on the one hand, had not sense enough to choose between right and wrong, and that the men who make the movies, on the other hand, were professional debasers—two birds of insult from a single stone of innuendo. The attitude of the people has been shown in their vigorous response to the intelligent and preferential methods of The Better Photoplay League of America. To discover the attitude of the manufacturers—whether they judged stories on any other point than pictorial and dramatic values, or whether they, too, had an unequivocal clean picture plank in their office platforms—the Editor of Photoplay Magazine asked the head of each institution the point blank question. It is significant, from any point of view, that these replies were not only given immediately, but that every one set down here was rushed in by telegraph.

Adolf Zukor, speaking for his numerous manufactures grouped under the main divisions of Paramount and Artcraft, replied: "The case of clean motion pictures against dirty motion pictures resolves itself entirely—in my judgment, and as expressed in the policy of The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—into the proposition that the American public is of clean mind, possessed of high ideals. As to whether the American people want nasty pictures there is but one answer: they don't. It didn't require years of experience in providing entertainment for the American people to find this out. Anyone who has ever attempted to commercialize nasty books, nasty pictures, nasty thoughts never reaped any other harvest than a whirlwind of despair and financial and moral failure. This corporation is pledged to make the motion picture screen clean and fit to be viewed by every member of the American family, from father to the youngest daughter. The slogan of Paramount and Artcraft pictures is 'Famous Stars superbly directed in Clean Motion Pictures'—and the best commercial word in that slogan is 'clean.'"

J. D. Williams, President of the First National Exhibitors Circuit, said: "The First National Exhibitors Circuit, composed of the leading theatre owners of the country, with $45,000,000 invested in motion picture theatres, established this organization as their tangible instrument of activity for united effort to improve the quality of screen attractions, and to encourage great artists to give to the public the very best in wholesome inspiring amusements of which their genius is capable. We stand for clean pictures and the absolute elimination from the screens of our theatres of obscene, malicious, objectionable and vulgar effort. This latter type of production is the last resort of producers incapable of competing with real ability (Continued on page 115)

"Clean Pictures!" Every Manufacturer's Pledge

Photoplay Magazine tabulates the mightiest vow in the history of the industry—and unmaska united front against the professional censor.

By JULIAN JOHNSON

(Continued on page 115)
A Cross

By

ADELA ROGERS-ST. JOHNS

piano and many, many books in the high shelves that lined the four walls. A little dog, with sparkling eyes, who crowed cheerfully to itself, ornamented the Persian rug before the blaze. The whole was warmly enclosed by the raspberry velvet draperies that shut out the darkness and wind.

In the deeps of a deep divan, piled with myriad-colored cushions, the black robed little figure reclined.

“I am glad,” she said quietly, “that my loss came at a time when the world has come to understand death as the most extraordinary experience of life—a mere passing beyond the door. It may seem strange, but the thought that so many, many women are facing this same parting from their loved ones has brought me consolation, as though we subconsciously reached out to aid and strengthen each other, a sort of sisterhood to see that the great hour of peace is not overshadowed by the weight of our sorrow.”

Her finger still marked its place in a volume of Mark Twain. She looked almost exotically blond and the chief characteristic of her beauty is its tropic colorfulness. There is no suggestion of the young girl about her, though she is so vitaly alive. She gives at once the impression of a woman in full bloom.

"Marriage, in the last analysis, always depends upon the woman. She must not expect man to come up to her level until she has brought him there."

It is not only that the sight of the erect, brave little figure in its significant widow's garb amid the emphatic cheerfulness with which she surrounds herself in her home is rather like coming upon a sturdy, white cross in the midst of a full blown garden. Nor that her simple, black gown, with the white frills at neck and wrist, sets her apart from the whirl and excitement in which she works at the studio.

The reminder goes deeper—into the shadow of her eyes above the bright, unfaltering smile.

Ethel Clayton's director husband, Joseph Kaufman died a year ago, just when the two had signed a five-year contract to come to California and make pictures for Lasky together. So Ethel Clayton took up alone the journey that was to have been the crowning joy of her life. Before her going, in the fulness of her love, she must have been rather like a garden herself—fragrant, lovely and wholesome.

She is still like such a garden dominated by a cross of sorrow.

The thought of it came to me, I think, the moment I saw her in the big room of the widespread bungalow beneath the Hollywood hills.

It was the most completely cheerful room I have ever seen. There was a fire of fragrant logs snapping on the open hearth and birds in painted cages singing brightly. Shaded lamps glowed rose and amber. There was an open grand

Ethel Clayton's bungalow, where she lives with her mother, rambles down a sunny slope of the California hills.
In a Garden

The philosophy and personality of that exotic widow, Ethel Clayton.

As I watched her and listened to her, I began to understand why she has made for herself a place unique in the galaxy of screen stars, a place that may be compared with that which Margaret Anglin holds on the speaking stage. Her rise to stardom has not been meteoric. She has worked up step by step, from the old pioneer days at Lubin, with her husband’s aid, to a finished artistry always to be relied upon for a performance of thoroughness, thoughtfulness and charm.

I believe this is so because she is intellectual, rather than brilliant or clever.

“It is my ambition,” she said with her little friendly smile, “to become identified in my work with real women. By ‘real women’ I mean neither the very good nor the very bad women, but the vast multitude of human beings who come somewhere between.

“As a matter of fact, I’ve never known a very good nor a very bad woman, have you? I’ve known some that were seemingly inseparable and incomprehensible mixtures of both, and the worst woman I ever knew was a ‘good woman.’

“Women fascinate me—women who are struggling with their problems wherever they may be and climbing upward, either in married life, in girl life, or in the vast business of making a living.
where she is, just as the most exquisite poems have blossomed in the trenches. But she must not expect man to come up to her level, until she has brought him there."

"Then," I asked, "I judge you don't believe in equality between men and women?"

She shook her head pensively. "One does not talk of equality between a cabbage and a rose," she said, with a pretty shrug. "I am very fond of cabbages and they are a useful and nourishing vegetable, but no one would think of comparing them with a rose, or blaming them for lacking the beauty and perfume of the flower. Of course, in the external, work-a-day things there should be equity. But women stand beneath and behind the progress of the world. Men have taken a monstrous stride, though, through what they have learned from the war. Perhaps that is one reason the war came, that men might learn to sacrifice and endure and battle for humanity, as women have always done.

"But all we can learn or theorize of equity goes flickering before the fact that women are the mothers of the children.

"Of course there are many women who have not developed up to the standard of womanhood, just as there are men who have gone far beyond the average standard of manhood. I knew such a man. But never trust a woman that is too sweet with a man. I have known wives that were called 'so sweet' (Continued on page 116)

Drawing by Irvine Metz

Canning the Deadly "Vampire Rays" — By Leigh Metcalfe

THE producers of the pictures featuring the celebrated screen vampire, Miss Banana Unripe, claim to have discovered that the vampire, or man-taming mesmeric ray, employed by the actress in "vamping" her screen victims, has a peculiar virility and that it can be "canned" and used again. Miss Unripe is here shown dragging the victim into her inquisitive clutches. Note that, after striking the victim, the rays 'float upward where they are, by suction, turned into the great intake and thence, by pipeline, to the packing department. Quite a canning organization is already at work preparing this peculiar force for the world market, the artist reports. Just how these "rays" can be assimilated and used again to best advantage is yet a problem. Scientists differ as to whether the would-be vampire should inhale it or take it in a spoon with her food. Scene on right shows riot following first announcements of sale of canned vampire rays in large New York department store.

In connection with the foregoing, it is interesting to note that science blames the wave of domestic unrest among directors and cameramen to the indirect effect of the vampire's wiles while they work. Miss Unripe, who always has great consideration for the happiness of her employees, has provided gas masks for cameramen and director. Perhaps the great stock of gas masks owned by the war department might be profitably sold to the vampire studios—perhaps!
W HILE the Better Photoplay League is drawing its brand Excalibur for clean pictures, this department will brandish a bludgeon for sensible ones. Homer Croy, in his new book on the movies, has a phrase that lodged crossways in my imagination; he referred to the text of our screen entertainments, or the majority of them, as fourth Reader stories." The unfortunate thing about this statement is that it is true.

Not true of every photoplay, fortunately. So far I haven't pushed a month behind me in which I haven't seen at least one—and sometimes several—clear, charming, forceful, imaginative or merely and sheerly entertaining specimens of active photography. But for one "Don't Change Your Husband" we have a hundred punk dramas of bunk domesticity. Against one real social glimpse like "Virtuous Wives" we have a thousand shockers for servants about the rich millionaire and his bird in a gilded cage. After one "Shoulder Arms" what infinite miles of melancholy are unwound in the name of laughter!

Some day there is going to be a Columbus among picture producers. That Columbus will discover that the fifteen cents and war tax hot-potatoes—the common people who are supposed to incessantly demand these Fourth Reader epics—are the same people who have gladly brought infiuence to many great artists in other lines.

In other words, the cheerful and uncomplaining citizenry who pay out their dimes and their quarters for celluloid saccharine—because they seldom get anything else—also read John Galsworthy's novels, have a few good records for their talking machines, and attend the best plays when they have an opportunity.

Called upon for an offhand opinion as to its probable popularity, how many motion picture producers would have considered "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" worth the cost of the first edition? Yet the fact that it has run through seventy-six editions in America in seven months argues that others than college professors and literary ladies have been after it in the book-shops. The American people—the same average people who go to the movies, neither very wise nor very dull, neither very flush nor very broke, neither very saintly nor very devilish—like to discover art and acclaim an artist.

That statement, I am aware, is most unorthodox. Never-theless, I maintain that it is true. Nowadays there aren't so many mute inglorious Miltons as you'd suppose. And at the present price of roses and the present general dissemination of population, American Beauties are no longer born to blush unseen. If you have the goods, it may take quite a while to sell them, but you will sell them, if you keep at it, and profit them with comprehensible salesmanship.

I wish the average picture producer had my faith in the average audience. In four years of close screen observation—

I generally see pictures in the theatres, and not in the projection rooms—I have never seen a high-class photoplay fail when it had a good story. I might qualify that by adding—a good story with a healthy tone. Both "Stella Maris" and "The Whispering Chorus" were high-class stories, but the second failed, popularly speaking, because of its morbid abnormality.

When I talk of the picture producer, here, I don't mean the corporation captains-general on Fifth avenue and along Forty-Second street. I mean the bosses of production in the studios. They go by various titles. The men who choose and order the mill-run of photoplay manufacture.

I'm not saying that the poor fellows haven't their troubles. Believe me, they have! They are cursed by quantity production. They are told to be artistic on the Henry Ford basis.
"Romance and Arabella," featuring Constance Talmadge, is a human and therefore appealing trifle about a young widow and a handful of matrimonial bets.

"Common Clay" is a well-told screen version of the stage play, though with some very radical departures.

"Johnny-on-the-Spot" is a melodrama and farce-comedy flavored with Hale Hamilton's breezy personality.

This in itself is enough to make them misanthropes. Their one unpardonable sin is their very evident loss of faith in the great public for whom they make pictures.

The faculty that makes a young man like Marshall Neilan, or sustains a mature artist like D. W. Griffith, or draws general attention to George Loane Tucker, or builds Lois Weber, or compels a universal affection for Charlie Chaplin, is the faculty of giving the best and finest that one possesses. I dare say that none of these persons makes use of that commonest of studio terms: "Oh, that'll be over their heads!" Does the average American audience appreciate true elegance in appointment, true life in characterizations, true art in location and photography, true comedy—sometimes too deep for physical laughter—in situation? The success of those gentlemen and that lady seem to shout a very positive "Yes!"

The prime quality of a sensible picture is its trueness to life. There are, indeed, other qualities, but we haven't space to consider them here, and they are, anyway, of minor value.

In subtitling a peculiarly horrible lack of common sense is very generally manifest. Cast out the big words in those descriptions. Don't give us copy-book maxims for conversation—give us our lingo; it may be inelegant, sometimes, but by gosh, it's ours, and it's expressive. Shakespeare wasn't afraid to use Elizabethan chaff even in blank verse, and Rupert Hughes—the most graphic stylist in America—never uses forty adjectives to describe a sunset, nor does he make a man spout an oration when all he wants is a little love.

The alarming prevalence of the subtitle on stilts, the machine-made plot and the denatured human being are three reasons why this department is about to check out of the League of Nations and start a war of its own on the nonsensible photoplay.

**THE UNPARDONABLE SIN**

—Garson Productions

An impressive photoplay, filled with splendid characterizations, remarkable photography, and a thoughtful perfection of detail which honors the intelligence of the beholder. Rupert Hughes novel is perhaps the most stark fictional indictment of Teuton terrorism and brutality yet written by an American, and is a work fairly familiar, now, to the whole story-reading public. In it we find the sad adventures of the two Parrot sisters, Alice and Dimmy: American girls both—the one with her mother in Belgium at the outbreak of the war, the other with her father in California. Dimmy is destined to great sorrow, but also to great adventure and ultimate happiness. But of Alice Mr. Hughes wrote: "She was one of those whom misfortune had selected for its own. Innocent, meek, unresisting, without even the debit of a little wild happiness, she had known the extremes of horror, of shame, of remorse, and had come to that voidful epitaph, 'better dead.'" For Alice, and her mother as well, were both victims of German brutality; these American women were no more sacred to the Prussian powers than so many nuns—and nuns, in the early days of the great gray march, seemed the favorite pasturage of the professional soldier's lust. So it comes that Alice, receiving word of their plight in a letter which tells all by striving to tell only a little, starts wildly toward Europe. In her tense state she is the victim of an unfortunate encounter, and her nerves collapse. She passes into a state of coma from which she is awakened only by the profound efforts of a disinterested boy. Noll Windsor. Together they go to Europe.

The outstanding performances are Blanche Sweet's, in the roles of the sisters Dimmy and Alice; and Mary Alden's, as the mother. Although Miss Alden has far less to do than Miss Sweet, it is an equally significant performance. Miss Sweet as the outraged Alice evidences to the full her capability for a sort of tragic futility—a lifelike thing which is not acting, and which is not the pompous manifestation of self-sorrow which many of our players think is tragedy—that is the very mirror of real despairing existence. So does Miss Alden remain perfectly in the picture. She presents a handsome, well-bred woman approaching middle age, and even in her extreme mo-
ments there is nothing to suggest the crushed and blasted girlhood of her daughter. Rather, she becomes a calm, sombre, poised and waiting spirit—the mother of the Greek plays. On the other hand, as Dinny Miss Sweet is altogether the adventurous girl—sensitive, refined, but always unafraid and ready to battle for her own honor or the honor of those she loves. Dual characterizations are so possible in pictures that they have come to be a misfortune, thanks to the people who dabble in them. But here is a dual characterization which is a dual characterization—that is to say, Alice Parrot, the gentle slaughtered lamb, is not and could not be at any time the valiant sister whom she so closely resembles.

Matt Moore is delightfully human—a liveable sort of young fellow—as Nell Windsor. Wallace Beery vouchsafes a piece of portraiture as the German Col. Klemm for the like of which we will have to go back to the early Griffith plays.

Marshall Neilan rises to a standard of direction he has not touched since "Stella Maris." His use of light and shadow makes his screen look new and again like a master-painted canvas, rather than a white sheet momentarily glorified by flashes of electricity.

He has departed from Hughes story-ending, and while I can see that the new version is more expedient for the screen, and perhaps more popular, in a certain sense, Hughes' original seems far more legitimate and logical. If the Germans had been as easily outrun and outchased as they are in this picture—to say nothing of being outmaneuvered by a couple of small boys in their own headquarters—they would never have crossed the Rhine. However—it's a master picture if you pardon these playful weaknesses of the playful Mr. Neilan. And little frecklefaced Wes' Berry, as the indomitable George Washington Sticker, is going to sweep the country with a wave of personal popularity rivaling Robert Anderson's after the birth of "Hearts of the World."

OUT OF THE FOG—Metro

Austen Adams' story of two lovely women and sexual and psychological disaster on a lonely island. On the stage it was called "Ception Shoals," and Alla Nazimova, as she does here, played mother and daughter. A fisherman who might have come from a page of Coleridge has a sister, Faith, who unfortunately loses, by death, her plighted lover. Faith's situation is of course unfortunate, and rather than endure the imprisonment her brother Job imposes, she kills herself in a great leap from the lighthouse tower. But the baby lives—and is this little person in her teens—nervous, active as a kitten, eternally wondering, alternating merry and tempestuously sad, at once the plague and the care of old Job—who enlists Nazimova's finest interpretative qualities. Indeed, as the strange unworldly Eve she has many of the little subtleties and whimsicalities that have not been evinced in a similar part since Maude Adams played Peter Pan. The end of the screen story is happy, whereas the end of the stage play was violently woeful. Here, a woman in a woman's uttermost extremity is brought to Eve's island prison, and at once she learns the mystery of her own body, and all the truths of life which the crustacean Job has kept acutely away from her.

At the same time she has learned to know what love is, even though she doesn't recognize it. Philip Blake, who came to her "out of the fog," and then slipped back into it, returns, and there is a pretty encounter between him and her demonic old fiaker, whose sour assertions that "Eve is dead" he rightly discredits. A melodramatic finish provides a variety for the whimsical and atmospheric body of the picture.

THE BRAND—Goldwyn

I don't recall anything of Rex Beach's, as far as pictures are concerned, which has given me as much enjoyment since "The Spoilers." "The Brand" is another of those simple, direct, straight-running stories of man and woman and the north (Continued on page 92)
DOUG and Mary and David Wark and Charlie. Read it the other way and it will be just as impressive: Charlie and David Wark and Mary and Doug.

We wonder if the nonchalant geranium and the darned old bench realize that they are having their picture taken in company with the most universal (no apologies to Carl Laemmle) amusement quartet ever drawn together?

The secession of Bill Hart from the Big Five left this Big Four. They haven't announced very many plans yet, except to assert that their "United Artists' Distributing Association" will begin to print from worth-their-weight-in-platinum negatives as soon as various and sundry existing contracts are finished. For the rest—consult their lawyer, Mr. McAdoo.

This is the first really large job William Gibbs McAdoo has had on his hands. He was, for a spell, director-general of the railroads of the whole country, and Treasurer of the United States, but the railroads and the treasury were at best only a two-star combination, whereas now he has four.

It seems that one learns the moving picture business pretty fast in California. In November Carl Laemmle offered Mr. McAdoo the directorship of Universal, at a salary of $50,000 a year, to which Mr. McAdoo replied in his letter of declination: "I doubt my qualifications for the position you offer." And he went on to say, plainly, that he knew nothing of the making of pictures. Further, he intended to come to New York to practice law. But then, you see, Mr. McAdoo moved to the artistically infectious Coast and it's all different now. His salary with the Mammoth Quartet may reach a quarter of a million a year, in place of the measly fifty thousand he declined when he didn't know anything about the motion picture business.

Following the stellar injunction, we will permit the Big Four's lawyer to speak for them. He says: "They have determined not to permit any trust to destroy competition, or to blight or to interfere with the high quality of their work. They feel that it is of the utmost importance to secure the artistic development of the motion picture industry, and they believe that this will be impossible if any trust should get possession of the field and menace the business."
Sennett's Own Houdini
Or, "Little Davey's" disappearing act.

The irrepressible "extra" does the footsteps of the producer until that harassed cinema pivot shoots himself in desperation. And yet, "Little Davey"—no other name known—hung around the Sennett studios just long enough to make himself famous and then toddled quietly back to oblivion.

One day "Little Davey" was brought to the studio by a quiet, unostentatious woman whose exact relationship to him was never learned. Happening in the studio at the psychological moment, the little boy was hired for a comedy. The director recognized real ability in him and told him to come back. He appeared extensively in several comedies. After his work in "Rip and Stitch, Tailors," he disappeared and through a bungle was not told to return. Now he's gone, leaving no address, phone number or anything.

You have doubtless seen "Little Davey." Though but a few minutes after two years old, he competed with the old-timers at the Sennett studios and in many ways proved far superior as a true, instinctive comedian.

Above and below, scenes from "Rip and Stitch, Tailors," the Sennett comedy in which "Little Davey" was so funny. Teddy, the Sennett dog, is in the lower left and the other are "Little Davey" and a handful of puppies.
The Better Photoplay League of America

Important movements ally themselves with The League—progressive exhibitors the biggest boosters for better films—Milwaukee stands solid for clean and worth-while pictures.

By Janet Priest

The League has gained powerful friends and allies this month—all in the interest of better films.

At a recent meeting, the Better Film committee of the Home and School League of Salt Lake City voted to affiliate with the Better Photoplay League of America. Salt Lake has achieved the proud distinction of making a success of motion picture programs for children, a thing which has been tried by many and declared impossible. The Salt Lake City people actually make money at it—and please the children into the bargain. And to members of the League, they are perfectly willing to tell how they do it.

In the first place, they did not stop at the first sign of discouragement. They stuck at it long enough to find out what their mistakes were, and now others are in a position to benefit by their mistakes—and more especially by their successes.

The Home and School League discovered that “children” is a word which children beyond the kindergarten stage do not like. They do not care to attend “children’s” programs. So the wording was changed. The Salt Lake City people do not put on “Children’s Programs,” but “Boys’ and Girls’ Matinees.” And they give the boys and girls a real all-around program, as well as the distinctively educational sort of picture.

“I believe the reason for the failure of children’s programs in some communities,” says Jennie M. Crabbé, the secretary, “is the kind of programs shown. Children enjoy a program of educational subjects if it is given at school. Then they feel that it is a part of their regular school work. But when they go to a theatre they want ‘a show’ such as the grown-ups see. They desire a feature play and a comedy or cartoon, with a travelogue or an educational film added for good measure.”

The Home and School League works in co-operation with George Carpenter, manager of the Paramount-Empress. After trying several plans, they discovered that the best was to have the League itself rent the theatre for Saturday forenoon. The rental includes theatre, heat, light, music and operator. The League pays for the films and advertising, and provides for the ticket-reller and the ushers. The school-teachers are present acting as ushers. A great thing about the Salt Lake plan is that everybody helps. The League is composed of a patron and a teacher from each school district, so that representatives from every district in the city are back of the plan. The members of the Better Film committee are representatives of the different women’s clubs, religious organizations, and school organizations—so that all classes are represented. Formerly the manager put on plays recommended by the women—but the pros-
ent plan of renting the theatre and doing their own ticket-selling has been found more profitable financially.

The Better Film committee attributes most of its success to the work of its former chairman, Mrs. John Malick, who gave freely of her time and talents for community service. Though Mrs. Malick is no longer a resident of Salt Lake City, her enthusiasm has been shared by all the members of the committee. These are Miss F. W. Meakin, the present chairman, Miss Jennie M. Crabbe, secretary, J. H. Coombs, treasurer, Mrs. William Reid, Rev. J. H. Dennis, Mrs. Anna L. Young, H. J. Stearns, Charles Keele, Mrs. William Story, Jr., Mrs. Elizabeth Cohen, Miss Florence Knox, Mrs. W. E. Senior, Mrs. W. M. Stockey, Mrs. John Z. Brown, and Mrs. H. J. Hayward.

A splendid new Branch of The Better Photoplay League of America has been organized in Richmond, Va., by the Social Service Federation of that city, and Mrs. Georgia May Johnson, president of the Federation and a member of its board of trustees, has been added to the League's Advisory Board.

The Federation at a recent meeting voted unanimously to join The Better Photoplay League of America, and to lend every effort to its success and its efforts in behalf of better films. The work in Richmond is being organized systematically, and a further report will be made in the near future. The officers of the Richmond Branch of The Better Photoplay League of America are identical with those of the Federation, and include Mrs. Johnson as president, Mrs. Heath C. Clarke, Mrs. Warner Moore, Mrs. J. M. Kain, and Mrs. H. W. Rountree, vice-presidents, and Mrs. J. B. Spiers, secretary. Mrs. Page Walker West and Miss Celeste Anderson are respectively the treasurer and assistant treasurer of the Federation, but will not be required to act in that capacity for the Branch League, since there are no dues in the organization of The Better Photoplay League of America. The entire personnel of the Social Service Federation is included in the membership of the newly formed Branch League, headed by the Federation's Advisory Board and Board of Trustees, as follows: Hon. John Garland Pollard, Dr. D. A. Kuyk, Dr. J. McCaw Tompkins, Dr. J. T. Martin, Mrs. George Ainslie, Mrs. Charles E. Whitlock, Mrs. M. C. Patterson, David M. White, Alvin Smith, Thomas B. McAdams, and W. C. Camp.

The Federation was organized in 1912, its members being representatives of the different philanthropic societies of the city. While the organization's work has many branches, it is vitally interested in better films, and a constructive plan of obtaining these for Richmond and vicinity is now under way, with the co-operation of The Better Photoplay League of America.

The West Side Mothers' Club of Milwaukee, Wis., of which Mrs. Victor M. Witmer is president, has become a Branch of the Better Photoplay League of America. The League also has received the endorsement of the Woman's Literary Club, and the Citizens' Commission on Motion Pictures.

Milwaukee is a Better Film city. Rev. Dr. C. H. Beale, of Grand Avenue Congregational Church, says, "I feel that the motion picture has come to stay, as it is helpful rather than harmful, if the right photographs are shown. The pictures are a great educational force."

Rev. S. H. Anderson, of Summerfield M. E. Church, head of the social service commission of Milwaukee's Federation of Churches, speaks enthusiastically in behalf of better films. Mayor D. W. Doan, Mrs. John W. Mariner, of the National League for Women's Service, Mrs. George Lines of the same organization, G. R. Randel, president of the Citizens' Commission on Motion Pictures, the newspaper writers, Polly Parsons and Constance Nolen of the Milwaukee Sentinel, John M. Martin, local representative of the Exhibitors' Trade Review, J. W. Martin, representative of the Motion Picture News, Ann McMurty of the Wisconsin-News, Herbert H. Ryan of the Leader, as well as practically every exhibitor in Milwaukee, are frankly on the side of clean and worth-while films. All sponsor the stand taken in this important matter by The Better Photoplay League of America.

Magnificent work has recently been done by the Texas Congress of Mothers, which is affiliated with The League. Mrs. B. A. Sadler of Dallas is Chairman of the Motion Picture committee of the Congress, and also of The Better Photoplay League in the state of Texas. Her committee has prepared a five-reel motion picture of child life, and this is being circulated throughout the state among Parent-Teacher and civic organizations. Mrs. Sadler and her committee expect to add a variety of interesting subjects to their picture exhibit from time to time, all of them carrying out the better film idea.

"The sensational picture is on the decline." So says Samuel Katz, of Babban and Katz, owners of the Riviera and Central Park Theatres.

These men, and many others for whom they are virtually the spokesmen, have proved that they are firm believers in the better photoplay. They declare that it has come to stay. In the year or two just past there has been a steady increase in good pictures and a corresponding decrease in objectionable ones. This, picture-men will tell you, is largely the result of the stabilizing of the industry—of the gradual weeding-out of small, frantic manufacturers, who had only a little money to invest, and who wanted to get it back and double it in the quickest way possible. These men made and fostered the

(Continued on page 103)
"I'm a Wild Woman!"

Says Doraldina.

Not so wild—even in the jungle she stops to powder her nose.

I am a wild woman," said Doraldina. "Nearly as wild as Eva Tanguay and Valeska Surratt.

"Look at me. Don't I look wild? They won't let me be respectable in the pictures. Aren't satisfied unless I put on the weeds! (and she pointed to her grass raiment) "and all that."

This monologue was occurring in the midst of a Californian edition of Hawaiian woodlands. Doraldina, as Nasoni, had just gone through a series of scenes, of which the most interesting and most spectacular showed her hiking across camera-range with a 200-pound leopard-skinned hero on her bare shoulders. Now she was standing by an automobile not previously noticed in the verdure, powdering her nose.

"It's a great life," she said. "This saving the lives of healthy young men in front of the camera—particularly if you don't weaken."

"There is not much danger of Doraldina weakening," I thought to myself, recollecting that, single-handed, she carried Hawaii across the vast Pacific and installed it permanently in the little city of New York.

The job was quite a job—one which it took her something more than 12 years to accomplish. But she did it.

A half-dozen years ago Doraldina was one of the many San Francisco girls who earn their daily bread by hammering hired Remingtons to pieces for some tired business man. She was ambitious, and rather poor. In fact, it took her eight years, working at top speed, to put $2850 into the First National Bank in preparation for a trip to Europe.

At length she got overseas to Barcelona, lonely, speechless of Spanish, and very, very anxious to learn the gentle art of Spanish dancing. She was introduced to Rafael Vega, Spain's foremost maître de danse, the one-time partner of the famous Carmen-cita, who shocked New York with her Hispanic wiggles some twenty-five years ago.

Rafael was awfully kind to her. Told her she never could dance, that she had no "sangre," the Spanish word for "pep," and that if she loved her mother she'd better return to her. But the old rascal looked at her $2850 and sighed. It was a lot of money and he was only human.

"Bueno," he said. "I'll take you, but you can't expect to be a success. You're only an American, and they never can dance."

She had only danced for him about two months when Senor Vega shut off the pianola because Doraldina insisted on introducing a series of healthy, unheard-of wiggles into the classic steps of the dances Spain has prided itself on for lo! these many years. As much as he hated to, the Senor had her savings, and he made preparations to separate himself from them.

By

TRUMAN B. HANDY

In the oval opposite, Doraldina when she was a stenographer in Frisco. Above, the same young woman as she appeared in "The Nautilus. The large figure in the page-center is Doraldina in her famous "Hula Hula" dance garb.
"I came to Spain to learn your dances," replied Doraldina. "Not on a pleasure tour. You're going to teach me to dance, see?"

Whereupon, in despair, he introduced her to the ballet master of the Teatro Principal of Barcelona, and Doraldina, the dynamic, healthy American beauty, got $55 a week and the honor of being the first American premier danseuse ever to appear before a Barcelona audience. The fifty-five in question was a preposterous sum, she was repeatedly told, but an eye for business is one of Doraldina's chief assets. She danced in Spain several seasons, studied at intervals, and played in every beer-hall on the South coast of the peninsula. At length she changed her address to New York.

Ned Wayburn, then the production manager of Reisenweber's cabaret in New York, is always on the lookout for winners, they say. Doraldina went to him, unknown, unheralded, and unsung. Flo Ziegfeld had turned her down the week before because "New Yorkers aren't keen on exhume Spanish gymnastics."

"What can you dance?" Ned Wayburn asked her.

"Anything you want," she retorted.

"Can you do a Hawaiian hula?" he fired. "Have you ever heard of such a thing?"

"I'm from Frisco," she answered. "Sure, I'll dance you a hula."

The show was to open that night. There was no costume, and although Doraldina said she could use one of her Spanish dresses Wayburn insisted on "atmosphere." The costume was procured. It represented four strands of raffia and four pearl beads, a New York modiste's conception of the Sandwich Isles. When donned the rest was Doraldina.

That was three years ago, that momentous night that saw the birth of the Hawaiian craze in the United States. Doraldina sprang into instant fame, and Reisenweber commenced to spell her name in large, electric globes over his cafe. And then the Shuberts came along and signed her for a season, and after them several other managers.

And last year, the pictures.

George Fitzmaurice was to put on Kipling's "The Naushaka" with Antonio Moreno, for Pathe. It was a wild, fantastic tale that called for an East-Indian nautch dancer for the feminine lead,—a woman of fire and blood and beauty.

Doraldina got the part, and has been a photoplayer ever since,—the wildest woman on the screen. But I said "on the screen."

The evening following the scene mentioned in which she carried the heavy weight on her shoulders in the Fiji Island forest,—located "somewhere near Hollywood."—I was a guest at her home for dinner. She had said she'd cook the meal.

Cook the meal herself! She a wild movie woman! Huh!

But she did. She had chicken and string beans and bread-and-butter and ice cream and all that, and when we got through and I saw her put on her apron to wipe the dishes I could have passed out of the picture.

Recently, at the head of her own company, Doraldina has produced a wildly-fantastic, scenic tale of the Fiji Islands, that she calls "The Charm of Nasoni." She nearly kills every other member of the cast, including the director, in her efforts at realism. She threw Jay Morley off the side of a ship into the clear-cold waters of the Santa Barbara Channel, after which she jumped in herself. She had a fight with one of the woman players which put her opponent in the hospital for a fortnight. The character man is afraid of the sight of her when she's in make up.

"Yes, I tell you I'm wild," concluded the Dynamic One, who, let it be recollected, takes 2½ steps a minute when she dances. "I'm awfully wild. But right now I'm awfully thirsty. Can't we go some place and get a chocolate soda?"

This Peril was Real!

The actress who is far from being one at this moment is Marie Walcamp. While making an "escape" in her most recent Universal serial she walked into a narrow strip of quicksand, in the bed of the San Gabriel river. Before she realized what detained her she was up to her armpits. Neal Hart, throwing off all his clothes except his boots, supported her for ten minutes by her left arm alone. Her director, Harry Harvey, is pulling her up from behind. In the left foreground, stripped to the waist, is the cameraman, and beside him is his assistant. The "still" photographer, left jobless for a minute, had presence of mind enough to get a glass plate record of one of the most unexpected accidents in the history of picture making. Elapsed time, twenty minutes, and it took six men to get her away from the suction of death.
The Real Western Bandit

The ex-outlaw may be lacking in romance but seems determined to prove that the "screen bandit" is all wrong.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

I was waiting at the church—for a bandit: not to marry him or convert him, but to interview him. Why the church? Well, I had to wait somewhere, and the edifice being centrally located—

Anyway, there was I, waiting for Al Jennings, erstwhile notorious bandit and train robber, now movie star and producer of his own pictures, and I was so sure I'd know him by his ferocious black mustache and diabolical expression, to say nothing of his gigantic stature, that I hadn't even requested him to wear a red carnation in his buttonhole.

I was just eyeing rather nervously a beetle-browed giant who seemed to be elbowing through the crowd in the general direction of the church steps, and I was wondering if "outlawful" instincts were ever really forgotten or if I'd better hide my watch—when a mild voice at my shoulder said pardon, but

"The outlaw of real life," declares Mr. Jennings, "wasted no time in the elaborate display of firearms. To all appearances he was a law-abiding wayfarer, and no one suspected that his revolver was in the handiest possible position—under his left arm, hidden by his coat." At the left, a portrait of the ex-outlaw.

was I the lady who was waiting for Al Jennings, and I turned to confront the famous ex-bandit himself, a red-headed little man who came about to my ear, with twinkling steel-blue eyes and the winning smile of a preacher or a book agent.

"I'm sorry I'm so late," he apologized, "you see I was held up—"

"Held up—" I echoed, startled.

"By the heavy traffic," he continued. "Oh!" I said. I was thinking how naturally the expressions of the old trade slipped out.
"And to make matters worse," he went on, "I killed—"
"You killed—" I repeated faintly.
"—the engine," he proceeded, 
"and I had to shoot up Main Street—"
"Not really—" I gasped.
"—at fifty miles an hour to get here before you left," he finished.
I said "Oh," again, disappointed.
"So you're invading the films now," I commented when we were seated in the machine speeding toward his studio in Culver City.

"The difference between truth and fiction. The old west has been brutalized and man-handled for the sake of quick profits, and I wonder that the old dead past doesn't turn over in its alkali grave at the lurid concoctions put out on the screen as truthful representations of the days gone by. Every day we see 'ro plots with 1918 settings; the heroine rides in an automobile, yet is kidnapped by painted Indians; the hero has a phone on his desk, yet rides forty miles to call out the soldiers from the fort!

"And the outlaws of the screen! If they were as big fools as they are made out to be in 'western' pictures, they couldn't rob a baby's penny bank. But the producers have the idea that a gang of 'bad men' have to be fantastically masked, carry a whole arsenal in plain sight, plan for days on the details of the robbery, and then carry it out with several hundred feet of thrills and romance.

"Let me tell you how it was actually done in those days," he went on. "We didn't wear masks and we didn't carry our guns where they could be seen. There was very little bloodshed and no killing except in running fights. When my brother Frank and I decided to relieve a bank of some of its bullion, we went in quietly, he covered the cashier while I took the bags from the safe, then we'd lock up the cashiers in the vault for safe keeping.

"The pictures I am making will show the events of my outlaw career with the punishment and redemption that followed. The first one of the series is called 'The Lady of the Dugout,' and two bank robberies in it are filmed exactly as they occurred, some twenty years ago. The first was unpremeditated and was carried out by Frank and myself alone. We got five thousand dollars, but we rode off into the desert—hungry, and without being able to buy a sandwich for all our gold. That was when we (Continued on page 111)

And below, according to Mr. Jennings, is a verbatim reproduction of a real bank robbery. Unostentatious and with lack of bravado, the two outlaws, here pictured by Mr. Jennings and his brother, are sneaking into the little western bank after looking about for the sheriff.
"H"e'll Wear
A Light Suit," I was told.
Well, that sounded easy; so I went down to the train to meet
Milton E. Hoffman.
The name means nothing?
Ah—
But it means a whole lot out at Lasky's
In Hollywood—only
They don't call him
Milton E. out there—
He's
Manager Milt—
Not "The Boss"—
Just "One of the Boys."
It would have been fine
If before the man
That left the Santa Fe
Hadn't worn
A light suit,
How
Was I to know?
Well—
I picked
A portly man
With a mustache
Who looked as if he'd just been bossing
A big director
And six stars
Around the lot—
And stepped up
And piped out,
"Mr. Hoffman?"
Well—
It wasn't Mr. Hoffman.
Just then
A brisk young man
With keen brown eyes
And a smile
Whizzed past—
I grabbed him—
"Mr. Hoffman?"
No mistake this time.
(And he'd been in pictures
Since 1896—
First, peddling films;
Then publicity—
Finally managing—!
"How do I manage all those stars?"
I don't," he smiled.
"I just treat 'em
Like human beings.
Whenever one of 'em
Wants something
I let him have it.
In his own way—
And then, sometimes
He doesn't want it
After all.
I keep my office door open,
So everybody
From the stars
To the office-boys
Can come in,
And tell me
Their troubles.
That's all
Make 'em happy.
Something like
The kids in 'The Bluebird':—
Searching for happiness—
And the kids at Lasky's, too—
Only to find it
In Manager Milt's office.
"Manage the big four?"
Can't be done, my child.
Not for a million dollars!
McAdoo, though,
Will give them good advice."—
I didn't even have time
To say good-bye
To Mr. Hoffman.
I saw—
Eugene O'Brien—
Yes, I felt just that way
About it, too—
Coming down the tracks—
And I knew that walk,
And that swing to his broad shoulders,
And the queer one-sided smile.
I didn't know him,
So I just stood there, and
I might never have met him
If it hadn't been
For Ruby DeRemer.
She's awfully pretty, Ruby—
I'd have liked her anyway.
She and Gene
Had played together
At Lasky's, on the coast,
And she smiled, and said
"You know Mr. O'Brien,
Don't you?"
I got a semi-close-up
Of the O'Brien
Mouth-corner drawl,
That he borrowed
From Yankee-doodle Cohan.
He acted
Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the
transfer-point for players on their
flittings from coast to coast.
Chicago, a place where they change
trains and, in the sad, mad scramble
of luggage and lunch between, run
up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

A bit bored
And absent-minded,
And he would insist
Upon talking
About trains.

Maybe he knew
That making folks miss their trains,
Is my specialty.
Oh, well,
Louise Huff
Almost made hers.
She
Was only vacationing.
Anyway, and had come
to Chicago, on a lark,
With Mrs. Allan Dwan—
Who said,
Before she caught her train
From New York—
For the west—
"Come on along, Louise!"
And that's how I happened to meet her.
You're just thinking
That the gerry society
Ought to do something
About this blonde engaging Huff, when
She'll resign to tell you
About Mary Louise Huff-Jones,
Her four-year-old Kickapoos—
(I. e., young Indian.)
"Mary Louise
Will call me
'Miss Huff' before folks.
And then people say,
'Pooh child—it's mothah
Is a motion pictuh actress!'?
Southern? Yes!
But her drawl
Is the only slow thing
About Louise.
I think she put the "Ge"
Into Georgia.

And where had I seen
Mrs. Dwan before?
She was Pauline Bush—
Remember her
In those old Americans
With Wallie Reid—
And with Rex?
She was
A real pioneer,
Though you'd never believe it
To look at her.
She's a gray-eyed minerva
With a sense of humor.
And she says
Maybe she'll come back.
Sometimes.
LIFE'S most important anti-climaxes owe their occurrence to the most trivial incidents. Thus, Kent Mortimer's escape from a marriage with the fortune-hunting Adele Hoyt was attributed to so trivial a thing as the collapse of his fortune.

Almost overnight Kent had found himself a poor man, following a disastrous piquancy of his heavy investments. After it was all over but the figuring, Kent wasn't feeling so awfully bad. "Well," he said to himself, "I've still got a bride-to-be, at any rate. If she is the sport I imagine her to be then it'll be us for three-and-a-bath."

But she wasn't that sort of sport. Kent found out that evening, in attendance at some obligatory social function. He took a quiet interval during a dance to slip with Adele into the conservatory and there to tell her what had happened. Just as though she hadn't known the truth. The whole town knew it. Expecting something in the form of sympathy, he was quite naturally astounded to see her chin go up, her eyes go cold and her lips formulate the words:

"You know, dear Kent, for papa's sake I could never marry a poor man!"

This was, I assure you, far more of a blow to Kent than the news of his financial ruin. He had never suspected that Adele's affection hinged upon his financial status, but had imagined that her professed affection was real.

Just clear from the vision of dancing feet and rollicking music in the ball room, Kent studied his fiancee with a maturing curiosity. Adele, looking and feeling guilty, was fingering the ring on her engagement finger and staring at it with a growing ferocity. Then suddenly, she tore it off as though it were a band of fire, and jamming it into the hand of her ex-fiance, would have fled from his side. But Kent clutched her arm and said, hotly sarcastic:

"Yes—for papa's sake, you couldn't marry—a poor man!"

In another part of the house, Adele joined her restless parents. Observing that the ring was gone from her daughter's finger, the mother smiled shrewdly, relievedly. Then, as her glance centered on the pearls about Adele's neck, her relief could not contain itself in silence.

"Thank goodness, my dear," she breathed. "You didn't return the pearls—let us go from here. I'll ask for the details when we are inside the car."

Papa Hoyt, whose ears should have been burning deeply, dug into his chin with a contemplative fin-

The Wick

Mortimer nearly married a woman who wanted his fortune—but to the rescue came poverty and the Gutter Rose.
ger and remained silent. He too felt relieved. It had been a narrow escape from trying up with a papers.

In fifteen minutes they stood at the curb, entering their limousine. Adele had whipped her scarf more tightly about her neck and in doing so, the pearl necklace came unfastened and fell to the carpeted walk. The door closed, the machine slid silently away, the footman was oblivious to aught that was wrong, and the arm of a little ragged girl leaned out from the walk and grabbed in the necklace. In a second the ragged girl was scurrying down the street, the necklace tight in her grimy fingers.

Mary Stevens, the Gutter Rose, had made a great find! Hardly had the Hoyt car turned into the boulevard when Adele missed her pearls. The car turned back and with the crowd of departing guests assisting, an hysterical search was made for the missing pearls. On the testimony of Papa Hoyt, officers, hailed to the scene, were sent out on the run after the Gutter Rose. Mary blocks down the avenue, she stopped for breath and to puzzle out the best way to escape. She drew out the pearls and looked at them admiringly, then to suddenly dart off again at the sound of the pursuers behind.

In the meantime, Kent, absolutely disgusted, had climbed into a cab (having discharged his own limousine in his sudden program of rigid economy) and rattled through the streets for his home. He passed the fleeting figure of the Gutter Rose and drew up before his place. Mary, hiding against the fence, watched him emerge from the auto and run up the steps, then to turn round and run back after opening the door. While he stood there paying the anxious cabby his forgotten fare, the girl scurried up the steps and, deciding this would be a good place to hide, quite impulsively sneaked in through the open door. She stumbled along through the darkened hall and stepped into the library. Then, hearing the returning footsteps of Kent, she darted under the library table and waited.

Kent entered the library and flopped into a great chair, drawing out a cigarette. For some time he sat musing in the dark, as the nervous Gutter Rose assayed to keep quiet under the table.

Kent was cheered considerably by the realization that he had found out the truth about Adele. "I should consider myself lucky," he thought, "to learn in time. Perhaps I'm not so badly off after all. I have doubtless saved myself domestic troubles in later years."

He arose and stepped over to the fireplace. Whimsically, he opened one of the table drawers and rummaged through a bundle of letters—Adele's letters for the most part. Stooping to pick one up that had fallen to the floor, Kent's eye struck the heel of a woman's shoe. Following the shoe, he was astounded to discover the fringe of a skirt. Presently, by moving the table aside, he saw the intruder. His eyes widened and he smiled. The girl arose, frightened.

"I—I wasn't don' nothin'," she was pleading. "I—I was just hidin' from the cops!"

Kent smiled. This incident was drawing him out of his troubles. However, it would probably be best to call the police. He lifted the phone but before signalling the operator, listened to Mary's story.

"I'm down and out," she was saying. "I didn't come here to steal." And then she told of being chased by the police who accused her of stealing something.

Kent put down the phone. After all, he debated, why have the girl arrested? Perhaps she was honest. He smiled dryly, crossing the room and returning with a decanter and glasses.

"You see," he said, dryly, "I have no servants. In fact, I haven't much of anything!"

Mary, skeptical, surveyed the elaborate library before answering.

Then:

"Well, you certainly got a swell joint, anyway."

Kent looked at her soberly. "Very nice. But to-morrow this 'swell joint' will be sold!"

Mary—so suddenly come into the minds of a variety of people—was now being made the subject of a breathless debate in an underworld den. "Uncle" Fadem, foster-father of the Gutter Rose, yet without any sense of paternal responsibility toward her, was talking with Connors, one of the den of thieves. Connors had just come from the neighborhood of the ball and had seen, from a secure distance, Mary snatch up the pearls from the side of the limousine. And now he was telling Fadem about it.

Fadem wanted those pearls. And he meant to get them!

But the pearls were safe with the Gutter Rose, now dialoguing with Kent. Kent had come to decide that the little intruder was not a bad one and had become sociable enough to give her a resume of his troubles. Mary, whose life in a handicapping environment had done nothing to deplete her honest interest in romance and loyalty, was astounded.

"You mean to say she slipped you the icy mitt—just because you lost your coin?"

Kent smiled dryly. "She is not exactly to blame! She was only being honest to herself—and her position."

The girl arose, admiration evident in her face. "I'm goin' to be movin'," she said. "But let me tell you, friend—you're some bird!"

But after Kent had smilingly told her goodnight and had gone up to his room, the Gutter Rose slipped back in the house. But she overlooked the dazzling array of valuables she might have picked up, taking with her but one article—the portrait of Adele Hoyt. Then, swiftly, and with a new determination in her heart, she sped back to the underworld.

She found Connors in his favorite dive.

Connors leered darkly at the girl and muttered, with a wink:

"Well, Mary—we certainly cleaned up tonight, eh?"

She lifted her face fearlessly and stared at him. She did not intend to give up her find; she didn't know yet just what she would do with the pearls, but she did not intend letting them get into the hands of the iniquitous Connors and "Uncle" Fadem.

"I lost 'em in the getaway," she muttered. Connors was undismayed. Nodding his head, he continued.

"Oh, that's all right, kiddo. If you don't want to flash 'em now that's all right. But there's something else I wanna say."

He reached out and took her hand, with a display of crude affection. "I gotta a nice pretty little flat picked out and you're goin' to move in tonight!"
The girl wheeled and struck Connors across the face. He grabbed for her, missed her, and, held by the barkeeper who was loyal to the Gutter Rose, stood impotently by as the girl swept up the stairs. At sight of Fadem on the stairs she stopped.

"I'm not comin' in to stay," she burst out. "I just stopped here long enough to say that I'm through with all of you—the whole filthy bunch! Do y'u' get me?"

And so it was that Mary, the Gutter Rose, who had been reared in a cradle of iniquity, had, through the inspiration of Kent Mortimer and his knightly attitude toward womanhood, suddenly realized the higher life was far more desirable, and had so terminated her sojourn with Connors and Fadem and their ilk. The next day she went to work in a cheap restaurant as a waitress. And it was here, as such things happen, that she next saw Kent. For Kent had now relinquished all claim to his properties, to pay off debts, and had established himself in a modest rooming house. Kent promised to come back for her that night at quitting time. And eight o'clock found them together outside the restaurant. Kent was studying Mary earnestly.

"Curious—that I should have thought you were a thief," he was saying.

Mary turned her face to his. "And if I was?" she asked, thinking of the pearl necklace.

Kent was in earnest. "Then I'd be awfully disappointed—because I hate a thief!"

Kent left a thoughtful young woman at her rooming house, near his. And that night, on her bed, Mary drew out the picture of Adele Hoyt and looked at it long and earnestly. "You wanted his money," she said to herself. "And all I want is his love!" Then, impulsively, she drew it to her lips and kissed it. "That," she said, "is for throwing him down!"

Then she walked over to the window sill and carried back a flowerpot. Sitting against the door, she inverted the pot and dumped out the plant. At the bottom was the necklace. Holding it in her hands, she thought of Kent. Then, dispelling her happiness, his words came to her mind—

"I hate a thief!"

It was only natural that in the course of time Connors would discover the whereabouts of Mary. And when he did he essayed to stop her, but it was the time she always met Kent and he was just coming up. And then Kent won the enmity of Connors—and Mary's greater admiration.

But a few minutes later Connors, enraged at being struck by his girl's sweetheart, stood behind a post and, with hasty aim, fired a revolver at the figure of Kent.

Kent staggered. Sometime later—in his own room—he regained consciousness. Mary and a doctor stood at his side. His shoulder had been struck.

Downstairs the physician and officer, seeking to learn from Kent who his assailant might be, faced a worried housekeeper. "He hasn't paid his rent for weeks," she said. "What am I to do?"

On the landing above stood Mary, listening. Her heart sank as she realized. Kent was flat broke! And her mind went to the only possible source of revenue. The pearls!

Half an hour later she entered the dive where Fadem sat with his eternal stein. In her hand were two of the pearls. Fadem seized upon them greedily as she set them down. "Ah—" he muttered. "Where are the others?"

"Never mind the rest—how much for these?"

Fadem haggled but ended in giving the girl a goodly roll of bills for the two pearls. And she paid off the outstanding debt to the landlady.

When Mary returned to her room she did not know that she was closely followed by Connors, sent by Fadem. And when she went back to Kent she did not see Connors lurking in the alley way. As soon as she was gone he went up into her room. Fifteen minutes of searching—fruitless searching—sent Connors into a rage. Approaching the window he picked up the flowerpot and, to give vent to his great anger, grabbed it up and slammed it down to the floor.

Just then he heard footsteps outside the door. In a panic, Connors leaped to the window and was outside before the knob had turned and the door opened. Framed in the doorway was Mary, staring in growing excitement at the chaos about the room and at the open window. Her eyes

Through the inspiration of Kent, the Gutter Rose realized that the higher life was more desirable and went to work in a restaurant.
turned to the remains of the meal in joy as she saw the peaches and cake. He stooped down and swept the crumbs from the table. Then he walked over to the bed and flung it aside.

Her thoughts went back to the room half an hour before. "Are you all right?" he had asked. She had said yes, but she realized that in return she would lose the man she loved. She got up and with a long string of pearls in her pocket and a handkerchief in her hand, she walked down the street.

Shortly after, believing she had been deceived in her confidence, she realized that she had been tricked. The pearls were gone and with them the confidence she had in her husband. She had given him the pearls and he had taken them from her.

"I want de pearls gave y'u. Kick in!"

Kent was puzzled. What relationship could there be between this gunman and the girl he was on the verge of loving? "You mean," he said slowly, "that I have a pearl necklace which Miss Stevens gave me?"

Kent nodded. "Yu' get me?"

Kent gasped. Then he exclaimed, "He was not a poor but respectable working man? Is it possible?"

- and stop at his door. Connors heard her. He stayed and with a stifled oath, he jerked a revolver from his pocket and, threatening Kent, backed to the window. Connors stepped out through the open window and Kent crossed the room and opened the door. Mary stepped in. She walked slowly into the room and holding the pearls out in her hand, offered them to him. Kent was trying to comprehend. Mary spoke.

"Honest—I wanted to give them back, but I wanted your love and I knew if—if—"

Kent, still stunned by the information that the girl had been a thief, looked down at her sadly. Then he explained what he had just learned.

"I would have banked my life on you, Mary," he said.

Then, back into the room came Connors and made a grab for the pearls, held loosely in Mary's tan fingers. Kent threw himself on Connors, and then followed a struggle for possession of the gun. So the two struggled across the room, and the gun was lost and Mary made a dive for it. But hardly had she touched it before Kent swung Connors about and his head struck against the window sill. The thug fell limp.

By this time the alarmed landlady had rounded up several police officers and they were hammering on the door. Connors staggered out the back window again. Apparently the other two heard nothing. The girl was staring sadly into the sullen face of Kent. She reminded him of the arm, made a gesture as though she would examine it.

"No, Mary," he said, shaking his head. "I trusted you once. What you did was bad enough. But to lie about living respectably—"

Further argument was out of the question. The door burst open and the officers and landlady entered. When Kent had listlessly explained the situation and had directed the officers to the fire escape down which Connors was scurrying, he held open the door for Mary to pass out.

"I'm sorry—Mary," he said, in farewell.

So the Gutter Rose went back to the gutter. First back to the old underworld—Fadem's dive—and then, after seeing that the pearls went back to Adele Hoyt, in a visit that Mary tried to make as pleasant as possible, she went to the river. But Connors had again followed her.

"Old Fadem's about to join the angels, he imparted casually. "An' he's callin' for you, Mary. Better run back and see what he wants to say."

This had the desired effect. Mary went back to find herself in a trap. No sooner had she entered Fadem's empty bedroom, than Connor came in behind her and locked the door.

"I took a damn good beatin' for them pearls and now you come through!"

Connors grabbed her hand and by the process of torture

(Continued on page 112)
Japan

Handy

The Japanese government in recent years has set the pace. "Where Are My Children?" and "Shoes," productions of the Nippon studios in Hollywood, California, have been highly popular in Japan. The Japanese, he says, want pictures that make you think. And they get what they want, by popular demand.

Censorship!

The censor who, instead of keeping to the script, told by Dr. Numata, the chief film censor, appointed by the Jap government, is Jim Handy. He is to return to his country to work at the Nippon studios to study American methods of production at the studios in Hollywood, California. The Japanese, he says, want pictures that make you think. And they get what they want, by popular demand.

"This latter fact makes of particular importance a strict film censorship. When the first motion pictures came to our country we saw nothing but western and underworld plays. The people liked them very much, as they are fond of action. But not when they learned there were better ones to be had! Now our exhibitors demand logical, tense, tragic and emotional films.—the kind that make you think a bit before forming a definite opinion. We are more or less a military, though not a militaristic nation, whose people are taught the use of the sword as well as the pen.

"Ince's 'Civilization' has appealed to us perhaps more than anything we have seen. Nazimova as yet has not arrived in Japan, but when she gets there she will be greatly liked, as her plays are the type that the Japanese people desire."

The other two films that have made the greatest impression in Japan, and that the exhibitors have proclaimed the best, are "Where Are My Children?" and "Shoes.", which the former was perhaps the first great social drama shown in the Orient. The latter, coming shortly afterward, only intensified its moral.

Plays like "Where Are My Children," says Dr. Numata, are the kind that are to bring Japanese culture

(Continued on page 109)
YOU have heard of actresses sacrificing for their Art. Or are you one of these blasé persons who simply can't work up any enthusiasm over art with its first letter capitalized, much less over the idea of an actress sacrificing anything for it? If so, read no further. For this is a tale of Art, an artiste—Yorska—her nose, and how she sacrificed for it.

Madame Yorska, you see, is a tragedienne who has gained considerable measure of fame in the eastern part of our justly celebrated United States. Besides this, she is the favorite pupil of Madame Sarah Bernhardt and has a notable reputation for dramatic excellence on the European continent. When Yorska contracted to do a series of feature pictures, she and her managers thought it would be easy sailing.

It happened that the first part she had to play was that of an aristocratic French girl. This was not difficult for Madame. She has the temperament, the poise, the clothes, and—the nose. Her very aristocratic, rather prominent feature was perfectly in keeping with the requirements of the story. Besides, kind photographers and careful directors saw to it she avoided profiles as much as possible. The result was highly satisfactory. Small wonder that Madame and her friends, after viewing the picture in the projection room, were moved to congratulate the actress upon her triumph in the cinema.

So far so good. Until the scenario for her second production was chosen, cast, and under way. This time it was a music-hall story—again laid in Paris, but with the leading character that of a cabaret singer. The part required consummate artistry on the part of the patrician Yorska; but there is no doubt that she could have put it over in the most convincing fashion if—it hadn't been for her nose.

Now, dance-hall singers are not properly supposed to possess aristocratic Roman noses. The fact that a Roman nose indicates aristocratic lineage means nothing to the motion picture camera. The film character required a plebeian super-snub. Yorska hadn't it. Yorska—though an artiste and a tragedienne and the favorite pupil of Madame Sarah Bernhardt—Yorska was what is known in some circles as a good scout. Yorska had her own nose made over to fit the part!

Consulting with specialists, she found it could be done. Painful? "I can bear it," said Madame, "it is for my art." And she straightway submitted to an operation which broke the bone in her nose, removed part of it so as to make it perfectly straight, and then rounded off the tip. For several days Yorska suffered excruciating pain which was not in the least alleviated by the thought that if the operation did not prove successful, it would leave her disfigured for life. But after two weeks, when the wound was healed, Yorska found herself the fortunate possessor of a beautifully bourgeois new nose; and if she had been inclined to mourn her original Roman feature she had only to realize the picture possibilities of its successor, and go on her film way rejoicing.

Yorska had completed an engagement as "Salome" with the Washington Square Players in New York when the camera claimed her. She began her dramatic career in Paris. Although born in this country and press agented as the daughter of a Russian Consul General, she received all her dramatic training in the French capital, whether her father's calling brought her. She was a member of Bernhardt's company for some time.

Yorska's first experience on the American stage was in the West, where she played in English. Later she toured the country in vaudeville. Her first real success in this country was made with the French Drama Society, of which she was not only the star, but the artistic director as well.
Dear

By
Elmer M. Robbins

A QUARTER of a million dollars is spent each year in correspondence between motion picture celebrities and fans.

Three thousand letters arrive daily at Hollywood studios. Ninety percent are addressed to stars.

Over eighty secretaries are employed. Their salaries aggregate $90,000 per year.

The following figures are careful estimates based on interviews with the studios and many leading screen players:

**COST TO THE FAN**

Postage on letters mailed...........$32,500.00
Cost of stationery ............... 10,050.00

**COST TO THE STAR**

Postage on replies............. $47,450.00
Cost of stationery........... 15,500.00
Cost of photographs......... 75,020.00
Salaries of secretaries....... 90,000.00
Miscellaneous office expense.. 5,000.00

Total ................................ $286,670.00

Answering individual letters is one of the most important details of studio work. There is a distinct connection with the box office receipts. Stars find it a necessary expense to the maintenance of name.

For this article, the writer was allowed to read and tabulate the first thousand letters received by Dorothy Gish at her Hollywood studio during August. Examples given were taken at random or for type. They are representative of letters received by any well known star.

"Dear Dorothy:

I wrote you some time ago and asked you for your picture. It came this morning but the name on it was written by some one else. Please send me another and write it yourself. I have a copy of your signature on a letter written two years ago."

Rubber stamp and secretarial signatures have been weighed and found wanting. Minnie Wilkins of Poughkeepsie, wants the real signature of her favorite, and if you know Minnie, you know she's going to have it.

At least fifty better known players spend from thirty minutes to an hour each day signing letters and photographs.

Who writes? What do they write about?
Dorothy:

A quarter of a million dollars is spent annually on correspondence between the "fans" and the players. What do they write about? Who writes? Read on.

Everyone writes, about everything.

Ninety percent of the letters include requests for photographs. They usually open with highly flattering comment on the picture last seen:

"Dear Dorothy:
I have just seen your work in 'Hearts of the World' and I think you are wonderful. Please send me your photograph. I have a collection of over 200. Your admirer, etc."

Miss Gish mails fifty photographs a day.

A movement credited to Charles Ray has curtailed fan demands to a certain degree. Mr. Ray announced he would send no pictures unless the fan enclosed a thrift stamp. He pastes the stamp on the picture sent. The habit caught quickly. Many of Miss Gish's letters contain thrift stamps with no comment. This holds good throughout Hollywood.

Until quite recently every well regulated household boasted an autograph album with one or more signatures of prominent people.

"Dear Dorothy:
I received your letter and the photograph, and it completes my file. You should see it. I bought a leather covered looseleaf book in which I placed all the letters from different stars. Each letter faces the photograph. Your picture is the very first in the book, which is full now and I am having it bound solid with my name stamped in gold on the outside."

There are certain complications too, in sending our photographs. Note the rather strained tone of this brief message:

"Miss Gish:
I received the photograph yesterday and find it is the same pose as the one you sent me a year ago. I have given it to one of your admirers who lives near me. Please send me a new one."

Requests for money represent almost one out of forty letters. The amount asked ranges from 50 cents to $50.00, depending on the needs of the writer. The "nerve" displayed is aptly shown in the following rather fair sample:

"Dear Dorothy:
I know you are making lots of money and I am a poor girl without any parents. There is a coat down town that I need awful bad. It only costs $13.45 and if you would send me the money I would tell everybody that you sent me the coat and you would get plenty of advertising out of it and I guess advertising is what you want. There is another one in the same window for $18.00 but I don't like the shade."

Needless to say, letters of this type are never answered. Although sales agents never found the players very good prospects, eleven letters out of a thousand are from people with something to sell. In this case, eight were ordinary form letters, copies of which were sent to every well known star. Three were "Follow up" forms. Subjects covered town lots, oil stocks, real estate and books. The balance were from photographers offering cheap reproductions of pictures by other studios.

One out of twenty-five want jobs in the pictures.

"Dear Miss Gish:
Please tell me if there is ever any opportunity to use me in one of your pictures. I want very much to become a picture player and I feel that I would make good if given a trial."

Who writes all these letters? What do they say? Everyone writes about everything.
Which sometimes comes couched in different terms:

"Dear Dorothy:

I am just like the character you played in "Hearts of the World" and I know that if I ever got into the movies I could become a big star. I would be willing to work for almost nothing at all to start with and until I got to be a star in my own right I could be in your company."

Letters from religious writers, fanatics usually—generally comprise eight or ten pages written very closely in small handwriting. Investigation of one writer whose letters reach Dorothy at intervals of six weeks, shows the writer has about twenty stars on his list. He urges each one to stage a religious production and follow the faith he has embraced. Such letters are never answered.

Comes also the souvenir hunter, whose sun has by no means gone down:

"Dear Dorothy:

I am making a collection of locks of hair of famous people. Please send me some of your hair combings and some of your sister Lilian's."

Letters of this nature comprise about one-fortieth of the mail. Requests vary all the way from clothes to properties used in pictures. Miss Gish states that after the release of a picture in which she carried a Kodak, there were at least a dozen requests for that article, so that the fan "could have something to remember her by."

"Dear Miss Dorothy Gish:

I am eleven years of age. I cannot walk but I have a wheel chair. I go to see your pictures and I like you. I am sending you a present which is a book rack that I have made myself. I hope that you have a lot of books because I like (Continued on page 112)"

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**Charlie Ray’s $8,000 Ball Game**

T'o get the proper "punch" for the Charles Ray photoplay, "The Bushel," Thomas H. Ince put on a real game. Five hundred extras were hired at five dollars a head. Professional baseball men were used and the outfit cost $4,000 for one day. It looked as if the scene would be finished in fine shape when Charlie Ray, the "pitcher," walked in from the diamond and said: "You'll have to call it off for today; my whip has given out, I've pitched about fourteen innings now." Jerome Storm, directing, yelled through his megaphone: "Listen, people—work's off for today; report at eight tomorrow morning; same location." Everybody was smiling but Ince. Why should he? This meant another $4,000 out of the treasury.

Here is Charlie giving a few pointers to director Jerome Storm about the composition of the baseball crowd, a real one, pictured at the left. The big scene did not evolve from Ray's gesture as the picture would indicate; it took some time to work it out.
Mr. Rowland's Rejoinder. The picture magnate who has a sense of humor generally refers to his own estate in terms of sarcasm. In his opinion the business in its present aspects is quite, quite nutty. All of which must be understood to appreciate Dick Rowland's blistering epigram when informed that "the Big Five" were about to withdraw from all managerial affiliation, and lead the industry in a campaign of "direct to the ultimate consumer" slogans.

"Ah!" observed the president of Metro, dryly, "the lunatics are now running the asylum!"

Higher Prices—The common gable where-ever self-appointed doctors of the picture business gather is that authors are not paid enough for story material; that in a game where the star becomes a millionaire, while the director gets as much as a corporation lawyer and the producer at least enjoys a big flush of apparent prosperity, the author emerges from the small terminus of the trumpet.

This, as does most of the garden talk of the corner store wiseacre, has an element of truth in it.

But Photoplay Magazine dares throw a grenade into the popular trench by saying that by and large, on the whole, the author is getting just about what he deserves.

This is not literary Bolshevism. Photoplay has not become the chauvin mouthpiece of the magnates. It is the truth.

What the film business does need, and need most desperately, is big prices for better stories. Out of a thousand people who write for the screen you won't find twenty who are taking any pains at all, and not more than half that number are turning out extraordinary material. The author is not necessarily to blame. Through the years in our immediate vicinity he has been led continually toward quantity writing of more or less commercial character. The authorial celebrity—as Mr. Giffen told us so unerringly last month—has at hardly any moment considered the movies worthy the complete extension of his powers. Once abused—forever aloof: such seems to be the attitude of eight out every ten men of name whose stuff has been picturized.

There is no occasion for a general uplift of prices. There would be no justice in a general establishment of substantial dramatic royalties. The majority of motion picture stories are not worth it. It would be putting a premium on mediocrity.

But the hour has struck for the real thing. One might almost say that it is now or never. We want men who will bring all the forces of alert intelligence to a substantial and satisfying study of every angle of pictorial expression. Having such men, we must demand and obtain for them the fullest and finest recognition that the creative world affords. The thing worth while ought to have royalty. The thing worth while ought to be respected by and protected from the whimsical ravages of the commercial director. The thing worth while ought to have at least the respect of the star. When Mr. Belasco buys a play for Miss Frances Starr the author may, and generally does, profit by Mr. Belasco's unerring criticisms and shrewd suggestions—but neither the fame Mr. Belasco nor the distinguished Miss Starr presumes to make the author a monkey, a goat or a joke. And the author profits according to their profit, in direct ratio.

As an ultimate expression, we doubt whether the average screen story is worth the amount paid for it.

At the same time, we must put the premium, the big premium, on the genuine product.

Higher prices for better stories!

"Films"—a Composition. The terms of art become interchangeable where arts are recognized as standard. It is in the mode to call a painting a symphony, or a symphony a tone-painting. A short play may be an overture, a lyric masterpiece a poem, and a good opera is generally best described as a music-drama.

The best recognition comes not from without, as a matter of force, but from within, as a factor of unconscious tribute. Thus the motion picture is exacting its bows, its imitative names and its facsimiles in all the other media of expression there are.

Alfredo Casella, an Italian composer of the newer French school of music-making, has just completed an intense and rather extensive tonal picture of the recent war's phases, which he calls by the short, powerful, apt name—"Films." We have not heard Mr. Casella's measures—recently played for the first time in America, at a single concert, by the New York Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Walter Damrosch—but if his impressions are as graphic and understandable as his name for the collec-
tion of them, he has appealed to the people everywhere. We presume that his divisions in the aural picture may be termed "reels." Hence his "reels" include a listener's observations in Belgium, the Passing of the German Heavy Artillery, Before the Ruins of Rheims, Cossack Cavalry, Battleships in the Adriatic, and so on.

The Standard Joke

A generation ago the standard mimetic travesty was the vapour tragedian of lofty countenance and hat, counting the ties between towns amid cadenced observations concerning the evil days upon which we are fallen. No matter how many times you had laughed at him, you were supposed to laugh again while waiting your turn in the barber's chair.

Stormington Barnes has gone, but in his place the ignorant movie producer chatters knownothingedly.

A late wheeze concerning this person, in the general character of such humor:

Scene, his gold-plated office. Enter, with an excited expression of triumph, a director.

The director: "Say, boss—I've got a winner! Exclusive rights to film 'Pudd'n' head Wilson!"

The producer, rising: "The place for a loafer like you is on the street. Ve are not knocking our great President!"

Screen Bevo.

It is no new belief that the motion picture has done much to give the saloon its death-blow, and that the screen will so effectually replace the vanishing bar that the latter's exit will be accomplished without even a ripple on the surface of the thirstiest community.

But for the advocates of censorship, here is a thought for today: you cannot replace something with nothing. You cannot make the picture theatre your men's community club if your club-room has no light, heat, furniture nor equipment for comfort and amusement. You cannot expect men—or women—to take kindly to a thing which has been so devitalized that it is less tempting than an iron ration, and not half as substantial.

Hundreds of thousands of boys who went abroad are coming back strong men. In themselves they are but a small fraction of our population but in their direct and indirect influence they are a factor of power, liberality, and independent thinking which is positively tremendous. We are trying to clean up this country. We are trying to remove every impediment in the race of life. Some of our changes are drastic, and they are being made in the face of a general social and economic unrest unparalleled in human history. In the diversions of our people, in the occupations of their leisure hours, we need a clean, fine, sincere and pre-eminent strong art as we never needed it before and may never need it again. Censorship does not mean any of those things; it means intolerance; it means artistic nihilism. It offers an insult to every self-reliant and self-respecting man and woman.

By all means let us have better pictures, and clean pictures, but let us have pictures that will reflect life honestly and teach us to enjoy it and prize it and make it worth while.

The screen has a duty to perform. It must help to make men and and women satisfied with American sobriety and American ideals of law and order and progress. To do this the screen must be strong, honest, unafraid. Wearing the shackles of censorship it is perforce weak, dishonest, cowardly.

This is no time for screen bevo.

Boxing the Gyroscope

The motion picture came in for its share of war improvements, like the steamship and the big gun. Among other innovations, French camera genius successfully boxed the gyroscope, that almost miraculous stabilizer which, appearing a few years ago as a nursery toy, has since been applied successfully from mono-rail trams to almost-intelligent torpedoes.

Early in the war two difficulties attended the rapid and sure making of good pictures at the front: the tripod was unwieldy, and gave the camera the certain aspect of a machine gun—and when the tripod was dispensed with the natural unsteadiness of a hand-held crank-camera invariably spoiled the photography.

A Frenchman, as yet unnamed, enclosed his picture taking machinery in a box and pivoted the whole upon some sort of universal joint—plus a gyroscope. The motive power for gyroscope and reel was a little flask of compressed air. The gyroscope obviated all the small nervous motions of the hands.

The device received its baptism of fire at Verdun. An intrepid cameraman of the French government named Dupre, seeking an exposed advanced position, was instantly killed by a bullet through the forehead. He sank back and the camera rested upon his knees. The gyroscope ran on—and when they found his body they found a marvellous picture.

Ideal Movie Weather.

We have long known the sort of sky demanded for the Sunday School picnic, and the vaudeville comedians tell us what constitutes a fine night for a murder. Doubtless most of us have individual notions of the proper weather in which to hunt the picture theatre. But the managerial angle—business weather, with all elements of expense considered—got a practical definition recently from a New York exhibitor, a gentleman whose ancestors migrated from Palestine to Russia, on their way to the United States. The informant spoke as follows: "It should look like rain, but it shouldn't. It should be cloudy and it should be cold, but it shouldn't be so cold that you should have to put more coal in the steam heat."
How to give yourself a "professional" manicure

A few minutes' care once or twice a week keeps your hands flawless

WITH the least bit of time, the least bit of trouble and expense, your hands can always be as well groomed as though you had just come from the manicurist.

To make the cuticle smooth

The most important part of a manicure is the care of the cuticle. Never cut it. Beauty specialists agree that such cutting causes hangnails and rough, uneven cuticle.

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it into the Cutex bottle and work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the dead cuticle.

Rinse off the dead surplus skin thoroughly in clear water.

To whiten nail tips and polish nails

Next apply Cutex Nail White directly from the tube underneath the nails. Spread it under evenly and remove any surplus cream with an orange stick. This leaves the nail tips snowy white.

Finally rub Cutex Cake Polish on the palm and pass the nails briskly over it. For an especially brilliant lasting polish, apply Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cake Polish.

Some people, after using water, find that the cuticle at the base of the nail tends to become rough and dry. If you are one of these, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort to them every few days. This softening cream is especially designed to keep the cuticle soft and pliable.

Do not think that by spasmodic care you can keep your nails well groomed. Whenever you dry your hands, push back the cuticle with a towel. Then regularly once or twice a week, give them a quick Cutex manicure. In this way you can keep your nails always lovely.

Six "professional" manicures for only 21c

Mail the coupon below with 21c, and we will send you a complete Midget Manicure set, which contains enough of each of the Cutex products to give you at least six wonderful manicures. Send it for today. Learn how beautiful your hands can look.

Address Northam Warren, Dept. 705, 111 West 17th Street, N. Y. City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 705, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 21c TODAY

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Name......................................................

Street...................................................

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

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Norma Needs Glasses.

In "The Heart of Wetoana," while stealing through the woods to the home of her lover, Norma Talmadge often turns around to see if she is being followed. Her father is following right behind her and is perfectly visible to the audience even if Norma did look right at him several times without seeing him.

M. J. LAKEY, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Maybe She Practiced in the Bath Tub.

In "A Perfect 30" Mabel Normand is a paperhanger's daughter working in her aunt's boarding-house. Although she apparently had never left her own city, while at a country resort she performs some fine water stunts which must have taken considerable practice. Is it likely that a girl who lived in poverty would have much chance to learn swimming tricks?

THEO. J. CUTTING, Philadelphia.

Classy Quarters for Cows.

In "Hard Boiled," Dorothy Dalton and her theatrical troupe get off a passenger train at Niles, Ohio, and some of the members decide to take the milk train to the next stop. Said train, when it arrives, proves to be identical with the passenger, from baggage and mail car in front, to railing on rear platform of the last coach. A milk train is usually inferior to a first-class passenger train in class.

C. G. TRACY, St. Paul.

Art!

ANDRIEN WOL-COTT (Irving Cummings) certainly lived up to his title of "The American Genius" in Fox's "The Woman Who Gave" for he painted Colette's (Evelyn Nesbit) profile while she posed full face.

GEORGE R. IFANT.

Alliance, Ohio.

She Travelled in a Fast Set

In spite of the fact that Anita Stewart's long-looked-for picture, "Virtuous Wives," was highly entertaining, there were several discrepancies that could not be easily overlooked. Andrew Forrester announces to his wife that he leaves for the West in one hour. During this time the wife (Anita Stewart) saves her friend's child from drowning, averts a domestic tragedy, and still arrives at the station before train time.

B. H., Los Angeles.
How do you wash your face?

Complexion troubles very often can be traced to insufficient and improper care of the skin. The tiny pores, if neglected, become clogged with impurities that eventually produce facial blemishes that are most embarrassing.

Resinol Soap has a twofold purpose,—as a toilet soap, it has cleansing and preventive action,—as a medicinal soap, it has curative and healing propensities which sink in and usually correct facial blemishes and skin troubles of the most distressing character.

Resinol Soap is not artificially colored, its rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol medication it contains.

For a generous free sample write Department A-6—Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Do Married Men Make the Best Husbands?

By CHANNING POLLOCK

HEREWTH is the second of a series of articles by Channing Pollock, revealing the serious situation as he sees it. The first appeared in the May issue, together with a lengthy comment on Mr. Pollock's views.—EDITOR.

POLITICAL economy tells us business is in its most equable state when there is the merest adjustment of supply and demand. Indeed, this fact is so obvious that we require authority for it no more than we need Newton to inform us that a fall and a bump await the gentleman who tumbles off the Singer Building. In the movies, the demand for stories is very great because the cinema "eats 'em alive." Only the statistician who learned how many grains of corn were due that legendary Leiter who bargained to double his last sum for every square on the chessboard down to the last one when he counted them all in. In 1919, when this magazine accompanied my "An Author in Blunderland" with editorial comment that "the weakest point of the evening edifice of active photography is an unnecessary lack of rootlessness," unfortunately, no one calculated the sale for that date, as seventy thousand. Certainly, the footage of action projected upon the screen now-a-days more than equals the combined output of publishers and theatrical managers. So that, for generation after generation we are made happy by good or not, or could be made better or not, we arrive where the film manufacturers arrived long ago—at a very pressing need of stories.

On the other side of the line, as disclosed by my last article, in the wake of a man holding the directorate of a third we find nearly three hundred celebrated authors, the most widely recognized in this country and England, who write stories—but not photo-stories. You may not have realized this, any more than you may have believed that in which case my missionary work is fully justified. The name of many of these men and women have been identified with pictures, but the electric announcement of "Sir Gilbert Parker's Wild Youth" does not mean that you and I can believe that this or that or which of the press any more than it means to reflect upon his adolescence. The truth is merely that a book of Sir Gilbert's has been twisted and distorted into the semblance of a photo-play, probably with the same flavor of lofty as his novel, and the same survival of its merits, that attends the ordinary incident and the short dramatic presentation for stage. The prevalence of this practice was indicated when four of my half-dozen inquiries, "Where do you buy stories?" brought forth the statement that "all the stuff we have been doing has been adapted from the magazines." It is that "stuff" which has been designated "second-hand," and the result of such a system is almost as plain, and as prognosticative as the fate of that hypothetical gentleman, Mr. Morgan, who:—

Setting aside this question, temporarily, as we set aside the synonymous question of quality, we may shelf with it the interrogation, akin to "Do married men make the best husbands?" whether still with or without the stories. The best stories are the best stories; the answer would seem to be that these very stories, even at second hand, have provided the bulk of material. Also, that their authors received sixty letters from one producer—and didn't reply. We get back to our line, separating an instance rendered from a plentiful supply. We can't blame the pretty poor economies, pretty bad business, utter waste and want of utilitarianism? Gabby old Political Economy, which enlightened us in our first paragraph, observes that such barriers, between over-demand and under-supply, are often seen deeply by increase in price. We have seen, in my first article, that behind the Great Wall of China, was what had come to be regarded as Chinese Money—that the barrier is made up, in part, of dissatisfaction with rates of remuneration. We know that, when the screen needed actors, who are not nearly so important and indispensable as stories, it got them by paying unheard-of salaries. That is the customary method of the new-comer in a new industry. Workers will not try untried methods, until they suffer the consequences. They were perfectly sure. Like Gertrude Atherton, who is "content to receive half for a book . . . what I might get from a movie," the man who prints a miniature for love of it might ask a great deal of money to paint a fence. Let us see what kind of tempting bait the film manufacturers are dangling over that wall?

Last Spring, the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, through its Editorial Director, Elizabeth Jordan, sent out a circular letter setting forth that "the Goldwyn Corporation is making the best moving pictures ever exhibited today. It needs the help of our best writers." The better writers aforesaid were advised that trying their hands at moving pictures would be an interesting experiment, with big possibilities. The big possibilities were the promised payment, for "brilliant comedies," "good love stories with drama," and "good farce comedy with real situations," of $1,000 per good farce or brilliant comedy. That they would receive "thousands of dollars, not hundreds, of the good farces and brilliant comedies "fit our needs."

Of which "the sole arbiter, of course, was the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. Miss Atherton, or Leroy Scott, or George Randolph Chester might have told the corporation that the production of a single file of a thousand dollars, until the nether regions became a fertile field for the Hygeia Ice Company! The big possibilities, you will have noted, did not include any of the standard concessions of publisher and theatrical producers and forefit in the event of rejection! No wonder Mr. Scott replied, "Your letter would be amazing, were it not so thoroughly in keeping with the usual cheap and belittling attitude of the motion picture companies toward us."

It may happen, gentle reader, that you are wondering at Mr. Scott rather than at Miss Jordan. With my friend of the sixty letters, and with numerous other friends of the same calling, Philips and Phil by the width of the pay. The Evening Post must rid itself if they are "to continue successfully"—that the author 'hocks' his typewriter once a month to pay his room-rent; that when you pay him a thousand dollars for a story he is found in Bellevue for three weeks, struggling from financial neurosis, and crying in his delirium: "Give it to charity, boys; it hurts me to carry it!"

Far be it from me to deny that a thousand dollars is a considerable hunk of money. Like other bunks, however, its size is comparative. The salary that seems prodigious to a locomotive engineer would be contemptible to the other kind of engineer. Talent and training are to be considered; supply and demand. There are so many more men who can run an engine than are men who can "run a line" for the track upon which it navigates. Out of the three principal societies in America and England it was possible to pick only three hundred established authors—that is, six thousand doctors called in by the attorneys in the Classified Telephone Directory of New York City! If, as my friend of the sixty letters, and numerous other friends of the same calling undoubtedly believe, "there aren't a dozen" authors making ten thousand dollars a year, this would be the time to consider which kind of Booth Tarranting's "authoring" is the more arduous, and how many scenarios, at a thousand each, the average author might hope to write—and sell! If it is from the movies that "The Author Gets His Al, Afraid A. Cohn put it, buoyantly and cynically, in a recent Photoplay. The Producer would be the time to ask why the necessity of sending sixty letters, of allusions to "big possibilities," of advertisements, in the New York Times, stating that it is "easy to find stars but extremely difficult to get stories." And, either this thing is what one company did offer—to a man "with a large acquaintance among novelists and dramatists," and why send representatives to meetings of the Author's League? Is the writer man even a handful it might be replied, "Ah, my friend, we are simply required to be—improvident, unmercenary, blind to his opportunities? Or is it merely that these siren-singers are a tribe off-key, bidding for diamonds without knowing them from glass, and in blissful ignorance of the state of the market?"

As a matter of simple truth, the incompatibility is between my friend and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Gone are the days of Grub Street, when every author, perfec, was an Artie Wolfe and prices were high. But the substance of things is as it has always been—what is one company did offer—to a man "with a large acquaintance among novelists and dramatists," and why send representatives to meetings of the Authors' League? Is the writer man even a handful it might be replied, "Ah, my friend, we are simply required to be—improvident, unmercenary, blind to his opportunities? Or is it merely that these siren-singers are a tribe off-key, bidding for diamonds without knowing them from glass, and in blissful ignorance of the state of the market?"

(Continued on page 101)
How We Banished Metallic Sounds

Before the Brunswick Phonograph ever came to market, Brunswick executives were insistent upon a vital betterment: Reproduction.

We had been making phonograph cabinets for others for years. We had won top place during the past 74 years in the woodcrafting art. To stake our reputation on a Brunswick Phonograph was a momentous undertaking.

And so tone reproduction was studied for months. We tried every known method, the ones then accepted as supreme.

But every phonograph we ever heard in all our tests had good tones and bad tones, alternating in annoying frequency.

Higher Standards

Our task was to do away with the so-called metallic sounds. These, we found, came from metallic construction. Tone waves must vibrate to attain their volume. And so, as a superlative feature of The Brunswick Method of Reproduction, we evolved the scientific Brunswick Amplifier under our own patents. It is built entirely of moulded wood.

This achievement, all acknowledge, is one of the great steps in the progress of phonographic art. It brings out tones hitherto lost. It banishes the raucous.

Another amazing advancement is the Ultona, our own all-record player—in-built, not an attachment. This reproducer, at a turn of the hand, presents to each make of record the proper needle and diaphragm. Each record is played at its best.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is one of the greatest triumphs of The House of Brunswick since its establishment in 1845.

Hear—Then Judge

You owe it to yourself and to your family, as you decide upon which phonograph, to become acquainted with The Brunswick. In your town there is a Brunswick Dealer who will be glad to play this super-phonograph for you.
A PAIR of unusually interesting blonde travellers arrived at New York's Grand Central Station in the late afternoon of the eleventh of February. One of them—Miss Blanche Sweet—was merely commuting back to a vast village she knew as well as Baedeker knows the cathedral town. But her companion, Mrs. Mildred Harris Chaplin, had never before set her small foot on the island that the Dutch took away from the Indians, and was entranced, mystified and interested accordingly. What with the post-war travelling, hotel accommodations everywhere are hard to get, but in New York and Chicago they are as scarce as Germans at the Quai d'Orsay. Accordingly, these two dears were shunted into the Hotel Gotham, far up Fifth Avenue. A procedure probably not without compensating satisfaction to the pensive Miss Sweet, who is a lady-hermit if there ever was one, but perhaps quite distressing to the little eighteen-year-old Chaplin, who would have liked to swallow all New York at a gulp, and particularly that section of Forty-fourth street occupied by the Claridge and oriented by the Biltmore. However, a dinner at Anta Loos' charming apartment in Forty-fourth street immediately compensated for the Gotham hibernation, and thereafter the little Chaplin was on her way, looking for the Woolworth building in Times Square, and filling her wide eyes and receptive ears with all the sights and sounds of the metropolis that they could well gather. But glad enough she was to stay in the Gotham the next night! Her recent illness left her rather weakly, and twenty-four hours of shopping, sight-seeing and theater-going found her completely exhausted. Frocks and recreation—these are the motif of the two young ladies' pilgrimage. Both of them needed the latter, for Mrs. Chaplin had been ill, and Miss Sweet was almost worn out by the arduous labor of her two new productions, "The Hushed Hour" and "The Unpardonable Sin." Also (whisper) Mrs. Chaplin wished to buy some very tiny garments in anticipation.

D W. GRIFFITH has always been associated with California, in the minds of his world-around audiences. There's no especial reason why this should be so—but it is. As a matter of fact, Griffith learned his business in New York, and perfected in Hollywood only what he had practiced on Fourteenth street. And on pretty good authority it is whispered that he is coming back to New York, not only to inaugurate a Broadway theater line of his successes, but to make his production headquarters. This, too, has a deeper-than-the-surface significance. Now that the war is over more than one firm is looking longingly at the convenient banks of the Hudson or the billowy reaches of Long Island, and by midsummer a number of big studios may again be in eastern operation. Mr. Griffith plans for eastern production of his own pictures are still embryonic, but his designs for a regenerative revival of his successes are somewhat more advanced. A New York theater will probably be devoted to these for a considerable time, and he will go back as far as "The Sands of Dee," and "The Avenging Conscience," and go down the line through "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," and "Hearts of the World."

THANHOUSER has joined the Biograph, Edison, Kalem, and Fine Arts as a landmark of the "pioneer days" of pictures. One of the oldest film corporations in America, the New Rochelle company, founded by Edwin Thanhouser, was recently dissolved. Thanhouser produced one of the first serials, "The Million Dollar Mystery," featuring the late Florence LaBadie, one of the best-loved actresses who ever appeared on the screen; Margaret Snow and James Cruze—now a director for Warner's. Among the commuters to the old studio were Gladys Hulette, Frederick Warde, Sidney Bracy, Muriel Ostriche and Gladys Leslie. The latter, now a Vitagraph star, started at Thanhouser. And you recall, too, the famous "Thanhouser Kidlets," Helen Badgey, and the Benham children, Leland and Dorothy, whose parents, Harry Benham and Ethyle Cook Benham, were members of the stock company. Thanhouser used to go in for costume stuff; and once upon a time turned out a well-finished production of "Richelieu" with Francelia Billington; and

"Aunt Mary or Aunt Ollie?" is the burning question behind the pensive eyes of little Mary Pickford, niece of Lottie. For a long time Aunt Mary was undisputed queen of Mary's small heart; now Aunt Olive Thomas-Pickford seems to have stepped in. What's a poor baby to do, anyway? (Continued on page 86)
Cretonnes, curtains, blankets

 Laundered actually like new

HOW many times have you longed for filmier curtains and more colorful cretonnes without daring to buy them? You were afraid they would not launder.

But now you know your fragile curtains, your exquisite linens can be kept lovely and fresh with Lux.

Lux comes in wonderful, delicate white flakes—pure and transparent. You whisk them into the richest, sudsiest lather, that loosens all the dirt—leaves the finest fabric clean and new—not a color dimmed, not a fibre weakened in any way.

Light and fluffy blankets
With Lux you can wash your softest blankets over and over again, and still have them light and woolly.

With Lux, there is not a tiny particle of solid soap to stick to the soft woolen and injure it. Not a bit of rubbing to mat and shrink it.

Use Lux on your finest blankets, your richest cretonnes! Tumble your daintiest things—embroidered pillow-slips, doilies—even lamp shades—into the Lux suds. See how easily you can keep your loveliest things like new.

Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure.

Get Lux from your grocer, druggist or department store.—Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

To Wash Blankets
Whisk Lux to a lather in hot water, 2 tablespoonsful to a gallon. Add cold water till lukewarm. Do not rub. Squeeze the suds through. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters, dissolving a little Lux in the last. Use a loose wringer; never twist. Dry in the shade.

Now — a new way to remove hair!

AND WITHOUT SLIGHTEST DANGER, TO THE SKIN OR COMPLEXION!

THERE is a new way to remove hair. A scientifically correct, superior toilet preparation; dainty, exquisite, harmless; that meets the most exacting requirements of women of refinement.

This remarkable new preparation is called NEET. And it leaves the many old methods, against which there has always been so strong a prejudice, definitely withoutplace.

That's because in the discovery of NEET, science finally solved the problem of removing hair without irritation—without injury!

WHAT NEET IS

NEET is an antiseptic cream lotion that not only removes hair, but, in the same operation, bleaches the skin to perfect whiteness! It is ready for service, without mixing or mussing!

Apply the same as a cold cream. Let stand a few minutes, and then rinse off with clear water. That's all! The hair will be gone—rinsed away. And the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white.

Different in formula, action and effect from any other preparation of similar function, NEET is warranted to neither irritate the skin nor injure the complexion, no matter how frequently used! Doctors are adopting it in hospital practice to remove hair from patients about to be operated on.

BEGIN USING NEET TODAY

If you are still employing old methods, NEET—cooling, soothing and dainty—will come as a delightful contrast. The most welcome accessory ever reaching your vanity table!

Use it freely, and without hesitancy, on the face, the underarm, the forearm—wherever needed—and you will be delighted with its thoroughness and with the feeling of absolute cleanliness it leaves. Which says nothing of the fact that, with NEET as your ally, you may now wear even the sheerest of stockings without a single misgiving!

WHERE TO OBTAIN NEET

NEET is on sale at toilet goods counters in nearly all department and drug stores in the United States. Or, by mail, postpaid. Two sizes: 50 cents, or three times the quantity for $1.00.

MAIL THIS COUPON

HANNIBAL PHARMACAL CO.
615 Oliver Street, St. Louis, Mo.

For the enclosed $1.00 send NEET to

NAME

STREET

CITY

Neet

The Non-irritant Depilatory

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
FLOREY, DALLAS.—I have always eschewed young ladies who have stage aspirations, an admiration for the mere, sheer matinee idol, and who love "life." Taking typewriting lessons to please the folks is just a polite way of saying that you are learning to be a stenog., isn't it? I haven't any private archives, but Photoplay Magazine has a "morgue," such as newspapers have. I believe you may reach Kathleen Clifford at the Hotel Algonquin, New York. She made some pictures for Bullock, some time ago. I think Miss Clifford is doing a single—really, and in vaudeville. Do you think, really, that I am a genius? I wish I could think that.

RALPH Q., NEW ORLEANS.—I don't know of any film company that needs a Spanish translator. But I can tell you how to reach Miss Anita Loos. Write to her at the Paramount offices, 245 Fifth Avenue, New York. It was Julian Johnson who called Miss Loos "the soubrette of satire," Who is the lovely lady whose picture adorns the post-card?

LAURETTA, BUFFALO. — You have those birthplaces mixed. One may be born in Brooklyn, but not in Niagara Falls. One only honeymoons in Niagara Falls. Can't tell you why it is that when one writes to some actress for a picture one never receives it, while one's friend across the street does. With all the keen competition in photograph-collecting, I should say one would no longer be friends. Besides the actress probably thinks one picture for each street is enough. Dougas MacLean has a contract to play leading-men for Thomas H. Ince.

SPIZERINKSTUM, K. C.—Good morrow; how is it by you? Yes, it surey was nice of President Wilson to take his wife along with him on a business trip. Some of my friends' wives are wishing their husbands would follow his example. You wish to know why so many of the actors and actresses have birthdays in April. Well, it may be because so many of them were born in that month. Still raving about Walle, I see. He's fond of dogs and Los Angeles is fond of him and he never went to Yale and yes, he has the dearest way of snarling up his mouth when he's mad. Good lord, child, how many pictures do you want of him? Charles Ray is married. Elliott Dexter is married to Marie Doro.

M. B. R. "Sixteen."—Another maiden in the blush business. Welcome, little stranger. You think I'm tall, rather good-looking, black hair (in a "pomp") with wonderful teeth? If I were all of this and more, Mildred, how could I prove to you? Children, as you surely observe, is such a long, long way from Lawrence, Mass. Jack Pickford's first "First National" is "In Wrong." Marguerite De La Motte, loaned by the Douglas Fairbanks company for this one picture, is Jack's new leading lady. Dorothy Gish, Sunset Studios, Hollywood; Anita Stewart, Lois Weber studios, Hollywood; Eugene O'Brien, Hotel Royalton, New York; June Caprice and Creighton Hale, Albert Capellani studios, Fort Lee, N. J. (formerly the Solax). I've delivered your message to Miss Evans. She didn't say a word to me.

CLARE, DALLAS.—I like the cunning caption to your letter: "Is this the proper way to address you? I have never written to a man before." You elucidate: "I am a very Young Thing, and I would like to hear news of you." Oh, Miss Pickford, you don't kiss her leading man. She evades the expected embrace in every fade-away until I could scream. There, there—only it isn't "fade-away," but "fade-out." You don't believe we are seventy-seven; but we may be a woman. Both hypotheses are just so. I suspect the reason Mary doesn't kiss her leading man is because she is just shrewd enough a show-woman to know it intrigues you and others of your feathered tribe. Beg pardon—meaning that feathered hats are being worn this season.

H.D., PHILA., PA.—Bill Hart has a sister; she is not an actress. I read your scenario immediately and you requisite it "as I have other iron in the fire." Having read it, I advise you to put it with the other iron. Surely—come again.

JEANNETTE, N. Y.—The East and environs are very curious-to-know this month. Sometimes it's the Australians who just can't contain their curiosity; again the mid-westerners are the most inquisitive people in the world. Your Corona, I can tell at a glance, needs oiling. Why, I had one so perfectly trained it would eat out of my hand. That was Myrtle Stedman in "The Hollow of Her Hand." I'm going to look up the question of the young M. D. named Robert—

"YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to obtain Questions and Answers. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as queries of plans, or rates 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 those 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, Chicago.

"DELOROS, MILWAUKEE.—Like Sapho in St. Louis, or Cleopatra in Kewluk. That's a mistake about Anita Stewart going to occupy any throne but a movie one. There are two Anita Stewarts, you see; one a society girl, who married into a Portuguese royal family, who it seems now has a chance of hearing herself addressed as your Majesty. The other is our Anita of the films, who says she'd much rather have her own job; Queensing doesn't appeal to her; it's too uncertain. A clever press-agent of course utilized the synonymy of names for a good story. Mabel Normand isn't married. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters, but 'not of Elsie Ferguson. I don't see any resemblance. Pearl White in "The Lightning Raider."
DAVE D. F., LEADER, SASK.—You wish to know if a person that is comically inclined would have an opportunity of getting a position with my company, as your age is twenty-five, your weight 165 pounds, you are single, and your friends advise you that with a little training you would make a good comic actor. I only wish, Dave, that I had a company of my own; if I had I assure you I should make myself leading man, comic actor, and everything. Think twice before you hand in your resignation to your present employer; everybody I know is hanging onto his own job, just at present.

M. E. B., BATTLER CREEK.—There’s a reason. A lady I know—very nouveau riche—is recently returned from France. She told me the most thrilling story she remembered was the French pensioners singing the Mayonnaise, Charles Ray and Enid Bennett, Inc.; Corinne Griffith, Vitagraph (eastern); Mae Marsh, Goldwyn; Billie Burke. Famous Players; Vivian Martin, Lucky. I think Fannie Ward must be on her way to England now. Her daughter was recently widowed. I hear that Miss Ward’s contract with Pathé will not be renewed.

CLARICE DAVIS, SPRINGFIELD.—The only shoe-clerk I was ever interested in told me a woman came in and said she wanted a pair of shoes for her little boy. “Yes,” said the clerk; “—French kid?” “Of course not,” said the lady indignantly, “my own son, born in Boston.” The Felton isn’t active in the production field. Mary Fuller has not appeared for a long time, although she has denied a report of her permanent retirement. Stuart Holmes? I saw him, the other day, in “A Romance of the Air.” He played a villain; of course in this case, a German spy. Send your “Why-do-they-do-it’s” to that department of this Magazine.

TONY’S PAL, ABERDEEN, S. D.—HORACE Henley, now a Goldwyn director, directed “Peregrine.” That reminds me: an exhibitor said he had booked “Peregrine” as he heard it was a fine picture. Your Antonio is not married but a late rumor says he is engaged to a “charming eastern girl.” What about it, Senor Moreno? His latest serial was “The Iron Test,” with Carol Halloway. As Mr. Moreno is with Vitagraph now, he won’t be playing with Pearl White again. Francis Bushman’s middle name is “Xavier.” We love to say that—Xavier. Don’t know what the “S” in William S. Hart stands for. Thanks; write soon again.

E. D. C., NORFOLK.—Since you hate to start letters, don’t. Just begin anywhere you choose. I love to give satisfaction; don’t thank me. Just for fun you’d like to know if Mary Pickford is dead? Well, she isn’t; but she was pretty ill for a while, with influenza. Owen Moore is acting again, for Goldwyn. Brother Tom is working at the same studio; and little Alice Mary Moore and her grandmother are with him. Helene Chadwick was reported engaged to a lieutenant; but it isn’t true. She is making short-reel pictures for Pathé. Write to her care Pathé studio. She was born in Chadwick, N. Y.

RUTH ROLAND ADEMER, EVANSTON.—Ruth has a new bungalow in Los Angeles that she’s trying to find a name for. If you can concoct a cute one, send it in; and if Ruth thinks it so too, she’ll send you an oil painting of herself. Write to her in Manhattan Plaza, L. A. Messrs. Larkin and Chesebro were, the last I heard, serialization for Pathe. That Phantom Rider in “Hand Up!” is a mystery. Pathe puts a double row of ! ? ! ? and refuses to divulge the actor’s name.

S. B., SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.—Yes, the ex-Kaiser had an enormous income. He got a salary for being the Emperor of Germany and another for being the King of Prussia. In addition he possessed many palaces and estates, and he knew how to turn them to account. His private income is still enough to keep him in hair tonics. Just the same I’d rather be a long-haired Answer Man living on hope but with lots of well wishers. Hassard Short, whose work you enjoy, is a well-known “heavy” in the legitimate. His latest picture work, I believe, is with Norma Talmadge in “Nancy Lee.” Not yet released. He is also appearing with Fay Bainter in “East is West,” a spoken drama.

JAMES, DETROIT.—Don’t leave school, my boy. Keep up your studies; fifteen is a bit too young to carry out any picture ambitions. Besides I can’t advise you how to become a motion picture actor; it’s agin’ the rules and I wouldn’t tell you if I could. Back to the old homestead: home, James!

“Movy-Dols”

Announcing a series of famous stars of the screen presented in paper-doll form.

BEGINNING with the next, the June, issue, Photoplay Magazine will contain a beautiful page of “Movy-Dol” cut-out figures—paper-doll size likenesses, in colors, of motion picture favorites. This forthcoming Photoplay feature will have an irresistible appeal to every child in America. “Movy-Dols” will become a playroom favorite in thousands of homes. These paper-dolls were painted by a well known artist and are reproduced by offset process, in dainty pastel coloring on heavy paper.

The first subject is Mary Pickford and besides a color likeness of Mary herself, will include several changes of costumes, modelled after some of Mary’s best known screen characterizations. All of the subjects of this series are the best known screen favorites, popular because of their constructive appeal to children.

Be sure and get the first—order your copy of June Photoplay at once from your nearest newsdealer.
Two little houses that stood side by side

If you really care about your future, you will sit down with a pencil today and analyze your assets. Just what is it that you lack to make yourself a really all-round man—fit for the positions that demand familiarity with more than one department of business?

Analyse your assets. What do you lack?

"Your Modern Business Course and Service gives a coherent presentation of the entire subject of business. It gives one a prospectus and an appreciation of essentials, as well as much knowledge regarding right and wrong methods of procedure," says W. H. Ingersoll, Marketing Manager of the famous Ingersoll Watch Company.

Is it executive ability you lack?

"It is the most concise, instructive and clearly presented form of education that has been presented for the benefit of executives," says Chas. E. Murman, Vice-President United Drug Company.

Is it knowledge of accountancy and business finance you lack? Or of the principles of organization? Or of advertising and selling? Or of credits? Or of factory organization? Or of sales management?

Whatever the weak link in your chain of success may be, the tools for strengthening it are here, at your command.

The Alexander Hamilton Institute can help you

The business of the Alexander Hamilton Institute is to take men who know only one department of business and round them out; to take men who have reached their limit, and give them the sort of training that transcends ordinary limits, because the demand for men who have it always exceeds the supply.

75,000 men have enrolled with the Institute. There is one of these men in your own vicinity; ask him, if you choose, what the Modern Business Course and Service has meant in his progress.

Take the first forward step by sending for this book

If this advertisement reaches you, in your little house, with your wife and children about you; if you are a man in your twenties, thirties, or forties, thinking earnestly of the future, then the first step forward is easy. The Institute has published a 112-page book entitled "Forging Ahead in Business." It is not a cheap book! It is not for the mere curiosity seeker; but to those who really seek to make the most of themselves it is free for the asking.

It has proved the first key to the door of opportunity for 75,000 men. If you belong with them, in the army of forward looking, growing men, send for your copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" now. Fill in coupon and mail.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

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When you write to advertisers please mention Photoplay Magazine.
Playboys

Mellin’s Food Boy

Mellin’s Food, prepared with milk, is a complete food for an infant. By simply varying the proportions in its preparation, it can be adapted to children of all ages.

Write today for our helpful book, “The Care and Feeding of Infants,” also a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin’s Food

Mellin’s Food Company
Boston, Mass.

Faces Made Young

The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any woman who sends a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Beauty Exercises which remove wrinkles, iron’s face, lift up hollows, give roundness to cheeks and neck, the muscles of the neck, and that of the forehead.

Results Guaranteed

Write for Free Book which tells what to do to make your complexion smooth and beautiful.

Write today.

Kathryn Murray, Inc. 558 Garland Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

Be an Artist

Contemporary Masters of Art. Every advertisement in PHOToplay Magazine is guaranteed.
You, too, Can Have Beauty Instantly!

Men cluster around her. And why not, for who can deny the witchery of a beautiful complexion? A white skin, lustrous and soft as satin, with the rich color glowing in the cheeks.

First a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream. Work this softening, vanishing cream well into the skin, so that the powder will not stick in spots. Now the Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, with its pearly touch and captivating perfume. Then a bit of Pompeian BLOOM on the cheeks. This touch of color adds the bloom of youthful beauty and makes your eyes seem darker and more lustrous. Presto! What a change in a few moments.

Pompeian DAY Cream (Vanishing). Keeps the skin smooth and velvety. Removes face shine. Has an exquisite perfume. All druggists, 50c.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. Adds a lovely clearness to the skin. Stays on unusually long. Pure and harness. Shades: white, brunette, and flesh. All druggists, 50c.

Pompeian BLOOM. A rouge that is imperceptible when properly applied. With vanity mirror and French puff; in three shades: light, dark and medium (the popular shade). All druggists, 50c.

Liberty Girl Art Panel and Three Samples

will be sent for a dime. A beautiful, patriotic panel, 28 inches by 7 inches, finished in colors. With the samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please clip the coupon now.

THE POMPEIAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 2131 Superior Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
A Special Leaf

The leaf I use in my J. R. W. cigar is selected for me from the choicest crop in the Vuelta district of Cuba. I discovered it there many years ago. I immediately recognized that it had the most delightful flavor of any cigar I ever tasted, and had some sent to me for my personal use.

My friends asked me to get some for them. They told their friends. In a short time the fame of my cigar spread over a large circle.

I realized the possibilities of this cigar. I began to import the tobacco in larger quantities. At the end of the first year I had sold over 90,000 cigars. Today, I sell over 2,000,000 annually.

My Special Offer

Don't trust your taste. I know that tastes for cigars differ. Here is what I want you to do.

Send me ten to partially cover the expense of packing, revenue and postage together with your name on your business card or letterhead, and I will send you these cigars to try.

Smoke five with me FREE. If you like them send me $3.10 for the full box of 50, or $6.00 for 100. If you don't, the cigars have been "on me" and have cost you nothing. Write today.

J. Rogers Warner
270 Lockwood Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
The woman
the years
pass by.

What is the secret of her enduring youthfulness?

You see her everywhere—admire her beauty—wonder at her charm. What is the secret of her enduring youthfulness? Nothing but what you, too, can possess. Soft, silky, abundant hair, retaining the natural color and lustre of girlhood—framing your face in loveliness that defies the passing years.

Q-ban Hair Color Restorer will preserve the youthful color of hair or gradually and uniformly bring back the dark, natural shade to hair that is gray, faded or streaked with gray. Thoroughly revives and stimulates each strand. Invigorates the scalp—removes dandruff and stops the hair from falling out.

It is not dye. Simply a harmless preparation containing the natural chemical elements of the hair, that gradually renews its health and lustre, stimulates its growth and restores the color by a perfectly natural process. It is easily applied—and, when the hair has attained the proper shade, needs to be used only occasionally to retain uniform color.

The name Q-ban has meant meritorious hair toilet preparations to American women for nearly a generation. There is a special Q-ban for every need—each one scientifically compounded from purest ingredients—guaranteed to give complete satisfaction.

Q-ban preparations are for sale throughout the United States and Canada at drug stores, or wherever toilet goods are sold.

Hessig-Ellis, Chemists
Memphis, Tenn.

Q-ban
Hair Color Restorer

Study Your Silhouette

Your shadow picture will show you how to make the most of your beauty possibilities. There is an ideal way to dress the hair for every type of face. Our booklet shows you how to get the best results. Comes in every Q-ban package—or we'll gladly send you a copy if you'll write for it.

The Five Q-bans

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<th>Description</th>
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<tr>
<td>Q-ban Toilet and Shampoo Soap</td>
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<td>Q-ban Hair Tonic</td>
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<td>Q-ban Hair Color Restorer</td>
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<td>Q-ban Depilatory</td>
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Plays and Players
(Concluded)

ALL the tragedy of devastated France, for a
Frances Marion, is symbolized by a lit-
ttle shoe—she found one night in a dug-out
over there. A tender little thing, that had
belonged to some mother's baby before the
Germans came, and felt it as deeply as I
ever felt anything in my life. Piled to my
self, 'Here's where I write my masterpiece.'
And I went back to the hospital and wrote
the best comedy of my career! It was the
reaction of a war story. Miss Marion brought
back with her from the war zone six reels of
film shot on the battle-fields of France, the
comedy, and an en-

gegement ring. She is to marry Chaplin. Fred
Thomson. Famous Players-Lasky has
Miss Marion under contract for her exclusive
scenario services.

THEDA BARA is said to be planning a
return to the stage. Her contract with
Mr. Fox expires early this summer and Mr.
Fox is understanding her to be back to the ar-
row of Miss Bara's designs on the realm of the
footlight. The acknowledged depreciation in the
famous vamp's photodramatic efforts of late is
al-

glied to the loss cost your story. And
Miss is Al Christie's new star and the veteran
comedy producer is directing her personally.
Miss Tinchers' vehicles will be two reelers
made this summer, but her famous past makes
her fearless in the old days. Previous to joining
the Christie forces, Miss Tinchers played a
vamp role at Universal City in "The Fire Fling-

ers."

FAY TINCHER, she of the black and
white stripes and spit curls of the once
famous Griffith studio comedies, is with us
again. However, this time, the star, once an
actress is Al Christie's new star and the veteran
comedy producer is directing her personally.
Miss Tinchers' vehicles will be two reelers
made this summer, but her famous past makes
her fearless in the old days. Previous to joining
the Christie forces, Miss Tinchers played a
vamp role at Universal City in "The Fire Fling-

ers."

TEXAS GUINAN—the Bill Hart a la
femme—is working now at the old Charlie
Chaplin studios in an average Miss Smith—
a director of renown who knows every turn in a
Western tale, having piloted Hart himself and Roy Stewart of Triangle
through the two-gun repertoire, has Miss
Guinan under his expert tutelage.

It is safe to say that no stage success has
been sold to so many different companies,
and to end up, with many stand ard parts,
has always been "Polly, My Heart." All this with
the original manuscript reposing in Mr. J. Hartley Manners' mahogany-desk, safe from mauling pro-
der. The story is a good one, with fact looming large in the news
that Adolph Zukor has bought the film rights
for a Paramount star, possibly Marguerite
Clark, although, in the event that Paramount
signs Mary Miles Minter, the production may
go to her. And "Peter Pan," the theatrical
cold apple, has also been secured by the en-
terprising, and in all probability, possibly,
that J. M. Barrie was offered a
a certified check for $200,000 merely as ad-
dance payment on his play if he would per-
mit it to be made up to the letter. Mr. Barrie
has steadfastly refused. It is not known,
either, what just monetary inducement
caused him to change his mind.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY chose as a
fitting vehicle for Captain Robert War-
wick's return to the screen "Secret Service,"
the good old melodrama which served Wil-
liam Gillette well. Hugh Ford will direct
and Tom—lately Lieutenant Forman is a
member of the cast. Warwick, you remem-
ber, did the somewhat unusual thing of gath-
ering glory for himself off the screen, as an at-
tache of General Pershing's staff.

A GEORGE LOGAN TUCKER, who has the
distinction of having made the only ef-
fective film of "Man with a Movie Camera," "The Cle-
erella Man," and having shown up the "Virtu-
ous Wives" of New York's near-smart set for
Anita Stewart, is another director who has
so far kept his name under the studio shackles
and is to produce independently. His brand will be the "Mayflower Specials" and every assurance is given that they will
be a notch in the price only. Tucke closed a
deal with Adolph Zukor—yy. Zukor has
been busy this month—by which Paramount
will release the Tucker pictures as "specials."
So Tuckers, who is the charming Elizabeth Ridon in
the theater, have a part in the new concern?

WHAT'S H. O. Davis going to do now—
besides releasing, as an independent
feature, the picture he supervised for Tri-
angle, "A Servant in the House?" Davis has
been a practical Bolshievist in his business—
which is that of general-managing amuse-
ment enterprises—from the San Diego expo-
sition to Universal City. At the turn he
jumped to the Triangle, he was vice-presi-
dent and general manager. Trouble arose
at the Culver City plant. Davis left; Tri-
angle shuffled its diablesse, and Davis took
action to recover $83,000 back salary. They
compromised with Davis surrendering 100,-

000 shares and his interest in the corpora-
tion for the exchange for the exclusive rights
to "A Servant in the House."

HAVE you heard about the new Roscoe
Arbuckle contract? He has signed with
Paramount for the next three years, and the
money involved is said to be $3,000,000. We
can't call him "Fatty" any more.

AN application for passports recently re-

vealed the fact that Billie Rhodes, erst-

while comedienne and now a dramatic star
with-her-own-company, and William ("Smill-
ing Bill") Parsons, have been married some
months. They plan to go off to Europe to
their pictures not as stars but to do a double act on the screen remains to be

seen.

IRENE CASTLE will make a film version
of "The Firing Line," a novel by Robert
W. Chambers, for Famous Players-Lasky.
Mrs. Castle landed on this side, Adolph Zukor put his contract up to her,
and she decided to be a Paramount star for a series of pictures rather than a vaudeville
star, or a star-with-her-own-company. In-

vitably all those rumors about Irene's en-
gagement to a certain young musical comedy actor in London who used to be a certain
young actor in motion pictures, to

grasp over here, are absolutely without foun-
dation. Both Irene and her mother say so.

The membership in the Jack Holt family
has increased to four. This is including
Mrs. Holt and Jack, who recently became
the proud father.—February 5, to be exact
—of a baby girl. Little Ineogene Holt is
now aged seven.

The War Division of Films of the Bu-
reau of Public Information has sus-
pended its activity because the work for the Allies done, there is no further need for its continuation; and Charles S.
Hart, head of the division, announces that the
film bureau has ceased business and Italy,
and the United States have been closed.
The American Red Cross Bureau of Films,
however, will continue indefinitely its ex-

ploitation of films to be used in reconstruc-
tion work.

"At Last—a Real Job
and Real Money!"

"And if only I'd started earlier, I could
have had them five years ago. I didn't
realize at first what spare time study
would do for a man. Taking up the
I. C. S. course marked the real telling of
my success. In three months I received
my first promotion. But I kept right on
studying—and I've been climbing ever
since."

Every mail brings letters from some of
the two million students of the Inter-
national Correspondence Schools telling of
advancements and increased salaries won
through spare time study. How much
longer are you going to wait before taking
the step that is bound to bring you more
money? Isn't it better to start now than
to wait five years and then realize what
the delay cost you?

One hour after supper each night spent
with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own
home will prepare you for the position
you want in the work you like best.

Yes, it will! Put it up to us to prove it. Without
cost, without obligation, just mark and mail this
coupon—

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I look upon Ingram's Milkweed Cream as a tried and true friend. I have used it daily for a very long time and I am fully appreciative of the great help it has been in keeping my complexion in good condition. It is the fact that Ingram's Milkweed Cream is distinctly healthful to the skin as well as cleansing and softening that leads me to prefer it.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

To give your complexion the wrong kind of care is as harmful as though you gave it no care at all. Every skin needs to be kept well cleansed and soft but also needs to be kept toned up and healthful.

It is the therapeutic quality of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in combination with its softening and cleansing properties that has made it the ruling favorite for 32 years. Time and use have proved it the best for you. Get a jar today and begin to use it every night and morning.

Buy it in either 50c or $1.00 Size

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FACE POWDER

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

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Corinna Griffith

In "Love Watches"

Jacqueline's relatives refuse to believe that she has been 'wicked'. Well, she may be naughty but anyway she looks awfully nice.

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DeMiracle, the original sanitary liquid, is called the perfect hair remover because it devitalizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it. Its use is immediately and with absolute certainty.

DeMiracle requires no mixing, it is ready for instant use. Therefore, cleanly, conveniently and most simply 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 DeMiracle devitalizes hair, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

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There's no longer the slightest risk of feeling ashamed of your freckles, or strenuous strength is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get the Cure.

THE LITTLE WHITE SAVAGE
(Continued from page 53)

The Shadow Stage

(East Lynne—Sennett-Paramount)

I hasten to give the rest of the main title—"With Variations." A healthy and basically true burlesque, such as this, is doing a lot more to make the couture safe for democrats and the new republican congress than a procession of weary and orthodox romances with clutch finishes. Here are all of the old props of sensation in use between '85 and '95: the murdering buzz-saw, the persecuting snowstorm, the pursuing railway-train, the typhoon on the canvas ocean—and, as a touch of modernity, a submarine with stage fright. The exquisite Marie Prevost is the persecutee, with Charles Lynn as the persecutor. And Ben Turpin the hero, whose heart is so touchingly broken. The witticism of this mock-melo is the whimsical Eddie Cline, who has shown many a good directorial notion.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE
—Vitagraph

The world would seem upside-down to Charles Klein, if he could come back from his great coffin, the Lusitania. His most successful play, named above, was a famously popular rauc at play, who has but plon-ocrat and commoner are holding hands togetherness against bolshevism. However—"The Lion and the Mouse" is interesting, despite its out of date theme, as Vitagraph's production in many months. Of all the Shirley Rossmores, and they have been many, I know of none more delightfully fitted for the Joan of Arc. Miss O'Brien has force and individuality, combined with su- pinglishness, to make the demure and crafty Shirley real. Anders Randolf, too, is as rough-hewn as he is homely. The stage of this mock-melo is the whimsical Eddie Cline, who has shown many a good directorial notion.

ROMANCE AND ARABELLA—Select

After "Who Cares?" this story is rather thin and frothy; nevertheless, it is a human and therefore appealing trivial about a young widow and a handful of further matrimonial bets, and Constance Talmadge's depiction of the unbetrayed reliefs is possibly the most winsome that could have been made had the producers exercised a choice among all the young she-juveniles of the stage. The play is a well produced and possesses a care and sumptuousness of detail which, for many months, Vitagraph has conspicuously lacked. Tom Terriss directed, and handled his story intelligently.

A TRICK OF FATE—Exhibitors Mutual

The intelligence and charm of Bessie Barricale are equal factors in this rather conventional but nevertheless well-handled and interesting story of two women. First
How Famous Movie Stars
Keep their Hair Beautiful

PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, texture, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and lustrous.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but 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. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING.

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

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

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NORMA TALMADGE
"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS Mulsified Cocoanut Oil."

ALICE BRADY
"I consider WATKINS Mulsified Cocoanut Oil an ideal shampoo and can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in a wonderful condition."

BLANCHE SWEET
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This simple home remedy not only removes the pain instantly but from the minute it is applied it draws out the inflammation. It softens and literally melts away the accumulated layers of callus which form the bunion. Soon the enlargement disappears and the deformed foot is restored to its normal shape—and all the while you are wearing as tight shoes as ever without the least discomfort.

Do not suffer bunion another day. Send for once to the FREE Fairyfoot treatment. Don’t send a penny. Just your name and address on a postal card brings it to you. No promise or obligation on your part except to use it as directed. Write today.

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A. O. LEONARD
Suite 223, 70th Avenue • New York City

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

as a Southern girl of gentle breeding and aristocratic antecedents, then as a cafe dancer of the more violent orders, whom she resembles only in features. Miss Barricale differentiates her characters in bold strokes. The climax of her achievement comes when, by the touch of fairy magic to play its title, the Southern girl must for a long time impersonate the dancer. How she does, satisfying the demands of manner and appearance, yet never permitting her audience to forget who she really is, is the signal part of her achievement. Howard Hickman directed.

The Wicked Darling—Universal

It’s a long ways from “The Wildcat of Paris” to this screen play, and it’s a drop, at that. Were it not for the extraordinarily vibrant and vital personality of Priscilla Dean, the unique and delightfully amusing character work of the cameraman, and good character portraits by Lon Chaney and Spottislwood, Aiken, this would be the commonest and dullest of movie melodramas. The idea that Universal should burden so brilliant a young star, just over the horizon, with a piece which bears so little relation to real life and has much to do with mysticism and nonsense, which makes a certain type of motion picture the byword and derision of intelligent people.

FAITH—Metro

In my opinion this had a chance to be a really corking, though simple and not unusual story, and missed it by turning the wrong corner at the finish. As long as we have seen pictures we have wondered at the cork-screw expedients that are used to avoid coming straight to the point and winding the story up as sensibly as most such incidents wind up in real life. Here’s a story where the hero does the simplest, natural thing: tempted to steal a valuable necklace he neither steals it nor beats about the bush to allow for a four-reel possession of it. Instead, he reports the matter to the owner of the woman who owns it—his employer, a bank president. But then the story goes right into the ancient ditch; he is rewarded by becoming mad assistant to the president, at a ten-thousand-a-year salary! Why, in fiction, must virtue be perpetually confounded with ability? Bert Lytell plays the young man—perfectly. Edwin Stevens, Rosemary Theby and Edythe Chapman contribute their abilities, also.

Todd of the Times—Pathé

Here is a yarn, however, which turns the same corner—and takes the right road, because that road was indicated from the first. Theobald Todd, city editor of The Springfield Times, has spent the whole of his life as a subordinate because of a lack of self-assertion. With the managing editorship of the paper vacant, he should logically have the post, but won’t go after it. Then the accidental breaking of a big story in which he, as the only man on the job with any “say,” has to use authority and use it quick. His handling of the better part of his calibre, and the top job is forced upon him—: fener which (he has been for ages a hen-pecked husband) he goes home and becomes managing editor of his own household. The story, with a wealth of humorous and lifelike detail, is Jack Cunningham’s. The acting of Theobald Todd is Frank Keenan’s. Elliott Howe directed. This is one of the best features of the month.
The Shadow Stage (Continued)

PEGGY DOES HER DARNEST
—Metro

The topos tury, melodramatic comedy of an athletic girl, capitably played by Mae Allison in a story spun into five wholly entertaining though sometimes implausible reels. Apart from Mr. Baker's very adroit and intelligent direction I note particularly, here, a real advance for Miss Allison. Once she was about the sugariest young bon-bon that ever came out of the sugar bowl—now she has added action, speed, and a sort of indomitable and undeniable humor to her very good looks. This comedy will do more to re-establish her with her old followers than anything she has done. It shows Mae Allison not as a pretty little trick, but as a very human female.

WOMAN! WOMAN—FOX

This is the sort of picture which makes stifling censorship inevitable. If we are to have some of this sort dragged through our projectors we shall soon have our playdates in the hands of a Ruskin secret police system—and with no one but ourselves to blame. William Fox is handling the complacent Evelyn Nesbit scenarios the like of which Theda Bara in her boldest days never attempted, and at a time when practically every manufacturer in the country is demonstrating, by clean and wholesome stories, that the censurers, handcuffs and straight-jackets of the archaic censorship system are rankly unnecessary injustice. This filthy story of adultery and misgeneration won't bear syruping here. It is simply plain infectious dirt, frosted over with mock morality at its finish. Personally, I advocate perhaps more freedom in stories of genuine human life than many other people are willing to accord—but "Woman! Woman!" is altogether too much for my stomach. It is not life, or if it is, it is a cross-section of existence that should be reserved for the police courts and works on sexual psychology. At this time it is doubly inexcusable, for it is not only an overt smear at the average decency of the American people, but is indescribably a brazen, dangerous appeal for a merciless okhrana in the theatre.

THE BELLE OF NEW YORK—Select

As long as there is melody in "Follow on!" we are not likely to forget that tuneful operetta of excellent story, produced, now—how many years ago? Well, in the screen version, directed by Julius Siegel, there are no tunes to lift us on their lift, but Eugene Walter has come to the rescue with some strong melodrama of primitive sort, and some virile subtitles. Marion Davies, certainly as beautiful as Edna May, though her appeal is of an entirely different sort, pays the principal role.

IN BRIEF:

"Go West, Young Man" (Goldwyn)—An old story polished up and given a new uniform. Tom Moore is featured, and the piece is breezy and entertaining.

"Silk Hosiery" (Goldwyn)—Mabel Normand's tragedy of misfit scenarios still pursues her. The ideal "Silk" among all screen players, but what a dreadfully mediocre story has been woven about Rose Melville's loveable old characters! Still, you may laugh at Mabel herself.

"The Woman on the Index" (Goldwyn)—Pauline Frederick's first playdate under these auspices is a heavy but very well done melodrama of much action, some suspense, and a perhaps too-rapid clearing-up at the finale. Willard Mack reappears on the screen, to play the villain.

The Dollars We Throw Away

Many foods have slight food value as compared with Quaker Oats. And the reason lies largely in the refuse and the water.

For instance, here are the wastes on some common foods:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Food</th>
<th>Refuse</th>
<th>Water</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quaker Oats</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>7%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beef</td>
<td>20%</td>
<td>54%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mackerel</td>
<td>45%</td>
<td>40%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potatoes</td>
<td>20%</td>
<td>62%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Squash</td>
<td>50%</td>
<td>44%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beets</td>
<td>20%</td>
<td>70%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canned Peas</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>85%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canned Tomatoes</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>94%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Note that the waste in Quaker Oats is not one-tenth the waste in any of these other foods.

Another Waste

Another waste lies in buying food without reference to energy value. That is, to calories.

The average person needs 3,000 calories per day. In some foods they cost ten times what they cost in others.

A day's energy need in Quaker Oats costs only 13c. In meat and fish foods the average cost is at least $1.50. In lobster, 3,000 calories would cost $18.

Yet the supreme food is oats. It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food. Both in flavor and nutrition there is nothing to match oats.

And this is what they cost per 1,000 calories, compared with other necessary foods at this writing:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Food</th>
<th>Cost Per 1,000 Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quaker Oats</td>
<td>5c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Veal Cutlets</td>
<td>57c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Round Steak</td>
<td>41c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average Fish</td>
<td>60c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hubbard Squash</td>
<td>75c</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

That means that ten people can breakfast on Quaker Oats at the cost of one meat breakfast.

It means that each 30-cent package used to displace meat saves about 83c.

And it means vastly more in its better nutrition.

Quaker Oats

Just Queen Oats Flaked

Prices Reduced to 12c and 30c a Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover
"Holler 'nuff!"

They hadn't a thing in the world against each other—unless Tom Sawyer thought the other boy altogether too well dressed. They had never seen each other until a few minutes before—and here they tied in a knot.
Do you remember the time when the mere sight of another boy has made you mad—and what mighty good friends you might be with that boy a few minutes later?
It is the undying spirit of youth—of boyhood—the precious something that has passed away with the years and that comes back to you with a laugh—a choke in the throat—every time you open a page of

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Rising costs make it impossible to continue the sale of Mark Twain at the low price. New editions will have to cost very much more than this Author's National Edition. Now the price must go up. You must act at once. You must sign and mail the coupon now. If you want a set at the popular price, do not delay. This edition will soon be withdrawn, and then you will pay considerably more for your Mark Twain.

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NEW YORK

(The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

"Ravished Armenia" (Propaganda)—Colonel William N. Selig comes back as a producer, this time in the interests of opprobrious Asia Minor, for it is he who made this interesting, though sometimes horribly detailed pictorial recount of a little people's long struggle for liberty. Miss Aurora Marieganian, allegedly a survivor of this identical annal, plays a principal part.

"Maggie Pepper" (Paramount)—Ethel Clayton, well supported by a typical Luxy cast, in an entertaining version of Rose Stahl's department-store romance.

"Hell Roarin' Reform" (Fox)—Tom Mix, playing a good part in a story of straightforward Western action. Here is a Fox picture you will like.

"The Man-Hunter" (Fox)—William Farnum, convincingly directed by Frank Lloyd, in a very unconvincing story—by Frank Lloyd. Shoot a one-barrelled gun after this, Mr. Lloyd. Louise Lovely is a most admirable heroine.

"The Scarlet Shadow" (Universal)—Mae Murray, in a somewhat ordinary mystery well cast and well directed by Robert Leonhard. Miss Murray has learned, at last, a proper make-up for her mouth.

"Breed of Men" (Archart)—Bill Hart. The story varies its locations by taking in actual Chicago, but it never rises above mediocrity.

"The Girl Problem" (Vitagraph)—Ever hear of a literary model—same as an artist's model, only different? Corinne Griffith is one in this picture.

"The Pirate Millionaire" (Universal)—A most unusual picture, with Monroe Salisbury in an appealing and finely played part. As Salisbury plays a twentieth-century reincarnation of Jean Lafitte, the famous New Orleans buccaneer—in a powerful, dashing, imaginative way—one wonders why this dully unimaginative m'n'tile.

"The Long Lane's Turning" (Robertson-Cole)—A poor story, partially redeemed by the acting personality of Henry Walthall.

"Come Again Smith" (Pathe)—Good light entertainment, featuring J. Warren Kerrigan.

"Common Clay" (Pathe)—A well-told screen version of the stage play, alike with some very radical departures from the spoken version. Fannie Ward is the star.

"Johnny-on-the-Spot" (Metro) — Melodrama of a comic, quite uninstructed, but flavored with the breezy personality of Hale Hamilton.

"As the Sun Went Down" (Metro) — A Western melodrama ended with incident, and anon tresspassing on probability. Nevertheless interesting, finely cast, and well directed, with Edith Storey in the stellar role.

"The Girl Dodger" (Ince-Paramount)—Charlie Ray, in his inimitable book character, but the story suffers from plot uncertainties. In one place it is a literal dramatization of the legend of that gentleman who wandered into the ball-room without his trousers. Comic postcard cards and exquisite little Doris Lee are other features.

"Mrs. Wings" (Paramount)—Marguerite Clark, in an excellent and passably humorous screen version of the well-known story and play.

"Hard-Boiled" (Ince-Paramount)—Dorothy Dalton, as a musical comedy person stranded in a small town, and her many subsequent adventures.

ERIC CAMPBELL, famous heavy-weight who was Charlie Chaplin's foil in all the little cameos' comedies before he met his death in an automobile accident has a successor—Thomas A. Wood, who tips the scales at 500 pounds. Wood's weight at birth was 17 pounds besides more than his entire family put together. Thomas is said to be a good actor.

Make your hands beautiful, white, velvety tonight.
No manicure complete without LILA, for the entire hand.
LILA is peculiarly adapted for beautifying and whitening the hands, arms and neck. Its effect is marvelous and instantaneous.

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are the clue before the map telling your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't speculate! It's better.

STILLMAN'S Freckles
Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves nothing behind, thoroughly and entirely out a blush. Prepared for specialists by experts in the field of cosmetic science.

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Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of pleasant preparations to improve the beauty of the skin.

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FARMER BURNS and FANCY Gottch
Gottch, the greatest wrestler in the world, is the most popular. He is a good sportsman and a great entertainer.

Gottch in Chicago, November 10th. Don't miss this opportunity.

Farmer Burns and Frank Gottch

Meet in Chicago November 10th, and give an exhibition of wrestling. They are the greatest wrestlers in the world. They are the greatest wrestlers in the world.

Farmers' Home Shows in Chicago, November 10th. Don't miss this opportunity.

Farmer Burns School of Wrestling 1932. Farmer Burns, Chicago.

"Don't Shout"

"I heard you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I wouldn't know I had them, myself, only that I hear all right.

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Business

(305)
From the Skin Out (Continued)

One evening gowns, but conservation has driven her to bathing suits, of which she designed three hundred and fifty, all different, in the last three months. The girls themselves, and has turned out as many as sixteen in an hour on a hurry call.

The old adage about seeing double which I daresay will soon be as passe as "the horseless carriage" doesn't apply to the Sennett wardrobe department. They see double indeed. Every costume manufactured is not only duplicated but triplicated. Accidents are too frequent and the tragedy of finding that there are seventeen scenes yet to be shot and the whole leading man minus the seat of his pants must be avoided.

The serial melodrama is rated a dead loss by the B.S.O. at present. Leaping from freight car to freight car and getting the impression of that kind is sure hard on clothes and the scraps left are fit only for the compost heap.

Financially the situation in comedy is unusual. Cleverness in ordinary things is decidedly recommended, and the costume allowance is conservative. Scenic setups must actually be dressed three times. But things needed are priceless. A hat that is a laugh by itself will bring more from Sennett's to the house than the whole Farrar's for their pearl headresses.

The system of having the wardrobe head oneh-hundred percent of all pictures before they appear on the set soon to be used is not new. Miss Harris is as talented as can be. Often the designer goes to the stage and works with the company, straightening out the gowns, showing them how to handle the cloth, the look, the color, the star ways of getting an artistic effect, and overcoming scenes. Competent maids are employed to dress the extra girls and these maids work a division of the department. In the same manner, a man has charge of extra men, to see that they don't get the things on hind side before.

There is either a hair dressing department or the wardrobe mistress suggests the best style of coiffure and adds the finishing touches if necessary.

Hairdressing always comes under this department. Everyone in the staff can tell you how the female of the species manages her locks, be she Zulu, Hindoo or Chinese. Mabel Normand, who has just completed a series of fifteen pictures, seventy seven scenes, has been the subject of heated argument with the research and scene departments in this fashion. Some said the braids should go down, some said one should be used up. Every wardrobe head discovered that they both went up. In the case of pictures taken from plays, where the costume is traditional, pictures of the originals are usually available.

Cecil de Mille, whose pictures are famed for their authenticity and attention to detail, tallied up a picture that had pictures of the gowns of a girl, sitting at a table with only her "upper half" visible. Had on the wrong kind of shoes. She must be as dressed in those scenes as though she were posing as a shoe model.

In one of her latest pictures, Dorothy Phillips was supplied with an exquisite little transparent dress, three gowns that had sat on Louis Weber and a score of others. Send for your copy today — it's free! Learn how to turn your movies into big money in the Palmier Plan of Photoplay Writing.

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Name

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Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
From the Skin Out

(Continued)

ders of more mobs than any other set of costumes in the world. Two hundred and fifty is a bad day and six hundred is the largest average.

I must admit that they seem unreasonably proud of their new dugout, a small and necessarily select building just outside the big wardrobe building. Here every piece of apparel is placed for a night's session with the formaldehyde before returning to its place on the seemingly endless racks with the 27,000 other garments. Everything washable is sent to the laundry and everything heavy thing goes to the cleaners, with the result that cleaning bills are quite a consideration.

But Monte, a bright-eyed old chap with no faith at all in human nature has gone them one better. He led me secretly to his own sanctum, where he fits out the extra men, and displayed, with pride a large sprayer, of the kind used by fruit growers and garden enthusiasts. Monte has discovered a brand new use for it. After the extra men are dressed he takes them out, orders them to throw back their coats and then gives them a shot with the spray.

"Can't never tell," he declared, "ain't so bad now. But a while back all them birds was I. W. W's and I been told never taking a bath is the chief plank in their platform."

Speaking of men, the majority of men stars and leads have their own wardrobes, but the wardrobe mistress keeps a keen and kindly eye upon them, with the constant desire to make them look more like the men they play and less like movie actors.

Extreme styles for men are becoming strictly taboo, except perhaps in the case of Wallie Reid who, I am informed, likes loud stuff and declares he can "get by with it anyway."

With the stars who supply their own clothes, and this is most notable perhaps with the stars of the Goldwyn company, the majority follow one plan, that of having one of the fashionable Fifth Avenue designers handle their entire outfits. Pauline Frederick, who gets her gowns in this way, estimates that it costs her $7,000 a year to dress for pictures alone. The gowns in each of her modern stories cost on an average of $300 a year and she does eight pictures. Often one fur wrap will cost as much as that and with shoes, stockings, hats, fans, waists, underwear, negligees, hair adornments and an occasional piece of jewelry, the total approaches the president's salary.

In studios where stars are dressed by the company, quite a supply of jewelry is kept on hand. When some piece is required to which attention is drawn or on which the plot of the story hinges in any way, it can be rented from a jewelry store. But the rent is so exorbitant that most concerns prefer to own a few good pieces and some excellent imitations. A few stars have jewels of their own that they wear, and many of these far surpass any others that can be secured—particularly in the cases of Fannie Ward, Olive Thomas and Geraldine Farrar. Furs also are often rented, since style change so frequently that it is difficult to keep the correct supply on hand. Universal paid $500 a day rent for a sable coat for Miss Phillips recently. But that sort of rent is being done away with as much as possible by larger investments in the things themselves.

That the public and critics are becoming more fussy about little matters of this kind is evidenced by the criticism launched at Miss Farrar in her latest work "The Hell Cat." A modern story, staged in Wyoming, the heroine a girl born and reared in that last refuge of Westernism, Miss Farrar

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You can buy the BONNIE B at the Notion and Veiling counters of the better shops. In all the newest colors. If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and 25c for the Veil in the illustration. Pattern Number 124.

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215 Fourth Ave.
New York City
Also Importers of BONNIE B Human Hair Nets.
From the Skin Out (Continued)

appeared throughout in two costumes suggesting a combination of Spanish grandeur and Southern brittany; she looked charming. Certainly the costumes were exquisite. Also they were about as appropriate as a large baked ham at a Yon Kippur feast.

But the lady defended herself by declaring that she would look dreadful and ridiculous in the conventional Western costume.

Therefore, out of Spanish-Irish ancestry, an unusual character study and dressed her as such.

She also took duplicates of her costumes to Wyoming with her in case of accident.

Shades of hovery about the magnificent wardrobe department of the Goldwyn studio, left there by the Triangle Film Corporation and containing many of the first Griffith and Irving costumes. Here I found the complete stage wardrobe of that beloved actress, Clara Morris. The Triangle bought this wonderful equipment from the Morris estate for $15,000. It contained many hundreds of dresses which had been worn by this famous artist in her repertoires.

From the magnificent materials contained in these gowns, materials which it would be impossible to purchase now for any price, Peggy Hamilton, the famous Triangle designer, made many of the gowns worn by Alma Rubens, Gloria Swanson, Belle Bennett, Pauline Stark and in some instances, Olive Thomas. The sweeping trains were sufficient to many career dresses and the bodices were either altered or used as they were.

The history of one screen beauty's dress career will show what can be done by a clever designer. It may also illustrate the reason that more and more studios are turning their costuming over to some clever, educated woman who understands clothes. I'm sure that she was noticed from stellar honors, came to the designer at her studio one day. She was rather hopeless. Dis- encouragement had brought tears to her eyes and the corners of her mouth drooped wistfully.

"I want to get out of comedy," she said. "I want to do real drama. But my clothes are all wrong. I've got a chance to do this part and somehow, I just know I can't make it look right. What shall I do?"

The designer looked at her. She was an extremely clever modiste, the kind that looks at a piece of pink georgette in a store window and sees Mary Pickford already gowned in a garden costume. Now she saw before her a girl of unusual personality, much talent and a kind of physical charm. But from her shoes that were too ultra to her height but that was too small, she lacked in distinction, something out of line, something missing. Even her underclothes were wrong, adding to the carelessness of her general effect.

The designer picked—finally stripped her to the skin. She began to build and when she had finished she took the little actress to the mirror. The girl took one look at herself and into tears.

By skin-tight under-draperies, the designer had cut down a rather square look and brought out the beautiful shoulder line, the full, voluptuous figure and the surprising daintiness of ankles and limbs. By an unbroken, slanting line from high waist to long train she had lengthened her several inches and relieved some of the gauntness. And by a distinguished daring simplicity of effect, she had brought into play the rare features of the girl's face and figure.

She had breasts, that girl, and she saw what had been done for her. She fol...
Do Married Men Make the Best Husbands? (Continued from page 78)

are under ten thousand a year. About fifty of the number are vulgarly rich. This, of course, is a delicate, not to say a disreputable subject. The remainder are not permitted to let their wives take in washing. They sneer through life, much as do other successful men, using their scissors less often on cuts than on coupons, keeping abreast of the mode in motor cars, and occasionally picking up a young aunt at a bargain. Country houses like those of Rupert Hughes, and Winschell Smith, and Montgomery-Scott, and Rida Johnson Young, and Augustus Hopkins, are not built by them but by their fat-hipped, baby’s-bellied, a-kissing, few-five-dollar-beds-bought-with-a-garnet-bank. The producers who have made fortunes out of film should be last to deny the conviction gained by photography. First, to agree with Bartlett Campbell that “the camera shortens the face,” and, second, to be interested in some of the accompanying illustrations.

Outside of my original group, there are many yarn-spinners who do not make ten thousand a year—or anything like that amount. After reading “The Author Gets His,” and other literature of the kind, you will be inclined to ask why not. With scenarios at a thousand dollars? The reason is that these do not get a thousand dollars. That thousand is a top price, for the top men, which is why we are considering it only in relation to them. It isn’t the top price, as we shall see presently, but a pretty high figure, pretty nearly standard for the chosen few, and offered only to writers of reputation. One of the explanations of bad pictures is that it isn’t offered too frequently, and the producer who has to decide between a good story at that sum, and one not so good at a fourth of it, is rather likely to compromise with his artistic conscience. Two or three wise companies, like the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, prefer the best that comes to them, at any terms within their range of vision, but Miss Jordan’s thousand-dollar fly didn’t skin the water for ambitions.

We have seen that to the trout it wasn’t irresistibly tempting. “For a strong dramatic plot, such as the Goldens people want,” an authority confides to me, “the following American authors could secure $3,000 or more for their dramas. Winston Churchill, Robert W. Chambers, Rupert Hughes, Booth Tarkington, Herbert Wessely, Adalbert Atherton, Owen Johnson, Rex Beach, Paul King, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Laura-Joseph Vance, Henry Kilbey Wharton, Margaret Deland, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Samuel Merwin, Governor Morris, Edith Wharton, Henry James, Will Wilson, and Lew Scott. This is only a partial list, set down as the names come to me. There are others. The playwrights you can add as easily.”

“But serial rights” are the right to publish serially in a magazine. When they have been disposed of, the author still controls second and even third serial rights—that is, for publication in newspapers—some foreign rights, book rights, dramatic rights, and motion picture rights, which last actually bring more, when the material has been used in these various ways, than could have been got when it was new and shining. On the other hand, a narrative, put into scenic form and sold, is finished. As many hundreds of plays as have been turned into photoplays, I have heard of only one photoplay—"The Cheats"—announced for the regular stage. And that never got farther than the announcement. Perhaps this fact is more significant artistically than financially. It may indicate that photoplay sto-

Mary Miles Minter

Mary had a Wilson racket, She had a Wilson ball
If you were playing opposite
You had no chance at all!

T H I R T Y - L O V E

is not a bad score
when you have such
a fair opponent as Mary Miles Minter. Even on a
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fascinating game when one
so winsome as she is on
the other side of the net.

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Combination hose supporter and pantleg straightener quickly adjusted to fit various degrees of bowlegs; no harness or padded forms; just ingenious special garter for bowlegged men improves appearance wonderfully. Wearers are enthusiastic over results. You will be, too. Write for free booklet, mailed in plain envelope. 5-L Garter Co., 632 Cty. Line Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.
Do Married Men Make the Best Husbands? (Continued)

Arthur B. Reeve
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He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marveling at the strange, new startling things that detective-hero would do.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maze of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned—out of date—out of sequence—the very exact imitation of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

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When the police of New York failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off in Paris—brought the solution. The story is one of these volumes. This is a wonderful combination. Here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe FREE in a short time only. Sign and mail coupon promptly to:

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$10,000 Reward! No Questions Asked.

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

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Lovely, Soft, Velvety Skins which nature has adorned with the touch of the rose are now within the reach of any woman who will follow the simple rules which are to be found in the Princess Tikio Beauty Book, which we will send FREE to any woman who will write for it. Princess Tikio does not ask you to pay a long time for results—only

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Free Book Containing complete story of the life and history of the famous...with book and catalog of equipment.

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SAXOPHONE

This book tells you how to play the Saxophone—simply, in quantities, for beginners, who want to transpose from orchestral parts or songs. You will be able to play any tune you like to know. You need only the scale in one hand, and even in a playing position. The books are free with the Saxophone. Ask your dealer for the Saxophone. MAKES AN IDEAL PRESENT

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Knowledge of a Young Woman Should Have
Knowledge of a Father Should Impart to Son
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Known as one volume, "How to Be a Better Husband and To Be a Better Wife".

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Popularity follows the Tide

If you think today's standards are a bit too high, you might want to consider the songs of the 1930s. They are not only more approachable, but also more romantic. The following list includes some of the top hits from that era.

1. "Get Happy" by The Ink Spots
2. "Come on In My Kitchen" by The Ink Spots
3. "My Girl" by The Temptations
4. "My Girl" by The Temptations
5. "You Don't Mean It" by The Temptations

If you are interested in learning more about the history of music, you should definitely check out the book "The History of Music" by Billie Holiday. It is an excellent resource for anyone interested in music history.

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
The Better Photoplay League of America

(Continued from page 58)

In the numerous "states rights propositions." But the men who are in the same to stay, who are investing their lives, their interests, and the reputations of their families in the motion picture industry, are the men who are dignifying this legitimate business by making and exhibiting pictures that are clean and worth-while. The other great factor in the improvement of the output is the force of public opinion of the same minds of wholesome Americans.

There are at present only a few producers making objectionable films. Mr. Quigley rights these "the raff-riff which is merely an incident to the vastness of the business." The point is that everyone who is healthy, sane, and growing wants to see decent pictures, and that exhibitors who are healthy, sane, and growing want to show decent pictures. Ignorance is the only reason or excuse for a desire to see the wrong kind of picture—and as for the exhibitor who fosters ignorance by showing this kind of picture, his day is doomed. He has failed to decipher the hand-writing on the wall, and his five-cent Babylon is destined to fall about his ears.

Real people, whether patrons or producers, want cheerful, worth-while photoplays. All that is needed is a more thorough understanding between dealer and consumer. This understanding is most easily arrived at by means of a personal interview or a series of the many localities, this is being arranged by the branches of The Better Photoplay League of America. Exhibitors and patrons meet, find out each other's viewpoints, work out their efforts and interests in behalf of better films. Such a mutual understanding has a beneficial effect, not only on the business of the theatre, but on the entire community.

The Dearborn Theatre in Chicago is one instance of a community which has made its motion picture theatre in its own likeness. The neighborhood is old and exclusive and consists in large part of families who have lived in that Lake Shore Drive vicinity for many years. The Cunco brothers, who also live in the neighborhood, own the theatre. It has never run objectionable pictures. Occasionally, there is an edited copy of a "pink permit," a picture to which only adults are admitted. H. E. McDorman, the present manager, is a true showman. He is determined to give the people what they want, and at the Dearborn they want the best.

* * *

Barney Balaban, of Balaban and Katz, is an idealist. Not long ago, he noticed that a certain much-hyped film which had been refused a New York hearing was included in the coming program for his West Side Theatre, the Central Park. He cancelled it, and booked in its stead "Little Women." He might have added to his usual clientele by showing the sensational feature, but he said, "I do not care to run pictures which offend the thinking class. I was satisfied to see some people stay away from 'Little Women.'"

Mr. Balaban calls attention to the wonderful strides that have been taken by the industry as a direct result of the production of better films.

The class of pictures made by Paramount, says the exhibitor, "attacked the people who have made it possible to build the magnificent motion picture theatres we have today. And these houses in their turn, with their handsome presentations, their sanitary and artistic appointments, and their beautiful music, are daily compelling an improvement in the output of the entire industry. Without the Paramount pictures, there would have been no chance for the

Extra Features in Holeproof

There is all the style with twice the wear of most. There are fine, woven texture, shapeliness and shimmer. There is double strength where wear is greatest. There are the finest pure thread Japanese Silk, Lusterized Lisle, Mercerized Cotton, Silk-Faced Linen. A Holeproof Hosiery holds its soft, firm "body" because it contains no adulterations to wash out. If you approve, insist on Holeproof. Meanwhile, write for descriptive booklet and dealers' names.


Weigh What You Should

You can— I know it. For what 87,000 other women have done you can do. I teach you how to sit, stand and walk correctly; give you grace, abundant vitality—courage to undertaken take, courage to do things. I build you up or reduce you to normal—all in your own home. In a few weeks you can surprise your family and friends.

You can be well without drugs

It's easier to be well than to be sick, when you know how. If you are troubled with any of the following—or any other ailments—write me.

- Constipation
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- Fatigue
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For any 16 reads you have won the endorsement of leading physicians. Write me. Your letter will be held in absolute confidence, and you will be under no obligation to use it. But before you forget, I will gladly send you my illustrated booklet, telling how to do. Our prices are:

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FACE POWDER

An American product adopted by America's society leaders. For 40 years Freeman's has been the choice of particular women. 50 cents (double quantity), all tints at all toilet counters, 4 cents for miniature box. The Freeman Perfume Co., Dept. 101, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Goldwyn type of picture. Adolph Zukor has done wonders for the industry, and as for Mr. Goldwyn, although for certain reasons I am not running his pictures at present, I hope he makes a million dollars a week.

"Improvement in one direction means improvement all along the line," says Samuel Katz. "A producer now asks himself: 'Can I sell this picture, after it is made, to the big fellows, or only to the small ones?' The big fellows do not care unless it is clean and worth-while. No exhibitor of the better class can afford to keep out the right kind of patronage. On the other hand, they will buy from 'Mickey' they can get, and ask for more.

"At the Riviera and at the Central Park, we edit every picture we show, and I think it is necessary for each exhibitor to edit his films according to his clientele. For those who overstep the mark, every state in the Union has enough police protection to regulate its own censorship problem."

George Porter, who manages the Lyric and Grand Theatres in Blue Island, Illinois, for Fittingpatrick, McElroy Company, Inc., has some practical ideas connected with the running of small town theatres. His comments have value because under the management of the Blue Island theatres have greatly improved the class of pictures shown,—in fact, as was pointed out in last month's issue of Photoplay, the people of Blue Island are so sure that their picture problem is solved.

"In a small town," says Mr. Porter, "the neighborhood is or can be responsible for the class of pictures shown. The exhibitor is absolutely dependent on his neighborhood, and that is where a movement such as the Better Photoplay League can be of immense value. In the downtown district of a city, the exhibitor can choose his type of pictures to suit himself. The clientele there, ready to be amused."

"Personally I believe films should be edited for different localities. But I do not believe that censorship should be reformed. Reviewers should be ordinary people, capable of judging everyday films for everyday persons. The trouble with the reformers is that they lose sight of the question."

Much has been done for the Blue Island people by J. E. Lemon, superintendent of the high school. Mr. Lemon will not admit that he has done anything of note, but the fact remains that he has used motion pictures in conjunction with his school work ever since it became possible to obtain a projection machine for a school. He shows instructional films in his citizenship classes for foreign young men, and he includes motion pictures in the entertainment given at his Community Night. He maintains that these social gatherings are not only for the children, but for the grown-ups as well. Mr. Lemon is a sort of big brother to the whole community.

No one, in fact, has a keener sense of the value of the better class of photoplay than educators. They have the nation's young people in charge all day. The parents have charge of them only at odd fractions of the day. Teachers are in a position to note bad effects resulting from the wrong kind of "movie," which may escape the detection of parents until real mishap bruises the matter to the attention of the whole neighborhood.

With the better exhibitors and the better schoolmen on the side of the better film, America's motion picture problem is two-thirds won.
Lending Enchantment to Distance

(Continued from page 34)

Here was my chance. You're wrong! I'll bet our weather up here is as nice today as yours downstairs. We've got sunshine and little birds hopping round and everything."

"Three dollars, and I hadn't bought a cent's worth of interview yet."

What are you going to do this spring?"

"Well, I'm going to do some more pictures,"

"And no play?"

"Not just yet. I'm going to New York in a new play about the first of October, but I can't give you any definite news on that yet."

"Going to England, or Europe, this year?"

(Almost everybody will say "yes" to that one.)

"No. There is so much to do in Europe, and so many people in the towns, it seems to take all the time. And by a career I don't mean, necessarily and exclusively, a celebrated career. I mean a woman who has done any useful thing well. And by useful thing I mean any service that has helped the world to be a nicer place to live in an any way. It might be baking an apple pie, it might be watching a business."

She shrugged when I think of it. It reminds me of a mob around an accident. I do hope to go to England, though, a year from this spring."

"And I hope to have a successful play, too, in America in the seasons that's coming."

You sure aren't slacking off on art to be a patriot in the household?"

"No! No! Please tell Photoplay's readers how important it is for a woman who has ever had a career to keep right on loving her country."

And by a career I don't mean, necessarily and exclusively, a celebrated career. I mean a woman who has done any useful thing well. And by useful thing I mean any service that has helped the world to be a nicer place to live in any way. It might be baking an apple pie, it might be watching a business."

Suddenly another voice sounded in the telephone; a voice very much like Billie Burks's, a small edition of Billie Burks's."

"I hear somebody butting out from this interview."

"Tch, tch! Not just yet."

"And by a career I don't mean, necessarily and exclusively, a celebrated career. I mean a woman who has done any useful thing well. And by useful thing I mean any service that has helped the world to be a nicer place to live in any way. It might be baking an apple pie, it might be watching a business."

Suddenly another voice sounded in the telephone; a voice very much like Billie Burks's, a small edition of Billie Burks's."

"Tch, tch! Not just yet."

My free book "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." Will show you the quick, easy, sensible way out of your difficulty; the way that has brought renewed hope and confidence and joy of living to thousands of other men; it will show you how to make yourself FIT to live, FIT to marry; or if you are married already, it will help you become the father of healthy, happy, laughing children who will be a joy to you and your wife as long as you live. YOU WANT THAT BOOK."

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Health and Strength Specialist
882 Park Building, NEWARK, N. J.

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON
Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Newark, N. J. Please send me free book "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy," showing the way out of your difficulty, and how to make yourself FIT to live, FIT to marry. I enclose 50c in stamps to cover postage and mailing."

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Health and Strength Specialist
882 Park Building, Newark, N. J.

Don't Be Discouraged

Never mind how low down you have fallen. I don't care a rap what your present condition is or what brought you to it. I know of some who cleared $100 per cent in a short space of time. I am doing it every day for men who had given up all hope; bringing back their health and strength; making them respected members of society again; lifting them with life, and ambition to a new level of success and prosperity. I am, and ever have been, a friend and counselor to men in trouble. I know how to help you. I will help the man who is willing to help himself. I have stood beside thousands of men, I will stand beside you, and I will do all in my power to help. I want you to know that I am for you; I am for you. I will help you, and I will do all I can to help you. I will help you, and I will do all I can to help you.
“American Beauties”

owe much of their attractiveness to their beautiful Eyes adorned with long, luxuriant, silky Eyelashes and perfectly formed Eyebrows—

“those Fringed Curtains which Veil the Eyes,” and give to them that rare charm of expression, which all women love as highly, and which is so greatly admired by women and men alike. If Nature has denied you these Beauty Aids, do not despair. You may now have them if you will apply just a little

Lash-Brow-Ine

Remember the Full Name—It’s Imitated

consistently for a short time. Its purpose is to nourish and stimulate the Eyelashes and Eyebrows in a natural manner thereby promoting their growth and adding beauty to the face.

Lash-Brow-Ine is a pure, delicately scented cream, guaranteed to be absolutely harmless. It has been tested and approved by the best chemists and beauty specialists of America. Thousands of women, in society, as well as stars of the stage and screen, have been delighted with the results obtained by its use, why not you?

The wonderful success attained by “LASH-BROW-INe” has caused the name to be closely imitated. There is only one genuine “LASH-BROW-INe.” Look for the picture of the Girl with the Rose, same as above, which appears on every box. You can identify the genuine with this picture.

Remember the full name “LASH-BROW-INe” and insist on getting it.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4305-21 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO

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Sheer blouses may be worn in perfect taste after the hair from the shoulders and arms has been removed with El-Rado. Aside from the demand of fashion, you will enjoy a delightful sensation of comfort and cleanliness.

El-Rado removes hair from the face, neck, under-arms or limbs in the same simple way that water removes dirt by washing it off. Easily applied with a piece of absorbent cotton, it is entirely harmless, and does not stimulate or cause later hair growth.

Users of powdered hair removers and blades will find an occasional use of El-Rado liquid is good for the skin.

Ask for “El-Rado” hair remover at any toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 60c and $1.00. Money-back guarantee.

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The SANITARY “O.K.” ERASER

includes a

Adhesive Metal Holder which keeps

Rubber Class, Film and Kara-edged; works

Better and lasts longer.

Two Rubbers, the length of the Holder, are

secured to the Holder, one

for prints, the other for

negative, clean Photo and film down until used. Price: $1.00. Money back if not

satisfactory.
Wild Honey
(Continued from page 41)

But the broad-brimmed "Fedora" that he
usually wore did not fit the book where it
belonged. Even at that moment Jim had
a speculative thought as to where he had left
it as he replaced it by another and was led
down the road by the self-appointed posse.

The thorn seemed to twirl as one man to-
ward Hadding and Jimp, who had grown white
as death and had almost fallen from his
saddle. Suddenly, however, he leaned for-
ward as if to spur his horse into action but
then the horse too Dickick for them. They leaped
forward and tore him from the saddle and
then the world went back before Jim's eyes.
In his next moment of consciousness, he was
standing alone under the tree with Honey
waving madly in his arms.

Between sobs and little moans of relief,
he drew the story from her—of how she had
met "Lefty Lonzo," the town drunkard,
who had told her of the murder which had
awakened him from his sleep behind the
hotel bar. "They framed it up so that the
blame must fall on you," she sobbed. "Dick
Hadding and James Lowry—they found your hat in the chapel and put it into
his dead hand. Lefty was so drunk and it
was so hard to get the story from him and
I needed mad with fear that I would
lose too late."

Further details were smothered against
Jim's coat as he gathered her into his arms.

And, by sunset time, after thanking Lefty
for his timely intervention, the two were
walking together down the long, long trail
that led to the parsonage, and, finally, back
East.

As the old minister finished his story, he sat
for a moment glaring silently into the fire
which had changed from flames to embers.
He looked up to meet the expectant eyes of
the two lovers fastened upon him.

"That is the story," he said simply.

"But after that," Letty said almost in a
whisper. "Were they happy afterwards?"

In answer the Rev. Holbrook rose and
stepped to the hall. "Dear," he called,"
"come in here, won't you. I want you to
meet these young people."

There was a murmur of assent from
another room, a rustle of skirts and the fragr
fume of the minister's wife stood in the
doorway. Under her snowy white hair, her
deep brown eyes had all the merriment of
girlhood.

"You've been telling that story, again,
Jim," she accused him, blushing rose-pink.

"When Jim goes out on a spree, he's-
regularly he's like a serial novel with no
certainty in our next. The fire's almost out
and the lamps burned low and anyway it's
time for tea."

The Rev. Holbrooks ignored her chafing.
"Dearly beloved brethren," he said turning
to the lovers. "Permit me to introduce
Mrs. James Halbrook, sometimes known as
Wild Honey!"
Ease and Elegance

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS brings timidity, restrained action and awkwardness. The use of Delatone relieves the mind from anxious watchfulness of movement, and at the same time permits unembarrassed wearing of the sleeveless gowns or sheer sleeves in the present fashions. Unhampered movement, unless grace and easy elegance are made possible with Delatone. That is why — “they all use Delatone”

Delatone is an old and well-known scientific preparation, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn.

Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms. After application, the skin is clear, firm and hairless.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1-oz. jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of $1 by THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.


Wild Honey

(Concluded)

Several hours later, the youth and girl left the parsonage and found their way down the path to the road beyond. The minister and his wife stood watching them tenderly from the doorstep but the pair were too wrapped in their own thoughts to see them. Only at the gate they turned back to look at the house which seemed to beam on them like a benign and friendly face. Once, as a shutter snapped, it seemed to wink at them.

What Makes a Gas Engine Go?

(Concluded from page 45)

strong on engineering, Leventhal could appreciate fully the value of explaining a complicated process by means of combining with ordinary motion pictures a diagram of operations that the ordinary camera could not catch in consecutive and continuous outline on the screen.

One of these animated drawings made for exhibition in theaters showed the marvelous and intricate mechanical processes which the adding machine performs all the mathematical computations the bookkeeper's brain has had to do in the past, only much faster and without the possibility of error. When an adding machine man chanced to see this picture in his pet theater he requested that the film be shown to an audience of adding machine salesmen in the home office at Detroit. In that audience were veterans who had been selling machines for fifteen years and who were not ashamed to confess that they had never really understood how the machine worked until they saw the process explained in the animated drawings. Now, they said, they felt that they knew all about it and that the knowledge would enable them to sell more machines than they ever sold before.

This kind of talk made the chief executive so angry that he ordered a lot of positive prints of the film so they could show them to everyone everywhere who had anything to do with the making or marketing of their product.

Other manufacturing problems in process of being elucidated in animated drawings include the making of steel, of electric appliances, of telephones, of dyes and of clothing. These films explain in a way that can be comprehended by the dimmest workmen in highly specialized factories the operation of the complicated machines on a single part of which they may perform a single operation. That knowledge helps them to do better work; and by stimulating their interest enables them to do more of it.

Animated drawings are of especial value in apprentice schools which are maintained by so many great manufacturing concerns and by a number of the larger railroad systems. In fact, the animated drawings are already playing an important part in various parts of the educational field. A half reel explaining the operation of the gasoline motor is in wide use training chauffeurs and mechanics. Universities and colleges are using films explaining the nebular hypothesis, the formation of coal, the cause and action of volcanoes and of cyclones. Technological schools are using films that explain the construction of the Panama Canal, of Hell Gate Bridge, of the New York subways, and of tunnels under the Hudson and the East River, and other famous engineering undertakings.
American Movies in Japan

(Concluded from page 29)

Directors I Have Known

(Continued from page 29)

artistically as well as morally. Studio conditions have been changed some 150 per cent for the better since he and a few like him took up this work. I don't think I have ever come in contact with a more extraordinary mind than Hugh Ford's. It works with electric speed; it crackles and sparks like a dynamo. I have heard him take hold of a script that was like a badly collapsed suet pudding, dopping all over the place in fifteen minutes reconstruct the whole thing, pointing out not only the faults, but the good points, why and why, what should be done to give it a semblance of human intelligence, so that all the writer had to do was to remember what he had heard, go home and follow instructions. That is what I call a real, dramatically constructive mind. It is also one of the most versatile minds in the world.

One of the characteristics he is famous for as a director is the frantic speed with which he works. When he was directing me, he shot twenty-two scenes in an hour. We made the entire picture in eight working days. It may be economical and profitable for the company but it is exhausting for the actors. I believe it is his boast that one day in Florida he shot no less than eighty scenes! And, on top of that, shipped his company back to New York on a midnight train. I can tell you that when one has worked a day with Hugh Ford one knows that one has been doing a day's work. Rehearses? Judge! "See here, Polly, you know what to do: you come in, walk to the table, take your gloves off, see the letter, look horrified and grab the telephone." All this in almost any other director this incident would have put an end to the day's work and with one or two excitable youths I know to the week's work.

Mr. Jose, on the other hand, while in no wise belonging to the "temperamental" class, is not of the kind whom one could safely hurl hair brushes. Not that I have ever tried but at least I'm afraid. He doesn't happen to be "temperamental" myself. Besides, I'm a very poor shot. Mr. Jose is an exceedingly able and human person, of keen intelligence, and, like many others of keen intelligence, possessed of very little patience with stupidity. The actor who gives him the results he wants has not to do as much as to sit beside the wight who thinks he—or she—knows it all.

One of the most satisfying directors I have ever worked with is Robert Henley, who has just finished directing "The Woman on the Index," the first picture I made for Goldwyn. Incidentally he is the youngest, if I am not mistaken, of them all. He belongs to the school that never bite the scenery and never raises his voice to the actors—except for dramatic effect when it is necessary to produce excitement and quick action in a mob scene. Like all competent directors, he realizes when actors are skilled in their craft and does
not try to conduct a kindergarten nor waste time teaching people what they learned years ago. The art of directing is the art of getting out of people the best that is in them. That is the secret of all successful producers. The opinionated man who wants everything done in an arbitrary fashion by everybody, regardless of whether it is suited to their style or personality, is always the second-rater.

The second-rate, or perhaps I should say the fifth-rate director is responsible for more damage than any other factor in pictures: more even than the most stupid of managers. The public often wonders why some of the most brilliant and colorful men and women on the "legitimate" stage have failures on the screen. In some cases this is due to the accidental fact, over which nobody had any control, that their features and coloring did not reproduce well through the camera, that, in technical jargon, they did not photograph well. But I believe that in the majority of cases it was due to stupid direction.

You see this is what happened. In the early days of the cinema it was a gold mine for men who had never amounted to a hill of beans on the stage. Most of them were $50 a week actors—and I don't mean to talk disparagingly of $50 a week actors. Some I was one myself once. But the people I am thinking of would never have been anything more, would never have been worth any more. Others were property boys and prompters. They succeeded in pictures through sheer lack of competition.

You can readily imagine that when a man who was property boy to John Drew, let us say, finds himself directing Mr. Drew in a picture, he will fall all over himself trying to assert the difference between their relations then and now. Please remember that I am speaking of typical and not exceptional cases. He will undertake to teach Mr. Drew how to act. He will smile patronizingly and say: "Well of course that's all right for the theatre, Mr. Drew, but you are acting for the camera now and you don't understand the mysteries of the camera. Now let me show you etc. etc."

The biggest screen genius is this solemn pretense that the craft is one of the sacred mysteries. It is mostly a matter of sheer common sense. Anybody who can act on the stage—provided he photographs well—can act as well as for the screen. The differences are chiefly technicalities such as make-up which anybody with two cents worth of brain to shake together can learn in a month or a week.

As soon as one has seen oneself on the screen and realized the peculiarities of one's features or coloring one quickly acquires the knack of concealing unbecoming regularities and heightening the effect of those that are not unbecoming. For the rest, the difference is mostly one of the superior economy of gesture that is essential before the camera. And even that is not so much a difference as a valuable lesson that one learns from the film. When a person who has been acting in pictures for a while returns to the stage the first improvement that the critics observe is that he or she has acquired more restraint and has learned how to produce effects with less effort.

And it was not until directors of the calibre of the men I have mentioned took up the art of the screen that this was realized. The proof of this is that the most successful men and women in pictures today—with very, very few exceptions—are people who were popular in the legitimate theatre before they ever went into the cinema.
The Real Bandit
(Concluded from page 62)
met ‘the lady at the dugout,’ who had been deserted by a drunken husband, and she and her little boy were starving.

It was twelve miles to the nearest house, she told us, and Frank and I had ridden for almost three days without a stop, but we went that night and bought food for her and her little boy. She told us the sad story of her life, and how a banker in a Texas town had cheated her out of some land.

"That was enough. We got into our saddles and started for Texas. On the way we picked up the gang, and we made for the town, several hundred miles away.

"That robbery was slightly more elaborate than the others I told you about, but say—any director living would turn up his nose at it and say it lacked 'punch.' Frank took care of the cashier, and I had a few words with the president, a nasty old hypocrite, and I told him not to come with me because I didn't like him anyway and was apt to let my finger slip on the trigger. He didn't argue. We got bundles of paper money which were lighter and easier to carry than gold, and we were almost out of the bank before the marshal fired at us through the door. Then we made for the horses, and the whole town was in an uproar, but no one knew just who the bandits were. A man passed me at a run, waving his gun and yelling to me to 'get under cover,' that there were 'robbers in town!'

"Then your picture doesn't exploit out bravely?" I asked.

"Exploit it?" he echoed. "Not much, there where it differs again from the general run of 'western' pictures. There wasn't any glamour in the life; there was much that was bad, much that was indifferent, and some that was good; but there wasn't any romance about it—it was hard, sordid, and tragic. We weren't bad clear through like the bandits you see on the screen, we'd have given our last cent to a hungry woman or child, and we never robbed the poor. When we had divided this money, we sent a share of it to the lady of the dugout so that she could go back home—but she never knew where it came from."

Al Jennings is fitted better, perhaps, than anyone else, to tell the new story of Tom west, for he and his "zang" kept the southwest in constant terror for three years until the law put an end to their marauding. His subsequent imprisonment, pardon, and "beating back" to the pale of society are common knowledge, as well as his conversion and career as an evangelist. It was in this latter role that he received a taste of his—former—medicine. He was on a street car that was held up by two unmasked men, and he was relieved of his watch and purse. The next night, while lecturing, he saw in the audience one of the men who had robbed him.

="I see in this audience," he said, "a man who has committed a robbery. I know where he is sitting, I could turn him over to justice if I so desired; I want to say to that man that there isn't money enough in California to make me betray him—but!" he thundered on.="I want to tell that man that he's at the wrong game! I know, I've been through it all; and I say to him that there is a punishment worse than prison bars; a remorse of such searing agony that eternity itself cannot wipe it out!"

The next day he received a package and a note. The former contained his watch, and the purse, with the contents intact. The note read, "Dear Al, Professional courtesy demands that I return your things. You win, I go strate from now on. But my god, you sure picked on me in your sermon; it was worse than ten years in Sing Sing!"

="And did he reform?" I wanted to know.

="Well," said Jennings, "that depends on the point of view. He's a lawyer now.

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Remember their attractions — how children's faces light up when they see them.

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$1 size three times the quantity of $0.50 size. SEND FOR TODAY'S FREE SAMPLE and see for yourself how absolutely accurate this statement is. As the bottle is opened use smaller amount, and we will send Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR" and the Hermo Hair Lustré Booklet free. The price is given on every bottle. One 50c size and 1 bottle free, at once. Use 6 to 8 days and if not entirely satisfactory return what is left, and you will receive MONEY IN FULL. Once received Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR" will never be without it. SEND 50C AND ORDER TODAY.

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Colts Army Revolver cal. 45 at $8.45

The following brief information to the point message, written in the cramped and much belittled hand of a small boy, was pocket worn and much thumbed. It came from a small town in Massachusetts:

"Dear Dorothy:

I am nine years old. I have saw three of your pictures. Do you like chicken gland? I do. My father runs a store. Will you answer this letter?"

"The Wicked Darling"

(Concluded from page 67)

sought to write from her the information.

In the meantime Kent received a parcel from Adele Hoyt, containing the oracle and a brief note, reading:

"They are right, and you will not return their trust unmerited.

Sincerely yours,

Adele Hoyt."

So the girl was really trying to be square after all. Perhaps it was worth while to make use of his unkind attitude. Her environment might be wholly at fault. He would find her again.

But this was not an easy task. First he went to the room but was told she had moved out. Then he went to the restaurant where one of the other waitresses received him coldly.

"Why come here? Go look in the gutter where you sent her!"

Stung by the words, Kent started slowly for the door. The girl called out after him, "She said she was going to be a musician," and, grudgingly,

Straight to Fadem's pawnshop he went—to attempt to make amends for what he had done. He was astonished to see that he had misjudged her entirely. She had been sobering up to his social level until he had himself sent her back to the depths.

As he put his hand on the doorknob of her room he heard someone inside. He opened the door to find Connors struggling with Mary. Mary's face lighted up as she saw the man she loved enter the fight. She pounced on Connors. Mary screamed and ran out for help. She went downstairs to come back in a few seconds with the friendly barkeeper, to whom she explained everything.

Hermad had come in with a knife. His arm was raised, the dagger about to plunge into Kent's back when the barkeeper shouted.

"The gal ain't got the pearls, Fadem," he growled, insistently. "That's straight. Let her go. She's on the square!"

And while the barkeeper drew the badly whipped gumman out, followed by the proposal of marriage is another regular arrival. It comes about once in each hundred letters. Miss Gish was somewhat reticent about giving out any samples in this regard, but she finally agreed to the following, which is not far different from the usual:

"Dear Dorothy:

You may be surprised to have someone you have never met address you like that but I am crazy about you and some day I am going to make you mine. I live in the country and both of us will have a home of our own. I only wish that we could be together and see your face every day. There are two things I would like to do by way of meeting you. Please presents come from foreign countries with as much regularity as they do locally. The Japanese people are the stoutest of all fans. The Japanese stamp is the last common of all foreign postage reaching the studios. The following letter is typical of the seriousness in which the Japanese admirer writes:

"Madame Dorothy Gish:

I am pleased very much by your funny picture which was seen by me yesterday. I am compelled to remain twice throughout the exhibition in order that I must first explain to my friend the things that you are stated to remark which is not in the Japanese language, and one more time for myself that I am too embarrassed to understand communication with you. During a short time you shall receive from me a small emblem of the esteemed gratitude for being pleased by you."

The "small emblem" was a diaphanous silk kimono.

The following brief, but to the point message, written in the cramped and much be-
"Dear Dorothy"
(Concluded)

subject matter. The thousand letters are classified in the box on page 72.

So, in spite of the fact that a quarter of a million dollars is being spent annually in correspondence by fan and fan, it is not likely that any measures of curtailment will be inaugurated. And from the present outlook, Minnie Wilkins, of Poughkeepsie, will have the real satisfaction of her favorite, will be informed when that favorite is married, will receive the sympathy of the same favorite during her time of trials and tribulations, and the picture of the favorite will adorn the walls of Minnie Wilkins' home.

"Clean Pictures!"

Every Manufacturer's Pledge
(Continued from page 47)

and talent. They use appeals to morbidity as a final effort to gain the footing they fail to win by inferior effort along respectable lines. They represent a minor element among producers and distributors which censorship encourages by allowing them to work. This agency works a hardship on decent producing and distributing interests by focusing public attention on objectionable attractions through censor board efforts for publicity in newspapers. As an exhibitor organization First National is striving for elimination of the necessity of censorship by placing every difficulty possible in the paths of producers of immoral subjects to the screens of theaters which its members can influence apart from those they own. All of our theaters are devoted to clean pictures only.

R. A. Rowland, President of Metro, believes: "There is no more reason for censorship on motion pictures than there is for censorship of newspapers. Many newspapers in the past have been clean in their news sheets, and if any one newspaper attempted to get away with unclean news it would soon be stopped by the public or the police. This same principle applies to motion pictures. Every reputable manufacturer is earnest in his desire to make clean pictures. The Metro company is already established and does not countenance anything but the cleanest pictures possible, and as evidence of this I submit that the Pennsylvania censor board, which is one of the strictest in the States, has not turned a Metro picture down in the last three years. The police and the public would soon stop any fly-by-night producer who attempted to make unclean pictures. Films are now being laid by the national association which includes all reputable film manufacturers to prevent any unscrupulous producer offering any unclean subject on the market."

And from that famous champion of liberty in art, David Selznick, pictures, both legitimate and vaudeville: unless newspapers, churches, public lectures and books are also censored, it is but futile and unjust to censor theater pictures. When you can buy a complete history of the tragedies of any great city in a newspaper for a penny it is absurd to pretend to protect the public by forbidding representation of crime on the screen. Hitherto modern censors existed in past ages and followed out their present theories to a logical conclusion we would have Homeric Helen, no Bible, and none of the beautiful dramas given us as the grandest heritage of the human race—the plays of Shakespeare. The right of free speech has cost untold agonies and rivers of blood. It is not to be thrown away. It is unthinkable that in a city the size of Chicago, one or two men shall tell two or three million what they shall see.

There's Only One Way
to secure a satin skin: Apply Satin skin cream, then Satin skin powder.

(Ask your druggist for free samples.)
"Clean Pictures!"  
Every Manufacturer's Pledge  
(Continued)

After all, pictures have a very effective censorship in the persons of pa and ma, who will regulate any producer who offends the deencies."

And this from Carl Laemmle, President of the Universal Film Corporation: "Universal is the first to demand clean pictures, and against censorship. Censorship by little cliques is unfair because it has been demonstrated that one clique does not agree on what is to be censored. The things that a clique in one locality will eliminate, the cliques in another will pass. This results in endless confusion. Censorship by politicians is vicious because it is not only a road toward dishonesty, but threatens to plunge the screen into politics, an evil which the industry has thus far managed to avoid. The only real, true, practical censorship is the censorship of public opinion, and I mean by this the public which pays real money to see pictures. We found long ago that the public wants clean pictures, even if there were no other reason on earth for giving them clean pictures that is what we intend to give them because we have found by experience that is what they want...

J. Stuart Blackton vows: "I am and always have been unequivocally in favor of absolutely clean pictures. My standard is fixed by whether I would have my young daughters see my productions. This does not mean complete elimination of the situations inevitably involved in that atmosphere of life, but it means that the utmost care be exercised in choosing themes in which the keynote is decency and morality. I am and always have been a firm believer in any motion of motion pictures on the ground that it is class legislation and therefore unconstitutional. There are laws and statutes in every state to punish the exhibition of indecent pictures."

William L. Sherrill, President of the Frohman Amusement Corporation, wires: "The Frohman Amusement Corporation is opposed to censorship on principle, just as it is unequivocally for the manufacture of clean—and nothing but clean—pictures on principle. Owing to the fact that all branches of my present organization of some successful novel or stage success, in which I think we have proved our desire to offer the public nothing but clean, wholesome material which bears the stamp of general approval."

And from Ricord Gradwell, President of the World Film Corporation: "World pictures stand on their first three years' record as proof that censorship is not needed and that World is itself a strict censor in every way. We pledge ourselves to make as we have made under this administration nothing but clean pictures. We realize the responsibility in handling entertainment that strikes close to the family tie and need no governmental control of the decency."

From Samuel Goldwyn, head of the producing organization bearing his name: "Goldwyn pictures have always been made and will always be made with an eye to cleanliness and healthfulness. They are stimulators of public morality. The picture of ours that lapsed or offended the moral rules of any community could be promptly withdrawn under the police laws that safeguard the welfare of that particular community. Motion pictures in general have done more to improve the moral condition of the world than any other factor in the past ten years. Public opinion and the application of the ordinary existing safeguards are sufficient to drive any unclean producers out of the business. The present scattered agitation for censorship are not founded on sanity or logic and again represent attempts of minorities to impose their will upon majorities."
"Clean Pictures!"
Every Manufacturer's Pledge
(continued)
Albert E. Smith, President of the Vitagraph Company of America, expresses himself as follows: "In its twenty-two years of existence, Vitagraph has always stood for clean pictures. We believe it is our duty not to be reformers or censors to tell us what was right or wrong. In the future as in the past, Vitagraph will devote itself to producing stories that are wholesome and educational as well as entertaining."
Lewis J. Selznick, President of Select Pictures, gives this reason for making clean pictures: first, because I do not care to make any photoplay which I could not show, first of all, to the members of my family; second, because any other policy on the screen is business suicide in this or any other country. I pledge myself to make clean pictures just as naturally as I would pledge myself not to drink Prusie acid, leap into a blast furnace or throw myself in front of a railroad train."

Questions and Answers
(continued from page 84)

Blanche Silverton, Colo.—Just like a C. Gardner Sullivan scenario. "The sun rose over the purple rim of the desert."
Catie Blackburn, Los Angeles—Seven-fifty. You should have heard her make the nearest thing to a speech of a kind I've ever seen anyone in the film business make. Miss Blackburn is nineteen; Madge Evans, just nine years younger. Roscoe Arbuckle is thirty-two. They say the money involved in his new contract with Adolph Zukor is $1,000,000 a year or something like that. It doesn't bother him. Wouldn't I be just crazy to meet all the actors and actresses in pictures? I should say I would.

A Girl's Club—that reminds me of Joseph Kilgour, who was villainising Viola Dana in a Metro underworld picture. "Just what do you call yourself, Mr. Kilgour?" kidded Viola. "I'm a rogue." "I'm a rogue," retorted Miss Dana. "I must be the roulette." (Quick, Watson; my umbrella.) Theda Bara does "Salome." George Walsh is with Fox; he is in California now. I think he is married, you know, to Seena Owen; and they have a little girl, George will send you her picture. You want a story about him. Glad you like photoplay and sorry that I can't send you my autographed picture for the club rooms. However, I'll write you a letter and you frame that.

"Querist, Mankato, Minn.—That's a new kind of soul-perfume, or something, isn't it? By the way—Napoleon Talmadge is famous now. She has had a perfume named after her; also a face powder and toilet water. If it interests you—the perfume will sell for one dollar and fifty cents an ounce or five ounce bottles at seventy-five. (This is a free advertisement.) William Davidson was Uncle Mike and Jack Macgowan was the nephew in "The Gold Cure." Bertram Grassby was the male vamp with Dot Gish in "Battling Jane." Ed Burns and Gladys Leslie in "The Last Lamb.""
Questions and Answers

(Continued)

J. L. MC L., SAULT ST. MARIE.—So you think I'm a dear old man. I'm not saying a word—but when you come up to Chi—your taste is so good it'll help you. I don't smoke—cigars. Perhaps if you wrote Alice Brady and told her she was beautiful she would send you a better likeness of herself—perhaps.

The Mystic Rose.—Back again? I missed you. There are many who write to me using green ink but none spill it so gracefully as you. I read your poem to Nazimova and it's all right except that Nazimova doesn't rhyme with Petrova. You pronounce it Naz-imo-va. Alice, I laughed at your letter for so long as you realize you're doing it. Constance Talmadge, Morocco Studios, Los Angeles. Norma Talmadge, Select, New York. I don't know just where Miss Talmadge will be working when she joins First National. Pearl White is thirty years old; she weighs 130 pounds and is five feet and three inches tall. Alice White is rather reticent, always about herself; she says she is a silent star on the screen and she intends to carry that out in private life. "But, she wouldn't let my republic and wouldn't have my life to please them." Anyway, she's risked it a good many times.

Mrs. J. Jackson, Jersey City.—I can tell you why Milton Sills is not Clara Kimball's Young's leading man at the present time. It is because—shh!—Milton is playing opposite Viola Dana in Metro's "Diana Ardy," a new Dana-Metro serial. Mr. Sills is, I believe, married. I am so generous, I would share your last penny with you.

M. T. W. Brustell, Mass.—General Pershing is a great orator—although his speech at the tomb of Lafayette consisted of only four words—"Lafayette, we are here," he didn't get it mixed with "Lafayette, We Come." That's a picture. Harry Morrey is still with Vitagraph; one of his recent releases was "Silent Strength." Alice Joyce is starring alone, she is in "Lion and the Mouse" and "The Third Degree." Earl Williams is very much alive. He is living in California, with his wife. Mr. Williams is a very shy about revealing his engagement and acknowledging his marriage, but evidently someone convinced him it wouldn't injure his popularity, so he's been married. Lois Weber is Mrs. Phillips Smalley. The Smalleys directed the "Price of a Good Time" but didn't act in it. Mildred Harris and Kenneth Harlan were the featured performers in Talmadge's leading man. Jack Mulhall is with Lasky. He's married, and the father of a little boy. Juanita Hansen is Bill Hart's leading woman in "The Poppy Girl's Husband."

Henry, Milwaukee.—I can enjoy my evening at the movies if I don't have to stand up at the beginning. If there isn't a pretty girl in the box-office instead of the pretty girl who always smiles at me—if the heroine hasn't a double chin, and the overture isn't "Poe and Velma"—I'll return to Conrad Nagel's Lambs Club, New York.

M. D. L. K., Collingswood, N. J.—Alice Brady is William A's only daughter. Alice is working on her new Select picture now. She is also appearing on the stage in "For Ever After." I don't think she will go abroad; passport difficulties made many of the politicians think of their minds. Pauline Frederick will return to the stage next season. We do not answer questions pertaining to religion.
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Questions and Answers

A. M., Chicago—Yes, Theda Bara has played on the stage. She was a member of a company at an east-side theatre in New York. Her real name is Theodosia Cowan in back of the stage and changed the family name, in court, to Bara. She was the vamp in "A Food There Was" on the screen. Bill Hart was the last man in the world to know her. He also supported Madame Modjeska. Fanny Ward is forty-four. Elsie Ferguson is in her early thirties.

K. K. Winsham, N. S. W.—I am very frank with you. I have to be; it's my way. I believe in calling a spade a spade. I am quite sure that Jane Milling at the Lasky studios, Hollywood, California, and tell him how much you like his hair, he will send you a picture. Don't tell him I said it, or it makes an actor awfully mad to hear that. I believe I have told someone else in this letter. I am married. Have no record of a picture by that name; perhaps it is a British release. Besides, don't they often change the names of our pictures over there? Marget Reynolds with whom was supposed to make many any name. Please don't believe that rumor. Thanks for saying that. Regards to Dad.

T. T. A. M.—Have I retired? I don't know; what time is it? No, I am still very much on the job, even though your vivid-hard paper almost knocked me out for the day. It's a sort of--I don't know it isn't? You asked me what I did when I received it. My dear, I can't even tell you what I said. Pearl White--still with Pathé. J. Warner, Hampton Studios, I. A. Jack, is thirty now. Yes, that's an apt comparison of Miss White to a dazzling white pearl, but methinks I have heard it somewhere before. Here is part of your poem to me: "Answer Man! Answer Man! Here's to you. I wish I could see you as well as write to you. And perhaps some day I will hear someone say, "I thought it was the Anshev Man." I should call this di-verse libre. (With apologies.)

Lucette, Sometime in Brooklyn—Yes, I tried to keep up with Theda Bara to please one lady and not content with that you want me to learn French so we can correspond in that language. Anita Stewart questions I am afraid of another contributor. Except that she hasn't any children. She has a younger brother, George, of whom she is very fond. Vivian Martin is still with Lasky. Stella Long is with the same firm. I have started out with World, which was called "Peerless" then. She was one of the Peter Pans on the stage. Vivian is somewhere in the world; she's an oldtimer in stage experience only.

L. L. Round Lake, N. Y.—A letter addressed to Victor Sutherland, editor of this magazine, will be forwarded. Sutherland was born in Paducah, Ky., in 1880. Began his stage career with the Morgan Stock Company when he was twelve. He is married to "The Dancer and the King," an old Victor Fox's "Daredivel Kate," with Virginia Pear- son; and the Edgar Lewis productions, "The Sign Invisible," and the "Barber."

Helen F. Sullivan—Norma Taftnaker is Mrs. Joseph Schenck in real life. Some of you haven't retentive memories or else you have received me when you say you read this twice. I faithfully every single month. She has never been married before. Sister Constance has been engaged several times—if we are to believe old lady Rumor. I believe art, is not always the case. In "Romance and Arabella" Constance says in a subtitle: "Everything that is can." Or should it be; perhaps: "Everything is that can?"

Betty, Abbey.—Deah deah! I almost spelled it with a y. What would you have done to me? Lewis for my won wonder. And here I was--peignol never even dreaming that I was anything but a nine-dollar-a-week writer of gags—that's why they call it "rubber." I think Ann Little is to play, or is playing, opposite Wallace Reid again. If you like I'll speak to Mr. Zukor about it; or would you rather I'd see Mr. Lasky? Anything I can do—You know Ann had a part in "The Square Man" and Wallace kept right on making his Lasky pictures so they would take it. Paramount has pur- chased Captain Peter B. Kyne's "The Valley of the Giants" for Reid; and Kay Laurel will act in this. I think House Peters is back on the stage. Many felicita- tions.

Grace B., Detroit—I can't find any fault with you. You gave me both your first and second names and your street number: wrote only on one side of the paper; numbered your questions, and said please. Here you are. Grace, Ruby Marie Osborne is eight. Master Francis Carpenter of "Jack the Gi- ant-Killer" prominence is the same age. Lit- tle Virginia Lee Corbin, our coming Clark- Ikicki, is two years younger. Miss Corbin has her own little company. Quite a responsibility for such a young lady. Virginia's mother is her manager. Read her story in Photoplay for April.

Ethel, Honolulu.—You want me to tell you the addresses of the actor and actress without naming either. I ask you mean. I can't as I don't give you the name of every actor and actress I have to pass. Please write again and be more explicit and I'll be glad to help you out.

Lucille C., Vinton, Va.—Naomi Childers, who was the "Vitagraph Grecian Girl," is with Metro right now. She was with Ethel Barrymore in a play. She appeared opposite the late Harold Lockwood in his last film, "Shadows of Suspicion." Now with Bert Lytell in "The Blind Man's Eye." Mar- ried, Naomi. I think so. Ethel Clayton answers elsewhere.

A. S., Kingston, Jamaica.—Got around to your letter as soon as possible. I am always glad to hear from you and you're not an outsider as you seem to think. I don't want you to think I don't appreciate your kindly interest. I do; I may get sar- castic at times but wouldn't like me if I didn't. Mary Miles Minter, American studios, Santa Barbara, Cal., Wallace Reid, Lasky. Beverly Bayne, Lasky. Milton Sills will forward your letters to the players. So Kingston liked "Missing" and Sylvia Brea- me? I think Robert Gordon, the young British actor, is right. I can't praise his picture well with Zane Grey's new company now that he has been discharged from Uncle Sam's service. Zane Grey is an American author of punchy Western tales; and those of his books which have been picturized have been screen successes; so he was encouraged to form his own company. I'll appreciate that.

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Questions and Answers
(Concluded)

"LONESOME" Marie, Singapore.—Why, my dear girl, I had no intention of offending you. But—although I can't for the life of me remember what it was—I take it all back, every word. I take off my hat to the cigar and Susie O'Connor. "P. S. "—J. S. M. "Cinderella," with Mr. and Mrs. Francis Xavier Bushman, was released by Metro some time ago. I don't know when it will be shown in Singapore. Ask your theatre manager. Let's write a song about Singapore; sounds every bit as good as Hindustan.

M. H. S., Toronto.—You note Cal York's comment on the fact that English neglect to picture Canada's part in the struggle. "The Heart of Humanity," a Universal picture with Dorothy Phillips, is Canadian in locale and sentiment. I agree with you that Cal York's comment was correct. There has been little, if any, production activity in your country. Blanche Sweet doesn't give her age but she's in the mid-twenties. Yes, she was a dancer once. Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron, late of Uncle Sam's aviation service. You haven't bored me; I am never bored.

MARY W., New York City.—We haven't neglected Ethel Clayton. There's a story in this issue about the lady that you're going to like. It is the story of Eliza Doolittle. There's the only interview ever written that really reveals her personality. She is very nice in "Maggie Pepper." And then you ask what the difference between a 'gale' and a 'tug-o-war' is. Well, I think the tug-o-war must be the little boat that precedes the—oh, what is it?

BETTY H., Ottawa.—"Where there's a bill there's a pay," as they are saying now in Germany. Jack Pickford received his discharge from the navy; he is working again in pictures. If you're anybody in your own country, you'll be on your way to Paris at the end of this month. It is the only way to see the world. Ethel Gallaudet's trial for First National. He is to do three pictures for this circuit. Yes, he's married to Olive Thomas. You should keep a date book and a list of marriages and save us the trouble of repeating. Billie Burke is married to Florenz Ziegfeld, the wizard of the girl-and-music entertainment known as the Folies. Some of his principal girls are Pennington, Marilyn Miller, Allyn King, Lillian Lorraine, and Mildred Richardson. Will Rogers, Eddie Cantor, Bert Williams holds up his head. End of this. Patricia Stewart, Lorraine, and Rogers have appeared on the screen. Rogers has a long-time contract with Goldwyn, "Laughing Bill Hyde" is his first. While on the stage he and Betty Hutton in "Love is on the Stage. Kay Laurel, and Ruby Reemer, all in the pictures now, are ex-Follies stars.

JEAN, Cheltenham, Penn.—Edward Island—I don't blame you having your doubts as to whether I am a lady or a gentleman. Some of the things that will creep into my columns prove I'm not a gentleman. But please don't accuse me of being a womanizer. Jack Mower is Margarita Fischer's leading man; he was born in Honolulu. Kenneth Harlan is back from France and again a member of the Hollywood colony. He has not yet announced his new affiliation.

BILLY HAYES, Fan, New York.—You have guessed it; I was perplexed because you called me Lollypops. I didn't like it then; I don't like it now. I shouldn't be surprised if I never get used to it. However, it is my business if not mine to answer your questions, no matter what you call me. That picture is too old; I can't find the cast for it. Victor Moore was "Chimney Fadden in the last picture. I saw him some time ago in a musical comedy, "See You Later."

A. E. R., Ontario.—You can read people's characters and they will read yours. Ask your friends, and you'll find you are a very uncomfortable sort of person to have around the house. That you'll have a hard time reading mine. I'm deep—oh very. Floyd Buckley was "the Hooded Terror in "The House of Hate."

HORACE, Greenville.—I shall say I will be seeing all the good productions and unbending, as to tell you Anita Stewart's age. Twenty-three, she is working right now under Marshall Nolan's direction in Old Kentucky. She's been married for some time; and I have told you folks so over and over. Never mind: it's too late to cry.

MAY JANE, Cleveland.—How fancy! Of course you may and I'll tell you that Bert Lytell is married, though I hate to do it. I am so ashamed, so hard, that it means nothing to disappoint three hundred girls a week and disillusion three hundred more. With you, May Jane, it is different. Mrs. E. E. Lockwood was released to play in stock with Bert. I saw Bert's brother Wilfred in "Business Before Pleasure." He was on the screen with Ethel Barrymore in "Our Mrs. McGrady."

KELLEY POOLE, Rockville Center.—So you missed Alfred Chenevay Johnston's studio mandolin in the art section in the March number. I have noticed that all those girls have gone straight for the screen. "Why not to heaven. More likely to some six-feet-six doughboy who has just received his hon. dis., and is making his re-appearance in a film. That was it. He had his camera back as the vamp in "The Romance of Tarzan." I remember her in that old Universal. "The Black Orchid." You suggest calling the picture audience "vicious to heaven. Kit isn't there, you'd like to know, "any way of protecting oneself against the alleged pianist who plays 'Ase's Death' whenever the heroine cries for a new hat, or husband, or something?" Please write again very soon.

A FIST A FORGIVEN.—You see Knox Price is a six year old boy who was a strong speaker for the Red Cross. You people have the most touching faith in everybody; I expect to know everybody, myself. It's really you that I keep wondering what's going on in "Grove, Ore." is interested in the boy I'll send him the shot-snotty of him that you sent me. Thanx.

ELITA.—"P. S.: I can make wonderful lemon cream pies!" Elita, I can't tell you how awfully glad we were to hear from you. But, you know, the proof of the lemon cream pie is in the meringue. I don't know what company is working in Toronto at the present time. Susse Hayakawa is married to Tsuru Aoki, who often plays opposite me, as in 'Bonds of Honor.' Address me care Hawthorne Pictures Corporation, Los Angeles.

TEEBY BEAR, Buxy Maine.—What? California conference shared interest with the Peace Conference. W. G. McAdoo is going to advise the Big Four—Pickford, Chaplin, Griffith, and Fairbanks—and tell all the opposition, or engaged to be married. He said in a recent letter to me that he wasn't married, nor a millionaire, and he doesn't intend to retire Tullibillie. We had a story about her in the April issue of Photoplay, "The Banishment of Alabam." Eugene O'Brien isn't married. I am sorry to tell you that it was a sad day when Harold Lockwood's death. Owen Moore is acting again, for Rex Beach-Goldwyn.
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JANE COWL'S most recent endeavor on the stage was "The Crowded Hour," a war drama which thrived despite peace conferences. "The Spreading Dawn," for Goldwyn, remains the outstanding performance of her screen career.
CORINNE GRIFFITH, in a story in Photoplay, was complaining about the cold up here: but it looks now as though the southern rose had become completely acclimated. Lately, for Vitagraph, in "The Girl Problem."
This profile belongs to the only Young American Actor who is equally at home in Tolstoi or Augustus Thomas. “Jack” is doing “Peter Ibbetson” for Famous, assisted by sister Ethel and brother Lionel Barrymore.
Jean Paige is one of our best-behaved little ingenues. She is, usually, the young lady in humble circumstances who loved Harry Morey all the time—for Vitagraph. Her screen career has been short but eventful.
BILLIE BURKE, costumed as the heroine of "A Marriage of Convenience," the Dumas comedy. Billie has been true to the shadow-stage for two years now; her last legitimate appearance occurred in 1917.
If somebody has to do "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in pictures, let it be Mae Murray. Vaudeville or an A. H. Woods farce? These are conflicting rumors about Mae. Her last Universal is "The Scarlet Shadow."
GEORGE FITZMAURICE, the Irish-American maestro, has provided Pathé with such photoplays as "The Nañahka" and "Sylvia of the Secret Service," proving that thrills may be silk-lined and still make money for the firm.
WHO would believe that, not so long ago, Alice Joyce was doing westerns for Kalem? Miss Joyce, who seems to have a decided preference for Charles Klein in the drama, is working now in "The Third Degree."
Adventure—the Immortal

A GREAT physiologist says that mankind has but two fundamental instincts: Self-preservation and Reproduction. He should add a third, the immortal instinct of Adventure.

Without this attribute humanity would have spawned and fed and died age without end in the place of its origin, possibly the warm basin of the Euphrates.

Adventure is the most God-like of these instincts, though man’s first Adventure was misadventure—the faux-pas of the succulent Jonathan in the orchard of Eden.

The breath of Adventure blew the chromatic sails of Tyre over the horizons of the Mediterranean. High Adventure of the soul made Greece; the stern Adventure of ambition, Rome. War and commerce were the first great quests, but when the dust of the fallen house of Caesar had settled over medieval Europe, Adventure—the chameleon—took on a new hue. The world was awakened, and doubled, by the grand Adventure of discovery. Anon the chameleon glowed with the first radiances of science, and after that came the Adventures of invention and business, until today the multivarious Adventures of our forefathers seem to have found everything, systematized everything.

Yet the lust of peril and the wine of fight linger in Everyman like his vermiform appendix. How shall he satisfy them, now that we believe we have banished war?

Herein is an as yet unrecognized but stupendous service of the Motion Picture. Its scene is universal. Its substance is action. Its virility is primordial. It is Everyman’s great synthetic Adventure, the miracle of an age which may make for limitless spiritual expansion, but whose crowded complex forbids him pristine physical Adventure of his own.
What Every Girl

In the last year thousands have striven and a million have yearned for motion picture success. Yet not the twinkle of one new star has been seen. This story likely explains it. Perhaps it also tells what you—young lady—have been wondering.

covered in the film firmament in the past twelve months—not one aspiring becurled or marcelled beauty has fought or coaxed her way into the spotlight’s beam. Yet thousands have striven.

Truly the trail of film stardom is a long one and it is white with the bleached bones (almost said hair) of blasted hopes.

The stars of today, for the most part, have been recruited from the stage, or have worked their way up through the

Man and woman, one of the three extra girls at Lasky’s. They, out of thousands of aspirants, have become established in “stock,” which means their pay check is regular.

Much has been written in recent years about the relative chances of attaining film success. It has been a popular subject with some 23,456,112 young women (according to the U. S. Census Bureau) residing within the boundaries of this nation who are properly qualified—as to age—for a screen career.

Much will be written in the future on the same fascinating subject, no doubt; but each subsequent writer if he has any regard for the verities, will be increasingly discouraging to the aspiring feminine youth of the land.

Of course not all of the 23,456,112 properly-qualified-as-to-age young women yearn to see themselves as they see their favorite stars—probably not more than 23,456,000 aspire to gaze on their shadowed counterparts. It’s nothing to be ashamed of; in fact it is a very laudable ambition. In passing we might credit the screen with administering a knockout to the old fashioned temptation of pre-film days. The girl of today, as compared with her sister of preceding generations, has it “on” the latter from relish to roquefort, as it were, when it comes to having something for which to wish and dream and work. It is a golden lighted road to fame and fortune that had a dim counterpart yesterday in the way to stage success.

As indicated in the foregoing the desire for screen fame is not only laudable but it has been a source of beneficient advantage to the girlhood of the nation. Obviously, therefore, it would be in the same degree injurious to our best interests to discourage that ambition.

So the writer disclaims any intention of bringing sorrow to these millions of potential film stars in endeavoring to set forth existing conditions. Every one of them has a chance to be a Mary Pickford or a Norma Talmadge, or a Theda Bara, if their aspirations take that direction, but—

How many new faces have you seen on the screen during the last year?
Not many, were there? And those could be counted on the fingers of one hand.
Yet there were millions who aspired and thousands who actually tried.

By new faces, of course I do not refer to the girls who play “atmosphere” or bits that are just barely visible to the naked eye. Yet even in these humble places the new face is a rarity.

As to new stars not one new twinkle has been dis-

Many of the society “extras” posing in New York and Los Angeles studios look out for the sort of young woman who can walk through a drawing.
Wants to Know

By

Alfred A. Cohn

various strata of studio drudgery. There are those too who, just glided into stardom through the easily swung door of the early days of filmdom—just pretty girls to begin with, who developed as the business grew from store-show to the million dollar theater.

But even the number of this latter class has dwindled steadily. The fittest, only, have survived.

There are scores—perhaps thousands of possible stars who may never have an opportunity of exhibiting their beauty or talent. Geographically, screenland's limitations are even more restricted than the stage's. The girl in Salt Lake or Louisville or Pittsburgh who had histrionic ability found an outlet in the local stock companies—and still does for that matter: though the aspirant of the smaller town is deprived now of the opportunities provided by the one-week-stand repertory company. The screen has completely ousted the old "rep" show.

The girl who would be a film star must either go to New York or to Los Angeles; the latter preferably as something like 85 per cent of the world's "visible" supply of celluloid is prepared in that city and its environs.

Then what chance has she when she gets there? If she is one in a million or two, she may attain stardom—in a year or two.

But the girl who is just "pretty"—you know the kind whose friends tell her "My dear, you should be in the movies"—why she has about as much chance of "getting by" as Ole Hanson, the mayor of Seattle, has of being elected chief of the I. W. W.

The girl without experience who has been led to believe that stardom may be reached overnight is doomed to certain disappointment.

The producer of today not only cannot afford to experiment where stars are concerned, he cannot even experiment in the assignment of small parts.

On each round of the ladder to screen fame is stamped the word "experience."

There was a time when stars were made overnight, when favoritism figured largely but those were the days when only youthful, ingenuous beauty was demanded. Acting ability was not required; or even recognized. But of those stars, only they survived who had that rare gift designated as screen charm or personality, combined with adaptability and inherent talent.

Today, the first step forward of the aspirant is to "get by" the employment or casting director.

That gentleman knows all the symptoms. He looks at the applicant and tells immediately whom she aspires to succeed. She invariably apes, in some manner, her film favorite—the Mary Pickford curls, Blanche Sweet's charming disarray of coiffure or the Theda Bara ear loops. They are as quickly dismissed as catalogued. The quickest passport out of a casting director's sanctum is a bunch of Pickford curls.

The producer of today doesn't want another Pickford—he knows it ain't. Besides there couldn't be another one made because all the material required in making the existing and only Mary—the story material—has been exhausted. That is why Mary herself is now paying $40,000 for stories.
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Sennett, father of the pretty-girl-comedy: "There are girls, not specially beautiful, whom you could not lose in a crowd. There are other girls, apparently perfect in beauty, who seem to melt into insignificance."

The girl who would attract the attention of the employment czar must be unusually beautiful or a striking type—not just physically, but Intelligently beautiful. She must have that same indefinable something that people call personality, or character. And she must know how to wear clothes because the employment man is more eager to get young women who can dress than he is to get stars. Anyhow he isn't on the lookout even for potential stars.

There really is a demand for girls who can, as one employment director put it, "look like ladies." They are always on the lookout for "class" in feminine apparel. By "class" he does not mean flashy or up-to-the-minute-in-style appearance—it's more a matter of carriage and the look of breeding—the sort of young woman who looks as though she could walk through a drawing-room without spilling the statuary or doing a Keystone fall over a bookcase.

It is a matter of record that most of the young women who are employed because of this "class" quality are of the class which are not "acting" when they play the lady. Many of the "atmospheres" in New York and Los Angeles are young women of means who "work" in the studios "just to be doing something." But for the sake of argument suppose they were dependent upon their studio work for their livelihood!

The pay for atmosphere varies. In ordinary "mob stuff" the pay is usually $3 per day. For this grade of employment there are no especial requirements. The next step is the "dress" or "society stuff" mentioned in the preceding paragraph. This pays $5 per day where the studio provides the gowns and $7.50 where the young woman furnishes her own wardrobe. Some studios prefer to supply the dresses.

The average employment of the extra girl is something like three days a week. Figure that out at $3, $5 or $7.50 and you can see the average earning of the girl who starts out on the road to fame via the celluloid route.

Despite the thousands who apply for admittance into the magic realm of the make-believes, few are selected even to play "atmosphere." The casting director in one of the largest Los Angeles studios told me that so far as his records had it there were only about sixty young women in Southern California who were available for "society stuff." He warned me also that if such a statement were published there would be a mad dash to California of girls who just "thought" they knew how to wear clothes with a resultant call for more funds by the Y. W. C. A. to ship them back home.

Countless others will write to the various studios setting forth their accomplishments and perhaps enclosing their photographs. It may be of interest to this class to learn that casting directors never hire anyone as the result of a letter or a photographers' work or art. The still photograph, to him means little. Moving pictures cannot be retouched for the removal of blemishes or defects.

Nowadays the producer never comes into contact with the inexperienced applicant having shifted that burden to his director so that the latter having made a study of his studio's needs and the material to supply them is perhaps the best authority on the subject of the outside girl's chance to enter.

"It isn't so hard to get the chance if the girl has some quality of beauty or type which immediately en-

lists the attention of the employment man," says L. M. Goodstadt, casting director at the Lasky studio, "it's far more difficult to remain in. But the girl who leaves home to 'break into' motion pictures without any experience whatever has a hard row to hoe. I have watched hundreds, perhaps thousands of them, come and go and the best advice I can offer is for the pretty aspirant to stay home unless she has enough money to provide for her wants for at least a year.

Of the thousands of girls who have entered the portals of the Lasky studio as extra girls ramping yam's and perhaps encouragings and have been given a chance, only three of them have graduated to "stock" which word is synonymous with a weekly pay check. They are Marcia Manon who played so splendidly the character role in "Stella Maris" with Mary Pickford, Edna Mae Cooper and Julia Faye.

However, the Lasky studio is known as the most conservative of all the Coast film emporiums in taking a chance with new material.

Another girl who started in at Lasky's as "atmosphere" is Irene Rich who in less than a year became Dustin Farnum's leading lady at another studio. But she is a notable exception as is Katherine MacDonald whose natural beauty and inherent talent enabled her to skip all the usual preliminaries and jump into the limelight as a principal. She becomes a full-fledged
star in Hugh Ford's production of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" recently completed at the Lasky studio. Miss MacDonald had the advantage however of some stage experience. It may be added incidentally that she is Mary MacLaren's elder sister. Another new face of importance is that of Doris Lee who has been playing opposite Charles Ray in Ince pictures. Doris got her first chance as an extra girl less than two years ago doubling for Mary Pickford in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Of the Universal stars Priscilla Dean and Ruth Clifford graduated from the extra benches at Universal City and Carmel Myers began as an extra girl at Griffith's studio. One could go back farther and enumerate many of the stars who began as bits of atmosphere but this article is dealing only with recent times in filmdom annals.

Not a few girls have entered the ranks of dramatic stars and leads via the comedy route. Screen comedy must have youth and beauty to offset its Ben Turpins and Mack Swains. Comedy does not demand intelligence or brains of its feminine beginners, yet the girl who smiles her way through the sacred portals of the fun canneries must have that same filmable quality hereinabove mentioned before she can rise above the $25 weekly pay check.

When asked about his views on the pretty girl question and what qualities she must possess to be successful, Mack Sennett, that connoisseur of feminine beauty said to the writer: can tell with exactitude that places her in the category of screen beauties.

Priscilla Dean began as Universal as an extra.

"There are a few general rules, but they are about as general and as vague as the rules for the kind of man that makes a great writer."

"For instance, they say that a girl cannot screen well unless she has even well formed teeth; that wrinkles down the sides of her lips from the outer rim of the nostrils are fatal; that large animated eyes are essential; that a face should be round and soft of contour, etc."

"As a matter of fact, these rules mean very little. They mean just as little as any rule one could make as to what constitutes beauty off the screen."

Girls who believe screen success can be aided by an ability to dance will be interested to learn that whenever dancers are desired, experienced stage artists are available. The pupils of Ruth St. Denis' school have appeared in scores of productions and scores of musical companies have been used in pictures dealing with the stage.

"As a general thing a horse with three legs isn't likely to win many derbies; but the possession of four legs doesn't imply that they are derby winners either."

There are certain defects that a girl must not have; but the lack of these defects is no sign that she has that mysterious something else that makes for personality on the screen.

"There are girls, not specially beautiful, whom you could not lose in a crowd; they would stand out from any number. There are other girls, seemingly perfect in beauty, who seem to melt into insignificance. What they lack cannot be put into words."

Yet it has been said that inasmuch as screen comedy has to do largely with bathing or athletic suits of smallish dimensions, the demand for beauty in the laugh foundries is largely a matter of form.

There is a large class of girls scattered throughout our forty-eight states and the District of Columbia as well as places not contiguous to us, who believe that the way into the movies would be easier for them because they are good dancers or riders or something else that calls for exceptional ability. It would interest them to learn that whenever dancers are desired experienced stage artists are available for picture purposes. The pupils of Ruth St. Denis' school have appeared in scores of productions and the choruses of musical comedy shows have been utilized for pictures dealing with the stage.

Perhaps no individual is in closer touch with the situation as affecting the girl aspirant to movie honors than Miss Edna Harris, Y. W. C. A. secretary in charge of the Hollywood Girls' Studio Club, one of the most novel organizations in the country where star and extra girl mingle on even footing, and the refuge of the struggling aspirant who has learned her fate at about the same time that her available funds have been exhausted.

"If the movie-struck girl could foresee just a bit of the hard road to success as a film player, she would hesitate a long time before leaving home," says Miss Harris, who is a graduate of Northwestern University and an experienced social service worker.

"Girls have come to Los Angeles with just enough money to make the trip. They are usually the most difficult to convince that they are not fitted for the screen and inevitably we must obtain positions for them in other lines or get them back to their homes. The employment directors of the various studios are splendid and are always willing to help us with the girls who are badly in need of work but they are in a highly organized business and not a philanthropic work. It is a hard game even for the girl who comes prepared for a long and arduous artistic siege."
Tea is served in a corner of the spacious veranda at the Studio Club. You may be able to identify some of these girls in your catalogue of screen personalities. Reading from left to right, seated: Virginia Lee Corbin, Master Ben Alexander, Violet Schramm, Peggy Hagar, Edna Harris (pouring) Carmel Myers, and Lila Lee. Back row: Karla Schramm, Nell Newman, Magda Lane, Katherine Hally, Chase Herendeen, Lucita Squier, Margery Daw, Helen Jerome Eddy, Cela Gale, and Clare Greenwood.

Below—a cozy corner in the Club library, with a divertissement a la ukelele by Carmel Myers. Accompanying is "Connie" Talmadge in a sort of sublimated sohpieucker of the latest tune from jazz boulevard; while Margaret Loomis—lately a South Sea Island belle for Sessue Hayakawa—looks on and taps her toe in time. At the right—the end of a perfectly glorious afternoon. Ask any one of the girls—left to right: Nell Newman, Blanche Seeley, Helen Eddy, Violet Schramm, Chase Herendeen, Lucita Squier, Julanna Johnston (horizontally inclined) Madge Lane, Cela Gale, Harriet Rosenthal, Clare Greenwood, Edna Harris. Miss Harris is the Studio Club "mother."
After Office Hours in Hollywood

POOR tired little extra girl, at the end of a hard day at some film factory where you registered emotion upon emotion, or atmosphere after atmosphere—rubbing the make-up from your rounded cheeks, smoothing drooping lashes, perking up your pretty mouth—and hustling out to the Studio Club—

To a big white house on Carlos Avenue in Hollywood—it looks as though it belongs to a film star or some other millionaire—to friendly greetings with the girls you know on the screen and off. Perhaps the very starlet for whose ball-room scene you supplied atmosphere that afternoon, will pour tea for you. Constance Talmadge, or Carmel Myers or Lila Lee. You'll forget your troubles and be ready for another day of "trying to land something worth while."

That's what the Girl's Studio Club is for. It's an organization born of the Y. W. C. A., fostered by women of standing in the film colony such as Lois Weber, Mrs. William C. DeMille, and Mrs. Jesse Lasky. Every Sunday some screen celebrity is hostess. Between times, dances, amateur theatricals, and drama study clubs.

Below—Margery Daw, Doug's leading loves on the screen, at the phonograph. Helen Jerome Eddy—back on the Universal lot after entertaining "the boys" at the California camps for "duration"—looks as if she'd just dropped in. The insert is a long shot of the Studio Club.
I SHOULD like an American for a husband, an Englishman for a lover, a Frenchman for a playmate, a Belgian for a friend and an Italian for a soulmate.

Having uttered which polygamous statement, Edna Purviance dropped her pretty head back against a cushion and turned her serene gaze, that is at once very wise and very simple, upon me.

No doubt many families overseas, belonging to Allied officers who have spent leave in Los Angeles, are under the impression that said city is a beautiful spot composed of sunshine and cloverleaf cocktails and designed purely as a setting for a girl with sapphire eyes, ashen hair and a gift of silence.

Professionally, Edna Purviance continues to be the inspiration of Charlie Chaplin's screen affections, just as she has been for the past four years. She must work at the Chaplin studio sometimes, for one sees her beguiling Charlie in such recent vicissitudes as "Shoulder Arms" and "A Dog's Life."

But the evidence all goes to show that such occupation is strictly a sideline. Edna's real business in life appears to be playing "guide, philosopher and friend" to that portion of the Allied armies which has not been actively engaged in finishing up the Hun.

There are a great many beautiful women in Los Angeles. We admit it. But the heroes of the battlefields, frivoling between drives, have nevertheless flocked en masse to Edna's dainty patent leather toe. In the group over circle, at Miss Purviance's right is a nineteen-year-old French aviator with seventeen Hun planes to his credit.

"My Heroes!"

When you think of all the soldiers Edna Purviance attracted to California, it's a wonder we won the war.
"An Englishman," says Edna, "is so surprising. Sometimes he’s so cross you aren’t sure he mayn’t throw the tea things at you. Then suddenly he says the most divine things. Here— at the right— he seems to be saying the most divine thing: most divinely. Above—Edna and her complete tea division.

By Adela Rogers St-John

since she is rarely allowed to move without a full military escort.

The word "salon" has become practically obsolete. The average citizen thinks you have merely carelessly mislaid an O. And yet, in the cool, green depths of the Alexandria tearoom—that Peacock Alley of our western screen mecca where the softness of shaded lights is quite outshone by twinkling stars—Edna Purviance has become a Madame Recamier "for heroes only." In fact, the old line about "if you’re looking for the major, just get a boy to page her" would probably bring results. From the youngest French Ace in
Pho-to-play may mean most literally a woman. It somehow emphasizes that masculine dominance, that "never mind, little girl, I'll take care of you" that is still age of trumps with femininity—1919. A. D. or B. C., it doesn't matter. Then, it has a glamour of romance about it. Men and their clothes are—no matter how nice they may be—not apt to have much romance about them any more. But a uniform puts them back in a class where they rank right along with the matinee idol—they might do almost anything, and that is so satisfactory in a man. And, doggone it, they do look nice."

"What is the dominant characteristic in the heroes you've known?" I prodded.

"Just two things stand out in all of them. They have learned the value of such happiness as is at hand—to take it and squeeze the last drop from it. They have become so accustomed to regarding the shortness of life, the brief hours that may remain, that they want every bit of love, laughter, excitement, pleasure, tenderness, that they can lay their hands on. The chance for it may be gone so soon."

The serene eyes closed a moment. Then: "The other is shyness—reserve. I have talked for hours to men who made history, and yet I know less of the war than girls who spent their time reading the articles in magazines. They simply will not talk about it. It has taken me days to worm a story out of one of them—bit by bit, coaxing and teasing every step of the way. They stop at just the most thrilling point, so that you want to choke them, and begin to talk about pictures or pay extravagant compliments, or tell some silly thing about the sand they used to get in their tea in place of sugar. And when I literally dragged the ending out of them, they grinned and said, Well, I had a bit of luck, you know, slipped a couple of bursts into the two Boches that were on my tail and then went home."

We went back to the composite harem she had chosen for herself and I remarked, "I'm a little surprised at your choice. Why an Englishman for a lover?"

The clear skin showed a faint blush. "Oh, because they are so—surprising. Boredom is the one fatal thing to a love affair and nobody could be bored with an Englishman. He's too mean." She giggled. "Nothing pleases a woman so much."

(Continued on page 116)
Who Invented the Theatre Slide, Anyway?

By R. L. Goldberg

MY TIME IS VALUABLE
BUT I'M WILLING TO
SPEND HALF AN HOUR
LOOKING AT A GOOD
FILM

COMING!
THEDA
PETROVA
IN
HER GREAT
DRAMA
OF LOVE MONEY
AND MASH
"ABANDONED AT
THE KITCHEN
DOOR"

NEXT TUES
DOUGLAS
HART
IN
THE ADORABLE
MURDERER

SPECIAL
SALE OF
LEMON-SQUEEZERS
FANCY VESTS
INNER TUBES
AND CHEWING-
CUM AT THE
ELITE

NOTICE
PATRONS WILL
KINDLY REFRAIN
FROM PUTTING
THEIR FEET IN
THEIR NEIGHBORS'
POCKETS

DOCTOR
SLASHMORE
IS WANTED
AT THE
BOX OFFICE

I WANT TO SUE THE
OWNER OF A MOVING
PICTURE THEATRE
FOR THE LOSS OF A
PERFECTLY GOOD
HALF HOUR

ANNOUNCEMENT
EXTRAORDINARY!!
EVERY CHILD
WILL BE
GIVEN A
KIPPERED
HERING
FREE AT SAT.
MATINEE

GREAT
EDUCATIONAL
FEATURE NEXT
THURSDAY
HUNTING THE
WILD "AFRICAN
PRUNE"
The spring with its raptures of cherry bloom and singing birds brought none of its happiness to Mahlee, the Eurasian girl. Day after day she sat in the somber abode of her grandmother in the shadow of the great wall of the forbidden city of Pekin, waiting for death to release the old woman from her remorses. They were many—Madame Ling's remorses.

Long ago she had sold the honor of her daughter for seventy taels to a "European mandarin." The lithsome, untamed Mahlee with the eyes half closed like those of the Buddha, the half caste Mahlee with the blood of the East and the West in her veins, was there to mock her for that sin. Madame Ling felt her soul scourged with a great fear of punishment that must surely await her. She had taken the money the "European mandarin" had left for his daughter and bought for her selfish self some coveted treasures. And as death neared she reflected upon the greatest sacrifice of them all—she had defied the gods and left the girl's feet unbound, even as the foreign father had commanded. The old woman's mind grew distorted with forebodings. One day in her fevered fear she came upon a plan for atonement for her sins: "You shall cut off your feet," she whispered hoarsely to Mahlee from her death bier made of bricks.

The girl threw back her glossy head and laughed. But as she laughed, she looked into her grandmother's face. The shrewd, unscrupulous features were harsh.

"The gods will richly reward you for so filial a duty," the woman added piously, as though she had resigned herself to some great personal discomfort for the good of her granddaughter's soul. "And I shall die in peace."

There is no way known to a Chinese girl but to obey her elders. But as the meaning of the old woman's words sank into Mahlee's mind, the blood of her father surged up in rebellion.
Mahlee called to him not to enter but he paid no heed. With the ability of a cat she sprang to the door to hold it shut, but Sam Wang was already partly within.

Was she not an Eurasian, a half-caste, an object of scorn and an outcast among both her mother's and her father's people? As her father's daughter was she not anyway half-devil in the eyes of all Chinese? Was she bound to obey this woman, who, to satisfy her greed for gold, had heaped her grandchild with wrong from before her birth?

She answered nothing, but went to the teakwood cabinet and drew forth a little vial and emptied it into a bowl.

"Drink, granddame," she said sweetly, holding the dish to the withered lips.

"It is wine to bring you sleep."

The old woman smiled, and in the smile was a timid gleam of love.

It was the light the girl had hungered for throughout her barren life. She flung the bowl of poison from her and sank in broken sobbing on her granddame's breast.

In the early morning, she wrapped the woman in her burial robes, and drew from the chest a rusty blade in a lacquer sheath.

"Watch, granddame," she said, "I shall do as you wish."

A fine line of red mingled with the rust of the blade as Mahlee drew it across her ankles. Her lips grew white and the room whirled about her. She closed her eyes. But as she cut more deeply into the tender flesh her grandmother arose from her bed, seized the knife and threw it far away, then fell in death over Mahlee's fainting form.

An hour later the dead-mute, Yah-Bah, from the Ark of the Covenant Mission, saw through the open door what had occurred. He bound up the feet of the still unconscious girl with the linen of his shirt, and bore her tenderly on his back to the mission.

It was four years later, and again spring, when Dr. Sam Wang, and then Blanche Sackville, came to disturb the simple happiness of Mahlee's life at the Ark of the Covenant Mission.

She had been adopted by some of the missionaries soon after the Yah-Bah had brought her there on his back.

Love and kindness had changed her from a shy, resentful outcast into a slender, eager creature of passionate devotion, of tender impulsiveness and of vivid, half-oriental beauty.

Andrew Handel, the only young unmarried one of the missionaries, had helped her development with the impersonal delight of a gardener nurturing some rare and responsive plant. He had taught her to sing and play and read his language.

Her one wish, as she grew older, was to please him with her goodness, and to make her face sweet like that of the Byzantine madonna he had given her.

But with the arrival of Dr. Sam Wang a grave uneasiness entered Mahlee's heart. He had just returned from the study of medicine in America to serve as a medical missionary in the Ark of the Covenant which had known him as a mischief-making boy. There was a mocking in his voice that made her mistrust him. His outward suavity seemed more to cloak some arrogant spirit of evil than the humble soul of a servant of the Christian god. Too, Dr. Wang was likewise an Eurasian.

The Byzantine Madonna with its peaceful face gave Mahlee little comfort now. The physician recalled that which she had forgotten in her life of freedom and equality with the workers in the mission—the dreadful days in the shadow of the city wall. He took a malicious delight in sneering at her. A cruel hatred sprang up in her heart for her mother's blood in her, for the despised race to which she had been unjustly consigned. Her whole being cried out to belong naturally, wholly, to her unknown father's people. For her father's people were Andrew Handel's people, and she knew, now, that she loved him.

The workers in the little mission were disturbed because Andrew Handel was overdue back from a preaching trip through the heart of the country that was fomenting in hatred against all foreigners.

Mahlee especially was troubled. Dr. Wang found her, the morning after his arrival, standing anxiously at the window. She avoided his familiar touch.

"Why should you be so pale?" he leered unkindly. "Who was your father that you feel so much above me?"

Mahlee looked at Sam Wang with loathing.

"My father was a European mandarin and I have cast my lot with his people," she said. She went to the organ, but the tune she played was in the wierd minor key of the Chinese.

Andrew Handel stumbled in a moment later, and stopped surprised at the sight of Sam Wang and at the sound of Mahlee's wild playing.

"Andrew!" Mahlee cried in a voice trembling with ghastliness. It was the first time she used his Christian name.

The pale, travel-worn young man stretched out his arms. Then his whole being perceptibly recoiled, and he turned dispassionately to welcome Dr. Wang.

As his friends had feared, Andrew had narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Boxers. He was injured and ill.

To Mahlee was given the task of nursing him back to health. Her happiness at being near him transfixed her. Her heart sang as she kept a relentless vigil. And Handel—as the days wore on—though he did not guess Mahlee's secret—gave himself up more and more to the enjoyment of her presence and her quaint loneliness.

One early evening they were left alone in the court of lilacs. As Andrew, still weak, slept in his chair, Mahlee unpinned her raven braids and entwined her hair with cherry blossoms.

"He shall love me when he sees me," she hoped in her childish way.

The pale moon was silvery the garden when Andrew opened his eyes and called for his nurse. He rose to pace the garden, leaning on her arm. Her fragrant nearness, the night's enchantment, sent his blood whirling through his veins.
and made him forget his caution. He took her hand, but as he lifted the slender fingers to his lips, the moonlight, sifted through the willows, revealed their yellowness.

He dropped the hand un kissed. As it fell lifeless to Mahlee's side, the missionaries returned bringing a fair-haired, blue-eyed English girl, Blanche Sackville, the daughter of Sir Philippe Sackville, one time a member of the British legation in Pekin and back for a visit to his old haunts, who had come to stay for a while.

As they climbed the steps to the verandah, the shadows of Mahlee and Blanche Sackville fell side by side on the paneling. They were as closely alike as though the girls were sisters.

Dr. Wang was entirely satisfied that Blanche Sackville had come. It suited his purposes perfectly that Mahlee should be hurt, then resentful against the white girl to whom Andrew Handel was immediately drawn by bonds of heritage. He hoped to fan a hatred in her breast that would spread from one girl to all other foreigners. Then he would accomplish what he had determined to do with her when first he saw her.

He kept sly watch of her. It was a propitious moment that he revealed his true self to her. Andrew Handel's preference for Blanche had sent Mahlee into a frenzy of helpless rebellion, in which she had frightened them both by chanting the wild, mad stories of her fighting Chinese ancestors to the accompaniment of a ghastly whisper on the organ.

"See, he scorns you. They all scorn you," said Sam Wang. "They are a scourge to our land. I hate them. The Boxers are uniting to drive them out. I am already known to the authorities as the Illustrous Patriot. You shall become a nurse in my dispensary in East Bell Street and teach the ignorant women to feel as we do. You shall become rich."

Mahlee flung his proposal from her, but the voice in which she repeated, "I have cast my lot with my father's people," did not carry the conviction that it had before.

Days followed in which the soul of Mahlee was tortured almost beyond endurance. A peculiar loyalty forbade her from divulging Sam Wang's nefarious activities. But in a flare of pious devotion, after Andrew Handel had made her blissfully happy by praising her goodness and consecration, she decided to warn Sam Wang that he must either leave the mission or sever his connections with the Boxers.

She was let into Andrew Handel's study, in the little house that he and Sam Wang shared. As she waited, fully determined to expose the half-caste physician if he did not promise to do as she asked, her eyes fell on a scrap of paper.

"Beloved Blanche," she read in Andrew's hand, "Yesterday when you gave me your white hand to kiss—"

Slowly Mahlee lifted her own hand—the hand that Andrew had dropped in the moonlight.

When Sam Wang came he found her fiercely willing, the daughter of some ancient Tartar king.

At the Ha-Ta Gate. On the night of the Feast of the Lanterns, a magician stood performing tricks and urging the excited crowd.

"They are Christian devils who anger the gods so that the rain clouds no longer visit the land. Why should the foreigners poison our wells?" she shrieked, in his fanaticism.

"Sha-shao!" (Kill!) shouted the crowd.

At a dramatic moment he hurled back his tunic and revealed the red sash of the Boxers about his waist.

"To-night you will see the Goddess of the Red Lantern, the greatest divinity of our Holy League," he cried.

At the words a band of dancing forms bearing lanterns swept around the Ha-Ta Great Street. In the center, borne on an open palanquin lighted by a huge red lantern, clad in a heavy robe of embroidered gold cloth, with a jeweled head piece set with a sheath of peacock feathers of wondrous hues, was a rigid figure with a sword in its hands.

The crowd hushed, then burst into a shout of ecstasy as the palanquin was lifted to the magician's platform. It hushed again, as the goddess received oaths of allegiance from those who wished to become leaders in the League. But when the figure came to life, and swore to drive all the foreigners into the sea, or die by her own hand, the frenzy of the mob knew no bounds.

The palanquin of the Goddess of the Red Lantern stood in the court of the little East Bell Street dispensary an hour later, after the demonstration on the Great Street.

Mahlee, the goddess, was within. She had shed the heavy crown with its sheath of peacock feathers and the outer robe of gold, and was garbed in the scant under-costume of jeweled silk, like that of some oriental dancer, with her lithe young form and her bare limbs bound in ropes of glittering beads. She was dazzling, beautiful—and trembling.

She was no longer the stern idol of the hour before. She was only a little Eurasian maid, and she was afraid.

Even now Sam Wang was at the door. She heard his hand on the paneling. She called to him not to enter. He paid no heed. With the agility of a cat she sprang to the door to hold it shut, but Sam Wang was already partly within.

As Mahlee cut more deeply into the tender flesh, her grandmother arose from her bed, seized the knife and threw it far away.

NARRATED, by permission, from the Metro production presented by Richard A. Rowland and Maxwell Karger. Adapted by June Mathis and Albert Capellani from the novel by Edith Wharton, published by Bodley Head. Directed by Albert Capellani under the personal supervision of Maxwell Karger, with this cast:

Mahlee, an Eurasian... Mme. Nazimova Blanche Sackville .... Mme. Nazimova Sir Phillip Sackville... Frank Currier Sam Wang........... Noah Beery The Dowager Empress of China........... Yukio As Yama Gen, Jung-Lu........... Edward J. Connelly Andrew Handel........... Darrell Foss
He was still in the gorgeous garments of the magician of the Ha-Ta Gate. His smile was sleek and well satisfied as he faced his way into the room.

"Good night, Sam Wang, go," she said when Dr. Wang had removed his heavy bonnet with the false que and his cuter robe. "I am no longer afraid." But her actions belied her words.

"You can never go back to the mission now," he said triumphantly. "Hereafter your home is with me."

A sob of terror rose in Mahlee's throat, but she controlled herself and listened with a smile as Sam Wang poured out his passion in a burst of oratory.

"Bravo, Dr. Wang," she cried in English when he was done. The physician's whole attitude changed. He swung open the door to an inner chamber and ordered her within. She refused to go. He lifted his gold headpiece. She heard the false qu whistle in the air as he directed a blow at her.

But the blow never descended. For the next moment Dr. Sam Wang was lying unconscious on the floor, and Mahlee was being carried, cold with horror, by two strange men in the palanquin of the Goddess of the Red Lantern through the deserted streets.

The following morning she was brought into the presence of Jung Lu, General of the Chief of the Manchu Imperial Army, who had seen her at the Feast of the Lanterns and had desired her for his own.

Fear had left her. She was every inch a goddess. Jung Lu was fascinated by her beauty, and by the quickness of her mind. Her self possession called to his mind the Chinese War Maid of history who had led the armies to great victory in an age long past, the War Maid who was the Dowager Empress' favorite heroine.

Jung Lu was even more a shrewd and selfish diplomat than he was a connoisseur of beauty. It occurred to him, in this critical time, that he might win the undying gratitude of the Empress to himself by presenting Mahlee to her as a reincarnation of the War Maid, come back to lead to success the Boxer arms.

The inactive life in Jung Lu's palace waiting for the great day when she should be presented to the Empress began to pall on Mahlee. Waiting meant time to think, and her thoughts would not conform to her role as the Boxer Goddess. She wondered how the missionaries were faring. She hoped they sometimes worried about where she had gone. She thought of Andrew Handel, and she knew that even yet she loved him.

One day she could stand to be cut off from what was going on in the world no longer. She ordered a sedan to take her out in the city. As she approached the Ha-Ta Gate she heard a great clatter. Through the gate rode Sam Wang on a black mule, followed by the Boxer army.

Directly opposite Mahlee, Sam Wang stopped. He did not see her, but she could hear his words to a companion, "Now for some fun at our dear Ark.

Dr. Wang was entirely satisfied that Blanche Sackville had come. It suited his purposes that Andrew Handel was drawn by bonds of heritage.

of the Covenant."

She forgot her sworn allegiance to Sam Wang's cause, she forgot that she was to be the reincarnation of the Chinese War Maiden. She knew that Andrew Handel was in danger. She directed her men to carry her to the mission by the shortest way. They ran through the streets, but when she arrived the buildings were deserted.

A few days later the Goddess of the Boxers stood in state before the Dowager Empress, the Emperor and the council of the nation and proclaimed that the imperial army should wage "War to the Knife" against the barbarians who were ravishing their land, against the whole world.

And again, in the royal throne room, she was decked in the regalia of the Chinese War Maid by the Empress's own hand.

When she returned to the palace which was now her own, she learned that Huang-Ma, an old woman whom she had helped among the refugees, was dying and asking for her.

Huang-Ma was in the last agonies of death when Mahlee approached her bed.

"Your father—he—he—Sir—Philip—Sackville," she whispered. And then she was dead.

The Eurasian girl was dumb. Sir Philippe Sackville her father—the white father who could lift her from the bondage of her mother's race, the father for whom she had so longed! Even now the Boxers' cannons were firing on the British Legation, which was only poorly defended, where her father—

(Continued on page 113)
Perhaps the Japanese can teach us some new things about wrestling but Uncle George is here with showing Hayakawa the "American knock-out blow."

"Uncle George"

He is a pioneer of pioneers and has directed enough film players to make a players' directory complete.

By K. Owen

whispers and now he can't be heard for more than a dozen blocks from the studio, so they have scrapped the old name and replaced it with the more familiar "Uncle George."

The "Uncle" would indicate age but there's nothing particularly aged about George except his experience. He started in the film business so long ago that he has forgotten the year but he is sure it was around 1907 because that's when they started using real actors.

"I'll never forget my first day as a screen artist," said Uncle George when he was finally coaxed into a reminiscent mood. "It was with Kalem back at Coytesville, N. J. We went out and shot scenes all day and when we got back, learned that the cameraman had forgotten to take the cap from the lens. The director was Frank Marion who gave Kalem its 'M' and the cameraman who pulled the boner was the late Sam Long, who provided the 'L' that helped make 'Kalem.' Others in the company that day were Joe Sanley, Sidney Olcott and Bob Vignola."
For eight years Melford acted and directed for Kalem, coming to California with the first bunch of players sent to the Coast by that company. Way, way back in the early days, he was featured with Alice Joyce, and he can prove it by appropriate documents and Miss Joyce herself. However, there is nothing remarkable about it as George was an actor on the stage before he was induced to act before an ugly looking one-eyed box. Graduating from the actorial ranks, Mr. Melford became a director and as such affiliated with Kalem for five years. Some of the present celebrities who heeded his whispers in those days were Carlyle Blackwell, Ruth Roland, Billie Rhodes, Cleo Ridgely, Marie Sais and others.

When Cecil de Mille and Jesse Lasky came out of the East to start the Lasky company in a Hollywood garage with a bankroll that one of the big stars of today wouldn’t accept for a week’s salary, George Melford was one of the first two directors engaged. He has been with Lasky continuously and holds the record for consistent, continuous work and for “breaking in” more stars than any other director.

He has directed Fannie Ward, Wallace Reid, Mae Murray, Hayakawa, Vivian Martin, Lila Lee, Billie Burke, and Ethel Clayton. “Private Pettigrew’s Girl,” with the last-named star, he considers his magnum opus.

“Uncle George” has that love of the outdoors characteristic of virile directors and his favorite recreation is trap shooting. He is one of the best scattergun shots on the Coast.

“There’s Nothing to It!” Says Edith

You know the story of the would-be little star—the girl who struggles to succeed, despite heart-ache, parental opposition, disappointments, and disillusionments. Photoplay has many times related the tale of her trials; but just to prove that we have not made it our life work to discourage the screen-struck ones, we’ll tell you about Edith Day. Ask her about her success—she’ll tell you, “There’s nothing to it.”

Edith never had to struggle to succeed. Her parents never opposed her going on the stage. Instead a kind fate smoothed the way for her and now she finds herself, at twenty-two, a star of the stage and a new twinkle in the screen sky.

Edith, a Minneapolis girl, was dancing at a dance hall when Al Jolson saw her. Jolson immediately engaged her for his show, “Dancing Around.” Edith was a hit, and—that’s all there is to it.

Three years on the stage, supporting Anna Held, Mitzi, Carter DeHaven, and in “Going Up.” Then Edith came to the screen, first appearing with Lillian Walker in “A Grain of Dust,” later starring in “A Romance of the Air.” Now she’s signed to do five new photoplays.

Here’s Edith as an aviatrix, the role in which she made her two biggest successes, “Going Up” on the stage, and “A Romance of the Air,” on the screen, a scene of which is shown here. Hiding behind the first man at the left is her co-star, Lieut. Bert Hall, American ace.
A LMA RUBENS

Came Up to See PHOTOPLAY.
The Brown Elevator Boy
Starred at her,
And Starred.
Every once in a While
Some Celeb.
Comes to See Us; and then
Sam Surely Does
Enjoy his Work.
He Even Puts Fancy Touches
To the Lowly Task
Of Opening the
Elevator Door; he
Does it with a Flourish.
His One Regret Is

That Charlie Chaplin
Has Never Come; but then
Syd, Charlie’s Brother,
Was Up Here Once, and
That was the
Next Thing to it.
The Only Thing
That Holds Sam
To his Present Job
When he Really
Wants to be a Boot-black,
Is the Hope
Of Seeing Charlie,
Face to Face,
Some day.
Alma Surprised Me.
That is—
Those Furs.
I Suppose I
Ought to Speculate
On Miss Rubens the Real
Not Being Just
What you’d Expect
From Watching her Work—
That those Wetful Eyes
Hold a Satirical
Glimmer, and—
But I was All Wrapped Up
In those Sables.
And while she was Telling Me

What Fun it was
Having one’s Very Own Company—
I was Counting the Tails.
Besides she had
A Wide-brimmed Black Hat—
With a Network Design—
New—
You see she’d Just Been East,
For the First Time,
And was Going Home
With Seven Hats—
One for Each Day
In the Week—
And Another for Mother.
She Offered
To Take Me Up
And Show them to Me, So
We Left, and
Went Over to
Her Hotel; and
I Saw those Hats—
You’ll See them
In Her Next Picture—
She Promised to Wear
The Large One.
Anyway, when
I Got Back
To the Office, I
Had to Ask
The Elevator Boy
What Picturez Alma
Was Going to Do Next.
“I,” said Sam,
“‘She’s Just Finished
‘Diane of the Green Van’ and
She’ll Do ‘Destiny’
Next. Then
She’ll go Back to New York
To Work. And she Said
She Wanted to Go
On the Stage.”

It was My Busy Day.
A Voice over the Wire:
“This is
Sylvia Breamer; and
Can you Come Right Over
To the Congress
And Talk to Me
Between Trains?”
Well, I Wanted
To See Sylvia,
Because she’s One,
Of the Few Actresses
Who doesn’t Think—
While she’s Taking a Part
To Please J. Stuart Blackton—
That she Really Ought
To be Having Her Own Company.
It was Tea Time
In Peacock Alley;
I’d Know Sylvia,
But she wouldn’t Know Me.
But she Finally
Answered the Page,
She Lives in New York and
Had Just Done her Spring Shopping—
For a Vacation
In ‘Frisco, with
Mrs. John Lynch—
She’s
The Wife of the
Scenario Writer.
Sylvia Adores—
She Said So—
America—
And California;

Pictures,
And Texas Guinan;
And the Fans,
And Everybody.
You Can’t Help
Liking her,
If I Ever Come to
New York to See her,
She’ll Show Me
Her Wardrobe—
With all the Clothes
She’s Ever Worn in Pictures.
In the Spring
The Female of the Species
Begins to Speculate
On Painting the Lily—
And I’m Wondering
About the Race Suicide
In the Seal Family—for
Sylvia’s Cape.
A New Write Hope

By Julien Josephson

I WAS born in a little southern Oregon town, the exact date being a detail which you must pardon the sensitive author for not wishing to reveal, but it was something less than a century ago. The three men still alive who remember the important natal event unite in declaring that it was further impressed on their joint and several memories by the peculiar circumstances that the old clock in the tower of the Odd Fellows Hall, after a silence of seven years and a half, struck thirteen times. However, as I am not superstitious, I pass this weird happening without comment.

My early life was largely spent behind the counter of a small-town general merchandise store—where everything was sold, from a box of hairpins to a bale of hay, and where the destinies of the nation were settled around the big barrel stove by the local plug-cut marksmen. Here I witnessed some of the worst arguments and the best marksmanship of my career. For a number of years, I held down the job of rough-and-ready salesman—thereby gaining an intimate and sympathetic understanding of these simple small-town and country folk, with their eccentricities, their odd views, and their native honesty, shrewdness and goodness of heart. From this source I gleaned a wealth of material that was afterward to be invaluable as story and picture atmosphere; but I didn't glean any other kind of wealth, I might add.

Deciding that I wanted a college education, I attended Stanford University; took all the useless and ornamental courses, and graduated by the skin of my teeth—possessed of a confused mess of half-baked erudition. Back to the little old home town I betook myself, bent on showing 'em how to run a mercantile establishment according to big-time methods. With my Greek, Latin and other ancient and deceased culture, and with a streak of impractical energy about a yard wide in my make-up, I ran the business according to the best classical authors and went broke like a gentleman—emerging from the financial wreckage with twenty-one dollars in real money in my pocket and a balance of 33 cents in the bank. (Note—I never drew out the 33 cents.)

Kindly but misguided friends poured into my discouraged and therefore ready ear the honeyed suggestion that I enter politics. They induced me to run for justice of the peace; assuring me that my training, education, and calm, judicial mind fitted me admirably for the exalted post. I ran like a lame snail with bunions on one foot and a ball-and-chain on the other, and went down to utter defeat. Even at this remote date, I shudder to think that I might have been elected!

Finding nothing to do in the old home town and preferring to starve in some other place, I betook me to San Francisco. Here I took a fall out of about every kind of human endeavor per-

At Photoplay Magazine's request Ince's latest scenario wizard—the fellow who wrote Charles Ray's recent hits—recounts his own absorbing story of hard luck, grim pluck, and final triumph.
He listened as I bravely narrated my story. I told him that I had come all the way from San Francisco— and that I was going to bust into the photoplay-writing game if I had to resort to sabotage and Bolshevism. The great man smiled— whether pityingly or indulgently I was never quite able to decide. He had a story for any of my stars. When it is finished, bring it to me and I will read it. If it is good, I will buy it—and give you a month's try-out on the staff besides.

Those were sweet yet fearsome words. I mumbled my thanks—but he was gone before I recovered coherence or entirely sanity. I turned on my heel, or maybe it was the sole of my foot—and hurried out.

There isn't a great deal more to tell. I borrowed a typewriter; persuaded a trustful landlady to trust me for a couple of weeks' provender, and agreed to spade up the garden, clean out the back yard, wipe the dishes and shuffle the front lawn until such time as I could compensate her for my board and lodging with coin.

I settled down to work on that story—and Lord, how I did work! I put into it my heart, soul—and everything else I could part with and still breathe. For two solid weeks I dreamed and slaved over it, writing and rewriting; testing and rejecting; building and intensifying; contriving effective bits of business; working out good lines for sub-titles; trying to make the whole strong, well-knit, and thrilling with the red blood of reality. When I had done my darndest, I took the story to Mr. Ince. He said he would read it—and let me know.

For a week I waited, anxiously and hopefully; my landlady also waited and was much advanced in it. But the story was rejected. I knew that a long career of spading, dishwashing, and general housework awaited me in settlement of my unpaid obligation. But at last my landlady called me to the telephone and said, 'Jack, I'm afraid I have to give you the message. It was from Mr. Ince's secretary and it said—'Mr. Ince will see you at 3 o'clock.' On the strength of this heartening news, I borrowed half a dollar from my admirable landlady, betecked Culver City, and after a considerable and very anxious wait, was conducted into the sanctum.

The interview was brief but retrospective. Mr. Ince first informed me that while my story was probably the greatest piece of screen literature ever written, it was possibly, on the other hand, not the worst. He explained that, in the skillful hands of his staff writers, it could be molded into usable shape; and that he would therefore buy it. He named a liberal price, which I hastily accepted. He then advised me that he would give me a month's try-out on the staff and that if I delivered the merchandise, the position would be secured. My object was to have both. I knew how busy a man Mr. Ince was or how appropriate the term 'waiting-room' sometimes is.

Well, I waited—from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon. Mr. Ince was engaged in important conferences and, naturally, had no time for the unknown species of insect that crepted in the outer office, awaiting recognition by the chair. About half past four the great Ince himself emerged from his office, and was attired for the motor, and the common 'Home, James!' was written large upon his determined countenance.

Knowing that this was my last chance, I timidly yet determinedly grasped the great film potentate by the lapel of his motor coat, and like the Ancient Mariner I held him with my 'glittering eye' also by the coat. After deciding that I wasn't going to assassinate him or tell him how to make a million dollars by putting an electrically heated earmuff on the market at $3.05 a pair, he gave me one of his quick once-overs. Without waiting for him to ask me to unhand him and state my business, I did both.

Photoplay Magazine
“Matinee Idol—H—ll!”

Bill Stowell's gentle rejoinder to a reporter's programming of him.

HERE I go and blow in four bits a week (fifty cents in California currency) to keep my hair clipped close, toss all violet-scented pink-papered posies into the nearest waste-basket, never sport a cane or spats—and some fresh bird who has blossomed from a $10 a week cub-reporter into a $50 a week director of exploitation (I saw one of their cards once) goes and writes me up as a matinee idol. 'Matinee idol,' h—ll!"

Designating Bill Stowell as a matinee idol has the same effect as introducing a gentleman-cow to an incarnadined pennant. And you can't blame Bill. He's a veritable guy if there ever was one. Moreover, what he says is true; and whenever any reporter or press-agent calls him a matinee idol or debonair hero, he's in, immediately, for a Stowell upper-cut or wallop in the solar-plexus.

Bill was born in Boston, of the perennial impoverished but scrupulous ancestry of which every famous man boasts, but he brought great sorrow on the heads of said parents by becoming an actor; and to add to the heinousness of the offense, he started off in Shakespeare.

Bill was a typical trouper of the early days, which may account for his athletic build, inasmuch as track-walking has been highly recommended as a valuable form of calisthenics. Bill became a one-night stander and although he donned sock and buskin each night and permitted the splendid words of the Bard to roll over his tongue, this devotion to art couldn't begin to compensate for eatless days. So, Bill went into pictures.

He went in under the Selig banner in 1909. Claims the distinction—if it be such—of appearing in the first multiple-reel feature ever produced. "The Landing of Christopher Columbus" was the title. It was a three-reeler, a real feature in those days; and Bill admits doubling, or rather quadrupling, in several parts. Among them Bill remembers playing Queen Isabella's jewels and the hard-boiled egg that Christopher broke to demonstrate that the world was round.

He played in a good many of these Selig animal jungle pictures, too. One of his Selig pictures was "The Gentleman Burglar." In 1915 he went with American. In "The Overcoat," with Rhea Mitchell, an underworld story, Bill played a crook. His talents as a gunman were so much commented upon that Carl Laemmle of Universal sent for Stowell and offered him a contract.

He's been with Universal ever since. For the most part he has played opposite U's popular celluloid symphony, Dorothy Phillips. "Hell Morgan's Girl," the picture that brought Miss Phillips to her present fame, had Stowell in its dominant male role. "Pay Me" and "The Mortgaged Wife," two melodramas, were Phillips vehicles with Stowell. They took a turn at Ibsen, too, in "A Doll's House," "The Talk of the Town"—you remember them in that. Bill is featured in "The Heart of Humanity," Allen Holubar's new picture.

Under Lois Weber's direction, Stowell played with Mildred Harris-Chaplin in "When a Girl Loves." Universal has starred him, by himself, in such productions as "Fighting Mad" and others; but the final decision is in favor of his featured appearances with Miss Phillips.

With Dorothy Phillips as the star, Bill Stowell is featured in Allen Holobar's war photodrama, "The Heart of Humanity."
Hold your breath! Via the chute, enter Haughty Hattie and Truthful Tom.

The Flea reports the hero and shero are captured. "Ah-h!" says the Villyun.

Truthful Tom looks for a way to escape, while telling Hattie to be brave.

The Villyun, hissing, pushes button number 314, which releases—a steel shaft from the wall, giving Tom and Hattie a gillette of a shave.

O-ho! The plot darkens! Enter the slave, searching for her deceived.

The Modern

Drawings by
Ervine Metz

The thrills we used to get out furnished to Little Johnny

HIST! Likewise—hark! Hold your breath; hang on to the arms of your theatre seat and forget there is a "title reader" behind you. You are a serial fan—one of the millions on millions of them, and you are centering your breathless interest upon a scene in the forty-eleventh episode of "The Python's Revenge." Haughty Hattie is the heroine. The Villyun, who up to the present moment has been one of those trite, "old stuff," coffee-poisoning villiuns, has suddenly developed into a genius in deviltry. He is about to pull a new one. Truthful Tom, the hero, and Haughty Hattie the shero, as "Wid" says, have been captured by The Python and have been sent down a chute to his pet annihilation department. The Python, it might be mentioned, is not a reptile, except in his habits.

Down the chute swiftly slide Haughty Hattie and Tom. Above, The Python leers and twists his mouth into a sardonic smile. He speaks swiftly to "The Flea," his assistant in diabolical effort. Assistant Villyuns are also generally named after a carnivorous beast, a reptile, or as in this instance, an insect: The Python remarks subtitely to The Flea, "Behold, O Flea, the vengeance of The Python on those who oppose his will."

Watch yourself, O Fan, for here is a clever ending for any hero and heroine. Down in the cell, below, Hattie and Tom, a bit disheveled from their fall, sit up and look about for a means of escape.

Zutt! clang!

A steel shaft, its end sharpened to a needle point, has darted across the cell like a serpent and imbedded itself in a socket on the opposite side. If the prisoners had been in its path they would have been spitted like roasting squabs in front of one of those Rossetteries. Hero and Shero are aghast. Their blood is sherbet! They are likewise puzzled, for they don't get the idea.

Now we flash to a closeup of The Python and his admirable helper. The Python turns to a panel in the wall with perhaps a hundred push buttons arranged in neat rows. He pushes one of the buttons and then we flash back to the torture cell beneath. Just behind the two occupants, another serpent's tongue slits across the room so close to them that it ruffles the hair on their heads. Now they are between two bars. However, there is plenty of room left. But keep that three-quarter closeup on them, Mr. Director. Have them look about the room and note that its walls are honeycombed with sockets and very obviously each one containing one of those darting steels awaiting release by its plotting master above at the push buttons.

Now hero and shero will register in a long closeup, terrible fear. They get the idea! Up above register devilish satisfaction on the saturnine countenance of the Python and intense admiration upon the seamed visage of The Flea. What a Boss this! Such a neat way to kill off a hero and heroine. Some Villain! He hopes they will work in another serial together.

Now some more action. Will that fool behind you ever stop reading the titles aloud? The Python in rapid succession pushes a dozen buttons. Down below the boy and girl leap, and struggle, and twist, as bar after bar breaks across the cell and clings into its opposite socket.

Keep this up a bit and soon we have a situation. Hattie and Tom have finally been cornered into a small space at the bottom of the cell. All of the remainder of the room has been filled by the steel bars which have just missed the pair. You will have the idea by this time but a title will flash along to help you out. The Python speaks it to his victims. "The last bar never misses," he hisses, and reaches for the fatal button.

Now you breathe quickly and almost close your eyes. You don't want to see
of Dick Merriwell are now in the motion picture serial.

By Frank V. Bruner

Dime Novel

that bar impale the two leading characters in this serial. But do not worry. The scenario writer who evolved this scene months ago on his worn corona is not going to allow his two principals to perish here in the forty-eleventh episode. This is a fifty episode serial and the Villyun isn't half through chasing them. The Python reaches for the button. The Flea gazes at his master with love and admiration in his eyes and the pair below cringe and resign themselves to death.

What's this? Another room: another character. Who is she? Oh, yes, the slave girl kept a prisoner by the Python for ransom! How she hates that monster! Will she foil his little double murder plot? She will that! She too pushes a button and presto change, down through the trap, the button released, fall hero and heroine to safety.

Ruffled rage distorts The Python's smile into a terrible frown. The Flea shows surprise and loss of admiration. He wants his Boss to kill off those two. Now flash back to the two. They scramble to their feet and run madly through the cellar to a door and a waiting machine. In the machine, release the brake and off at a terrific pace! After them in another racer, Python and Flea! For just as the scenario man spoiled The Python's murder scheme, he is now going to ruin the escape of the two leads.

His is a game of give and take; he must allow the hero and heroine to triumph for two hundred feet of film and then give the Villyun his due measure of negative.

It's The Serial Game!

This episode actually taken from a popular serial, is a splendid demonstration of The Serial Game. Action, action and yet more action! Situations if they come along, yes, but never worked out! If a serial writer has to kill off a character he slays him and leaves him lying dead. The undertaker who follows a serial scenario writer should become a millionaire. In a feature you would see the body discovered, the police called in, a long investigation, and perhaps a trial of the murderer. In a serial that character is simply forgotten, wiped out of the picture. The action has to go on at its breathless pace and there is no time for grief or police investigations over a dead one.

A famous serial writer said recently that serials consisted of action without psychology. It might be stated more simply by calling them action without padding. Something is always happening in a serial. Often the direct motive is lacking for this action but serial audiences do not mind. They are not analytical. They want conflict and the serial producers feed it to them in reel lengths.

There are some picture fans who will dish up for you all the old arguments about serials. They will tell you that they are silly, ridiculous, illogical, make a fool out of an audience, and stretch the imagination way beyond its proper degree of elasticity. They want to see good features with one thousand feet out of the allotted five thousand devoted to closeups of the star smiling, or crying, or admiring a rose. Then they sneak over to Third Avenue or Main Street and sit enthralled through an episode of the latest serial.

It's something in the blood that will not down. It's the same thing that made you as a boy devour those Frank Merriwell and Nick Carter stories.

Serials are The Modern Dime Novels! They supply the demand that was once filled by those blood curdling thrillers. But with the decided advantage that on the screen you can actually see those wonderful adventures. melodrama! Of course, it's melodrama. So are all our successful plays and novels. The more impossible the play or novel, the greater its audiences or sales.

All the world loves to see wonderful, ideal men and women going through (Continued on page 118)
She Found a Play—and Played It

Photographed by White, New York City, exclusively for Photoplay Magazine.

Other movie actresses, in their permanent studio dressing-rooms, have nothing on A. B. in residential qualities. She moved into this cozy home of make-up last autumn—and may be there next autumn.
Alice Brady's celebration of the 225th performance of "Forever After," at The Playhouse, on March 8th, focuses attention on the fact that for probably the first time in the history of the American theatre a young actress, in her first rendition as a star, is playing a solid season on Broadway. At the same time, she is continuing her motion picture work! Between these two lights of fame, one is apt to forget that Miss Brady is also a prima-donna, and a few years ago was a leading soprano in the all-star revival of the comic operas of Gilbert & Sullivan. Her dramatic debut was made on this very stage—that of The Playhouse—when her father, William A. Brady, produced "Little Women." His daughter played Meg. Following that, she appeared in "The Family Cupboard," and "Sinners." Then came three years on the screen. Miss Brady says she will continue to be both a picture player and an actress in the so-called "legitimate."

Below, the camera's eye peeks through the wings onto The Playhouse stage during an actual performance of "Forever After." At the right, Miss Brady consults her switchboard friend, the electrician.
Upstairs and Down

In which the original baby vampire reforms an Irishman—and marries a cave-man.

By

Arabella Boone

By all ordinary judgments Elise Hunt, still in black and white in celebration of a sometime marital bereavement, should have been the feminine highlight of the Ives smart house party at Iveshurst on Long Island. But all ordinary judgments must always yield to extraordinary persons like Alice Chesterton, who was extraordinarily young, extraordinarily pretty and at least extraordinarily daring.

"It is positively no longer safe for a respectable widow to associate with debutantes," Elise confided with acid merriment in her tones, as she dropped into a porch seat beside Robert Van Courtland, who, by the bye, had just managed to escape a jealous wife long enough to come to the Ives party.

And Elise Hunt was not alone in her observations. Even the most sophisticated of Nancy Ives' guests had been shown some new and rapid steps by Alice Chesterton’s vigorous and aggressive flirtation with Captain Terry O'Keefe.

Alice was only nineteen, but she had been born with all the wily wisdom of all the daughters of Eve, and the young Irish soldier and polo player had succumbed to her barrage of coquetry, naturally, inevitably. It was true that he had
come to America to buy horses for the British government, but here at Iveshurst on Long Island had developed a pursuit far more engrossing than the affairs of nations and the wars of men. Alice went into her campaign with a lucre that would have shamed the most seasoned of grass or college widows.

Of course, Captain Terry O'Keefe did not get all of the attention. That would have been poor technique. Even the dullest guest at the party had taken note of Alice's ardor in meeting the playful advances of Tony Ives, the host. Still no one ever took Tony's little excursions into love-making very seriously.

However, while Alice might possibly have been forgiven all else, her fellow guests could not but take cognizance of her insulting neglect of her fiancé, Tom Cary. Now while Tom may have been awkward and peremptory in social prowess, anyone would have admitted that his fortune was large enough to atone for many many personal shortcomings.

Elise Hunt and Robert Van Courtland were in silent communion and contemplation of this situation as they lounged on the shaded summer porch that stupid afternoon after the day's stupid mid-week luncheon. Nancy Ives, bustling with the responsibilities of the hostess, and obviously stirring to a new source of disturbance, came upon them, breathless. It should not be surprising that Alice Chesterton was the cause of her excitement.

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"She isn't at the Wickes," Mrs. Ives gasped. "The three children are down with scarlet fever and Mattie Wickes wrote Alice several days ago not to come! Now what—?"

Alice had left Iveshurst the afternoon before saying that she was to pay a short visit to Mattie Wickes in New York. Probable all would have gone quietly on, had not a telegram arrived after her departure announcing that Betty Chesterton, Alice's sister, would arrive to join the Ives party that very afternoon. Nancy Ives had in haste phoned the Wickes to tell Alice—and then the discovery. Where was Alice?

"Oh, dear! Girls are so deep." Nancy was at the point of tears in her vexation.

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Elise Hunt with her widowly wisdom brought comfort by a suggestion. "Suppose we keep still and let Alice do her own fibbing when she comes back."

Which same Alice did with disgraceful and consummate ease and elegance when she drifted out on the porch to join the women later in the afternoon.

Soon after, Tony Ives, who had also spent the night in town, arrived with more damning information. He had seen Alice Chesterton, with his own eyes, having supper with Terry O'Keefe on the Amsterdam Roof the previous evening.

He confided the news to Van Courtland and Tom Cary for the latter was a facer for them all. They had known the reputation of the adorable Terry for playing with the ladies, but they had not thought him rotter enough to make a clandestine appointment with a girl, almost yet a child, and who was a guest under the same roof.

They had underestimated Alice, however—and they had underestimated Terry, as well, though with less credit to him.

"It's a poor compliment we payin her. I'm thinkin', to be talkin' her over between us," said the big Irishman, when they had confronted him for an explanation. "Sure she came to no harm, and it's for shame ye should be doubtin' her."

"I'd no idea Miss Alice was comin' to town," he continued. "I went up on business of me own. She telephoned me to the club. We went to the Beaux Arts for dinner, to see the 'Follies,' had dinner on the Amsterdam roof, danced a bit—and I left her back at the Ritz by one o'clock."

Whatever Terry O'Keefe's tactics might be with women—and his fame as a lovermaker was international—he never lied to his own sex.

Nancy Ives was alone on the porch when Betty Chesterton arrived. She had just discouraged her husband in one of his frequent attempts at making love. Every one knew that Tony would be a good stay at home husband if Nancy gave him half a chance.

The two young women embraced fondly before. Nancy saw that Betty's dress was torn and her hat awry. The runabout had been ditched on the way from the station. The accident, trivial as it was, was soon to be a significant and useful suggestion to Betty later. We shall see.

When Betty's bags had been disposed of, Nancy sat her down in a comfortable wicker for a heart-to-heart chat.

"Now what?" demanded the arriving guest. "You said you needed me? A man, eh?"

"And such a man!" Nancy answered with enthusiasm, "the most dangerous and fascinating man I know. He has been flirting with an infant who has been getting herself horribly talked about. He's sure to fall in love with you. Betty, you're the naughtiest nice person I know."

Betty planned well.

When Terry O'Keefe first laid eyes on Betty Chesterton, he felt his heart jump more violently than it had ever jumped before in its active career. She was lying under the ditched roadster. Her dress was torn, and her skirts were fetchingly disarranged about her trim ankles. Her face had been powdered into becoming pallor. Her hair was tumbled in fascinating confusion.

By the time Terry had carried her limp form and laid it tenderly on the bench beside the fountain on the porch, by the aid of Craig, the chauffeur, who—for Betty's ten dollars in advance—had fetched him from the polo field, Terry O'Keefe felt himself more intrigued than ever before in his life.

"I remember," said Betty faintly, after the proper stirrings and flutterings of heavily fringed lids,—"that dreadful accident—am I broken anywhere?"

Terry must help her sit up. He must hold her vanity case while she brushed the fragrant masses of her hair into his face and fastened them. Then he must know how she was, though she would not tell him her own.

A man of even much less susceptibility than Terry would have been moved by the intimacy of the situation.

When Betty left him to find her hostess, her heart had set sail on a sea of entirely new emotion—which was exactly what Nancy Ives and Betty had meant to do when they planned the roadster. They had not gone sufficiently far, however, to be out of hearing distance of the call of habit.

Dusk had come, when Betty Chesterton passed the door after a chat with Nancy. The porch light snapped on at
Terry sank down on a bench.

The fascinating game of "Waste," devised by Sprang, the Methodist butler, to furnish his domain downstairs with Christian amusement, and at the same time to keep himself informed of what was going on upstairs without too much effort to himself, was interrupted a few nights later by the bell.

The servants had just finished piercing together—at five cents the piece—several torn up notes of spicy flavor that had passed between some of their mistress's friends.

"Our guests being out of novelties," reported Sprang with sarcasm, "have decided on a moonlight bathing party and icecream supper which they themselves will get. They will be gone in their bathing suits. We mustn't let their loose ways contaminate our sound principles."

There were goings-on that night in the very moral kitchen ruled by Butler Sprang which caused Craig to say to Nelly, the parlor maid, whom he was courting: "I'm thankful I'm no gentleman."

Terry O'Keefe's actions the past few days had not been ardent enough to suit Alice Chesterton. She missed the sly rendezvous and the stolen kisses that had made his love making so fascinating. He seemed to be avoiding her.

It was annoying that he did not notice she had remained in the kitchen alone after the others had gone out to watch Tony race. Nancy for a kiss.

After she called him, instead of rushing madly back and seizing her in his arms, he looked cautiously about and said they must be careful.

"You didn't use to be careful," she said reproachfully. She was very pretty in her graceful blue bathing suit, with her blonde curls about her shoulders. She knew that she was especially pretty when she looked reproachful. "Don't you want to kiss me? I love you when you're always stealing. You don't seem like the same man you were."

"We can't be flirtin' forever, ye little imp," Terry answered coldly. "I'm much too old for ye."

"I meant every word I said and every kiss too," she answered in alarm at his indifference. "Terry, if you stop loving me I shall die."

When Tony came back from winning his race to get Alice for a swim on his back, she sat, piqued to utter silence, in a heap on the floor. She had not succeeded in making Terry O'Keefe kiss her, and he had advised her to marry Tom Cary and be sensible.

At Alice's invitation, Tony reached down and lifted her from the floor to carry her to the beach. He was still holding her in his arms when Terry O'Keefe found an excuse to escape. A moment later Nelly the maid and Craig the chauffeur, made a scandalized appearance at the servants' dining room off the kitchen—!

Alice's nearness, the beauty of the night, seemed to madden Tony.

"I love Nancy and I always shall," he said fiercely, "but tonight I can think only of you, of that adorable little body of yours, and I want to hold you and kiss you."

Though Alice had groaded him on in the hopes of annoying Terry, she was really frightened at Tony's tenseness.

"Let go," she whimpered. "I love Terry."

"And Tom loves you," answered Ives, releasing her. "What a mess. I'm sick of the way we live. Alice, brace up and stop playing with fire. Marry Terry and have youngers and be decent. I'd rather have a kid of my own than anything I know."

If it had been to any one else but her sister Betty—the one person she owed unsellish devotion—to whom Terry O'Keefe had transferred his affections, Alice Chesterton could not have stooped to the method she did to keep him.

Common decency should not have permitted it, as it was. But then, as Elsie Hunt would have said, "a debutante is a debutante, and who can reckon the path of a baby vampire scorched."

"Betty," said Alice when stamping and storming and pleading did not change the older girl's intentions to marry Terry O'Keefe, "Betty"—softly and insinuatingly, and looking around to see that no one was near—"I didn't go back to the Ritz that night I ran off to town. I—went—with—Terry. He must marry me now."

If Alice Chesterton had expected much attention and satisfaction out of her engagement to Terry O'Keefe, she was disappointed.

Terry had made no protestations of an affection that was not present when he consented to marry Alice at the demand of Betty.

"Alice could not have said such an awful thing if it had not been true," Betty had declared. And that was final. No argument of Terry's had any avail.

"Sure I love you and you only, and I'll do anything you say," he gave in at last. "Only I'm sorry you don't believe me."

He found himself somewhat flattered at the idea that any woman could love him well enough to lie and cheat and be willing to risk her reputation for his sake,—as Alice seemed to do.

"Ye want me enough to risk hell's fire for me? Well, then, if I'm worth a lie like that, told just for the love o' me, I'm thinkin' it's for meself to pay. Dam it, Alice, ye can have me," he decided.

But where as a care free lover Terry had once been the life of the party, now, engaged, he was hopelessly silent and morose.
Where he had kissed and flirted and flattered and adored, he chided Alice and gave her advice as to her conduct.

One evening when she reminded him that he had taught her how to kiss—that before she had met him she had never kissed back—and offered to show him how, he pushed her away wearily.

"We've got to forget the philanderin'," he said. "I want ye to make a woman out of yersel'. Ye couldn't do better than to copy yer sister," he hesitated, "She's the sort of a woman a man would be proud to call his wife and the mother of his children. This stealin' kisses and 'whisperin' love talk don't mean anything. I've just waked up to the fact that life's no joke."

And Alice Chesterton had waked up to the fact that an engagement to the catch of three continents might not only be no joke, but even more or less of a bore. Tom Cary approached Terry that evening after his conversation with Alice.

"She'll marry ye yet. Women change their minds wi' their frocks," was the Irishman's pleasant greeting.

Tom started into the house, then changed his mind.

"I say, Terry," he said, coming back, "what is it about me that always makes me lose out with a girl? Women always laugh at me when I make love to them."

"Laugh at ye? Why don't ye laugh back at them?" grinned O'Keefe. "Use force. Hurt 'em a little. Don't beg anything of a woman. Shake her—kiss her—beat her—laugh at her—be a man—they won't laugh at you then."

Tom Cary found that he had learned his lesson well when he encountered her erstwhile Alice later.

It had been an evening of unburdenings and Alice felt much relieved and ready for new adventures. Elsie Hunt and Nancy Ives had commented on Betty's apparent unhappiness. The three young women and Alice were together on the porch.

"I'm tired of lying. I'll tell you why she is unhappy," offered Alice, while Betty begged them not to let her go on.

"I thought I loved Terry and that he was growing tired of me," she had said, "so I told Betty that I'd been a wicked girl and he must marry me. Of course it wasn't true. I said it because I wanted him to marry me. But now he's reformed and he bores me."

"It was awful of me, Betty," she had felt constrained to add, "but you know I'm only a child."

Alone with Tom, Alice felt inclined to unburden still farther. Terry bored her to death—he had begun to try to make her over, even before they weren't yet married—Heaven knew if she had wanted to marry a stupidly respectable person she might as well have married Tom—she was so miserable she could cry—no one cared—

In the midst of her self commiseration she was approached with an entirely new sensation, an unexpected, and though somewhat annoying, not an entirely unpleasant one.

Tom Cary was laughing at her.

Next he seized her unexpectedly in his arms.

"Oh you big ox!"

"I don't believe you've got an ounce of feeling in you."

"Don't laugh at me."

"I'll hit you."

Suddenly "the big ox" seized her and crushed her to his breast.

When she tried to struggle loose, he bent back her head and kissed her passionately on the lips and eyes and throat.

"You're rough," Alice gasped when she could find the breath.

"I hate you."

"Then we'll begin all over again, for I'm going to hold you here until you love me," said Cary, shaking her wrists.

"You've tormented me for the last time. I've got you just where I want you, and you're going to die of suffocation right in my arms."

"Oh, Tom, why didn't you do that long ago?" she cried, as she gave a slow gasp of surrender. A soft hand stole up to the tanned cheek of the

(Continued on page 115)
Dwellers in

Hollywood home
Shirley Mason,
Stagg

Ready for a ride, or for a rumpus with “Puff,” Viola’s dangerous piffle-hound. This canine is a menace because his principal diet is silk stockings, and he has an appetite which is positively insatiable.

Nearly every motion picture star has, or had, a mother, but very few mothers have two star daughters. Mrs. Flugrath—at the left—is not only the mother of stellar Viola and Shirley, but of Edna Flugrath, a picture actress now in London.
It is said that they are tearing up wine-grapes in California to plant ukelele bushes. At the right you will find three home-grown specimens of this moaning fruit: seedless, succulent, and—because produced without irrigation—slightly stringy.
Arbuckle isn't a hard days of pro a right to enjoy

By Alfred

long before John Barleycorn took the count in Arizona.

"Say something new about the comedy business; something that hasn't been said—or something," was the definite illuminating and also hopeless instruction.

"That makes it easier," was the complacent response. "If there is anything new to be said about making comedies, just go ahead and write it and blame it on me. Thank Heavens, that's over!"

"About myself?"

"That's a little easier. Born in Kansas—don't laugh, that isn't the funny part—about thirty-two years ago; of white parents who didn't think I had chance to develop properly, so they took me to California at the age of one; went to public schools where some one with a high degree of originality nicknamed me 'Fatty,' then to Santa Clara college where I matric-

The most amazing mess of relationships in current comedy, him is his father. After the elder Arbuckle, Roscoe's standing beside his father,
er Laughs on Sunday

A. Cohn

Puritan, but after six
essional humor he has
himself on the seventh.

ulated in football, baseball and avoirdupois; Carus-
soed in certain theaters with the aid of lantern
slides showing what the noise was supposed to be
all about; learned to dance and fall gracefully and
got a job doing the same in more or less musical
comedy. You know the rest. Fill it in with some
nice things about art and the future of the industry
and call it an interview.

"But this isn't that kind of an interview. A pal-
pitating public is breathlessly awaiting your views
on the science of making funny films." The in-
terviewer was insistent. The interviewee nerv-
ously wiped his brow and signalled his man-
ger, Lou Anger, for aid. The aid was not
forthcoming.

"Well, they'll have to keep on palpitating—and
everything; it's a tough enough proposition trying
to make Mr. and Mrs. Public laugh without trying
to tell him why or how. Besides, they don't care any-
thing about the preliminaries or the mechanics of it
(Continued on page III)
Bob Barclay came to the Klondike for gold. Alice Andrews came—with Barclay. She came for that utterly curious reason that makes a woman remain loyal to a husband serving a term in the penitentiary, or to a lover returned from war minus his arms and legs.

Hers was a violent affection and trust, for it made her follow Barclay vast distances from the part of the world she had been born in and had learned to subsist on.

In the wake of the gold rush, they came into Ophir on a Yukon steamer, and as it plowed sluggishly through the cracking waters of the freezing river, the girl became vaguely oppressed at the great silence—the crushing contrast to her tinsel-world back in the States.

Naturally, in her terror of Nature, she turned to Bob Barclay, standing against the rail. But Barclay was in no responsive mood. He was beginning to realize the struggle he faced—a struggle with men more fitted for it than he. Grimly studying the texture of the country about him, he tightened his muscles and sought to assure himself he was a man among real men. Meanwhile, Alice tugged on his sleeve.

"Why put it off any longer, Bob?" she asked, pleadingly. "We can be married here." She craved the assurance of a man legally bound to her—a companion who would stand by her in this amazing, terrifying northland.

But Bob was annoyed.

winter was already forbidding any effort at taking out gold with its chill breath clasping it close in an embrace that would only loosen with Spring.

In front of Hopper's store, adjacent to the white-rimmed Yukon stream, turbulent and growing angrier ever moment, stood a group of the old-timers and sourdoughs of the village, staring in a sort of rakish sentiment out on the tightening Yukon. Suddenly their eyes focused on a speck of a black figure far up on the breast of the water. One of them, a grizzled old veteran, ejaculated—

"All the old-timers have come out; now why do you reckon that damn fool is tryin' to shoot the ice this late?"

Way upstream this figure was poised in his boat, skilfully turning it against the threatening rocks and the disastrous rapids, easily, miraculously, keeping it righted. As he drew rapidly downstream, toward the direction of the store and its fascinated occupants, the daredevil added finesse to his achievement by raising an arm in flippant greeting.

"The damn fool!" came from a dozen throats. "I wouldn't give a pound of grub for his life," muttered another. "He'll never make it—he'll never make it down here!"

Yet, he did make it—and a few minutes later the group surrounded him as he started unloading his boat.

"Dan McGill!" They breathed, recognizing the newcomer. Dan McGill it was—an old-timer and sourdough, finishing a
Brand

struggles for gold, love and
in a land that is ever classic.

Leigh Metcalfe

hazardous night and day ran ahead of the ice. Taking it all as a part of the game he was playing, this man had made his five hundred mile journey, risking death a hundred times, and now taking safe arrival as a matter of course, suavely greeting his old friends.

"There ain't enough grub at Dawson for the women and children," he explained tersely, "so I pulled out."

The group surrounding him studied him admiringly. Hopper, the storekeeper, suddenly seized with an idea, pounced McGill on the back. "There's grub enough here for the winter," he said, "and if there's gold here, you're just the man to find it for us."

To the crowd gave approbation. McGill took the flattery easily, turning away, followed by Hopper up the road through the town.

Thus McGill came past Alice Andrews at the gang plank—standing forlorn—the little theatre flower that she was—forsaken in the unfriendly, the terrifying, northland, deserted by the one friend she leaned to. McGill, inveterate bachelor, a man of iron, had never come in contact with women. Hence, as he passed Alice and saw a face of exquisite beauty com- mingling with the appeal of helplessness, his great heart expanded. He stood for a moment gazing at her in awe. The wonder woman! A being so finely fibered, so angelic to his mind that she was as far from him as the stars. He stopped and nearing the skipper of the boat, heaved a deep sigh.

"She is beautiful, aint she Cap?"

The captain nodded, contemptuously. "Sure—all actors is beautiful!" And McGill passed slowly on.

A while later, leading his dog-team straight to the recorder's office to file some papers, Alice approached, and seeing the dogs, knelt down in a moment of affection, and fell to her knees, her arms about the leader of the dogs. McGill came out a few minutes later. He stood silent over her as she sobbed into the coarse coat of the friendly dog. Dan's heart swelled.

"What's the matter, little woman?" he asked hesitatingly. "Kin I help—lonesome?" He was as embarrassed as Alice was startled. She arose at his voice and stared into his face. Then:

"I—I'm just—frightened!" She stood straight now and impulsively clutched at his coat sleeve. "I—I'm scared of this awful place. This silence—I'd go mad if I were left alone here!"

Although McGill couldn't comprehend anyone being frightened in the great Klondike, he could appreciate the appeal of this goddess from civilization. Thereafter through her lonely days he was her friend and guardian. McGill lived in a state of chronic awe during the next few weeks. A child of the gutter suddenly bedecked in a wreath of roses could have been no more glorified than was McGill by the presence of the girl from civilization. To him she was an angel. To the other men of Ophir—well—during the next few weeks those who had learned the girl's source from the skipper of the Yukon boat whispered ominously.

"Someone ought to tell McGill she's Barclay's girl," said Hopper. Another, less skeptical said: "Well—I've seen good women made bad by marriage and—bad ones made good the same way."

However, Dan McGill did marry Alice. She took this hard man of the north not out of sheer affection but as tiring to some perfectly reliable protection among terrible and rugged strangers.

After the ceremony, Dan stood in his cabin with his wife at his side, staring into her eyes. He said: "It seems almost wicked for a man to be as happy as I am."

It wasn't long until the prospectors realized that Ophir was doomed—that there was no gold. This realization came in midwinter, and struck the men full force. All except Dan McGill. With Alice in his home, no lack of gold could upset his sublime situation; he was irrevocably happy.

Until Bob Barclay came back from the Yukon. Driven by malicious fate, with the woman-hunger of the north strong within him, Barclay came back to Ophir, searching for his woman.

What made it harder was the realization that her strange affection for this man was surging over her once more.
He came at the wrong, or right time. Alice, depressed by the monotony, found her mind, schooled to the excitement of metropolitan life, breaking under the silence. McGill was old—fearfully old, she decided. He had nothing she craved.

And thus when Barclay returned and found Alice in McGill’s shack, he immediately wanted possession of the girl. When he learned she was married he grew vindictive. What made it harder was the realization with the girl that her old-time affection for this man—undeserving as he might be—was surging over her once more.

When McGill came back to the hut he just missed Barclay whom Alice had rushed away. But, as the days passed, he sensed that all was not as it should be in the cottage, that Barclay’s presence was too insistent and underhanded. He was suspicious of the way this actor and told Alice so.

“But I’m lonesome,” pleaded Alice. “He is an old friend. After which McGill agreed to permit Barclay to see her occasionally, “I know you couldn’t do anything wrong,” he said tenderly. “You aint that kind. If you want Barclay around I won’t object.”

Later friends of McGill’s told him. “I think you oughta know, Dan,” said Harper, “that your wife used to be Barclay’s girl. I was told by the skipper of the boat that brought ‘em.”

Stunned, McGill went back to the cabin, in the face of a driving storm that was gaining in fury each moment. He entered his door just in time to receive confirmation of a suspicion that he had found it almost impossible to even entertain. Alice was in Barclay’s arms. Barclay, seeing McGill in the doorway, started to pull his gun.

“Don’t pull that gun, Barclay,” muttered McGill. Then, turning to the wide-eyed girl, he said, in tenderness, “Don’t be a-scared, Alice. I couldn’t hurt YOU.” Meanwhile Alice was talking. “If—I took you to spite him,” she said pointing to Barclay. “I tried to love you but I can’t. Take it out on me if you want to—but don’t hurt him.”

Slowly McGill lifted his eyes. “I’m beginnin’ to understand,” he said. “I’m beginnin’ to see your side of things. But there’s not room enough for all three of us. You’ve got to go—both of you!”

Barclay looked about. out through the window where the storm was beating the trees down in its fury. “Go!” he stammered. “Go where—in this storm?”

“Two of you, girl!” roared McGill. “That’s where you’re bound!”

Later, Barclay and the girl were picked up in the storm by Cockran, a trader from down river, and his Indian driver. While they loaded them onto their sleds McGill had already left his place and, absentmindedly fighting the blizzard, turned into Hopper’s store. He beat the two Cockrains’ sleds there by some minutes and to his friends about the stove dejectedly explained what had happened. When the door burst open and the two disgraced ones fell to the floor, exhausted, guided by Cockran, McGill arose with an oath. He made for Barclay but Alice weakly interrupted.

“Don’t, Dan,” she pleaded. “We’ll go tomorrow!” Then, as she saw no relent in his face, she added: “I’ll go alone if you want me to—but he’ll die out there if you send him away.”

McGill studied her curiously. “It’s always him, ain’t it? Well—you can have him—and you can stay, both of you!”

He went out into the storm again—fighting off the protests of his friends that going into the storm was “sure death.”

Two years of profitless drifting from one camp to another had brought Alice hazardedly near to the destination McGill had promised them. As she had promised they huddled over a crib where a baby lay sleeping. At the table in the rude kitchen sat Barclay, snarling for his breakfast. To the protest that she had no money to buy food with he retorted:

“Well—you’ve still got your looks. Why don’t you get into a dance hall and hustle? I’m not going to support you and that kid any longer!”

While, deep in the wall of the Yukon river was hidden a lost valley, whose snows were ever unbroken by the footfall of the trail breakers. Back in the white recesses of this snow and silence, lived Dan McGill, living like a wounded animal that had crept away to die. The awful, white velvet brooding quiet of an arctic winter played queer pranks with a man’s mind—particularly if that mind be already obsessed with bitterness.

McGill had been digging for gold for two years now—digging with a sense of the futility of amassing gold, but keen in the fanatical realization that physical occupation can often serve as a vent for unreleived anger. He wanted to kill the memories of the bitterest, sweetest epoch of his life.

But all he did was to find gold. The memories persisted—even when, after two years of striking, he found a vein of coarse gold in Lost Valley.

“Gold! Gold!” he shrieked to the echoing silences.
"Gold. Another Klondike! But by God I'll let the secret die with me!"

Back in his cabin in a delirium of excitement, he sensed what his revelation to the world would mean, and at prowling the Klondike rush came before his eyes. He intended to keep this secret—did Dan McGill, but it was too great for any human being to retain.

Some hours later a man entered a camp ten miles from Lost Valley and pouring some specimens on the table in the store, revealed his strike. "Call me John Daniels," he said, "I have just found the richest strike of the Yukon!"

In the years that followed a brand new mining camp, built at the John Daniels strike, sprang up and the silent Lost Valley awoke to the raucous shouts of the gold seekers. A lusty, bustling camp of six months growth, already ages old in its uncouth sins, that men named Arcadia and which boasted a mystery all its own. Arcadia boomed but its maker—John Daniels—lived alone up in Lost Valley. But gradually the pride of the creation overcame his craving for isolation. He finally succumbed to the lure to visit the boom town of Arcadia.

Thus—one morning he stood in the heart of the town and his chest swelled with pride—the pride of a creator upon observing something good that he had made.

Not all good, however. For there was a canker, festering on the edge of the town, its houses huddling together, seeking the brazen strength and defiance in one another's close company. Inspecting the camp, McGill came across this canker and fiercely resenting with fatherly pride this phase of the camp, he hated it with a loathing that his hatred for all women made ten-fold stronger.

Deep in his loathing, McGill nearly stumbled over a figure of a little girl playing with a dog in the snow near one of the doorways of this place. Shocked at finding this parcel of purity amidst the insidious atmosphere of the neighborhood, McGill stared deep into the child's eyes. Unafraid, the little girl's eyes were staring frankly, trustingly, into his own. A queer change came over the man. Then suddenly he was down on the ground and enfolding the little girl in his great arms. A woman passing stopped, and McGill queried her as to the child's home. But the baby was stretching her arms out to McGill.

"Now what does she want?" he asked.

"Why—she wants a kiss. Don't you, dearie?"

And to McGill's fresh amazement, the child nodded.

"God's mighty!" ejaculated McGill, fervently, and then the child reached out her arms and they went around the man's shoulder.

Dans, the proprietor of the dance hall, surprised at the visit of the man who made the camp, was escorting Dan McGill through the place, showing him over with a pride and interest, hoping to make the distinguished John Daniels feel at home and comfortable. The whole room knew who he was, by gossip, though none of them had ever met him.

After he had gone upstairs to the balcony, escorted by the hospitable proprietor, a man down at the tables adjacent to the dance floor leaned over to a woman in a low necked black "evening dress," and leaning into her face, said:

"I've got a live one for you, Alice. That mysterious John Daniels is upstairs. Get up there and make him buy something for you!"

Alice revealed futile objection in every muscle of her face. Though subjective as she was to the whim of this parasite, she fought with every particle of virtue she still possessed against the life he demanded of her. He had her by the arm now and was torturing her into acquiescence. Finally, cowed, she arose and went off. Barclay followed her, snarling, up to the stairs. He watched her slowly ascend to the balcony.

Looking on the crowd below, was McGill, mildly interested. He did not hear Alice enter behind him. She stood there a moment,

(Continued on page 114)
SOME editorial department office boys employ their time in stealing baseball tickets from the sporting editor, others in bumming cigarettes from the star reporter, but Kenneth Taylor, of the Los Angeles Times, exercises the clock by drawing pictures on his typewriter. Not word-pictures such as the poets create, but letter-perfect portraits of the movie stars. The big one at the left, of Dorothy Gish, was "drawn" in half an hour. The other two—Bill Hart on the outside and Chaplin at his left—occupied just forty minutes, payroll time, of Kenneth's working hours. He draws a pencil outline first, indicating highlights and backgrounds, then places the sheet in his machine and fills in at remarkable speed. His favorite letters are W, M and X. Kenneth is 16 years old, in Los Angeles high school, and intends to become a writer.

Try This Over on Your Remingwood
The Only Way

For three years Photoplay Magazine has been preaching against overproduction as the primary cause of picture mediocrity. No man, with the energy of Napoleon coupled with the genius of Sardou, can make fifty-two artistic productions in a year.

At the recent banquet tendered William A. Brady by the national association of picture manufacturers Samuel Goldwyn sprung the Goldwyn platform for 1919-20 and saw it received with evident tremendous interest. Here it is: "Fewer pictures, better pictures, longer runs."

Probably there is not a manufacturer who doubts that is the answer to the cry for finer photoplays.

Mr. Goldwyn has asked them to watch him. And they will. So will we. So will the public. It is the only way.

Sheep and Goats.

The trade papers, and the art columns of foreign journals, are nowadays filled with the traveling record of the American movie-man—producer, exploiter, director, star.

There are goats with the sheep, collectively speaking, everywhere and in all trades. Two or three of the American film gentry recently entertained in France, courteously received in Italy and banqueted in England are industrious citizens who made more money on this side of the water by promoting corporations than they did—subsequently—by having those corporations make pictures.

Frankly, now—did these smart boys cross the Atlantic to engage in the solemn artistic endeavors they allege, or did they go over to sell the old stock under a new stamp in a new field?

The Post and Censors.

In The Saturday Evening Post, which aims to be representative of the average American thought, we find this illuminating summary of censorship:

"The censor is the last lonely sick remnant of the New England parlor we now have in modern life. His mind naturally turns to New England parlor and the cold cellars of truth. I do not deny that a typical censor's mind may possibly be alive, that it may be living in a vague, creepy way, but not with anything hearty or real, like sunshine and dirt. The mind of a censor, if it could be taken out and pictured to look as it really is, would be like a potato in a cellar—pale, stringy potato eyes, stringing vaguely out and trailing away God knows where in the dark."

Fords Rush—where Packards fear to tread.

This goes for the film business as well as for a traffic jam.

Henry, of Detroit, seems to us about the busiest personal propagandist the vertical platform has yet produced. In the Ford Weekly you may see the rich eating soup, the farmer in the wheat-shooting season, the Chinaman submerging his rice or the Turk weeping over the Armenians—but whoever you see, wherever you go, however you get there, you are always going to feel the astral presence of Henry. The Ford name is on every subtitle-card, of course, and after a while you are unconsciously overcome by the omnipresence of the fliver. The ghost of the damned thing penetrates the palaces of the late Grand Dukes, walks up Fifth avenue with you, peaks at you around the aged corner of Cheops, carts you willy-nilly into every American industry.

Originally, we believe, the Ford weekly was a proposition for gratuitous distribution. Of course Mr. Ford could afford to be generous to the American people, but to obtain more complete and thorough dissemination the enterprise document has been taken in hand by a reputable releasing concern which does aim to charge just enough to make it appreciated.

What the Peace Ship failed to do the Weekly may more surely and more insidiously accomplish.

That Long Programme. Once again, the kicks on the long programme, which is now the general vogue.

"Why," writes an irate and restless movie-goer, "must I sit through a cracked old hand-colored scenic, the news-reel I saw before last, and some horrible five-reel melodrama—when all I came in for was a laugh with Arbuckle?"

The programme is, in a way, as dismaying as the war-time ruling which said you had to buy a clothes-basket of assorted fodders to get a pound of flour.

But it is in demand by the large majority, and the distressed minority, a very real and very distressed minority, must put up with it. Photoplay Magazine sees no way out except by the time-card and the scheduled programme, as it has said before. But even that method has certain business disadvantages to the exhibitor.
Wanted: a "Mellower." Vachel Lindsay, whose book "Suffragette," on the Moving Picture is called by The New York Times "an ideagenous volcano in eruption," recently addressed the students of Columbia University. He told them, among other interesting things, that the great demand of today is for scenario improvement, and that the mightiest advance possible would be through at least one institution of endowed production. To bring his idea plainly before the minds of his hearers he told them that he meant an endowed institution like the Metropolitan or Chicago opera companies. "These endowed arts," he said, "have an influence on commercial art. They mellow it, and raise its standard. Good music is produced commercially because of the endowed orchestras which have prepared the way for it. The phonograph business depends to a large extent upon the pre-influence of privately supported grand opera. There is no 'mellower' in the moving picture business. At least one moving picture institution endowed as is American grand opera, or as the state theatres of Europe have been from time immemorial, would realize the artistic dignity wholly possible to photoplays and indirectly influence the commercial productions toward a higher standard."

Mr. Lindsay ironically suggests that such endowment come from "a repentant motion picture millionaire." Nevertheless, he is not at all pessimistic in his review of things as they are. He believes that the motion picture of today, "is as good as anything which tries to reach the whole 100,000,000 people of America." He says, in comparison: "The total product of the magazines is not a bit better than the total product of motion pictures."

The best thing about Mr. Lindsay is the common-sense combined with his idealism.

The Corresponding Oriental. The Japanese may be our equal in medicine and merchandising and diplomacy, but he is certainly our superior as a letter writer.

As a mail addressee of the stars he takes-the-cake right away from Kansas, plucks the palm from Florida, and removes the bacon from Georgia or Cook county. The postage-stamp business in Tokio seems, at this distance, to derive its principle support from Togo's devotion to Tessie, the cinema queen. A heavy mail from the Orient has come to be the swift and sure test of a well-peddled star's popularity. The adolescent girl, in the States, furnishes the principal cause of the California postman's lumbago, but the Japanese young man is fairly breaking that postman's back. Togo's letters are as naive as himself. They are respectfully curious, artlessly persistent. He always wants a photograph or three or four.

The Ambisextrous Vampire. Vampire, in the movie Vampire, Webster's, has always meant a languishing lady of neither morals nor occupation, unless you call the ruining business an occupation.

However, the change that has swept the face of the world seems to have switched the vampire's sex. Mr. Cody, and others, are invading Theda Bara's business. The little wives are falling as once fell the little husbands. Women are wearing overalls and men are learning the love-trade. If Mr. Fox thinks of it, perhaps we shall see a moustached Salome make demands upon a suffragette Herod for the head of some coy Jane hiding in a well.

At any rate, the male vampire is shitty on his feet, and on his feet most of the time. At least, he works without furniture. His sister in trade, with her divans and couches, was rapidly depriving a tired world of all the products of Grand Rapids.

Goodbye--- Five and Ten! In a day when the only real sensation is stability, it is not surprising that a pair of our oldest film friends have kissed us good-bye—probably for good—without our even noticing the kiss. We refer to the once well-known nickel and dime. Though these microscopic coins are now approaching numismatic curiosities, there was a not-distant time when they represented the standards of average admission to first and second-run films. They have as much chance of coming back as the Czar of ruddy Russia. The immensely increased cost of productions, the varied programmes presented by all classes of exhibitors and demanded by all classes of audiences, the transition from unsafe and insanitary shacks to respectably ornate theatres, the comparatively small demands of the government tax, and the restless demand for new photoplays almost every day in the week have caused their banishment forever.

The Lawyer and the Judges. The law is a business, not the dispensation of justice. How lightly our contemporary legislators hold the ponderous task of official censorship may be seen in what they are willing to pay their proposed celluloid judges—in comparison with the stated fee of a single organization's sole attorney.

The great State of New York is considering, via the toga-gladd gentlemen at Albany, two censorship bills: one proposes to pay a single film commissioner an annual salary of $7,500. The other would create a triumvirate, with three salaries of $4,000.

Yet the "Big Four" retained Mr. McAdoo at $200,000 a year—and came near paying him a quarter of a million. In other words, barrister is fifty times as important as a member of the screen supreme court!
A Missing Madonna

Jackie Saunders has been playing a new and becoming role—that of Mother.

Where's Jacqueline? Or, more properly, where was that small star called Jackie Saunders, all those months?

The surmises have been many and varied. "Perhaps," suggested one fan, "she's in France." "Married and retired," said others. "Or maybe touring the world with her own company," was a third premise, "it's being done now." "Died of the influenza in Philadelphia," said a press dispatch. "Resting in Honolulu," said another.

We'd turn you loose and let you take your choice if we didn't know that all of them—with the remote exception of the second—are all wrong. Jackie Saunders—Mrs. E. D. Horkheimer in private life—has the best little reason in the world for being away so long; and if you look down at the right-hand corner of the page at the portrait of Jackie and Jacqueline Junior you won't find it in your heart to rebuke the sunniest star for leaving the screen flat.

The second Jacqueline made her first appearance on an evening in late summer, in Southern California, 1917. Jackie had wanted a little girl; and she found the progress of this second edition of herself so fascinating, she couldn't make up her mind to turn her over to a nurse, even after the tiny tot began to lip her first words and evince an inclination to explore the garden on her parents' place in Hollywood. But now that she's growing up Jackie wants to go back to work. She returns in "Jackie the Hoyden."

Jacqueline the Second—a miniature of the original with the same crinkly gold hair and blue eyes—as yet hasn't expressed herself as to her future; but her mother says if she shows any inclination for the screen, she'll help her along. "But," added Jackie, "it's up to her. Far better a good cook than a bad actress."

Above, a new portrait of—oh, well—Jackie. Below—Mrs. Elwood D. Horkheimer and small daughter, Jacqueline Junior.
Mr. Ramsaye—though he doesn't say so, the culprit responsible for all the plots he tells about—thinks that being unknown is not to be envied. Fame will get you money.

Money will get you fame. Fame consists in being well known—favorably if possible—but well known anyway. With most people marked success brings fame. With others marked fame brings success. John D. Rockefeller's money brings him fame. Charles Chaplin's fame brings him money.

Nearly everybody has a little fame and uses it in his business, be he doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief. Barbers, cooks, and dressmakers prosper as they are famous. But to two classes of professionals fame is the one vital necessity, the substance and the due of their livelihood. To ministers of religion and actors. They have to have fame because they are selling personality to the public. We don't care so much for politicians so we will talk about actors.

I permit me to state that you never heard of an unknown actor. An actor has just got to be famous. Otherwise he can't eat. But how do they get that way? We shall see.

Long ago Peg Woffington found it was profitable to employ persons to write pieces for the paper lauding her performances or telling what had happened to her. Ever since then there has been a profession of publicity concerned with making and keeping actors well known.

It is sufficient for some actors to be known only in London, for others to bask in the local fame of Broadway, or for yet others to be famous in Oakland 'stock.' However, since the films take the actor everywhere he has to be known everywhere and hence we have that strange creature, the motion picture press agent. Let us consider some of his doings and goings on.

If Charles Chaplin had awakened on April 1, 1917, in Kansas City, Chicago or Boston he would have found a headline on the first page of the morning paper saying:

CHAPLIN TO WED LOCAL SOCIETY GIRL

Also if Mr. Chaplin had been taking his morning grapefruit in El Paso, Montreal, Seattle or Atlanta or any one of about twenty other American cities he would have read the same surprising tidings. In fact, within a week about three hundred newspapers announced Mr. Chaplin's reported engagement to the well known mysterious 'local girl.' Charlie was engaged all over the United States that week. If he'd married them all it would have taken a week of his salary to buy them all a change of hairpins.

As a matter of fact Mr. Chaplin was in none of those cities and he hadn't have grapefruit for breakfast and he was not engaged to any "local girl." Otherwise the story was correct.

How did he get that way?

Glancing carelessly over the map we find the city of Chicago. In it was the "home office" of the picture corporation concerned in the distribution of Mr. Chaplin's pictures to the theatres. Consulting the calendar we also find that a new Chaplin comedy, the first in several months, was due for release on or about April 1, 1917. The marked calendar was on the press agent's desk in that office in Chicago.

About the middle of March a circular letter went out to the district offices of that picture concern instructing the managers in every one of the sixty-eight branch cities in effect as follows:

Implicitly and nothing more. Do not venture any opinions. Let others do all the deducing they like. You are not to do any at all.

"Also instruct your road salesmen in your territory to do this through the week in each town they visit.

"Also bear in mind prints on Mr. Chaplin's new comedy are now being shipped to you for release April 1, next."

This performance took place as ordered, first, in every city containing a branch office of the picture concern; second, through the week in several hundred lesser towns. The result was a crop of newspaper clippings in the Chicago office and a crop of excited indignation in the Chaplin studios in Hollywood. It seems that Mr. Chaplin had not been taken into confidence in the matter, and that he had made some fluent answers to what seemed to him very insane questions.

The morning of April 1 the reporters and correspondents for the newspapers in Los Angeles were out in Hollywood for a clue to solve the mystery of the "Charlie Chaplin engagement," reported simultaneously from all over the United States and part of Canada. Their spokesman said:

"On the night before April 1 next you will arrange to have Mr. Chaplin paged in every important hotel, cafe and club in your city. Leave word at the telephone desk to have him call you and leave your residence phone number. Then go home and await results.

"If it should happen that any newspaper reporter should call asking questions you will be very reluctant to talk. You may admit that your home office has asked you to try to get in touch with Mr. Chaplin in your city—which is correct.

"If you are asked why Mr. Chaplin is in your city you must say you do not know and haven't reached him yet. If pressed for more definite information it will be proper for you to admit that a rumor—well known—has reached you. to the effect that it has been said that Mr. Chaplin might be engaged to a certain unnamed girl in your city.

"If pushed for something more definite about the mysterious girl in the case you should mention hazily something about the most fashionable residence section of your city—as for example upper Fifth in New York, Lake Shore Drive in Chicago, West Farum Street in Omaha, Crocus Hill in St. Paul, Lindell Boulevard in St. Louis, etc.

"If asked why you are trying to get in touch with Chaplin please say that you are requested to ask him to call this office on the long distance phone. If Mr. Chaplin is in your city we certainly want to hear from him. That is entirely correct.

"Finally follow instructions implicitly and nothing more. Do not venture any opinions. Let others do all the deducing they like. You are not to do any at all.

"Also instruct your road salesmen in your territory to do this through the week in each town they visit.

"Also bear in mind prints on Mr. Chaplin's new comedy are now being shipped to you for release April 1, next."

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ey Get That Way?

you’re too old to enjoy it. But can be conjured up by a press- ter and a limousine right now.

Ramsaye

"We are from the papers—and we have reports from sixty- six cities you are to be married in each of those cities to a so- ciety girl—one to each city, I mean. Reports from other towns are arriving every hour and I suppose by now you are engaged in about a hundred towns.

"We desire—er—we want to know what about it?"

"Bunk," said Mr. Chaplin.

"But some of them have interviews with you," urged the spokesman.

"Bunk," said Mr. Chaplin. "Let me issue a statement. I am here. I have been here for a long time. I positively am not in Kansas City, Boston, Seattle, Portland, Wilkes-Barre, New York, Youngers, Montreal, Far Rockaway, Atlanta or Wahoo, Nebr. I am also very busy. Good day."

The army of reporters and correspondents retired in perfect order and that day the newspapers which had announced Mr. Chaplin’s engagement announced his un-engagement in various terms of evasion, suggesting that in view of the fact that he had not been out of Los Angeles for a month, there might possibly have been something of a slight misunderstanding. All of which was more clippings for the scrapbook on the desk in Chicago—and of course considerably more attention for the new Chaplin picture released at that time, which meant more money for the folks who had the film to rent.

Please take note that in no instance was an untruth uttered by or at the instance of the press agent.

That any unscrupulous reporter in pursuit of good copy should have made a lot of deductions and manufactured a story is certainly not to be debited on the publicity man.

It was but natural that he should have, however, found opportunity to send out a "follow story" concerning the remarkable wave of delusion sweeping the newspapers of the country on the subject of Chaplin’s reported engagement. The follow story got, of course, the usual attention, and resulted in a profound investigation by an eastern psychic research society.

Of such things is fame made and by such is the pub- licity plant kept in flower.

And while we are on the subject of Chaplin, we might explain away the mys- tery of the lost pay checks. There was a time when some people, particularly newspaper people, thought that Mr. Chaplin’s $670,000 salary was a myth, hoax, fabrication, delusion and press agent invention.

It was very necessary for

plain commercial reasons that Mr. Chaplin’s salary be taken in earnest. It was a large serious fact for the corporation that had it to pay. The motion picture public had to be convinced so that it would see value in the Chaplin product and pay for it.

"Push the button for the publicity department." In case of trouble or unusual perplexity of any kind that is the formula for action in a motion picture concern.

New York was decided upon for the focus of action. New York is a good place to start anything, but more especially a news story. A New York date line on a news item works on the average news editor like the milliner's Paris label works on the average woman in quest of a hat.

One nice Sunday morning an innocent want ad appeared in all of the New York papers. It read:

LOST—Checks totalling $250,000, of value only to lawful owner, somewhere in the vicinity of Washington Square. Will finder please call Spring 4801 X.

Now to thoroughly appreciate this it is necessary to understand that every newspaper has an "early reader," a young man with a green eye shade and an appetite for hand-made cigarettes, who gets to the office hours before the reporters arrive, to search for assign- ment material for the day’s work. He combs the papers even down to the births and deaths, the marriage licenses and the want ads, looking for a suggestion for a live story. Now since Sunday is a quiet day for news, with saloons running on low gear, courts and public offices shut down and business houses closed, the Mon- day morning paper is the press agent’s great opportunity. Sunday the "early reader" gentleman is especially alert.

Hence that quiet little want ad seeking the return of a quar- ter of a million dollars worth of checks was sown in fertile soil. It got a circulation of several millions in the Sunday papers, but it was written for just ten hawk-eyed young men with the green eye shades.

They found it.

Then the reporters tried the phone at Spring 4801 X and got exceedingly little satisfaction and no story. The big idea was to have them call in person. They did, mostly one at a time, all afternoon.

The address was in a rather tumbledown studio building in Washington Square. The apartment was very Squaresque in its appointments—fire- place, a mixture of Russian copper, fu- turistic painting, arched furniture and Japanese pottery, plenty of manu- script, sketches, cigarette smoke and coffee and abandon.

A Jap boy answered the bell and the reporter sleuth found himself confronted interrogatively by a young man in velvet- en jacket and carpet slippers, evidently an- noyed at interruption.

It was more than apparent to any reporter that it was not probable that checks to the tune of a quarter of a million were being lost out.
of this establishment. It smelled of mysterious possibility.

Mr. Velveteens did not seem inclined to talk.

"Yes, it was true that the checks were missing from the place they were put—"

"No, no details about how they were lost—"

"Because it might get somebody in bad, it might hurt the credit of the corporation concerned, it was rather a mess and the less said the better."

Of course the story finally leaked out through the chinks in the conversation with the reporter leading. It was said indeed that Johnny the office boy, who was taking the checks from the office uptown to an office downtown for safekeeping, should have dropped them while on another errand for Mr. Velveteens.

"You see the checks had been taken uptown to have them photographed for the records, they were only of record value anyway, being salaried, but naturally they had been cashed."

Salary checks—a quarter of a million dollars—it sounded more and more interesting!

"Whose salary checks?"

"I'd rather not go into that."

"What did they look like?"

After some wheedling and argument Mr. Velveteens yielded enough to let the reporter look at a photograph of the checks. The reporter pounced on them.

"Why, they're drawn payable to Charlie Chaplin!"

"Yes, so they are," answered Velveteens, calmly, coldly, indifferently, acidly, "That's his salary for the last few weeks." It was said with extreme casualness, as though everyone in the world knew it and nobody cared.

The gentleman from the paper went out with the photograph absently folded into the newspaper he carried and was permitted to get away with it.

Repeat this operation several times and you have a complete account of the afternoon at that Washington Square studio. The results in the papers the following morning were charmingly illustrated with pictures and cartoons of Mr. Chaplin and reproductions of his pay checks. From New York the story and pictures went across the country and came back to reap a second crop of attention in the Sunday supplements. Several hundred photographs of the checks had to be made to meet the demand.

The checks fortunately were found in time to go on display in a Times Square show window and travel about the country for various exhibitions. The result was that the public was willing to pay higher admission prices to see Mr. Chaplin's comedies and the theatres were willing to pay higher rentals for the films.

Mr. Chaplin is famous as the highest paid artist in the world. You can begin to see how he got that way.

Having disposed of Mr. Chaplin for quite a spell it seems impossible to think of anything but big money, so now we will turn back the pages of picture history, hitherto unwritten, to some inside facts on "The Million Dollar Mystery." That was a great serial in motion pictures, one of the first and most successful made. It got its successful launching through a big news "plant" thoughtfully conceived in a Chicago office and executed by a sincere press agent in New Rochelle. That was ever and ever so long ago.

One day when things were quiet in a news way, the police of New York and New Rochelle were asked to assist in a search for "Florence Grey," young, beautiful and the daughter of a Western mining magnate. She was as missing as Charlie Chaplin being set down in his Birthday Suit. A veiled and weeping aunt and other members of the cast were in evidence, being interviewed by detectives and reporters. A large reward was offered. The search became nation-wide. Pictures of the missing heroine were printed everywhere. It seemed that an estate of a million dollars was involved and somehow a modest guid-

The million dollar mystery fascinated a million of people long before it came to the screen. Blame the press agents for that.

The billboards and ads were illustrated by big pictures of Miss Labadie, and it was to be noted that the pictures were identical with those that a short time before had been decorating the news columns under the name of Florence Grey.

Some of the newspapers and news associations got justly peevish about the matter and some sharp remarks were made to the picture company and its advertising agents. However it was clearly shown that the young "friend of the family" at New Rochelle must have been to blame and he seemed to have gone somewhere for a long vacation about the time the investigating began.

Of course the press agent yarn does not absolutely have to be pure fiction. Once in a while the truth is almost as good. Once in a while an idea seems good enough to get space in the papers in a big way without subterfuge. There was the campaign for a 15 cent coin, for example. A certain inventive press agent decided it was about time to get some widespread national attention for Helen Holmes, the heroine of railroad thrillers.

Therefore it was gravely announced in proper plain faced publicity copy sent to the newspapers everywhere that the motion picture interests wanted a fifteen cent piece coined so that the then popular admission price of fifteen cents could be paid in one piece of money, which every showman knows is the ideal way to get admissions.

The lines at the box office move faster, also there is a certain psychology in the idea that one piece of money seems less than two pieces of money and therefore is easier to part with.

The newspapers look kindly to the idea and got so interested in the fact that the way was nicely paved for the kindly reception and publication of a suggested design for the coin, distributed in photographic form bearing the classic features of Helen Holmes, especially photographed in profile for the purpose. A thousand or so of these photographs were sent out and the picture appeared a matter of eight hundred times in the newspapers.

To help the thing along expressions from big merchandisers of 15 cent articles and big retail chiefs everywhere were gathered and sent out by the press agent in support of the notion. It flourished for some months and died peacefully.

However, some months after, and long after the coin could have been of any use, a congressman in a certain very little state in the east got excited and introduced a bill in congress calling for the coinage of a 15 cent piece. Nothing further has been heard from it.

It is probably true that publicity never created a success, but it has often cut the trail and blazed the way for success. I have in mind a certain rather popular male star. I ought to use his real name, since he is so famous, but publicity personal himself these days, but we will call him Mr. X.

The handsome Mr. X was playing important character roles in the pictures and occasionally was leading man opposite several big stars.

Mr. X felt that he was being held down by the producers (Continued on page 123)
A Review of the New Pictures

The Shadow Stage


By Julian Johnson

The scenario department of Paramount-Arclraft, in the sunny blonde building on Fifth avenue which those picture enterprises consider Grand Headquarters, has just moved to new rooms. In its spaciousness and quiet, in its sense of comfort and reposeful thought instead of mere literary grind, that department suggests a library rather than the tumultuous script mill of a film factory. Probably the great number of books perfects that impression. There they are, stack upon stack, shelf upon shelf. All the fiction of the hour, a mountain-range of fact and fancy whose foothills make you get down on your knees, and whose peaks make you get the step-ladder. In these rooms, it seems as though the Zukor organizations were endeavoring to isolate the fiction-drama as well as narrative—of the nation.

It not only seems so. It is the truth.

Mr. Zukor has no wish to surrender his hard earned place in the very front of the procession. Once upon a time he had all the stars, or so many of them that those outside his fold were a very distinct minority. First National, the Big Four and some other causes recently accounted for a number of the biggest.

If you take away a resourceful man's principal mainstay he will immediately turn about and find another. When the stars began to scatter, the Zukor organization immediately began its corner on material. Principally, I imagine, under the leadership of its manager of production, H. Whitman Bennett. Mr. Bennett is an extraordinary film individual, in that he had rather sign one authorial contract than see his picture in all the trade-papers. He signs many such contracts, but I have yet to see his tiny type break out in halftone. Everything that is published is read, almost before its date of publication, in his literary stock exchange. Everything that seems a screen possibility, either immediately or in the future, is bought if it can be bought. To this accumulating and reserving force must be added the story power of the Hearst organization, which has recently combined forces with Paramount-Arclraft.

But, you say, it is as impossible to corner all the great stories as it would be to collar every genius. Quite true, but it takes a lot of stories to run the picture business, and not a lot of stories in the long run, but a lot of stories all the time. And if you wish to know how many good stories—picture stories—appear every thirty days, in books and periodicals, go to your friendliest news-stand and run over its goods.

I'm not saying that this Zukor move, which must mean an enormous expenditure, is a throttling of other manufacturers' activities, but it must be bound to have a certain effect on all manufacturers' activities. Just what that will be, no one can foresee. Perhaps it will be a vast stimulus to original writing.

Since she played "The Poor Little Rich Girl" on a New York stage, Viola Dana has done nothing as good as "Satan Junior."

Heaven knows original writing needs it! Creation is at such a low ebb now that not long ago an accredited scenario expert advised all would-be photoplaywrights to type no photoplays at all; instead, to write stories, sell them, and then to bring only the published material to the attention of movie managers. Bitter pill as that is for the film idealist, we must admit that that advice had a hard kernel of common sense. However, the omnivorous Zukor market seeks good originals as well as clever things in print.

Simultaneously comes another tying-up of materials, showing that the supply trains of the producing rank and file are being ambushed both right and left.

The second latest move comes from the stage. The theatrical managers, or at least the younger men among them, plan to invade the films themselves next year. I am not the possessor of official information, but I believe A. H. Woods has some very definite plans in this direction. So has Morris Gest. It is possible that Cohan & Harris have also, despite King George's recent observation to me that the stage and the movies are utterly different trades, and have little to teach each other. At any rate, the hand-out of plays for picture material has suffered an abrupt setback, and certainly the good screen money in dramatic manuscripts is not going to be thrown away.

Less than six months ago the star held the center of the Kliege-lit stage. Now, for the first time, that coveted position is held by the scenario.
WE are agreed that screen permanence can only come by considering the best plays as enduring things, and reviving them as often as possible.

At the same time only harm can come to the screen by perpetuating a flood of such miserable revivals as the early Sennett pictures are undergoing, or such debaucheries as the plays of William S. Hart, and others, have suffered in the past.

This is not written to condemn certain excellent old Chaplins, again on the market, nor a few of the Sennett comedies which have been put forth with commendable care. At the same time the cheaper theatres are filled with absolute and disgusting trash, wretchedly printed, ignorantly titled, stupidly re-cut. If these things are the measure of immortality, page the shade of Dr. Oster!

SOME surprises this month—surprises which denote healthy progress. Observe:

The flashing forth of Viola Dana as an inimitable comediene—

William S. Hart, in a great piece of simon-pure characterization—

The return of Rupert Julian, in a splendid photoplay—

Ditto, George Beban—

Monroe Salisbury, in the powerful "Light of Victory"—

John Barrymore, in his first serious screen essay—

Dorothy Dalton and "Extravagance," star as well as play remarkable—

Griith's discoveries in Clarine Seymour and Carol Dempster—

William Russell's strong come-back—

Madge Kennedy's artful performance in the very mild "Daughter of Mine"—

Now let's examine the record in detail.

SATAN JUNIOR—Metro

Viola Dana has done nothing as good as this since she emerged from babyhood to play "The Poor Little Rich Girl" on a New York stage. What in the hands of almost any other young woman would have been an inconsistent trifle has been moulded by the altogether magnetic Viola into an hour of consistent laughter. Gone is the brooding little sad-eyed thing of the regular Dana photoplay. Gone is the meekness. The gentleness went too. So did the unsophistication. In their place appears a silk-stockinged whirlwind, a total of adolescent and healthy girl, a suave practical joker, a cunning and altogether modern small master of men. Lest the observer thoughtlessly infer that Miss Dana's husband and constant director, the late John Collins, has been responsible for concealing one of the most irresistible comedy talents the screen has known let us set down the fact that "Satran Junior" was prepared in its scenario form by Mr. Collins just before the brief illness that caused his death. It was perhaps the realest tragedy of his last days that he could not guide his wife's small feet as they tripped along the bright, light path he had prepared for them. The novel from which "Satran Junior" grew was Van Zo Post's "Diana Ardivay," in which that tempestuous young one fastens her gaze and determination upon Paul Worden, a playwright in the first years of maturity, and vamps him to the altar with a ferocity that even the Foxy Theda never knew. Diana is a rebellious child, put into perfectly frantic tantrums of temper by the amused Worden's attempts to regard her not as a young person, but as a runaway baby who should be spanked, given a stick of candy, and trundled home. The fervor with which Diana wrecked his house when Worden stated this credo knocked all notions of innate Danaesque gentleness out of my mind forever. If the picture hadn't been well framed this miniature cyclone would have kicked it right out of the screen. Fanciful and inconsistent the author's imagining may have been, but as it's played it has everything that a rapid and fantastic comedy should have—a whirl of action, delightful direction, fine setting, faultless acting. It is rosy with the lure of sex in a natural and honestly human way. Milton Sills, as Worden, is better than at any time since he became a shadow player. Herbert Blache was the conductor, and his tempi and readings are above reproach.

THE POPPY GIRL'S HUSBAND—Hart-Ince

Ut say it took nerve to put out these five reels of grim life. From start to finish, not one concession to what the commercial manager terms popular taste. Not one reminiscence
of the romantic Wild West which has piled up Bill Hart's fame and fortune. This is a "Boston Blackie" story in which Blackie is a very minor figure. It is "Hairpin Harry," a housebreaker who has taken college degrees at it—and then a long sentence—who looms upon the sunstained canvas. Harry's rock of ages is his wife, whose hair is no yellower than her heart. The picture opens upon Harry "in solitary," put there for slugging a fellow-con who told him that his wife was no longer waiting. And, on parole, with a close-clipped poll ludicrously unfamiliar to people who for years have seen that same head shaping a novel. But Harry goes back to town—to hell, rather, for he has to stand on the side lines and witness his ex-wife's legalized liaison with the very copper who put him away. The story keeps on running true. Veritable bull that he is, Big Mike McCaffery waits for the tip from the Poppy Girl, no more his than Harry's, to begin a "frame" which shall once more put Hairpin out of the way. The real romance, tender, pathetic, is of the kind that made O. Henry's name enduring. Just one individual likes, and saves, the convict: his little boy, whom he meets "playing Indian," lonesome as himself, in the park. The forlorn little fellow, neglected in his mother's lazy passion for the man-hunter, snatches his father from a hideous revenge, and together they go away to a quiet valley in the crags of the great divide to start life all over again—just a couple of little fellers together. This piece goes into my library of enduring recollections. It has no silly rewards and sillier punishments. Things go on as they were, save for the blessed discovery of father and son by each other. If anyone ever wonders whether Bill Hart is a real actor or a cowman hero the answer is written here. Juana Hansen is a perfect poppy girl, Walter Long—long a soldier—gets back under the lamps with a sympathetic picture of Boston Blackie, and Georgie Stone will make you cry and laugh as Donald, the lonely little boy. The locations are real Frisco, like the story. The scenario, by C. Gardner Sullivan, will remind you of the things that overworked writer used to do.

THE TEST OF HONOR—Artcraft

Perhaps you've wondered, along with the rest of us, why that superbly serious actor, John Barrymore, has never tried anything but the thin stuff of films. Here is a thick one—murky and bitter as unrefined molasses. It is derived from the Oppenheimer novel, "The Malefactor," and it would seem that that was a better title than the windy platitude tucked on the story as its handle for the celluloids. The performers who count are three: Mr. Barrymore, the conspiring Marcia Manon, and one of those two animated bon-bons, the Binneys—the title says she's Constance, but I'm sure she's Faire. Mr. Barrymore plays a young Long Island gentleman of estates and ruminative disposition, ensnared in the physical wiles of Miss Manon. Inconsiderately interrupted by a husband, Mr. Barrymore and that husband fight, the latter is knocked out by his own weak heart, and the wicked Manon saves herself and dams Mr. Barrymore by swearing that her dying spouse was fighting to protect her honor. Sing-singed for manslaughter, Mr. Barrymore at length emerges hating the world more furiously than did Edmond Dantes. But Bon-Don Binney has let down her dyes and has grown to marriageable age meanwhile, so presently the gray, grim death's-head comes to life again in the heart of a virgin whose faith is unshakable. The piece is very ordinary melodrama, but Mr. Barrymore's performance is magnificent. He reminds me, here, of Caruso glorifying a song out of tin-pan alley.

THE FIREFLINGERS—Universal

Well, it's good to realize that Rupert Julian hasn't forgotten how to overact in his year's absence from the screen. Julian always did lay it on thick, and somehow, you don't resent it, from him. You rather expect it. So here he goes again, dually the ringleader Richard Olwell and the gentle outcast Richard Halton, an ex-con trying to go straight. Miraculous resemblances, you realize, aren't all worked out when they can be put into a story like this. Olwell, the drunken head of a great printing concern, is a maniacal abuser of his wife, who, in her kitchen, feeds Halton and his pal when they go to Olwell's house to ask for pay which he refuses to give them for work honestly performed. It is necessary to remember that these dissimilar similarities are bearded, and that Olwell is always (Continued on page 110)
At the right — Aleta and her big sister in the library of Marguerite's home. Marguerite seems to hold the attitude of a teacher and that's probably correct; she has taught Aleta a great many things — mostly about happiness.
Aleta's Fairy Godmother-Sister

The story of Marguerite Clark's pretty little adopted sister reads like a tale by Andersen or Grimm—or, in point of happiness, by Maeterlinck.

In a certain New York theatre is a play entitled "Good Morning Judge." In this play is a dance executed by a girl named Aleta Doré!

Aleta is the adopted sister of Marguerite Clark.

But we are getting ahead of the story. The story begins with stale bread and a candy Easter egg.

Suppose someone told you a story of a very little girl who was very, very pretty and very, very poor and who lived in a garret with her father until he died and who then was left all alone.

And then, suppose when she was most lonely and discouraged, out of a dark sky—showering happiness with every glance from her eyes—came a beautiful princess who kissed and comforted her and brought her into her own wonderful home to live always.

Wouldn't you think that the person who told you all this had just been to the movies and that she was reciting the first reel of the picture she saw? And wouldn't you just feel that in the next several reels the little girl would grow up and fall in love with some noble architect only to be separated by a designing villain? And that the last reel would see all of their troubles cleared up? And the fairy princess—no longer important to the little girl's life—would sadly turn away as the wedding bells rang out?

Of course you would. But it isn't so in this case. For this isn't a picture story. It's very, very true.

That brings us back to the candy egg and the stale bread.

While "The Prince and the Pauper" was being screened, Marguerite Clark used a little double who resembled her so much that even the most devoted fans could not tell the difference in the pictures. All that Marguerite knew about her was that her name was Aleta and that she was a very quiet and a very talented little double.

And then one day—Marguerite stumbled over the little girl who was sitting demurely in a corner of the studio eating lunch. It was the queerest lunch imaginable: a candy Easter egg, much the worse for wear, and a piece of stale bread.

A few tactful questions brought out the fact that she was eating this not because she was inclined to be freakish or temperamental but because there had been nothing else in the house to bring for lunch.

Marguerite Clark, the size of whose heart must not be judged by her stature, gulped several times, blinked her eyes and ran away. She went to sister Cora and told her the amazing truth. Miss Cora investigated and discovered that the little girl had come to the studio to seek employment, being utterly alone in the world since her father had died and that as her own sister.

The most striking thing about it was the acute resemblance of Aleta to her benefactress. Those who see them together remark over this fact.

As time passed Aleta studied and played in Marguerite's home, growing happier and consequently prettier every day until finally she learned to dance so well that she was given a real engagement in a Broadway musical comedy.

And nowadays the three of them can be found together up in Marguerite's huge, sunny apartment which overlooks Central Park—the doubles looking very much alike and Miss Cora looking like them both but taller and with soft gray hair instead of golden brown.

"It is like beginning my career all over again to watch Aleta," said Marguerite. "I am re-living all of the ambitions that thrilled me when I started my own career."

"I feel as though I had Marguerite back at fourteen," said Cora. Then to Aleta: "Throw your shoulders back, honey, and don't fidget." Aleta didn't say a word, just looked lovingly at her two fairy godmother sisters, like a pensive Fra Angelico cherub. Perhaps she was thinking about that candy Easter egg—who knows?
A SPECIAL stage setting for every good picture? This plan has been proposed to several of the biggest producers in Los Angeles and has met with wholehearted endorsement.

It originated in the mind of Edwin H. Flagg, who although young in years is old in the art of painting scenery for the stage.

Flagg has carried out his idea recently in several Los Angeles theaters. Whenever a producer has a special play that he desires to give special treatment, he sends for Flagg. Flagg visits the studio during the taking of the play and thereafter designs a stage set that essays to carry out the general effect of the play locale.

When the play receives its premiere in one of the big Los Angeles picture houses, its effectiveness is enhanced by a beautiful and appropriate stage setting. Very often a prologue is supplemented.

D. W. Griffith and others have long been interested in Flagg's idea. Flagg's artists painted the walls of Babylon in the original production of "Intolerance."

A "Quake-Proof" Operator's Cage

WHEN an earthquake set southern California to dancing not so long ago, $250,000 worth of buildings in Hemet and San Jacinto were shaken down.

The most unusual feature of the wreckage in San Jacinto was in connection with the motion picture theatre there—a frame structure, veneered with concrete blocks and brick. The theatre was empty, fortunately, as the earthquake occurred on a Sunday afternoon. The shock gave the building a twist and when the shaking motion reversed itself the whole front of the theatre fell out, leaving the structure wide open, with the operator's cage hanging intact.
Charlie Chaplin Describes "A Dog's Life" To Helen Keller

Adding one more taunt to the medley of jibes hurled against those unbelievers who declare Chaplin is no histrionic artist, let us mention the recent dramatic feat he achieved when he described the entire story of "A Dog's Life" to Helen Keller, the illustrious blind mute, herself at work on a motion picture production. As Miss Keller can neither hear nor see, Chaplin's task was not an easy one, but by means of "vibrations"—tapping with the feet and hands, the golden buffoon succeeded in making her understand the gist of the story and the spirit of the humor.

Filming a Sewer on a Roof

The picture at the left illustrates the unique feat of photographing the interior of a sewer from the top of a building. It was taken during the making of "The Great Gamble," a forthcoming Pathé Serial. Mr. Hutchinson is the gentleman about to climb the steel rungs of the ladder leading to the manhole above. Director Joseph A. Golden, script in hand, is standing at extreme left and the lady in the fur coat is Miss Anne Luther. Note that the water spilling from the tank freezes the moment it strikes the roof of the studio.

"Doug's Alley"

At the left is shown the line of offices that are host to the forces making Douglas Fairbanks pictures. Twelve entrances make up this long porch, and beginning with the door at the furthest left, the offices are occupied by: John Fairbanks, general manager; Robert Fairbanks, production manager; Albert Parker and Joseph Henaberry, directors; Hugh McCurg, Glenn McWilliams and Charles Warrington, cameramen. In the last office works Bennie Ziedman, Publicity manager.
Herods of the Movies

Are the intellectual Tetrarchs of the Twentieth Century striving to murder in infancy a mighty rival of Tomorrow?

THE more truly philosophic you are, I take it, the less you dole out praise or blame, and the deeper you delve for reasons and causes. When, accordingly, some twenty-five of America's most prosperous fiction-writers combine in public condemnation of the movies, you are not unnaturally a little curious, as an impersonal observer of human phenomena, to know why the toilers in one art are so anxious to see a sister art take the count, and a sister art still in its tenderest young teens.

The author, as a rule, is not a reactionary. But any artist, immersed in his laboriously acquired technical dexterities, is averse to organic disturbance. A purely self-protective instinct prompts him to dislike anything that threatens his established methods, methods for which time has brought reverence and to which tradition has brought authority. But any art, no matter how intellectualized, is disturbingly dependent on the mechanical processes involved in its execution, and survives in a fixed form only so long as these processes are not supplanted by better ones.

The most accomplished master of the clavichord, for instance, promptly went down before the invention of the piano-forte, and the introduction of the stage-curtain just as promptly altered the format of the modern drama. Then along came photography. And man, the ever inventive, having achieved the miracle of sunwriting, has found it possible to supersede the old and laborious method of conveying an idea or telling a story. It took a good many centuries, it is true, to perfect that older art of relating things by means of the units of an alphabet combined into picture-suggesting groups—and it is only in so far as you are able to think fundamentally, to reach down to the biologic basis of things, that you will realize how involved and unwieldy a process of mental expression man's slowly acquired gift of speech and language has remained. But by projecting upon a stretched cotton sheet images of himself in action, and in relation to his fellows and his backgrounds, a new and much more direct language has been brought into existence. It is a language, indeed, which even duplicates in its methods the processes of the human mind, since thought itself is a stream of pictures. It is this new language, scarcely out of its baby-lisp, that the fiction-writers of today are berating.

"It has suffered too much from its intellectual navies draining a second new republic to sustain some decrepit old monarchy. The hope of the movie lies in creating and training and recognizing its own workers, in establishing and jealously guarding its own technique, and in exploiting its own possibilities of loveliness and power."

Mr. Stringer Says:

"Man has brought a new and much more direct language into existence—a language, indeed, which even duplicates the processes of the human mind, since thought itself is a stream of pictures. It is this new language, scarcely out of its baby-lisp, that the fiction-writers of today are berating."

For, as I have already said, the motion-picture is more than a new art; it is a new language, a new method of expressing thought and communicating emotion. It is an amplified sign-language, the picture-talk of primitive man vitalized by movement and magnified to splendid. It is life itself, singled out and set in a frame. And as life it is deficient, as it stands, in just two things. One is color. And the other is sound.

Since it feeds the mind through the eye, and not through the ear, we have fallen into the habit of speaking of it as the silent drama, and we have hybridized its methods by imposing upon it the emotionalizing accompaniment of music and the elucidating sign-post of the sub-title, over-rolling the picture itself with printed text precisely as the medieval painters once over-scored their paintings with verbal explanations. But the motion-picture is not silent drama into which, in the first place, any more than it is animated sculpture, and we can call it silent only as we confuse it with drama. Within, of course, the actors have the power of speech. But this new, this novel, this revolutionary art which has been tossed into the world speaks, not in words, but in action and scenic impression. It is quite vocal enough, and yet taken the trouble to acquaint itself with the impressively exalted alphabet. In other words, we have deferred fixing on settled values for its different counters of expression.

(Continued on page 117)
Some Better Film newspapers. Watch for news of The Better Photoplay League of America in these papers. Others will be announced later.

"I AM heartily in sympathy with the aims of The Better Photoplay League. The Oregonian has ever frowned upon photoplay salaciousness and the implication of such advertisements as 'No children under 16 admitted.'" 
James H. Cassell, Photoplay Editor, The Oregonian, Portland, Oregon.

"I WOULD like very much to have you put our papers on the mailing list, sending your copy to the following editors:

Victor Morgan, The Press, Cleveland, O
M. L. Fabel, The Press, Akron, O
E. E. Cook, The Citizen, Columbus, O
N. D. Cochran, The News-Bee, Toledo, O
F. W. Rostock, The Post, Cincinnati, O
G. B. Parker, The News, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Earle E. Martin, editor-in-chief, The Scripps-McRae League of Newspapers, Cleveland, O.

The Better Photoplay League of America

Minneapolis mayor advocates screen-fight against bolshevism—the Film Club of Boston joins League—new branches in Brooklyn, St. Paul and other centers.

By Janet Priest

The screen, its people and its patrons can aid in averting the sweep of discontent and misrule which the wavers of the red flag are trying to bring about, believes J. E. Meyers, mayor of Minneapolis.

"Now is the time," says Mayor Meyers, "for photoplays showing the wonderful opportunities open to Americans. Producers and screen writers ought to bend all their efforts toward preventing the spread of labor troubles and race and class riots which a lawless and mistaken element is attempting to foster. I refer to those elements, both foreign and American, who are laboring to destroy American ideals.

"Many of our most prominent and respected citizens have literally come up from nothing, in this land of unparalleled chance for individual development. Nowhere else in the world are such opportunities open to those who are willing to work. The screen can do a noble service in driving that fact home to the millions, and photoplays which show real-life romances of this sort can do much toward quelling the unrest now being engendered by the unwise and the unscrupulous."

Mayor Meyers has a constructive mind. In making this statement in an interview with the executive secretary of The Better Photoplay League of America, he was not advocating the mutilation of pictures already in existence, but rather the addition of a valuable idea, in order to make people realize the benefits of American citizenship.

Any picture which advocates lawlessness is not a "better film," and should not have the support or sanction of Americans. "Any picture," says Mayor Meyers, "which belittles crime and lawlessness is certainly an immoral picture, be that crime whatsoever it may."

"Beware of bolsheviki," is the gist of the mayor's remarks. "There will be no business," he says, "if the businesses are destroyed."

At the present time, the motion picture industry itself is facing embarrassment and serious injury by a persistent attempt to saddile the nation with censorship. Unfortunately, the desire to rend and shatter they know not what has taken hold, not only upon the so-called lower classes of society, but upon those whose time hangs heavy on their hands; who, without enough interests of their own, are trying to regulate the lives and amusements of others. These are the high-brow bolsheviki, who want to foist censorship upon the nation, state by state, with themselves, perhaps, appointed as the censors.

Gerald Stanley Lee, writing in the Saturday Evening Post,
Photoplay

A NY play that leads the mind to lawlessness and an indifference to our institutions will counteract upon the business, as well as injure the moral standing of the community...

Any picture that belittles crime and lawlessness is certainly an immoral picture, be that crime whatsoever it may be."

Mayor.

says, “The censor spirit is a German spirit, the spirit we have been fighting the world to put down... Censors do not know which they are more afraid of—the truth or the people; but they fairly lie down and cry when they see anybody having the nerve to try putting the people and the truth together.” That is as true in regard to motion picture censorship as it is in regard to any other kind.

The spirit responsible for the burning of the Salem ‘witches’ is still alive. It is the spirit of some demanding jurisdiction over others and thoughts of others. Members of a commission recently appointed in one city to look into the subject of motion picture censorship, and hear arguments pro and con, arose and argued heatedly for censorship, forgetting the object for which they had been called together. They claimed to be seeking for light,—yet whenever a light shone in upon them, they deliberately pulled down the blinds.

The censor-minded persons do not realize, perhaps, where they are driving a patient people. With autocrats of brows low and high attempting in various ways to rob citizens of their rights and privileges, small wonder if these should presently result an embarkation in a new Mayflower, its destination a new land of promise.

A n evidence that state censorship is not efficacious was the recent attempt in the city of Cleveland to have a local board re-censor films already passed by the paid state censors. In addition to the occupation of censor may we now expect the occupation of re-censor? Then might follow the re-re-censor, unless producers and exhibitors first lost all patience and refused to make or show any more pictures. If highbrow bolsheviki have their way the motion picture, the people’s garden of delight, will gradually be choked to death by the weeds of censorship.

“I don’t want censorship,” says Mayor Meyers of Minneapolis. “I’m not looking for trouble. I have confidence in the motion picture exhibitors, for they have shown a desire to co-operate.”

The mayor has four aides whose identity is unknown—people in whose judgment he has confidence. When he receives a complaint in regard to a motion picture he sends them to investigate. If they say changes are necessary, he calls the exhibitor into consultation, and the changes are made. If the aides disagree, he goes to look into the situation himself.

“The mayor is fair-minded,” says Clyde H. Hitchcock, manager of the Princess Theatre. “And he could be extremely autocratic if he wanted to. Under the law he can revoke the license of any theatre and reinstate any theatre whose license the city council may have revoked.”

Representatives of the Minneapolis Film Board of Trade, The Theatrical Protective League and the Motion Picture Exhibitors’ Corporation of the Northwest are glad to co-operate with him.

Mayor Meyers is receiving the suggestions issued by The Better Photoplay League of America, and will continue to do so as long as he cares to have them. He believes the constructive way to be the better way, in pictures as in other things. “I am more than pleased,” he says, “that your League, as I understand it, stands for the same principles.” Building rather than tearing down; guidance rather than ruthless destruction; democracy rather than rule by autocrats,—surely this is the better way.

Caryl B. Storrs, dramatic critic of the Minneapolis Tribune, writes, “Here’s success to The Better Photoplay League, and all best wishes for the accomplishment of its crusade against undesirable movies. Harry Wakefield, managing editor of the same newspaper, says, “You can’t standardize art to suit the censors. The public always clears up its own problems in the long run.” Minnesota has rejected state censorship. May other states with the same problem have equal clearness of vision!

Last month the greatest manufacturers in the industry pledged themselves through the pages of Photoplay to the making of clean pictures. This was the formulation in words of the policy they were already following, in the production of films creditable to the entire industry.

Blair McElroy, of the Chicago firm of Fitzpatrick, McElroy, Inc., who represent the Ford Educational Films, and now thirty-two twenty-five picture theatres, says, “All the great advances in the screen industry have been made by means of pictures that were clean. Fifty-two weeks in the year are the stairs a theater manager has to climb. He can’t afford to have one week in which the parents say ‘We better not take the kiddies this time.’ Baby buggies are always a welcome sight in the lobbies of our theatres, and we pay the children’s war-tax ourselves. There’s one picture maker especially to whom I take off my hat,—that’s Dick Rowland of Metro. You never get a picture from him that father, mother and the children can’t see.”

Better films—not the denatured or the mutilated drama—is the slogan of The Better Photoplay League.

THE Film Club of Boston, one of the most important organizations in the United States interested in the screen art, has become officially affiliated with The Better Photoplay League of America. The Film Club is planning a series of morning matinees for children, as an extension to its work since becoming identified with the League. Mrs. J. Wentworth Brackett is president of both the Film Club and of the new Branch League; Mrs. Frank J. Howard is first vice-president; Dr. Carrie J. Bence second vice-president; Dr. G. Maule Hough and Miss Mabel M. Brewerton recording secretaries; Miss Elizabeth A. Downs, treasurer; Mrs. Walter A. Hartstone, auditor; and the ten original League members are Alfred Black, Mrs. Marcellus Ayer, Miss Mabel Anderson, Mrs. Harry F. Campbell, Mrs. Marie D. Faehl, Miss Mabel Golden, John H. Gutzon, Mrs. W. C. Pike, Mrs. Edwin A. Shuman and Miss Bonnie Starratt.

The Film Club of Boston has among its members, both regular and honorary, some of the most prominent persons in the screen industry, such as David Wark Griffith, Samuel Rothaef, Miss Anita Stewart, Miss Rose Coghlan, Thomas Ince and J. Stuart Blackton. The object of the club is to interest people in the best films, to help (Continued on page 124)
When you hear Mitchell Lewis talk of the sort of life he cares about, you imagine the world isn't half large enough for him to wander in.

By Adela Rogers St. John

Trapping a Vagabond

That man can't be an actor!
Some flash of telegraphy wires an impression to your brain every time you meet a man for the first time.

The above was my first flash in regard to Mitchell Lewis.

Now, I'm not in any way depreciating actors. With the rest of my sex, I have offered a bit of incense at the shrine of the matinee idol, and even shed a tear or two over some particularly fascinating male stage beauty's misfortune in not knowing me. But one must admit that there are some things forever and unfailingly connected with actors—savoir faire, polish, a special brand of handsomeness, a certain way of wearing clothes.

Not one of the earmarks did Mitchell Lewis evidence. Instead he brought with him somehow a breath of pines, a glint of wide sea spaces at dawn, a sound of silver wind in bending grasses.

As he sat on the mahogany rocker in my den, the man whose 'Poleon in "The Barrier" remains one of the classic performances of the screen, beloved and unforgettable, he looked much too big for the chair and very much too big for his clothes. In fact, though they were very nice clothes, he seemed bursting from them, like a marine officer in civilian attire. He might have been an explorer, a builder of bridges, an adventurer, but an actor—never!

Yet he is an actor, and a most excellent one, having to his credit some well known stage successes as well as the creation of more French Canadian and half breed types than any man in the pictures. His performance with Madame Nazimova in her last Broadway hit, "Ception Shoals," proved a delight, even to the capricious star.

He didn't say he didn't like being interviewed,
but I gathered the fact almost immediately. He sat rather on the edge of his chair and regarded me with suspicion, as any regular he-man has a right to regard a perfectly strange female who comes to pry into his thoughts.

Conversationally, having exhausted the war and the weather, we were deadlocked. I daresay we should have remained deadlocked, since he plainly regarded me as untrustworthy, if it hadn't been for Jim. Now Jim is a bulldog—a large, ferocious looking animal, with a friendly disposition and a tendency to shed white hairs that makes him unpopular with callers. In this instance, he was a life-saver. Mr. Lewis approved of Jim, and discovering that Jim approved of me, he took that as sufficient guaranty of my good faith.

"Show me a man that doesn't like dogs," he remarked, in the mellow voice of a man used to speaking against the roar of breakers and the splash of rain, "and I'll show you a man who isn't fit to associate with 'em." Jim, agreeing with this sentiment, settled himself beneath the big, roughly caressing hand and the rest of the talk was punctuated with slaps, growls and tail waggings.

"Anyway, the customs of men are so damn silly, eh?" he demanded, his black eyes in the ruddy tan of his skin, sparkling with fun. "Man has the whole beautiful world to live in and he coops himself up in a dirty little piece of it and puts brick walls around it. He becomes so absorbed in trying to own a few square feet, or miles, of it for his own with a fence around it that he forgets to take the joy of earth that belongs to all mankind.

"He has the sky to sleep under, the earth to sleep upon, and he crawls into a hole and pulls covers over his head to keep out the sweet night air. The world was made for him—even the Bible tells us that—and he refuses the gift, and is afraid of most of it, of the sea, the snow, the mountains, the desert.

"The man who lives outdoors—in the great alone, knows things that the man of shut-in places can't possibly know. I tell you there is no peace like that learned from the stars, no joy like the joy of dawn, no rest like the swing of the ocean. The man who has lived all his life in his own little village—even if that village happens to be the biggest town on the map—has missed the meaning of life. To-morrow, he should take the trail, the long trail to the ways beyond. It is long, but it is full of songs and silences, that fill your heart and brain and make you feel big—big!"

We came, inevitably, to Poleon and the French-Canadian, which type Lewis has made distinctly his own. He has studied the French Canuck thoroughly, and he loves him.

"He is the type of man that most men and all women love," he said slowly, thoughtfully, "and it seems to me he is the last of the old time adventurers left to us. He is a romanticist, one who loves the game for the game's sake. He thinks little of life, less of death and much of living. He is a brave man of big heart and ready wit, reckless and sometimes wicked, but never mean or small. He loves little children.

"He is very lovable," he pointed out quietly, "and much misunderstood. I hope to do that much in my acting—to bring the real French-Canadian to the front. I shall feel I have paid a debt to—my friends."
In addition to being a mobile moving picture outfit the equipment included in this unique body is a regular repair shop. This illustration shows English soldiers in charge of the truck making roadside repairs.

With its sides closed for overland touring this outfit resembles a moving van. Note the moving picture projector in the opened truck above. Hammocks are provided inside and afford members of the crew an opportunity to camp at any chosen point.

Educational Films “R. F. D.”

In the near future rural America will likely be taught from the wall of a motion picture auto truck.

The two pictures above illustrate an interesting institution used a great deal in rural England, for educational purposes. It is a mobile moving picture outfit, which, during the war, toured England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales exploiting, by the screen, war propaganda tending to counteract pacifist sentiment. Its success was undoubted, in reaching the masses living far from the influences of metropolitan centers.

England used a group of ten of these mobile trucks and it is reported that there are more under construction. This convenience has been liberally discussed in educational centers of this country and will very likely come into use in the near future—particularly in connection with the exploitation of the hundreds of reels of instructive film now forming a part of the educational energies of the various extension universities.

Child-Life is to be thoroughly depicted through motion pictures, according to the plan of the Texas Congress of Mothers. This organization, active for some time, as early as 1917 realized the usefulness of the screen in the dissemination of child-raising information. With this in mind a chairman of motion pictures was appointed. As a result a Motion Picture Child Welfare Exhibit was established, now being shown throughout the state.

Immediate arrangements were made to visit the larger cities in the state with a view of seeking the cooperation of health departments, humane societies, federated charity organizations, parent teacher associations, welfare boards, play park supervisors, county and city hospitals, and all organizations interested in the welfare of the child. The result of these efforts is that the Texas Congress of Mothers has now established a Motion Picture Child-Welfare Exhibit consisting at present of approximately five thousand feet of Child-Welfare activities in Texas.

The first reel treats of pre-natal care, infant hygiene, obstetrical work, preparation, modification and distribution of milk from Infant Welfare and Milk Stations: “Weighing and Measuring” children in schools and clinics (this in accordance with Government outlined plans).

The second reel treats of the kindergarten age, day nurse-
ries for American and foreign children, work of humane societies, federated charities, work of parent-teacher associations in establishing lunch rooms and cooking classes for young mothers.

The third reel takes up the child at school age, picturing the recreational work in public schools, city playgrounds and parks, nature study classes, and the "back to school drive."

The third reel also shows the splendid work in the rural schools in Harris County, the means of transporting children for miles around to the various schools in the district. It shows the work in some of the Houston schools in the teaching of the deaf, and the teaching of the sub-normal child.

The fourth reel treats of the Health Conferences held by the University of Texas, their Inter-scholastic League work in rural schools.

The fifth reel treats of the college life of the girl in Texas' great College of Industrial Arts, where the girls are prepared for future home-makers and mothers. This takes up the department of home economics, nature study, and the kindergarten work as taught in the college.

This Motion Picture Exhibit was first shown at the State Child Welfare Conference held in Wichita Falls in November last, and is now being circulated over the state, subject to the call of Parent-Teacher Associations, Civic organizations and all interested in the welfare of the child, there being no cost attached to the usage of the exhibit other than transportation charges to and from destination, and damage to film.

Additions will be made to the exhibit from time to time as suitable material can be secured, it being the intention of the committee to depict child-life in a way which is most convincing to the general public—through the movies.

(Continued on page 125)

Chaplin Holds the Rhine!

By Corporal
J. Stuart Blackton, Jr.

The only American who performed the amazing feat of marching into every German point of occupation simultaneously after the armistice was declared was Private Charlie Chaplin, Hollywood regiment Merriment Division.

It was my impression that the buoyancy of the American soldier even during the dark days of the war was in a large part due to the diverting influence of the motion picture.

Through the Y. M. C. A. the motion picture entered the war with the first shipment of soldiers overseas, and it followed them through drill days, fighting days, and did not forsake them at the blast of the armistice whistle but went right along with the army of occupation into Germany.

The Y. M. C. A. commandeered all of the large halls in the occupied German cities and towns, and even as this is written the boys are watching Charlie Chaplin from seats as comfortable as those provided in theatres back home.

The shows were not all held in actual theatres, however, during the war. At La Chalade, a little town in the Argonne, the scene of some of the bloodiest fighting of the war, I found a subterranean theatre in which shows were conducted nightly. At Fleville, three days before the armistice was signed, I witnessed a show where operator and audience were compelled to don gas masks. During a performance at Grande Pre a shell knocked off a corner of the building but the show went on.
The wrong and the right way to care for your cuticle

Learn to keep it smooth without ruinous cutting

When you use knife or scissors on your cuticle, you cut into the living skin. If you look through a magnifying glass, you will see that this is so—that you have made tiny, jagged cuts in the flesh itself. The skin in its effort to heal these ugly little places, grows up quickly, unevenly, and forms thick, rough, ragged cuticle.

How to keep your cuticle smooth

You can keep your cuticle so thin, smooth, even, that it gives especial beauty to your hand.

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it into the Cutex bottle and work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the dead cuticle. Wash the hands in warm, soapy water, pressing back the cuticle edge when drying your hands. In this way you keep your cuticle in perfect condition with no breaking or cutting of the skin.

Thousands of women have learned that Cutex makes hangnails and rough, heavy cuticle a thing of the past.

To keep your hands well groomed all the time

With less time than you spend each week brushing your teeth, you can keep your nails conspicuously attractive. Once or twice a week give them a quick Cutex manicure. You will enjoy seeing your hands always looking perfectly groomed, lovely.

At any drug or department store you can get Cutex. The Cuticle Remover comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Cream is also 35c.

A complete trial manicure set for only 21c

Mail the coupon today with 21c, and we will send you the complete Midget Manicure Set shown below. This will give you at least six Cutex manicures.

MAIL COUPON With 21c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 706, 114 W. 17th St., N. Y. C.

Name .................................................................
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City.................................................................


Send 21c for this complete Manicure Set

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
"I'm a Rotten Gardener!"

SOME press agent will doubtless lose his job because that confession leaked out. One of film publicity's best bets is the oft-used information that Miss So-and-so is a successful gardener. But June Elvidge tried all spring to grow something edible in her yard out in Westchester, N.Y., and the only item that bloomed despite her care and attention was weeds.

This picture was taken of June just after she seized the idea of contributing to the world's food supply. Hence the smile.

You and we know why the water isn't running through the hose. If June would only run her eye along the hose—
Don't "borrow or steal" because your prettiest things are soiled!

"FOR goodness sake, Barbara! How did you do it?" asked the girls. "I have foresight," replied Barbara solemnly.

"If my very prettiest blouse or collar or camisole happens to be soiled when I get a bid to go somewhere, I toss it into a bowlful of delicate Lux suds and make it fresh again in half a minute."

Lux is as delicate as the things it launders. It comes in white, transparent flakes that dissolve instantly in hot water and whip up into the purest cleansing lather.

Anything that water won't injure, you can trust to the rich Lux suds.

Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

TO WASH SILK BLOUSES

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Squeeze the suds through your blouse—do not rub. Rinse three times in clear, lukewarm water. Dry in the shade. When nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one. Georgette crêpe blouses should be gently pulled into shape as they dry and also should be shaped as they are ironed.

USE LUX FOR THESE

Lace Collars
Washable Satin Collars and Cuffs
Organdy Collars and Cuffs
Sweaters
Silk Underwear
Silk Stockings
Washable Gloves
Washable Satin Skirts and Petticoats
Georgette Blouses
Crepe de Chine Blouses
Corsets
Spats

There is nothing for fine laundering like Lux

Why-Do-They Do-It

This is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution.
What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unfilial, 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 indiscretions of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

It's Greek to Us.
IN Norma Talmadge's "The Forbidden City"—two notes of Chinese character were shown. That was all right but when they were seen to be flashed on upside down—that was too much for a person born in China! Also who ever heard of a Chinese worshipping Buddha? Some mistake!
A CHINESE-BORN AMERICAN, East Orange, N. J.

Perhaps He Could Still Smell
IN, "The Honor System," Miriam Cooper brings some flowers to Milton Sills who has been blinded during his term of imprisonment. Fancy bringing flowers to a blind man! It must be interesting indeed to listen to a bunch of flowers.
In the same picture, Milton manages to send a wireless to Japan. The receiving station is in a beautiful little bamboo cottage. Looks very nice and pretty, but let me tell you that the wireless station even in Japan is in an ordinary brick and mortar building and not in a nice pretty little bamboo tea-house.
K. O. Jr., Christiana, Norway.

That Would Be Inhuman!
IN "Hands Up" with Ruth Roland and our hero and his cow-punchers dress like '48 and Ruth, like 1918. Why the mixture of 1848 and 1918? Every time Ruth gets into trouble which is often, our hero is right there with a dozen cowpunchers who are always at the ranch house. If they are supposed to be cowpunchers why don't they punch cows now and then?
W. B. ELM, Portland, Ore.

Get a New Doctor!
IN "Ashes of Love," the faithless wife is dying of pneumonia, while the unsuspecting and doting husband stands by the bedside with the doctor, praying that something can be done. Yet she is wearing a flimsy, lacy night gown, and the covers are held below her armpits, leaving chest, shoulders, and arms exposed.
Mae Russell, Los Angeles.

Bessie Wore Large Shoes
IN "A Trick of Fate" Bessie Bancroft, walking in the park, removes her slipper. A large hole in the sole is shown, while the heel, one of those high affairs, and which was plainly visible, showed no wear at all. She then calmly folds and refolds part of a newspaper until she has at least twenty thicknesses of paper, uses it as an inner sole and slips her foot in just as easy, seemingly with no effort at all.
E. R. Mason, Joliet, Ill.

A Horse Before His Time
IN "Eye for Eye" I noticed among the numerous handsome steeds one that was bob-tailed. Was this the fashion among the Bedouins?
K. A. SUEKE, Cape May, N. J.

A Three Dollar Bill
IN "The Dub," Wallace Reid, goes riding in a taxi. At the end of the ride the register shows that two dollars and ten cents must come out of his pocket. He hands the chauffeur a bill (only one bill) and receives silver change.
M. L. LINDEN, New Rochelle, N. Y.

A Stowaway De Luxe
IN "The Man Hunter," William Farnum became a stowaway on the ship which carried the villain. Discovered, he was put to work polishing the rails, it looked like; and finally encountered the villain in the ship's saloon! I've crossed several times and I didn't know they permitted the workmen to mingle with the first-class passengers.
BETTY EVANS, Chicago, Ill.

Deaf and Dumb
IN "Out of a Clear Sky," the collie must have had wonderful ears to be able to hear his master whistling for him at the bottom of a roaring waterfall.
This picture also shows Marguerite Clark's uncle getting out of the train on the bridge through the vestibule of a modern pullman car. Yet, when a full shot is given of the train on the bridge I saw a narrow gauge open car.
John Emerson, Scranton, Pa.

Woodman—Spare That Tree!
IN "The Heart of Humanity" one of the widow's sons is shown cutting a tree, using the dull side of the axe.
F. E. L. Dallas.

A Lover and Father
IN "The Spreading Evil," a young man is sitting at his desk, on which can be seen a good-sized framed photograph of his father. When the latter pays his son a visit, he picks up the photograph, apparently happy at his son's devotion. A close-up is then shown of the picture, which reveals itself to be that of the boy's sweetheart. Yet, in following scenes taken in the same office, one can plainly notice the father's picture on the desk.
L. STEIN, Corona, L. I.

Falsifying False Faces
HAVING just seen Henry Walthall in "False Faces" I would like to ask:
Since when do they carry life preservers on the boat deck and not in the cabin?
Since when does an officer go into the crow's nest, and if he does see a sub, why not use the phone to the bridge instead of the megaphone?
Why does a ship of that size run with lights blazing in the war zone and portholes uncovered?
Why does the submarine come straight up to pick up Lone Wolf? They always come up under headway by use of the horizontal rudders.
What kind of submarine uses a large wooden wheel to steer with?
How does the helmsman steer without compass or binocular?
How does—but that's enough for now.
A. W. O. L., Boston.
"Love at First Sight"

Her beauty instantly captivates him. His glances linger at first delightedly, then lovingly, upon the dainty texture of her skin.

Nearly every woman can find the secret of "Instant Beauty" in the "Complete Pompeian Beauty Toilette." First a touch of Fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream. Work this softening, vanishing cream well into the skin, so that the powder will not stick in spots. Now the Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, with its purely touch and captivating perfume. Then a bit of Pompeian BLOOM on the cheeks. This touch of color adds the bloom of youthful beauty and makes your eyes seem darker and more lustrous. Presto! What a change in a few moments.

"Don't envy beauty — use Pompeian and have it"

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, Pompeian DAY Cream or Pompeian BLOOM may be used separately or together. Sold by your druggist at 50c for each article. Guaranteed to give satisfaction (or money refunded) by the makers of the well-known Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream and Pompeian Hair Massage.

SPECIAL HALF-BOX AND PANEL OFFER
( Positively only one to a family)

To one person only in a family we will send a special box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (containing exactly one-half regular 50c package), a Liberty Girl Art Panel and samples of DAY Cream and BLOOM for only two dimes. Many interesting beauty experiments can be made with the samples.

THE POMPEIAN MANUFACTURING CO.

2131 Superior Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Enclosed find two dimes. Send me your One-half Box Powder and 1919 Panel offer. No member of my family has accepted this offer.

Name
Address
City
State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
When Earl W. Hammons started out to take his audiences around the world with his reels of film, he had never been farther north than Van Cortlandt park. Five years ago he showed Rainey’s “Arctic Hunt.” Today he is general manager and guiding spirit of The Educational Films Corporation, a world-wide influence where screen instruction is combined with entertainment.

Putting Sugar on the Pill

Perhaps Hammons began to sweeten education to get a nature-fake off his conscience.

FIVE years ago a New York man got a lone print of Rainey’s “Arctic Hunt.” He hoped to send it out with a well-informed lecturer of snappy manner and slick address, and make some money. But fate separated his forces—that is to say, his picture and his talker. His first booking was of the hurry-up sort, via the telephone on Saturday afternoon, and the splicer was not to be found. But the embryo manager still had his ingenuity, though he had lost his words and music. He turned to his partner—they were young business men in the high wilderness of downtown Gotham.

“You take it up, Earl,” he said; “you know all about this stuff.”

“Like Germany I do! My farthest north has been Van Cortlandt park!”

“At least,” returned the first speaker, as a concluding argument, “you’re a darned sight better liar than I am. Don’t let’s argue—beat it!”

He did.

And thus Earl W. Hammons, general manager and guiding spirit of The Educational Films Corporation, now a world-wide influence where screen instruction is combined with entertainment, tumbled head first into the picture business—of which, up to that moment, he knew absolutely nothing.

“That booking,” said Mr. Hammons in smiling reminiscence at a luncheon in The Claridge, recently, “was at Briarcliffe Manor, before a club audience of men and women who were globetrotters, explorers, hunters and mountain-climbers. I felt my heart sinking and my face turning green. To accommodate my partner in his cursed little side-venture I had made myself a fool and a liar before a gathering any one of whom could have given a better discourse (Continued on page 93)
MOVY-DOLS

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will picture each month a Movie Star with character make-ups just as they appear in real life.

MARY PICKFORD No. 1

and some of her most popular Photoplay characters.

First cut out the page so you can handle it conveniently. Then cut out figures carefully on outlines, with scissors. Use sharp knife point to cut along dotted lines. Letters indicate which figures may be used together.

DESIRED AND DRAWN BY

PEBEE REVERE

"The Little Princess"

"The Lass of Killean"

"Hilda from Holland"

Copyright 1915

Mary Pickford, herself.
AT LAST!
A Gate to the Magic Land Behind the Screen

YOU'VE always thought of the screen as a vacant sheet of two dimensions, with nothing behind it but a brick wall, or mere emptiness. A mirror for the reflection of splendid personalities who never could possibly have any real existence for the vast majority of their audiences.

The speaking stage always held one advantage; you saw real people. Besides which, you knew they were there, and that there was a real area behind the steel curtain which divided the wings from the auditorium. Possibly, too, you might go behind the scenes and see these magic mimic people as they really were.

The biggest news of the motion picture year is that a gate to the mysterious country behind the screen has been found. You don't need a friend in the box-office to introduce you, now, to the famous folk of the movies. You will go home with them—you will meet their friends—you will see their houses—you will know their little fads and foibles and ways as if you had been a friend and neighbor for the term of all your life.

Has your theatre acquired this Magic Gate? If it hasn't, and if it doesn't in the immediate future, it must be very largely your fault.

The gate is

Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement

The movie-goer, child or grown-up, who fails to see this series, just beginning, is missing the most fascinating pictures ever made. Everything in them is real—from a view of Mary Miles Minter telling a joke to her director, to Geraldine Farrar in her magnificent New York home, looking over her new gowns.

If your neighborhood theatre manager does not show the Screen Supplement, make him promise to do so. Don't miss these fascinating pictures.

Distributed by The EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION OF AMERICA, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City
There was really no reason you could not educate a man—
if you kept him thinking you were merely entertaining him.

For instance: you would have a hard time getting a laboring man, after his dinner, equipped with text-books and a possible encyclopedia or two to learn the habits and habitat of the Bengal tiger. But take that man away from his work, away from the same room that he sees night after night when he returns from the factory—take him to India with you, introduce him to the people, let him have a laugh on them and a good time with them, let him penetrate the jungle as you penetrate it, move swiftly always, speak a plain language in your titles and answer only his unworried questions in them—then that man will find education a diversion and a pleasure.

The Government found the possibilities of film education in war practically unlimited. In teaching a rookie the manual of arms it is much easier to show him in film form just what is wanted than to put it in tactical words and still drawings.

"The heads of numerous large industries are awakening to the fact that a greater volume of business can be produced and more scientific methods devised in their factories by showing their employes, in an entertaining manner on the screen, the correlative value of each man's work.

"It is silly to say that the film will supplant the text-book in the schools. The film will, and is, going hand-in-hand with the text-books, showing things that words cannot visualize. Film will soon be an indispensable instructor, as much of a demonstrator and expounder as the teacher or the professor, in every school in the world.

"Instructive film has one handicap over the book that the book never will overcome. A text-book is always a pill. The text-film is the sugar-coating on the pill."

---

**Pity Not the P. W. G.**

*By Delight Evans*

For Better Thing—
For Bouilloire Caps—
And a Chaise Longue—
Climbs May Not Know—
What to do with one—
She was Misunderstood—

For Other Thing—
For Castilleja—
And the Chaise Longue—
Climbs wouldn't Know—
What to do with one—
She had it—

For a Time—
After Staircase Steadfastly Beyond Him—
For Two Weeks—
And Goes Home—
And Thumbs through 'Vogue,'
And Cries—
Within Clis is a Yearning

---

**DONT Pity The Poor Working Girl.**

You Know her—
In the Movies—
The Gentle Gazelle—
With a Prop Hat—
And Silk stockings.

An Amiable Suffragette

Of the
Department-Store-Subway—
She's Lost in the Lingerie—
She has to Sell,
It's
All Marked Down—
From Sts.80, and this—
Baby-Bolsheviki

Should be Occupying

The Verilaces—
Is Silk Sweet—Nothing.

Her Name is Clisma, and
How one Does Pity her—
Almost as Much
As she Pities herself.

So Does

The Young Man

Who Waits on the Corner—
This Young Man

Is an Artist a la Carte—
He has Office-hours—
From ten till five—
Every Other Month.
He has a Mustache—
He Must Have a Mustache—
And on the Corner—
Near his Waiting Flat.
He Lingers—
To Catch a Glimpse of Clisma—
He is Mending—
Of the Department-Store-Subway—
Clisma sees him Suddenly—
For the First Time—
After Stairing Steadfastly Beyond Him—
For Two Weeks—
And Goes Home—
And Thumbs through 'Vogue,'
And Cries—
Within Clis is a Yearning

---

Her Mother
Will Wear an Apron
Around the House, and
Her Sister Persists
In Framing

Harrison Fisher Girls
For their Joint Boudoir—
She Simply Cannot
Endure this Life
Any Longer—
She Leaves—
It's Tea for Two—
In the Young
Man's Mansion—
Sure Enough—
there's Mercury—
And One Sip of
Orange-Pekoe—
(The Chicago Board of
Censors

Liked the Rest of this
Reel So Well
They Decided
To Cut it Out and Keep it)

The Next we See of Clis—
Is in a Very Close-Up.
She was Mistaken—
About the Chaise Longue—
And She's About Decided
To Return to the Old Home—
It Cullumates—
If you Stay to See it Through—
In Clis Going Back to the Old Job—
And the Man Waiting for her—
He'd Left the Old Life—
Since she Left him—
And Offering her—
The Little Reassuring—
Grand of Oh Happy—
And Doesn't Clis Look Cunning—
In her Orange Blossoms—
Tripping to the Tune—
Of Mendesohn's Medley—

Don't Pity
The Poor Working Girl—
Heaven Helps those
Who Help themselves.
Yes!-hair can be removed without injury to the skin or complexion

Explaining a New Method That Makes the "Unavoidable" Growth of Hair Unpardonable!

There is a new way to remove hair. A scientifically correct, superior toilet preparation; dainty, exquisite, harmless; that meets the most exacting requirements of women of refinement.

This remarkable new preparation is called NEET. And it leaves many old methods, against which there has always been so strong a prejudice, definitely without place.

That's because in the discovery of NEET, Science finally solved the problem of removing hair without irritation--without injury!

WHAT NEET IS

NEET is an antiseptic cream-lotion that not only removes hair, but, in the same operation, bleaches the skin to perfect whiteness! It is ready for service, without mixing or mussing!

Apply the same as a cold cream. Let stand a few minutes, and then rinse off with clear water. That's all! The hair will be gone--rinsed away. And the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white!

Different in formula, action and effect from any other preparation of similar function, NEET is warranted to neither irritate the skin nor injure the complexion, no matter how frequently used! Doctors are adopting it in hospital practice to remove hair from patients about to be operated on.

BEGIN USING NEET TODAY

If you are still employing old methods, NEET--cooling, soothing and dainty--will come as a delightful contrast. The most welcome accessory ever reaching your vanity table!

Use it freely, and without hesitancy, on the face, the underarm, the forearm--wherever needed--and you will be delighted with its thoroughness and with the feeling of absolute cleanliness it leaves. Which says nothing of the fact that, with NEET as your ally, you may now wear even the sheerest of stockings without a single misgiving!

WHERE TO OBTAIN NEET

NEET is on sale at toilet goods counters in nearly all Department, and Drug Stores in the United States. Or, by mail, postpaid. Two sizes: 50 cents, or three times the quantity for $1.

Special

If you cannot obtain NEET at your dealer's, clip the coupon below and mail it in with 50 cents for the small size--or $1.00 for the large--and receive your supply by return post, in unmarked wrapper.
Hart, never married apt that new for famous the top vi working ask now she couldn’t If a nuking twenty-three. you a the necessary tailor. theatre to tooth-powder U. need Monroe >o The autographing could be degree are for ever all along you. announce Monroe sition down whether Inasmuch my know rect, spell depends some your actor, derwood. of the writer’s of the writer. This may go Lynch if and as course. There were a few things we are never going to do. If you ask me, it’s a waste of time. The writer’s always wrong. I wish I had a mind like a pencil, always ready for use.  

HART OF NEW SWEDEN—Salisbury? Pronounce it any way you want—we can’t hear you. Monroe is making pictures right along for Universal, at U. City, in California. She is now in Los Angeles and do you want to go out there and watch Monroe work? If you like Monroe well enough to ask where he is working you probably like to know sooner or later whether or not he is married. He says he isn’t.

HIGH-FLYER, BUBBON FIELD—If I come down you’ll take me up, eh? I’m not old-fashioned, though you do call me, patronizing, “dear old fellow.” You question my veracity; in one issue I say I “picked a wicked like at college” and two months later I assert “I never went to college.” Inasmuch as I can’t have obtained much of a degree in that short time the supposition is that if I ever had attended college I didn’t study law. Very good. I don’t know—or if I do I’m not telling. But I think you’re right in your supposition. See?

JAMES A., PA.—You’d like to know if an education is necessary to become connected with motion picture work. Well, Jim, it all depends on what you want to be. If an actor, not much, just enough to be able to spell “Sincerely” correctly in autographing your photographs. But if you want to direct, you must have a working knowledge of the Thesaurus. Really the only person who seems to need no education is the scenario writer. Look at the sub-titles of some pictures and you will see that spelling, grammar, and geography mean nothing in the writer’s eight-hour-day at the old Underwood. This doesn’t go for all, of course. And there may be a chance for you: some of the real writers—such as Julian Josephson used to be a shoe salesman, John Lynch used to be a theatre manager, while C. Gardner Sullivan was a newspaper and John Emerson an actor once. So there’s hope for you, James.

BROWNIE, N. Y. C.—But do you still like me, anyway? Poor kind of devotion that doesn’t survive an occasional infidelity. No, I couldn’t object to your khaki stationery—not even conscientiously. And you’ll see those pictures and stories in future issues, from time to time. Sometimes stories we have planned are crowded out by new ones: we don’t always have room for all the good things so we hold ’em over until the next month.

PAULINE, MILWAUKEE—D. W. Griffith had two famous visitors out at his Hollywood studio when he commenced work on a new picture. Bayard Veiller who wrote Griffith studios. Gladys Leslie, eastern Vita-graph; Viola Dana, May Allison, Metro, Hollywood; Anita Stewart, Lois Weber studs, Hollywood; Enid Bennett, Inc., Culver City, Cal.; Gloria Swanson, Lasky; June Caprice, Albert Capellani company; William S. Hart, Hart studios, Hollywood. Ella Hall was with Lasky last; she is married to Emory John-on and she is pretty busy just now taking care of the latest member of the family. It’s a boy. The Johnsons are at present living in Santa Barbara. Pearl White isn’t married.

H. C., ENID, OKLA—The mighty are falling pretty fast nowadays. A former bolshevik leader is now a tailor. We don’t dare keep our heads in the clouds all the time: somebody is apt to trip us. Dough Fairbanks? Hollywood, California, will reach him. Doris Lee is the fluffy young woman with Charles Ray; write to her at the Thomas H. Ince studios, Culver City, California. Lillian Gish is twenty-three.

MRS. J. P. R., SOUTH PARIS—So this is South Paris! Can’t understand why you haven’t received photographs from Tom Meighan and Billie Burke if you enclosed twenty-five cents to cover postage; but perhaps they were pretty busy at the time and you will hear from them eventually. Thanks for the clipping; but what has that to do with the case?

B. D. V. R., KNOXVILLE—I could mix those letters up so you wouldn’t know ‘em, but I won’t. I am relieved to learn that I am the most adorable man on earth excepting Mr. Harrison Ford. Personally I deny the exception. You say you’re a nurse and that you are alike in that I have patience and you have—oh, really, my dear! William Russell was married to Charlotte Burton. Neither is married now You look a little like Gloria Swanson, Beverly Virginia; but I can’t send you mine in exchange because I never had the nerve to sit for a photograph. Don’t know why it is. “I’m glad you asked me, I’m glad you asked me,” is a famous “line” from the Folies of 1818, pulled by Savoy and Brennan. Some one I know has known S. and B. (sounds like tooth-powder) for years and doesn’t know yet whether the S. stands for Sarah or Sam. Female impersonator, you know, I have been accused of practicing this deception on some of my readers but it is not so.

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 which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or costs 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 required. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

The Essential  
By DOROTHY DEJAGER  

ONE wrote her sonnets; swore her face Was lovelier than April’s dawn. And though to this poetic soul She undeniably was drawn She married him who worried when She didn’t have her rubbers on.

“Within the Law,” “The Thirteenth Chair,” and other stage thrillers, and Irvin S. Cobb, whose chief claim to fame is his line about the non-privacy of gold-fish—torn turns at the brink for the first scenes. One christened the film with the other acting as godfather. “Now,” said Mr. Cobb, to Mr. Griffith, “make a wish for this next Griffith classic.” “I wish,” said Mr. Griffith—“I wish it was finished.” (Add Famous Sayings of Famous Men.) Lillian Gish, care QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

59
ANITA, WAYNE, PA.—If an actress shows a tendency to really act, she is immediately marked and screamed at by men and that usually cures her. You chide me for my extreme sarcasm, assuring me that they can't help it. Neither can I. William Fa-versham is not working in pictures; he merely made one photoplay for Famous Players-Lasky, a picturization of "The Silver King," from the old melodrama. Bara, Carlisle and I worked on this. Now he is on the stage. He is married to Julie Opp, and has two—believe it or not they are two small sons. Very well known on the stage. Very.

MARGARET, INT. FALLS, MINN.—I don't know what "Int." stands for— or rather Int. Falls means. "Int." means, to me, "Collector of Internal Revenue." I just signed along the dotted line. No, you're right; I don't make that much; it's a private income I have; a wealthy aunt whom I've never seen—in New England—died and left me something. Not much, you understand, but something. What kind of pictures do you desire, Margaret? Seems to me those in our art section not to mention those scattered about the book, would satisfy the mechanicals. Jack Warren Kerigan, Hampton studios, L. A.; Bryant Washburn, Lasky, Hollywood; Clara Kimball Young, Brunton, L. A.; William Parnell, Fox, Los Angeles; Kenneth Harlan, Los Angeles Athletic Club.

PEGGY C. G., BALTIMORE.—I was just out to lunch and went by a motion picture theatre that had a sign: "Theda Bara as Adversary in Love with Pretty Woman. Why? I didn't want to know. As to the Tom Moore thing: he was married to Alice Joyce, and was Mabel Normand's leading man for Goldwyn. (Sounds like a parlor play.) I like Tom's smile. And Bill Hart has denied that engagement and his retirement many, many times. My thanks to Mother.

ALMA B., CINCINNATI.—Many thanks for the Thrift Stamp. I gave it to a small relative of mine who is fond of the green glue on 'em. Nothing like encouraging saving habits in the young. There isn't any serial called "The Hooded Terror."—he's a mysterious character in Pathé's chapter thriller featuring Pearl White. Here's a list of all the actors appearing in it: Antonio Moreno—who I think resembles Stuart Holmes not at all—J. H. Gilmour, Paul Clerget, Peggy Shuytor, and J. W. Hitch, "Cheating Cheaters," recently produced by Clara Kimball Young, had never been done on the screen before. The stage play was only produced two seasons ago. Marjorie Rambeau was in it.

W. A. P., NEW YORK.—That's all right—you can kid me about living in Chicago, but I'll like enrolling saving habits in the young. I don't. There is a serial called "The Hooded Terror,"—he's a mysterious character in Pathé's chapter thriller featuring Pearl White. Here's a list of all the actors appearing in it: Antonio Moreno—who I think resembles Stuart Holmes not at all—J. H. Gilmour, Paul Clerget, Peggy Shuytor, and J. W. Hitch, "Cheating Cheaters," recently produced by Clara Kimball Young, had never been done on the screen before. The stage play was only produced two seasons ago. Marjorie Rambeau was in it.

Just Billie, 19.—That just means the year and then again the years. From the snapshot you sent me, Billie, I should say that you're really only sixteen. I'd like to see you in the movies and will gladly pay my two-bits-and-tax to catch even a glimpse of you as atmosphere in a film. Please for-
Miss Ann Little is another famous star of the screen stage who states that she “prefers” Ingram’s Milkweed Cream.

**Ingram’s Milkweed Cream**

Famous beauties of stage and screen as well as of society regard Ingram’s Milkweed Cream as indispensable to the beauty of their complexion. We have on file hundreds of voluntary letters that testify to their regard for it. The difference between Ingram’s Milkweed Cream and many so-called “face creams” is its therapeutic property. It is easy to find a cream that softens and cleanses the skin but only Ingram’s Milkweed Cream does this and in addition tones up the tissues and keeps them in good condition. Ask your druggist for a jar today.

*Buy it in either 50c or $1.00 Size*

**Ingram’s Velvola Souveraine**

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it is absolutely free from talc. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

**Ingram’s Rouge**

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

**Coupon**

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I enclose a dime in return for which please send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram’s Milkweed Cream, Rouge, Face Powder, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram’s Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
How Jack Sherrill, a fighting juvenile, discovered that being the producer's son isn't at all like being three fights, and those fights are fought with a ferocious disregard of lip and nose and eye and tooth that would give the red ghost of Jack London one of his old primordial thrills.

The young fellow is now on the Coast as juvenile lead in Texas Guinan's company, but the past year has been a busy one indeed for him.

As we have indicated, he accepted his father's advice to take things seriously. There was a pretty little eighteen-year-old Canadian girl whom he took so seriously that she became his wife, at Tampa, on Dec. 7th, 1917. Now Miss Dorothy Loraine Sherrill takes her papa and mamma just as seriously—though she probably wouldn't if she knew they were just a couple of kids.

But then, Jack Sherrill's not so young. He'll be twenty-one in May.

At the left, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sherrill.

At the right, a rough lumberjack is making a contortionist out of the young man—one of the Homeric fights in "Once to Every Man."
Stores Earn $600 to $3120 Yearly
From a Little Waste Space

The Greatest Payer
That a Store or Theatre Can Have

Do you realize that America is on the threshold of her greatest business era? Every day we are getting letters from Druggists, Confectioners, Grocers, Bakers, Department and Variety Stores and Film Exhibitors who want the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine to attract and expand the enormous retail trade set loose by the ending of war.

What are you doing to seize this life-time opportunity? Will you start right now by sending for our much-discussed Butter-Kist book and see the sales records and photographic proof of the hundreds of stores and theatres earning from $60 to $250 clear profit per month, AND MORE, from a little waste floor space 26 by 32 inches?

Pays 4 Ways—Look!
1—Motion makes people stop and look.
2—Coaxing fragrance makes them buy.
3—Toasty flavor brings trade for blocks.
4—Stimulates all store sales or theatre attendance.

Valuable

This coupon has started many a business man on the road to new profits.

Each read an advertisement like this and had the good horse-sense to know that it doesn't cost anything but a postage stamp to investigate.

If this machine pays big profits in towns of 300 and 400 population as well as in the largest cities, then no man in business can afford to ignore it. Mail the coupon now for full facts and amazing success records.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
146 Van Buren Street
Indianapolis, Indiana

For PROOFS, PHOTOS and PRICES
HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.,
146 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Without obligation, send me your free Butter-Kist book—“America's New Industry”—with photos, sales records, and estimate of how much I can make with your machine.

Name
Business
Address

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
S

TUDIO wiseacres figure that Ros-
ocoe Arbuckle will make more
money this year than Charlie
Chaplin. The contract that Ros-
ocoe signed with Adolph Zukor calls for
the delivery of twenty-two two-reel and
two five-reel comedies during a period of
three years at a total figure of $1,000,000.
It is the biggest
personal contract yet consummated
in the film business. Arbuckle will get $125,000
per negative, the
same amount which Chaplin
gets from First
National, but the
obese comedian has it all over
the slender Eng-
lish lad when it
comes to turning
'em out speedily.

J A M E S Y O U N G, veteran
director of
photoplays and
erstwhile
husband of Clara Kimball
Young and before
that husband of
Rida J o h n s o n Y o u n g, noted
playwright, has
decided upon
Clara Whipple as
No. 3, according to
published
announcements.
Miss Whipple
played in a num-
er of World
pictures but re-
cently has dev-
eted her time
to writing photo-
plays. Jimmie
will still be three
points behind
Lew Cody in the
filmplayers' mar-
rimonial handi-
cap.

M A R J O R I E R A M B E A U was very
quietly wedded to Hugh Dillman
Mc
Gaughey, her leading man, in New York
during the month of March, providing an
interesting episode in one of the serial
romances of the theatre. The bride was
formerly the wife of Charles W. Mc-
Laughlin—William Mack. They were
divorced in 1917, and Mack married Pau-
line Frederick. Miss Rambeau embarked
on a career of personal successes, includ-
ing "Eyes of Youth"—and became so
popular in Manhattan that her mere
vehicles ceased to count with her
following. In her latest play, "The Fortune
Teller," which was not a marked success
and will perhaps have been withdrawn
before this is read, Hugh Dillman—as he
is known on the stage—enacts the lead-
comedies; she used to be Bill Desmond's
leading woman for Triangle, and more
recently has been his private secretary.
The first Mrs. Desmond, Gertrude Lam-
son, sister of Nance O'Neil, died a little
over a year ago; and Desmond said he
would never marry again. But the friend-
ship of his little blonde leading lady
meant a lot to
him, and it wasn't
long before his
Irish heart suc-
cumbed to Mary
R a n d y. The
Desmonds
took a short hon-
ymoon trip to
New York; but
by this time Bill
is at work on the lot
making more pic-
tures for Hamp-
to.

A N O T H E R marriage of interest is
that of Beth Scully
Fairbanks to
James Evans, Jr.,
which took place
March 12. Mrs.
F a i r b a n k s obtained her final
decree of divorce
from Douglas
Fairbanks
some time ago; the
court awarded
her the cus-
tody of her eight-
year-old son.
Douglas, Jr.
Evans is a broker
of Pittsburgh.

WILL Lubin
come back?
There's a report
that "Pop," who
is now in Los
Angeles, expec-
to re-enter the film
business. If so
the old Lubin Liberty
Bell will be hauled
from its
place, dusted, and made to ring again. It
was all of four years ago that Lubin meant
something in moving pictures. Lubin
gave us Arthur Johnson's shadow, and
Lottie Briscoe's; first found Ethel Clay-
ton and Joseph Kaufman,ormi Hay-
ley, Earle Metcalfe, Louise—and Justina
Huff; how many more can you name?
However, Siegmund Lubin may, after
gerelong consideration. His hard-won savings
could be easily lost, in the present-day competi-
tion. (Continued on page 102)
What you hesitate to tell your dearest friend

A heart-to-heart talk about a physiological fact every woman should understand

IGNORANCE that permits avoidable injury to ourselves and others is wrong. Such ignorance should be dispelled by frankness, though the telling of the facts may be difficult and unpleasant.

There is a certain physiological fact that even close friends have permitted to mar their companionship because of ignorance and a false sense of modesty.

You have known women ambitious socially and women aspiring for success in the business world who have fallen short of their hopes because of it.

We believe the time has come to do away with the false modesty that has made it possible for this thing to live so long, and by a simple and frank discussion, eliminate forever the social harm it does.

A little thing—but it makes such a difference

Many a woman who says, "No, I am never annoyed by perspiration," does not know the facts—does not realize how much greater her charm would be if she were entirely free from both its odor and moisture.

We all know that our body is covered with innumerable perspiration glands. We also know that those under the arms are usually more active than others.

But we do not consider that, although in most places perspiration evaporates quickly, under the arms it does not. Here the curve of the arm prevents rapid evaporation. So, even though we may be aware of no moisture, an odor formed from the chemicals of the body is usually there.

It is a physiological fact that persons troubled by perspiration odor are themselves often unaware of it. It is also true that few persons are not subject to this odor, at least at times.

So tricky an enemy is perspiration, that, under stress of exercise or sudden excitement, it may, unknown to us, become an annoyance to others. Even though guarded against by daily baths, fresh linens and much talcum powder, it is likely to make its presence known at the most inconvenient moments.

Many women write about their own experiences:

From a club woman
"I'd like to tell you how that woman everybody was beginning to make up on me about my body odor. They'd been watching me for a long time and they all knew I was a perspirer. I thought it was just a matter of bad luck, but, when I found out that I was suffering from a disease of the body, I decided to do something about it. I got Odorono and now I'm free of the problem."

From a businesswoman
"I was very much surprised and embarrassed when I found out that, though I had always been careful about my personal hygiene, I had been suffering from a disease of the body. I was afraid to tell anyone, but I decided to do something about it. I got Odorono and now I'm free of the problem."

How fastidious women are meeting the situation

Fastidious women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. They have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of a woman's toilet. They are giving it the regular attention that they give to their hair, or teeth or hands. And for this purpose they are using Odorono, a toilet water specially prepared to correct both perspiration odor and moisture.

Antiseptic in its nature, perfectly harmless, Odorono is itself entirely without odor. Its regular use does the very thing that women are demanding—it gives absolute assurance of a daintiness that is unmarrred even by the slightest taint of unpleasant odor or moisture. It really corrects the cause.

So absolutely sure when made a regular habit

Any woman can dismiss any thought about annoyance from perspiration if she uses Odorono just two or three times a week. At night put it on the underarms with a bit of cloth or absorbent cotton. Don't rub in. Allow it to dry and then dust on a little talcum.

The underarms will remain dry and odorless! Daily baths do not lessen its effect. You'll know that with this constant, systematic treatment you'll be absolutely dainty in any circumstances.

If you are troubled in any unusual way or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. We shall be in glad to do so. Address Ruth Millet, The Odorono Co., 512 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

At all toilet counters in the U. S. and Canada, 50c and $1.00. Trial size, 30c. By mail postpaid if your dealer hasn't it.

Address mail orders or requests as follows:
For Canada to The Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont.
For France to The Odorono Co., 38 Avenue de L'Observ, Paris.
For Switzerland to The Agence Americaine, 6 Rue Du Rhone, Geneva.
For U. S. A. to The Odorono Co., 512 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
No need to tell you about the famine in photoplays—the top prices ($100 to $1000) producers are paying for acceptable plots and how eager they are to encourage Palmer-trained writers. "That's all right in its way," you say, "but what I want to know is this: How will the Palmer Plan help me? What has it been done for others like me?"

A natural question—and an ample answer! The Palmer Plan is really helping men and women to put their movie ideas into actual, cashable form, as witness these typical examples:

From an obscure clerical position at a present Marketing Editor of one of the largest film companies at a salary and his dreams—this is what Vernon Hoagland has accomplished through the Palmer Plan. He says: "Words cannot express my gratitude at the benefits I have received through the Palmer Photoplay Institute. It offers the possible assistance to the struggling scenario writer."

Then there's Mrs. Kate Corbey, another of our members, who averages more than $200 monthly through the sale of photoplays. Mrs. Corbey is the woman who won the $1000 scenario prize offered by Photoplay Magazine. She is a busy housewife, with four children to look after, and yet she manages to turn her spare time "movie" ideas into money. So, why can't you?

And here's still another instance—but we'll let Maurice Salmen tell the story in his own words: "Shortly after graduating as a student of your institution I wrote a story and confidentially sent it to a publisher. This story was immediately produced. The reception given the finished film was such that you Plan of photoplay instruction—combined with your Personal Advisory Service—will produce the desired results!"

Remember—no scenario institution in the country is equipped to give you the first hand instruction, the personal "coaching" you get through our Personal Advisory Service Bureau. For this Department is under the personal direction of Frederick Palmer—a recognized master of photoplay construction—the Plan 'in the home to "Universal." And all this, mind you, is only one of the practical advantages brought home to you by the

"—how can I succeed as a scenario writer?"

**Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing**

—the only plan of photoplay instruction that has received the endorsement and recognition of the motion picture industry. The Palmer Plan is NOT a mere book that gives you a few hints on photoplay writing and then leaves you in the lurch; nor is it a "scenario school" nor a tedious correspondence course. It is a definite, cleaver plan that shows you how to develop your "movie" plots into actual, saleable photoplays that producers are paying from $25 to $250 a page for.

**How to Use the Coupon Below**

**For your copy of our new illustrated booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," for details—tell us by return mail how much you have been paying for the Palmer Plan in detail—tell us about your current money-back guarantee offers of the benefits of our Personal Advisory Service and Matriculating Sales Department—show us how you, too, can learn to "talk the copper—"

**The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing**

Send for your copy today—A Free Book—(Specify How to Pay)

**PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION**
2144 W. Belmont Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., Please send me, without obligation, your new illustrated booklet "Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," Also, Special Employees Highlights letter from the leading production studios, showing how our students have sold their first stories.

Name__________________________
Address________________________
City and State____________________

**Plays and Players**

(Continued from page 100)

**THERE'S** to be a grand opera composed from a screen version of a story. It is "The Rose Bush of a Thousand Years," nicknamed "Revelation," for Nazimova's parting upon the silver sheet. Grand opera interests in New York saw the picture and were impressed, as it is said, with the music-drama possibilities. "Work is going forward on the composition, which will be called "Revelation," or "Joanne, after the principal character. So, at last, the motion picture idea has invaded the sacred禁区 as some irreverent person called them—I think it was Douglas Fairbanks.

**FOUR divorce suits of more than ordinary interest are pending in the picture colony.** Katherine Mar-ald acquired a film company and decided to dispense with a husband. She filed a suit against Malcolm Strauss, her artist-husband, in Los Angeles, in March. Strauss, by the way, has organized a film company of his own. At the same time Alan Forrest instituted divorce proceedings against Ann Little, whom he married in 1917 and whom he died once. They separated—then the courts after a long silence. Ted'dy May wishes to be excused from her matrimonial alliance with Ford Sterling, the erstwhile Keystone comedian, and has taken steps to convince the court at Reno. The Sterling's have been estranged for some time. Ruby DeRemer, the blonde Follies beauty who transferred her activities to the films, has started a suit in the Denver divorce court against her husband. Thurman DeRemer, of Denver, on the charge of non-support. Now the DeRemer left Denver three years ago to take up a stage career in New York. The DeRemer suit reveals the fact that Ruby's second name is Katherine and that her maiden name was Burkhart.

In the Hollywood film colony someone is always giving a party, and the list of all those who need the good time reads like "Who's Who" of motion pictures. But

Owen Moore, at work again after many months of toil on golf locations only. He's not working right here, but in New York. He is helping the hostesses on a far-out night, a night that will make headlines. In fact, could be the biggest night since Uncle Sam, will be seen in the opposite role. After tying up in the Big City, Pickford must make another photoplay to complete the First National story. And before she can start

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Mary Pickford's second First National picture now in course of production is an adaptation of the novel "Burkes' Arsenic." Bud and Lila Lipman, Kenneth Harlan, who recently came back from a little trip, are making the picture. When Pickford arrives as a guest of Uncle Sam will be seen in the opposite role. After tying up in the Big City, Pickford must make another photoplay to complete the First National story. And before she can start

**REMEMBER** Aces—is informally known as "Brownie" Vernon. She shared honors with the Franklyn Farnum smile in those Universal comedies last year. Brownie has been particularly busy for a good many months and we learned lately that she has been spending her vacation in the mountains and at the seaside, recuperating from the demands of her job. We are sure that she is feeling fit again and to prove it she has hived out as Town A, a young woman in one of his rough-and-tumble westerns. **Mary Pickford's** second First National picture now in course of production is an adaptation of the novel "Burkes' Arsenic." Bud and Lila Lipman, Kenneth Harlan, who recently came back from a little trip, are making the picture. When Pickford arrives as a guest of Uncle Sam will be seen in the opposite role. After tying up in the Big City, Pickford must make another photoplay to complete the First National story. And before she can start
THE row over the services of Charley Ray seems to have subsided, Ray having decided to remain with Thomas H. Ince who developed him into one of filmdom's leading sons.

ETHEL CLAYTON has returned to New York for a few months' rest. She worked so rapidly during the brief period she was at the Lasky studio that her pictures are several months ahead of their release dates. She hopes to make a trip to the Orient before resuming work.

FILM fans who have followed the brief but interesting career of Zasu Pitts, the young comedienne, will soon have an opportunity of seeing her on the screen as a star. The vehicle is "Better Times" and with Miss Pitts will be seen David Butler, the "Baby" of Griffith's "The Greatest Thing in Life." King Vidor directed the production for the Brunswood Company.

RALPH KELLARD, a dast young man in upholding the tradition for serial heroes, through his association with the Pathe thrillers, is now in Miami, Florida, where he is lending his competent presence to uplifting the film drama—drama, this time, for B. A. Rolfe. The six-reel picture in which he makes his reappearance will be termed "a special."

THE film business has a brand-new mystery on its hands. Not a serial, this time, nor a new combination; but—Scoll Gray. Do any of your friends take a Metro picture called "That's Good," featuring the ebullient Mr. Hale Hamilton? Then you saw Stella Gray, for she was Mr. Hamilton's leading feminine. Are you a patron of the two-a-day, in towns where they show the new ultra of this sort of entertainment? Then—did Stella Gray recall to you a young woman headlined named Grace LaRue, prominent for her wonderful delivery of ballads, her cold indifference to the applause of the multitude, but mainly for her amazing walk? If your perceptive powers told you that Stella and Grace were one and the same, and your cool reason contradicted, don't blame yourself. Miss LaRue, wishing to make her film debut under an assumed name, chose Stella Gray.

EVIDENTLY emboldened by the success of James J. "Kid" Corbett in the cinema, little Jess Willard thought he'd try it. The fighter—proudly phrased as "the champion heavyweight of the world"—has signed with a Chicago concern to appear in a "special" picture which will be made on Willard's ranch at Lawrence, Kansas.

SMILING BILL" PARSONS who, when not trying to be funny before a camera is a film maestro, recently lost a suit for $1,000. The other party was Scott Sidney, a director, who alleged that Billy owed him that amount for producing "Tarzan of the Apes."

NAT SPITZER, well known comedy producer, fired Billy West some time ago and hired Harry Mann to imitate Billy imitating Charlie Chaplin. Then Billy was engaged by Vitagraph where he is directing himself imitating the imitable Charlie. But Spitizer avows that he will prevent him from releasing his pictures as "Billy West" comedies as he, Spitizer, has the sole right to the use of that name. "Billy West's" right name is Roy Weisberg.

OUR chocolate-coated cave-man, Lewis J. Cody, is in New York right now. Cody's first died in March, and the evis-
ward trip was made for the purpose of winding up some family affairs. Before he left the coast he had completed two pictures for Maurice Tourneur. One of them, "Romany Rye," and the other "Markovy," in which Cody was the only man in the cast, the other members being vampires a la femme. "As artistic as he is delightful," is Lew's apt reference to Monsieur Tourneur.

THOMAS H. INCE is planning a great "come back" as a directing producer. He has not given his personal attention to the megaphone since he made "Civilization" more than three years ago. But the new company, the Robin Film Company, is the defendant. Miss Seymour alleged that she was discharged because she refused to do such "stunts" as turning hand-springs and walking barefoot on a probably bumpy beach. Getting "canned" wasn't such a hardship as the dark-eyed Clarine attracted the attention of D. W. Griffith and will be seen in several of his productions.

CLARINE SEYMOUR, the tiny film beauty who made her photo debut opposite Toto the clown, was recently awarded damages amounting to $7,525 by Los Angeles court. The Robin Film Company was the defendant. Miss Seymour alleged that she was discharged because she refused to do such "stunts" as turning hand-springs and walking barefoot on a probably bumpy beach. Getting "canned" wasn't such a hardship as the dark-eyed Clarine attracted the attention of D. W. Griffith and will be seen in several of his productions.

THE good old mask is with us again. For a while there, no serial was a success without one. Now it's been patched up and pressed into service for "Masked Rider," a chapter thriller at present in process of production in Texas, with Ruth Stonehouse, Paul Panzer, and Harry Myers involved. What do you think about Paul Panzer coming back? Remember him as the original villain in "The Perils of Pauline." Once a searcher, always, etc.

One of the first published photographs of "Bill" Carrigan, with his mother, who is known on the stage and screen as Mabel Taliaferro. Bill—sixteen months—seems to take a whimsical pleasure in pretending that he doesn't know he's being photographed. His father is Thomas J. Carrigan, now doing a film Uncle Sam's service on the seas.

Anita Stewart. Several of the big comedies have been dickering for Mickey's services.

F.RIEND AL—Well, Al, a bird is here taking my pitcher for the Kinograms or something, and I am embarrassed to death you might say, and especially on acc't. of its being a moving pitcher and it's hard for me to move, so it looks as if I was in for a tough P. M.

Ring Lardner, the creator of "Jack Keefe," whose letters to "Friend Al" you have read in the Saturday Evening Post, wrote another when a cameraman turned the crank on him for a weekly, in Chicago recently.
Plays and Players

(Continued)

It may have been the inherited temperament of an ancestral tribal chief of the Congo that struck Rastus, a middle-aged genteel appearing colored man, engaged to play the role of a butler at the Ince studio, in support of Enid Bennett. His enrollment was five per cent and at first he appeared as satisfied therewith as director Fred Niblo. But one day Rastus saw himself on the screen in the projection room while the previous day’s “stuff” was being run off. The next day there was a butler shy on the Niblo set—a search for Rastus; and finally they found him, at home. He declined to go to the studio until an auto was sent for and his pay raised to ten per. As they were in the middle of the picture Niblo ground his teeth and let Rastus get away with it. Rastus is now out of work. If there is a studio black-list, that nigger is on it.

INFLUENZA hit Australia hard. Throughout the whole country, theaters, shops and hotels have been closed up tight for four months, by Government order. Not only was the Australian public affected, to say nothing of the exhibitors, but the American exporters who supplied the Kangaroo country with film have lost from $25,000 to $50,000 a week during the shut-down. Australia depends upon our producers entirely for their screen material; and the film companies have reaped large profits from the Australian fans.

It must be a comfortable feeling for a star to know that the producers of his pictures are going to present them, too. The exhibitors who formed the First National circuit now handle a chain of more than 200 first-run houses, and are affiliated with 600 additional theatres. Let’s see—who are the First Nationalities? Chaplin; Pickford; Tal- madge (as soon as her Select contract expires); Jack Pickford; D. W. Griffith; Anita Stewart—and others to be announced, says F. N.

SOME time ago Lois Weber fell and broke her arm. It was badly set and caused the director a lot of trouble as she was working anyway. She kept her agreement to direct Anita Stewart’s picture to follow “Virtuous Wives,” and then had an opera, too, to rest her arm. Right now she is vacationing somewhere; and probably thinking over two offers—one, according to rumor, from Famous Players-Lasky, the other from First National.

Are you a professional designer and painter who wishes to become proficient in scenic design and mural decoration? If you are, you may obtain instruction along this line at the New York Evening School of Industrial Art, 204 East 42nd Street, New York City, where the Board of Education has inaugurated free classes for advanced students. Apply for admission on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings to George K. Gombart, Principal.

MYRTLE STEDMAN, who has been away quite long enough, will be seen hereafter in two productions a month for a new company which calls itself the “Gra- Seal.” Why gra?

The city council of Vernon, California, has ruled that no motion picture company may take pictures within its corporate limits. Inasmuch as the town has been chiefly supported by film people, who come from Los Angeles to visit Vernon’s cafes and attend Vernon’s prize-fights, the ungrateful edict has roused the ire of the whole colony of cinemese.

Don’t Overlook the Best Food

Each Package Saves $3

Remember Quaker Oats—the food of foods; the cheapest food and best food.

Each 30-cent package yields 6221 calories—the energy measure of food value. It costs on this basis about one-tenth the average cost of meats. Thus each package served in place of meat saves about $3.

The oat is a supreme food—the greatest food that grows. It is rich in protein—nearly 17 per cent. As an energy food it has age-old fame. It supplies the needed minerals. As a body-builder it stands first among the grain foods.

You need other foods for variety. But the greatest breakfast you can serve is a dish of Quaker Oats. And the dish costs half a cent.

This low-cost breakfast will average up your meal costs. And it starts the day with an almost ideal food.

This is how some necessary foods compare in cost on the calorie basis at this writing:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Food</th>
<th>Cost Per 1000 Calories</th>
<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quaker Oats</td>
<td>5c</td>
<td>57c</td>
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<tr>
<td>Veal Cutlets</td>
<td>41c</td>
<td>60c</td>
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<tr>
<td>Round Steak</td>
<td>54c</td>
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<tr>
<td>Canned Peas</td>
<td>80c</td>
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Quaker Oats

Just Queen Grains Flaked

In Quaker Oats you get exquisite flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavorful oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Yet this luscious grade of oat food costs you no extra price.

Prices Reduced to 12c and 30c a Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover
PLAYS AND PLAYERS

(Continued)

FOLLOWING the lead of Tourneur, Cap- 
delann, and other producers, Frank Lloyd has formed his own company, severing his connections with William Fox to strike out for himself. Lloyd made Bill Farnum's best pictures for the Fox concerns, including "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Les Miserables."

FROM the coast comes the report that Louise Glaum is shortly to marry again. Miss Glaum recently obtained her final decree of divorce from Harry Edwards, who later married Gladys Brockwell. J. Parker Reid, Miss Glaum's manager, is the lucky man who may lead the peacock lady to the altar.

CHARLES CHAPLIN has gone in for airplane navigation. The comedian has long held the opinion that the plane has reached the stage of commercial profit; and, with William Wrigley, Jr., the chewing-gum magnate, is going to promote an airplane line service between Los Angeles and Catalina Island. Wrigley owns most of the famous island resort. The contract awaits only Chaplin's signature. Syd Chaplin is said to be going over the ground in Los Angeles and in Catalina for possible landing sites.

MOVING pictures would have an awful lot to answer for if all the newspaper reports were true. It seems that every time any fraud wishes to identify himself with an enterprise he says to the judge, "I am a motion picture actor." or director, or, as in this case, the husband of a popular star. "L. L. Sullivan" seems to have set the small city of Greeley, Colorado, on its ear when he announced that he wished to look over the apple orchards there with the intention of purchasing and settling thereon with his wife, Mae Marsh, the Goldwyn star. Mr. Sullivan further explained that he was a photographer for Paramount-Archt and that he had "shot" the scenes for Douglas Fairbanks' picture, "He Comes Up Smiling." He got his name in all the papers; and a reader of Photoplay, who had heard that Miss Marsh's husband was Louis Lee Arms, sent in a clipping in which Mr. Sullivan is quoted: "I spent four arduous years winning my wife and I expect her to leave the picture-game when her Goldwyn contract expires and come to live with me on my apple-orchard. We have not heard of any further developments in the ambitious career of L. L. Sullivan. Miss Marsh is married to Louis Lee Arms, a former New York newspaper man.

ROBERT GORDON, the slim blonde hero of "Missing," is back in harness—and evices. He has the leading part opposite Besse Love in "A Yankee Princess," for Vitagraph. Wheeler Oakman, too, is back from war; he is in a new Viola Dana picture. Oakman was one of the first actors to enlist; he left quietly and returned even more quietly—it was necessary to put a news- hound on his trail to learn his whereabouts.

IN five weeks of his initial enactment as a film actor, James J. Corbett, former world's champion boxer, did more fighting than he did during his entire career in the roped arena, according to his own story. Whenever interest in the serial lags for a foot or two Director Jimmie Horne introduces another fight so the former champion must needs keep himself in what the sport writers designate as "the pink of condition." The Corbett serial is being made at Universal and is known as "The Midnight Man." Cor- bitt is one of the few celebrities acquired by film interests chiefly for the value of his name who made good as a film player from the start.

IN addition to his coup in signing Texas Guinan for a series of two-reel westerns, William L. Sherrell has obtained Mack Swain's signature to a contract calling for the services of the rotund comedian in no less than twenty-six comedies a year. Swain was the "Ambrose" of Bennett slap-stick.

Readers of Photoplay will recognize the centerpiece of this panel as Mildred Lee, the Kansas City girl who won honors in Photoplay's Beauty and Brains contest nearly three years ago. She is now leading lady in the Lyons-Moran comedies but no longer Mildred Lee. Because her surname was the same as Mr. Moran's given name it was changed to Moore.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Plays and Players  
(Continued)

A n application for passports recently revealed the fact that Billie Rhodes, erstwhile comedienne and now a dramatic star with her own company, and William ("Sniffing Bill") Parsons, have been married some months. They plan to go to Europe to make pictures. Whether or not they will do a double act on the screen remains to be seen.

We have heard of motion picture actors wrecking homes, but we never took much stock in it before. However, a matinee idol is indeed to blame for breaking up the domestic bliss of the Finns, John, an iron-moulder, and Mary, his wife, who reside at 417 West Fifty-third Street, New York. Had it been a girl, Mrs. Mary Finn, a motion picture fan, would have named her Mary Pickford. But when a baby boy was born to bless their home, Mrs. Finn was puzzled—for the moment. The situation was a difficult one, both Mr. and Mrs. Finn admitted, and finally Mrs. Finn decided to think it over. That day arrived. After the christening dinner, Mrs. Finn said to the guests: "John and I had planned to name it 'Mary Pickford.' But it's a boy. So we'll call it Francis—Francis X. Bushman Finn." "Francis X. Bushman Finn!" came a cry that was more like a groan. And John Finn, seizing a platter of roast beef from the festive board, smashed it over Mrs. Finn's head. Mrs. Finn is not one to permit anyone to question her good judgment. She broke a wine bottle several inches in diameter, and the merry argument continued until the police arrived. It is believed the Finns have finally decided to name their offspring "John Finn, Junior," than which there is no better Irish name.

INTERNATIONAL will release its output through Famous Players-Lasky. This means a combine of the William Randolph Hearst and Adolph Zukor interests, providing for the distribution by Famous of nine International productions a year. The brand, Cosmopolitan Productions, derived from the well-known Hearst publication of the same name; the pictures, filmizations of the product of the Hearst writers, including Robert Chambers, Jack London, Elmer Glyn, Cosmo Hamilton, E. Phillips Oppenheim et al, "The Dark Star," by Chambers, is the first release, directed by Allan Dwan; enacted principally by Marion Davies, Frances Marion, who gave up her job as script writer for Mary Pickford to march into Germany with the American Army of Occupation and incidentally to do some motion picture work for the government, is now the highest salaried photoplaywright in the industry, drawing a salary of $1,000 per week for adapting to the screen the stories by the Hearst novelists.

The court may take a hand in the budding future of Henry B. Warner in the movies. According to latest reports, Warner will have to do one of two things: return to the cast of "Sleeping Partners," the John D. Williams comedy which was having a successful New York run when Mr. Alice Lennard left the cast to go west and make pictures; or he will have to discontinue his film work for Robertson-Cole. When Warner received the offer for a year's work in the films, he gave two weeks' notice to the producer, packed up, and left. Williams, discovering a remonstrance to be useless, took his case to court, claiming that he had a contract with the actor which called for his services "for the run" of the play. The court found that the clause for the "run" meant so long as the production was profitable to the producer. Warner's first picture, "A Man Who Turned White," is already under way.
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any of the authors mentioned in these articles. How long could the book-publishers do it, or the theaters? Even in this land—now the best pictures are made to the companies that pay writers the best prices. No other pictures attain the average of Paramount, which frequently gives $3,500 for a scenario, and has produced original work by Charles Kenton, George Miel

On its face the claim that these men and their kind, can't provide the best material for the screen, is absurd. "If we can write for the stage," says Mr. Mack, "we can write for the screen as well. Every star you are paying five thousand dollars a week is made with good plays and good parts." But the next lesson learned by the author of "Tiger Rose" and by every other writer who ever peddled writing to earn a living, is to write, in the opinion of Mark Swain, he found that they brought only the worst, the most obvious and commonplace of his problems. Why? Look over the arbitrators: Do you think graduated purveyors and jewelers and clothes-sponge dolls and dray-goods clerks from Orchid are the best judges of dramatic literature? Is it likely that the critic who lived in a suburb "got into communication with that man Dickens," knows where to go or what he's got when he goes there? Or is it more likely that his taste in fiction will continue to be the taste of the purveyor and jeweler and clothes-sponge dolls and dray-goods clerks? "You'll charge me with having written rotten stuff for the movies," says Mr. Mack, "All right! I charge you with accepting it." We are forgetting, perhaps, that the best authors don't approach the movies in the proper spirit—that they have no real interest in this job. Well, in the words of the authority responsible for our quotation, why in Kansas City should they have? Under the condition that "a play's something they expect to toss off in half a day. Isn't that what the picture men are insisting upon, at least for low prices, when they talk about "brief outlines," "a finished piece of work," and plans which do not appeal to you for book use? "We're going to use a cheap per

Do Married Men Make the Best Husbands?

(Continued)

"How do you like my cookies, Norman?" asks Constance

Yes, gentle reader, it is none other than Constance Talmadge, and she made the cookies with her kitchenette stand-by, Carnation Milk.

When you gaze upon the popular Constance Talmadge, the Select Pictures Company's ever-so-popular star, being wooed by the hero, thwarted by the villain, and otherwise cheered and harassed reel–by–reel, little would you think that in her hours of ease she whirs in and cooks things better and more. It's true. And when it comes to cookies! Or gingerbread! Um–m–m! She takes her Carnation cook book in hand and takes a can of Carnation from her little pantry shelf and then and there she becomes the wiz of the kitchenette.

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Do Married Men Make the Best Husbands?

(Concluded)

compensate, encourage, and arrange competent collaboration for him, and to assure him a re-ward worth striving for in the future. "Why should we pay while you learn? For the same reason you pay for eggs when you want to hatch chickens? Ideas are worth money—even in the ideal? "Does anybody else pay apprentices?" Yes, when they bring materials." Elmer Reizenstein was a junior in a lawyer's office, and his first manuscript pretty crude, but it became "Te Trial," and its author a regular visitor at the bank. Avery Hopwood, just out of college, the living image of Johnny Bostonians, took the makings of a play to Wagenhals & Kemper. They hitched him up with an experienced dramatist, gave him half the standard royalties, and produced "Chooses." Three years later he handled Wagenhals & Kemper about half a million with "Seven Days." Do you think Hopwood would have studied and struggled on the promise that "if you perfect yourself, and make a success, we'll pay a thousand dollars each for your plays?" Would he have put his best into a "Nobody's Widow," or stuck through weeks of rehearsing a "Fair and Warmer" that was to reward him with almost one day's salary of its star?

No author worth while will work on these terms, and the fact that an author does it proves he isn't worth while. "If he were he wouldn't have to!" By their works ye shall know them! The fiction-factories of the film men have been a fatuous and unqualified failure. Apart from the maceration and mutilation of studio staff already published or produced, they haven't provided enough material to keep the game going—not one-fifth of that used—and the quality of what they have provided merely his put the dim-novel and the cheap melodrama out of business, without affecting the $1.50 book or the $2 play. In a field they have made their own, without competition from outside, these illettrats haven't developed a single real reputation! Not a single Winston Churchill or Edward Sheldon! They haven't brought forth a single story of genuine and enduring value.

"We should worry!" You should! Your stories are bad, and everybody knows it! The public knows it, and asks why, and the experts in story-telling know it, and have told you why!

They are bad because your authorship is incompetent and your system a failure.

They are bad because you are hiding for cast-off ideas, by-products, used material! Because you are producing the second-best of first-raters, or the first-best of second-raters, or second-best stuff picked from anywhere and filled in by third-raters.

The result proves the condition, and the condition makes inevitable the result.

You have let lose a flood of fiction cheap, tawdry, violent, superficial, elementary, common-place, hackneyed, unliterary, undramatic, without semblance to life or character or human experience!

This isn't the judgment of the disgruntled and the malcontent! It's an accepted fact, a subject of general comment, the weak point in your imposing edifice, a state of affairs that has got past interesting only writer and producer!

Your patrons are complaining.

Your authors can't give you anything better! The authors who could, won't!

What are you going to do about it?

Ben Alexander has made his acquaintance with at least a dozen sets of parents in the last year, beginning with his French-American father and mother in "Hearts of the World." None of those, however, were real. Here is a first glimpse of his genuine, indisputable and very own dad, N. B. Alexander, of Marlborough Gardens, Hollywood. N. B. is the boy playing the horse.
He Never Laughs on Sunday

(Concluded from page 59)
lite or doubt. He never knows anything for sure. The director of dramatic pictures knows when he has made a good photoplay because good drama has a universal appeal. The comedy director, however, has no standard of weights and measures to guide him because what will make one person laugh may bore another, and comedy will pass over the head of the third. Of course there are the usual sure-fire gags that can be resorted to in a pinch, the chase, or the exaggerated mechanical tricks, but no miner ever dug farther or deeper for the elusive gold than does the comedy maker delve into real life for the little things that will evoke laughter.

"I endeavor to cater to the masses as well as the classes, not forgetting the kids. Children like the purely physical comedy—the fall and the knock down, and the more exaggerated the action, the more they laugh. The average person watching a comedy on the screen does not want to be compelled to think—to figure out a piece of business—so that there is always a little hesitancy in dealing with satire and the little subtleties that are enjoyed by clever people.

"An illustration of satire that didn't 'get over' with the masses is furnished by the scene in 'Moonshine' of the elaborately furnished underground retreat of the moonshiners. The travesty was carried a little too far. Take again the scene of the moonshiners donning evening clothes for dinner. It 'went' great with those who are familiar with social customs and slipped completely over the heads of those who were not. Yet the kids invariably 'got' it for they immediately sensed the incongruity of the roughneck mountaineers putting on 'soup and dishes.'"

"But as a piece of business it scored a failure on the whole because it required thought to grasp the satire; somehow it was out of rhythm.

"Every 'zag' in a production is as carefully analyzed after it has been released as it is during the course of production. An entire five-reel dramatic photoplay may depend entirely on one situation and still be a success. A two-reel comedy to be successful must have a dozen laugh producing situations or 'gags' and must never lack for a moment.

"The same plot can be done over and over again in the so-called features but the comedy without new gags is a failure. That's why most comedy directors, after a while in the business, go around talking to themselves instead of giving out interviews. It's a hard life.

"It is not generally known that Roscoe Arbuckle is one of the first—perhaps the first—stage player on the Coast to 'break into the pictures.' It was eleven years ago, nearly, when the late Francis Boggs brought the first motion picture company to Los Angeles. Arbuckle was playing in a little theater devoted to tabloid musical comedies when a friend who had just started a picture theater induced him to call on Boggs with the result that he was engaged. During his spare time, at 50 a day to act in single reel productions. He worked in three of them, then farsook the camera stage until Mabel Normand induced him to join her at Keystone. That was five years ago this spring. It may be a hard life but since then Roscoe has lost no weight and he has boosted his salary up into the six figure class. It might have been much worse."

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The Saint-with-a-Past

CONSIDER Carefully
The Saint-with-a-Past.
The Lavender Lady.
With white-white Forehead
More Sinned against than Sinning.
(You've Got to Take her Word for it.)
She May Be
A Baby-Vamp,
But you Just Can't blame her—
She's So Exuberant,
They Wrote That Original
"I Just Can't Make my Eyes Behave"
For Anna Held; but
The Saint-with-a-Past
Is Carrying On.

You Usually See her
Behind a Counter
Dispensing Mary-garden.
The fannychest Floorwalker
With the Wicked Mustache
Pursued her; you See,
He Knows her Past.
The Poor Saint
Simply has to Give Up her Job.
She Goes Home—
She Hasn't Even
Enough to Stop
At an Arm-Chair Foidery—
To her Little Hall-bedroom,
And is About
To Twist the Gas-jet, when
The Young Man Across the Hall
Rescues her.

(He's Writing a book, you Know—
On the Masses, or Something.
He Pushes a Stick Pen,
And he has
A Family Name,
A Soft Collar, and
A Perpetual Surprised Expression—
It's His Eye-brows.)

However—
He Doesn't Act Surprised.
He Picks her Up,
And Carries her
Into his Room,
And Acts Through it All
As if he Rescued
Substantial Young Saints
Every Day in the Week.
Well,
He's Used to it;
He does it in Every Other Picture.

Even When
She Opens
Those Aureate Eyes,
And Pushes Back the Hair
From her white-white Forehead—
Even then
He is quite at Ease,
And Begins to Chat
About the Influence of Tolstoi
On Russian Literature.
He Pities her; and Thinks
Of the Girl-he-was-going-to-Marry
Before the Uplift Boy Bit him.
And Reflects Bitterly
That he Wishes
He Could Help
All the Poor Suffering Saints
To be Happier.
He Talks to her Gently,
And then He Decides
To Take her Home,
To His Mother,
As an Experiment.
He Believes in her, and
Believes in her; even When
The Floor-walker Confronts her,
And the Family Tiara
Depresses Mysteriously
One Rainy Night, and Suspicion Points
To the Gal.
But Wait a Minute—
Remember the Scene
Where she, Wakened,
Hears a Noise in the Library,
And Clasps
Her Pearl-Handled Revolver.
And Steals Down-stairs,
And Discovers the Floor-walker
At the Safe,
And with No Thought of Self,
Rouses the Family,
Points to the F. W.,
And Promptly Faints?
The Willian
Tells her, but
She Doesn't Care; and Neither
Does Our Hero.
Even Mama
Relents, and Clasps
Our Saint-with-a-Past
To her Spanienced Bosom.
Then the Saint
Tells Him
That she Hasn't, Really,
Any Particular Past
To Speak Of,
And that Anyways,
She's Tried Awfully Hard
To Live it Down.
She Looks the Part
In her Last Close-Up—
But Listen:
Every Time
You see this Lady
Who Plays the Saints-with-a-Past,
Don't You Have to Think
Of her Three Children, at Home?
The Red Lantern

(Concluded from page 41)

her half-sister—the man that she loved were hiding. Even now they might be meeting their deaths. And she would be the cause. Had she not drawn her sword in the council of the nation and proclaimed, “War to the Knife”?

A council meeting was held that day in the royal throne room, and the Boxer Goddess solemnly advised the sending of a messenger with a flag of truce to the opposing army.

A short time later, the trumpet of truce was heard above the fighting before the British Legation, and the figure of a Chinese boy, with a handkerchief partly concealing his face, waving a white flag, advanced through the soldiery.

Inside the building the boy sought for Blanche Sackville and her Lover, Sir Philippe. He found the English girl standing apart. He removed the handkerchief from his face, and Blanche saw that the boy was Mahlee.

Sir Philippe Sackville, standing in the lobby, winced when his daughter spoke Mahlee’s name and told him of the girl’s desire to speak to them together. Then he threw his arm about Blanche’s shoulder, as if seeking protection, and approached the boyish figure waiting for them.

The soul of Mahlee leaped up into her eyes as she looked upon her father’s face. Her body quivered in the exquisiteness of her anticipation.

But a man avoided her gaze.

“My daughter has told you my story,” said Sir Philippe lamely and uneasily. “I shall be glad to help you in any way that you can be helped.”

“Yes,” responded Mahlee eagerly. “My father is a European Mandarin. If he will but say I am his daughter, I can belong to him and live with his people. Then I shall be happy. Her voice took on a pleading look as he averted his eyes. “And I shall forget the terrible Boxer cause.”

“My dear girl,” said Sir Philippe regretfully, drawing Blanche closer to him and turning away, “I cannot help you.”

In the street the Chinese boy met Sam Wang on his black mule. The Illustrious Patriot beckoned him to come.

“My lover, my sweet husband,” called out Mahlee with bursts of hysterical laughter, “in course it will go with you—with whom else should I go?”

Sam Wang lifted her to his saddle.

Fierce fighting followed the brief truce, but the Boxer Army soon fell before the onslaught of the opposing forces, and the throne of China was empty.

The day after the flight of the royal family, Andrew Handel received a letter beseeching his help for the unhappy slave girls and concubines left behind in the Imperial Palace. It was signed with a golden seal marked “Goddess.”

Though he was still ill from his ancient injuries, he went to the place. Some unknown cause impelled him to search out the throne room where the destinies of the empire had been weighed for many centuries.

In the great cavern throne sat a lone figure, rigid in the heavy gold garments of the Goddess of War.

Andrew Handel approached and knelt at the still, cold feet of Mahlee, the Eurasian girl who had loved him.

Beside her he found a little cup. It was emptied of its draft—“the wine that brings sweet sleep.”

MEDICAL OFFICER: “You have read all the letters on the card with both eyes. I now cover up your right eye, when the small letters entirely disappear.”

Voice from the Rear: “For my next trick I shall require a top-hat.”

Wives of Doctors Don’t Have Corns

Doctors All Know Blue-jay

It is made by a surgical dressing house whose products doctors use.

Doctors’ wives use Blue-jay when a corn appears. And they end it at once and forever.

Millions of others now use the same method. In a moment they apply a Blue-jay plaster. The wrapping makes it snug and comfortable, and they forget the corn.

In 48 hours they remove the Blue-jay and the corn is ended. Only a few of the toughest corns need a second application.

The pain is stopped instantly. The corn is ended—and completely—in two days.

Blue-jay has done that for millions of corns. Your corns are not different. It will do it for your corns.

If you have corns and don’t prove this you do yourself an injustice.

Corns Are Out-of-Date

In the old days corns were common. Nearly everybody had them.

People pared them, padded them, coddled them and kept them.

Nowadays, most people never suffer corns. Yet tight, dainty shoes are more common than ever.

Consider that fact. The reason lies in this scientific Blue-jay.

One user told another, until millions now employ it.

Quit Old Methods

Paring is unsafe and temporary. Padding is unsightly. Old, harsh, mousy treatments have been discredited. These are scientific days.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. Learn that the pain does end. Learn that the corn does disappear.

Learn that these results come in an easy, gentle way.

When you do, your corn troubles are over—all of them, forever.

Try it tonight.

How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

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Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products
The Brand
(Concluded from page 62)

repulsion in every expression. But finally she forced a cheery smile and said aloud:

"Hello, dearest!"

McGill turned slowly. Puzzlement turned to apprehension in his face. He wheeled about and rising, stared closely into her face. Alice was bewildered. Recognition slowly burned into her brain however as she saw the same eyes, the same mouth, under the beard and all she soon recognized her husband.

She fell back, even as he did. "You, Oh my God!" she moaned. Then, after a moment: "You—they—they said you were John Daniels. I—I thought you were dead!"

Silence. McGill was still staring, with eyes no longer wide with astonishment, but mere slits as venom and rage poured from them.

Alice turned back toward the door. Then McGill sprang after her. Grabbing her by the arm he thundered: "Is Barclay here?"

She nodded dully, terrified by his rage.

"So—he brought you to this, eh?" inquiring, with one sweep of the arm, the dance hall, its women and its men—more, its humanity. A sense of mortification. I tried to leave him—but he's too strong. Won't let me run straight.

Another question prodded to the surface of the enraged man's brain. It reached his tongue thickly:

"Did you get a divorce?"

The girl shook her head. "Let him alone, Dan. He's bad—dangerous! He's done his best to make me bad, too!"

She had become gentle; the girl was clinging to his arm and she looked tremendously like the appealing girl he had met three years before. But with thinkless again of Barclay by his face went stern.

"You can't stay in Arcadia, either of you. I got out of Opiph but this is my town!" Stricken with terror, she caught him by the sleeve again. "Don't send me away with him. Help me to go alone. I must—"

McGill studied her closely. "Why should I help you?"

Grasping the wisp of tolerance, the girl answered eagerly, "There's a reason. Come with me a moment. It's only a step!"

She led him back to her room and onto the street, down the street and into a house. She took him through a dark hall and into a room. She lit a lamp and drew McGill to a corner where a crib sat. In the crib, sublime, limply peaceful, frattent and whole, was a little face—the same face, McGill noted, as that he had seen in the afternoon. He drew back.

"What's that little—that little snowflake doing in here this hell hole?" he demanded.

Alice, exalted for a moment by the mortal thrill of possession, answered bewilderedly: "She's mine—my baby. We have no other home. Now you see why I must leave Barclay and all this!" She leaned closer to him. "I'll see you in a day or two. I'll soon be in court, and well soon enough with old enough to understand. That's why I've got to get away from Barclay."

McGill shook his head. Alice became frantic, hysterical. "Then—you'll have to take her. You're rich, Dan. Take her away where she can grow up—right?"

McGill drew back in amazement. "Take Barclay's baby? Great God!"

Alice spoke in despair. "But—she's not his. She's yours, Dan—she's yours!"

McGill uttered a great cry. It came from deep in his heart. He opened his arms and swept her off to the crib. He lifted the child on, and crushed her close to him while Alice clung to him with hungry eyes.

"My baby," muttered McGill over and over. "You can't have her. You must keep away. Don't touch her. You ain't fit!"

Stung by this last, the mother wilted, and faded into the gray shadow of the wall.

Then:

"Take her—Dan. That shall be my punishment."

Suddenly seized with an inspiration, McGill set the child down and ran out onto the street. Back to the dance hall.

He searched the hall for the face of Bob Barclay. When he found him, Barclay recognized him and drew his gun, but oblivious to its fire, McGill rushed straight and safe at him. They clashed. Over the floor they flew as McGill grabbed the gun and throttling Barclay with one hand, drew him over to the table, bent him back until the back of his head was pinned against its boards and then clocked him in the jaw.

McGill did not draw it to shoot. He held it in a reverse position so the sight of the gun on the end of the barrel was placed over Barclay's forehead.

"You ain't fit to kill," muttered McGill. "So I'm goin' to put my brand on you."

Then, with a cold, slow joy in his face, McGill drew the sight of the gun barrel across Barclay's forehead and up the bridge of his nose. Then as Barclay shrieked, he straightened up, threw the gun from him and said:

"Now, go and carry my mark with you!"

Then he picked Barclay up bodily and threw him across the room. The crowd closed in on the man.

McGill went back to Alice—a great load off his mind—and a radiance in his heart. The evil influence was about obliterated from his life—his and Alice's. Barclay would never again draw Alice through the mud of his iniquitous career.

Then, with a cold, slow joy in his face, McGill was staring the door. Azony was in her eyes. "Don't take her away just yet, Dan; give me just a few minutes more with her!"

Dan, compassion finding its vent in a quizzical half-smile, laid his arm on her shoulder. Tears were streaming down her checks. He entered the room, she following. "Well, now, Alice, if you're ready," he said quietly, simply.

The girl stared at him, afraid to believe the obvious. "You—you don't want me any more now? I'm not done!"

McGill, now with the baby in his arms nodded. "I've always wanted you, dear." Choking. Alice answered: "Not yet, Dan—I'll know you're not bad, only weak."

McGill took her left hand in his and said: "You'll have to come for she needs you!"

The lure of the Land

On an American transport two days out from New York:—

First Sambo, who is really enjoying the sea to his dark companion, who has gone below: "Come on up. We're passing a ship!

Voice from below: "I don't want to see no ship. You jest' call me when we're passing a tree!"
Up Stairs and Down

(Concluded from page 33)

brutish young man. "No man ever shook
me before. Tom—I love you."

"What do you say to our getting married
—elope?" Tom was Johnny on the spot.
"We'll drive in to town tonight. You can
stay with my sister and I'll go to the club.
Tomorrow morning we'll get a license and
be married."

"Elope! Tom, you're a darling! I do
wonder that I never appreciated you be-
fore," gurgled Alice. "I'm thrilled to the
bone."

Tom and Alice might have found eloping
difficult if Louis, Terry O'Keefe's man, had
not overheard their plans.

"Ze hev ox, Cary, he plan elopement wiz
Mrs Alice," the Frenchman confided to his
master. "You grieve?"

"Grieve?" answered O'Keefe, gazing
Louis' arm, "if I've only true! You know
well enough it's a load off my heart that
was crushin' the life out o' me. We've got
to help 'em alone."

Wilson, Cary's chauffeur, was not at the
garage. O'Keefe sent Louis to hunt up Cary
and have him in readiness so there could be
no hitch before Alice Chesterton had a
chance to change her mind.

As soon as Terry O'Keefe saw the tail
light of Tom Cary's machine fading away
down the road, he sent the servants to
summon Nancy and Tony Ives, and the other
guests at their house party, to the porch.

Betty was the first one to arrive. When
she saw Terry there alone, she started back
again.

"Betty—Betty darlin'," called Terry, "have
you been keepin' out of my way on pur-
pose?"

"I've been trying to act like a sister to
you, Terry," she replied.

"And have you succeeded?"

"No, Terry, so it's goodbye—I don't feel
I can stay here any longer."

The others were there now, and were
asking why Terry had sent for them. Nancy
and Tony Ives were arm in arm and it was
plain that they had reached an adjustment
of their domestic difficulties.

"I want Louis here first, for fear none of
you will believe me," he laughed. "Louis
—as Le Tour arrived—'tell everybody our
secre."

"My Alice Chesterton she has eloped wiz
Monsieur Cary," he announced.

"And I want to introduce to you," said
Terry O'Keefe in the next breath, putting
his arm about Betty, "—Mrs. Terence
O'Keefe."

Indeed Impressive

A soldier who had fought in the war with
conspicuous valor obtained after his return
home a situation in the service of a lady in
the south of Ireland. One day his mistress
was talking to him about his military career,
and asked him: "In all your experience of
the war, what struck you as the most won-
derful of all?"

"Well, ma'am," he said,

"What struck me most was the first
bullets that missed me."—[Outlook.]

A Veteran

"You know," said the lady whose motor
car had run down a man, "you must
have been walking very carelessly. I am a
very careful driver. I have been driving a
car for seven years. "Lady, you've got
nothing on me. I've been walking for fifty-
four years."—[Judge.]
My Heroes
(Continued from page 36)

as to think that a man doesn’t want to love her but can’t help it. Englishmen—and of course I also mean those wonderful Canadians—are like that.

"An Englishman always acts as though he thoroughly disapproved of one, and women would rather be disapproved of than respected. He决不 say everything you want to do, and yet he will go to any amount of inconvenience to do it for you. Sometimes he’s so cross that you aren’t sure you should throw the ten things down at you. Then suddenly he will say the most divine things—and say them divinely. You grow quite discouraged before his cool self-satisfaction. But you will find you have the most magnificent love-making in the world.

There is an element of suspense about an Englishman and he always conveys to his love the feeling of the forbidden fruit—and a smart woman would rather be a quince hanging on the highest branch than a peach on a limb that is easy to reach.

"I knew an English officer who’d been at the front four years. He always treated me as though I were a rather backward child. One day when he was eating a ham bun—he had a passion for ham buns—he said, ‘You are the only woman I’ve ever known that had sense enough to keep still when a man wants to think.’ Afterwards he—"

The balance of the letter I began to have a clue. Edna Purvisance has the gift of listening. She is a marvelous audience—and what more could any man ask? Also, coming from the trenches to tea tables across from her must be like stepping from the heart of a Kansas cyclone into a monastic garden. She may not be the cleverest girl in the world, nor the most beautiful, but the quietness, the shy secrecy, the pliability of her will, and the willingness to please, will go a long farther toward obliterating the roar of guns, the scent of blood, and the strain of killing than more brains and more beauty.

"The Frenchman makes the most adorable playfellow. He is game for anything. He understands how to play. He knows that a woman wants to be adored. He knows how to do it. He has such delicacy of feeling, such a comprehension of the picturesque. He can laugh at your jokes, take up a mood or kiss you hard and then sit nicely at your side for hours.

"I never knew but one Belgian well.’ Her voice dropped and the soft little smile died.

"He was the very kindest man I ever knew. He was—I can’t find the exact word for his heart, but he had such a splendid figure, small waist and broad shoulders. He looked almost kingly in his uniform. But for all his kindness, there was a great limitation of all the world. His wife was in Belgium when the Germans marched through. She died. He told me about that once. I was glad, because it seemed to ease his load and the idea of a fairy godmother is not all lightness, you see.

"The Italians are fascinating, but they are created for the ‘grande passion,’ not for passing amours. They are a bit of a woman at her own valuation. Woman is either a totem or an idol, unless you love her. The ‘higher love’ is all right in one’s soulful moments, but it is difficult to hold him ceases to be with while. If he doesn’t make her happy, she will not endeavor to keep him. We shrug her shoulders and say, ‘I don’t care whether you like it or not. I hope there is some other woman. I need a rest.’

"But American men rarely if ever become too exacting, the wife, they are eager for home, for comfortable skies and it seems an eternal success. Therefore a wife can nearly always make her marriage a success with a decently average amount of effort.

"I am not one to spend hours over my hosiery, even a kiss. I brought them back to a world where normal happiness seemed again possible, where we were to deny it? Why? There isn’t one of these things a woman who can work, but she can’t need a fish. In every one of them that had been long since over there I found a great craving for lights, music, wine, a capital story and to keep their rendezvous with death. They wanted other rendezvous. Perhaps I was just a peg on which to hang their thoughts, their dreams, their red shoes. But—everyone has to do her bit!

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 12, 1912, of Photoplay Magazine published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1919.

State of Illinois

Said publication is in the County of Cook

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Edwin L. Cohen, who is the publisher, and entered his name and residence, and is the owner, editor, and manager of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is true of his knowledge and belief of the statements made in the affidavit of the law of the Act of Congress of August 12, 1912, here inserted in section 12, and of the powers of the succeeder, if any. That the owner, editor, and publisher of the Photoplay Magazine, is Edwin L. Cohen, who has full power and authority to make and sign the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above-mentioned section of the Act of Congress of August 12, 1912, and that he has full and complete control of the property. And all interested parties are: Publisher, Edwin L. Cohen, 621 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

The above-named publisher, editor, and manager is a corporation, and is: (Give name and address of person in charge)

Address: 621 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

1. That the above-named corporation is the owner of the Photoplay Magazine.

2. That the above-named corporation has full power and authority to manage the business of the Photoplay Magazine.

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5. That the above-named corporation is the manager of the Photoplay Magazine.

6. That the above-named corporation is the editor of the Photoplay Magazine.

The above-named corporation is a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of Illinois, and it has power to do business in the State of Illinois, and has a place of business at Chicago, Ill., 621 N. State St., where its principal office is located.

The above-named corporation has full power and authority to make and sign the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above-mentioned section of the Act of Congress of August 12, 1912.

William H. Pendygrasse

Notary Public

This 1st day of May, 1919

Kathryn Doherty

Secretary

State of Illinois

Photoplay Magazine published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1919.

Kathryn Doherty

Secretary

Editorial Head Quarters

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[SPAL]

[SPAL]

[SPAL]

[SPAL]
Herods of the Movies
(continued from page 78)

We have vacillatingly put off honoring it with a technique of its own, with that give and take between artist and audience essential to all art, in which so much of the human response hinges on making the spectator an unconscious co-worker with the creator himself and able to triumph in the end achieved because he himself has done something toward reaching that end. This give and take we have readily enough recognized in the older arts, where a sculptor cannot carve an eye, or a painter on a flat canvas cannot know formal relief, or a playwright cannot show a drawing-room without one of its walls knocked out. We accept these limitations and glory in the illusions whereby they are overcome. But this marvellous new art of sun-writing has been the Orphan Annie of the older arts. We have tried to toe it out in the husk of the drain-drain and lace it up in the slightly shoddy shoes of the written-story. In doing so, we have monopolized its technique, insinuating into it the mechanisms of the stage and imposing upon the clumsily spelt out textual legends of the story-writer—which, after all, is a good deal like sticking real chicken-feathers in the tail of an oil-painting of a golden eagle.

Yet all the while, if we only knew it, the motion-picture is in itself an electric-quick shorthand for the expression of idea and emotion. It suffers, in fact, from the defect of its virtues, for its power of expression is still over-engined and hard to control; too rapid for the human intellect, not yet sure of its counters to accept and understand. It has wings, and we who are used to limping along on words, have not yet learned to keep up with it.

This has resulted in several things. One has been a tendency to retard its flight, to keep it down to earth by a deliberate democratization of its manner and aims. This means a commercial product perhaps quantitatively impressive, but artistically insignificant. It means the repetition of tested results, the resort to types worn threadbare though over-used, unparticipating audiences, and the absence of human response which keep warm the life-blood of any art. And in the stampede for financial success it has meant on one side a rather light-handed appropriation of unshepherded ideas, and maverick plots, and, on the other side, a rather feverish milking of stage and literature for temporary sustenance. For to stage and printed story its monopolizers have gone for their raw material, failing to see that it was material not suited to the stomach of the silver-sheet, which has become distastefully carnivorous, and in swallowing the accumulations of fictional industry tends to emulsify the ricer which in eating antelope really eats glorified grass. For the irony of this predatory tendency lies in the fact that the fiction-writer or novelist has brought nothing of moment to the moving-picture. He has not even thrown himself into a receptive attitude towards its altogether novel media of expression. But at the same time that he has sneered at its defects of youthfulness—forgetting the long years it took to iron the wrinkles out of his own trade—he has stove in as ready enough to gather up accidental manna which rained down from the money-bags of its slightly bewildered managers. Nor can he, so long as he remains a fiction-writer or a dramatist, bring it anything of intrinsic value, since the technique in which he is trained leaves him as calamitously ill-suited to this new art which he refuses to comprehend as a stonemason is unsuited to the building of a dirigible. He may claim, of course, that since it
“American Beauties”

owe much of their attractiveness to their beautiful Eyes adorned with long, luxurious, silky Eyelashes and perfectly formed Eyebrows—"those Fringed Curtains which Veil the Eyes," and give to them that rare charm of expression, which all women prize so highly, and which is so greatly admired by women and men alike. If Nature has denied you these Beauty Aids, do not despair. You may now have them if you will apply just a little shadily-acquired -so slowly...

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A. O. LEONARD

Herds of the Movies

(Concluded)

came into being through mechanical invention, it is doomed to pass away through mechanical invention, that at any hour some newer inventive genius may bring it Voice, for instance, and at one stroke render obsolete a slowly- acquired and intricate technique in which it would be ill-judged to over-interest himself. But whether he is right or wrong in that, the motion-picture, I think, will do well to rid itself of his blundering hands, to immediately strike other intruders from other arts, who have happened along while the haying was good. It has suffered too much from its unassimilated alien enemies, its intellectual narrowness in drawing a succinct reconstituted old monarchy. The hope of the movie lies in creating and training and recognizing its own workers, in establishing and jealously guarding its own technique, and in exploiting its own possibilities of loveliness and power. And it must, in some way, train its audiences as it has already trained its directors and camera-men, to make possible the human response which art cannot live without, to keep in touch with actuality, and avoid being professionalized. Frequently, we have seen it attaining to the most persuasive of pictorial beauty; and not infrequently, with all its faults, it can now place before a story of life so impressively moving and satisfying as anything presented by contemporaneous drama. And in English drama, it is perhaps worth remembering, the grandfather of Shakespeare’s “Hamlet” was nothing more nor less than the Punch and Judy show.

Wonderful adventure stories, ideal for children. The man who sits in his office from nine to five dictating letters, inevitably pines for a riding horse out West in the sixties or seventies and dodging redskins on the warpath. He cannot do this but he can live over those things through the films and serials.

That’s why many producers continue to specialize in serials and realize millions a year from this form of screen entertainment. That’s why Pearl White, Ruth Roland and Marie Walcamp have a following, extending from Oshkosh to Timbuctoo that surpasses with an overwhelming plurality, the range of any of Flinndon’s feature stars.

There is no country nor population that does not clamor for serials. In India for instance, Pearl White is the most popular of all the film stars and serials are about the only form of cinema product that the natives will flock to see. Souchet Singh, the Editor of The Twentieth Century, India’s leading motion picture magazine printed in Bombay and circulating all through this strange country, says:

“Serials are mainly the crude struggle between right and wrong as typified by the leading characters,” said Mr. Singh, “and my countrymen easily grasp their idea and follow the serials with the greatest zest.”

These serials, as is so continuously steadfastly increasing its field of admirers and patrons may be realized from the fact that Pathe recently announced that its serial plans for the next two years would be the most comprehensive and exhaustive in the history of the house.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 73)
just going to shave. In a noisy ruction between the three men the drunkard falls clumsily, and, his brain-envelope meeting the andirons on the way down, he is done in far good. In the first logical fear of the rope flailton shaves, dons Olwell's clothes, puts his own tattered bifurcations upon the dead man's clothes and send Olwell! The have story is very good. Conscience drives the tramp printer to confess, and finally insist that he is not the publisher, but the only one who understands Olwell's. It's Olwell's wife, who discovers that she loves the gentleman who lives in her husband's house and name. The proprieties, here, are cleverly handled and can annoy the readers.
The Shadow Stage (Continued)

When George Beban announced that he was going to make his own pictures most of all us thought if we didn't say: “Another actor monkeying with the business of business!” George may have monkeyed, but he saw wood and not his fingers. This time, at least—"Hearts of Men" is just exactly its title—the director has gone to big construction camp on the Arizona desert, and the humble heart of a serio-comic Italian farmer, who is trimmed by a real estate shank, stung by a blow from the devil of "Mammon," and broken by the mysterious disappearance of his little boy. This story of Little Italy among the cacti doesn't need to be repeated here. Mr. Beban is in his usual and well-known characterization, and never with more deliberation, nor with more effort to make the story pathetic and humor. The performance of the construction gang, and their various and wholly different humanities, was a surprisingly fine piece of work. Author William McCoy, who made individuals instead of mere figures of these men, should share with Beban the honors of the piece. Harry Ram-tenbury, as the character of the tough, dry" town of Sunland; Leo Pierson, as a ratty clerk, and Mabel Van Buren, as the practical but changeable wife, give adroit representations. Little boys, in this piece, is that irresistible young debutter in his father's business, George Beban, Jr. The programme doesn't say so, but the whole family's there. Observation fails to note that momentary appearance in the flower shop of the first reel—Mrs. Beban. This photoplay is the first release of the Big Four's film handlers, Messrs. Abrams and Shubler.

DIANE OF THE GREEN VAN—Exhibitor-Mutual

I think this melodrama will be quite popular among the masses. Many people who have been waiting for Alma Rubens' reappearance, but the ivory beauty will have to get more logical pieces if the keep the pace required. Nature has given her a hash of all the melodramatic ingredients, from disguised princesses to "papers" and lost heirs, and the thing that crabs the logic is that she cannot even place a word or two would have straightened out all the complications. However, the photoplay is very well made, very well directed, very well acted. Wallace Ewell bore the baton, and the cast includes. besides the dice Diane, Nigel Barrie, Lamar Johnstone, Wedgwood Nouvell, Ed Brady. Irene Rich and Harry von Meter—studio artisans who know their business.

THE EXQUISITE THIEF—Universal

The only thing I liked about "The Wicked Darling," was the title, which was great. "The Silk-Lined Burglar," was a bit of an effort, too. But here, in "The Exquisite Thief," we have a story of Henry F. Chamberlin as Dean in a hundred per cent story. Simply the annals of an alluring young crook who stands "em all up at a swell party, and eludes every body, and then, when they think they've followed her to her woodland hideaway, and, in sequences of the most provoking suspicion, wins her around to righteousness, even while the plopes of the scene are just a blighter—something of nobility. There is no shocking accession of repentance at the finish. Rather, we presume that these two trillers have at last found an honest thing in life; love, and they will go on decently to cherish that love and bring it to the world. I've never seen Thurston Hall so easy, so sincere, so devoid of mannerism. Sam De-Grasse, a veteran who seems to rely on pres- thes and a laugh, rather than hav- er the trio as a malefactor of stolid exterior despite inward fires. The big stick-up at the party is rather incredible, but if you'll wink at this you won't be so sure about the last iris. If you do, you'll miss some- thing. The Laemmle-Cochrane-Powers crowd have given themselves a hard row to hoe, if they're going to portray this one steady-whirl to robbers and burglaries and crookettes. If they must do this, why don't they develop a single character, a la Raftes or Arsenic Lupin, and thrust her along ad- venture by adventure?

WHITE HEATHER—Tourneur

"Monseur Tourneur," whispered a man to the projection-room darkness just back of me, "simply can't make a bad photoplay." "Mebbe no," rejoined his companion, "but let 'em keep coming, and we'll soon see." I resolved to remember those observations, and put them down as my notion of "White Heather." The trouble is not with the direc- tors, but with the pies. It is a pot-pourri of the black-and-white shockers from Drury Lane, in which everybody is either perfectly grand or perfectly horrid. Tourneur has done nothing but sell down in Lon- don-town who became his common-law wife. He tires and denies the marriage. The ship upon which they were joined in Scottish waters having gone to sea, and as the dean has not one hopeless and one hopeful lover track the young laird to his doom and the lassie's jus- tification. The scene in which hero and villain clash for the hand of the in- suited monsters at the bottom of the sea, is very good and seems mechanically proper, but it is not invested with that breathless combination of action which is Tourneur at his best. Many a director might have made this. Spotswode Aitken and Little Ben Alexander are the most human pair in the play.

THE LIGHT OF VICTORY—Universal

My qualifying remark about "The Poppy Girl's Husband" goes for this one, too: it took nerver to do it. It takes nerve to end any photoplay with a funeral. And yet—putting aside my sentimental side—point—I'll bet you'll find that almost every intelligent picture patron feels that this one is the finest in the very finest film work Monroe Salisbury has ever done. Had I not seen his Alessandro, in "Ramon," I should say the very finest. But there, customers, was a creation! Salisbury plays Lieut. George Blen- non, who is "one of the meanest and damniest trait—a appetite for liquor. This puts him in the gutters in uniform, and, tried secretly and handed a pistol with which to defend himself. His American friends are very much against his overseas ex- penses, he refuses to do this, and is put ashore on a tropical island, where he goes his bestial way. His ultimate redemption comes in getting, at the cost of his own life, a United States ship from a Hun submarine. Those who have just loved Monroe as a smiling
Would the Law
Let You Marry?

When will the people of this country finally wake up to the fact that one who is taking care of a postmortem can become the greatest of all the postmortems? There has been much agitation all over the United States over the laws of Resurrection. Everyone has been so eager to insist upon a medical examination of the two contracting parties to a marriage before a license is granted although the proponents of those at the head of the movement is perfectly well understood and appreciated, there is no one who can reasonably deny their sincerity or the ultimate good that would result.

Through the adoption of a law whereby the people do not marry, but marry in the courts of every State of the Union, there would, indeed, be a considerable small percentage of the population which would mean up to the standard.

Would You Be One of Those who were doomed to go through life alone, with no hopes and disappointments that are found in marriage with a loving wife and strong, healthy children? Would this be the realization that you have needle and body, ignored the fundamental principles of health and fitness, and failed to make the free use of Nature’s great gifts, down you to a life of sickness, weakness, and unhappiness?

Our first duty is to ourselves. We are not put on the world to misuse our fingers and our brains and our hearts. We are put on the world to use our lives and then go out, like a snuffed candle.

We are enriched with the buried store of perpetuating the species, a duty which is as sacred and essential as anything else would be.

LIKE BIGFLIES LIKE A BAYING HUNTED down from the mountain, a man who has ever fallen from the lips of man. A thin, sickly, under-developed body, marked and scarred with poisons which are dictating their proper determination of elemental efficiency cannot hope to produce strong, healthy children. A man who is worn and wrinkled by the vicissitudes of a man of all kinds, will somehow be trampled upon the altar of his children in a like condition.

On the other hand, the strong, healthy, fit man, with a body and constitution that is a replica of Nature’s own design, and who is sturdy enough to do what needs to be done and take the proper measures to care for himself and his family will be respected and admired in the same manner as a picture of joyous, healthy, free health and strong youth.

So you see, it is not only yourself to whom YOU OWE A DEBT but ALL MANKIND.

And You Owe It Most to That Girl The sweetest, purest, dearest girl in all the world, whom you would find it difficult to live without, clean, strong and beautiful. Do you realize the tremendous responsibleness of the fact that these girls are at your mercy? Remember, then, that whatever FORTUNES will restore to you the rivalry of MANHOOD.

STRENGTH will make you become more amiable, more inviting, more lovable. Health will make you of great charm. Constitution, nervousness, headache, rheumatics, troubles, all belong to you, only as long as you remain in the grip of these things. When you regain your strength, vim, vigor, energy, it will make you enjoy every minute of time and will make you do, eating, sleeping, walking, talking, walking, going, growing, general.

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Lionel Strongfort
Physical and Health Specialist
911 Strongfort Institute, Newark, N. J.

The Shadow Stage
(Continued)

hero will probably be shocked into the thought that he has gone loco—when they see this sordid but powerful fiction. But I think there are not many who don’t cherish their brains with their overcoats are going to feel that they have been wrong in dismissing him as a mere matinee idol. Betty Compson is conscious in his support.

EXTRAVAGANCE—Ince

Yea, I’ve known the idle that Dalton “the beautiful blaze.” She has been blazing right along since then, but oftentimes to small purpose. I have never seen her in so good a play as the one named above, and I have never seen her do such good work. She is giving, here, a living, vital performance of an American woman. She plays the wife of a business man who aims to be big business and isn’t. That makes little difference to her. She must have the gauds of the finest, though it drives her husband to bars or death. The parable is worked out via the ancient dream route, which only proves again that the substance justifies an artifice. Helen Douglas’ (Miss Dalton) remorse, her wracking anguish mind and soul, her tense repression, are sombre colors in a portrait that, spoken, would have sincerely decorated any stage, and would have honored any American actress. I am not particularly a Dalton fan. Too many times I have seen her flamboyant, shallow and concealed in her representation of the least charming of her characters.

Charles Clay, out of villainy for the moment, is poignantly winning as the husband. It seems good to see the elegant Bartlett of the back number ace fold. Schertzinge directed a production made in faultless good taste.

THE GIRL WHO STAYED AT HOME—Griffith

This, I am told, was to be Mr. Griffith’s contribution to the U.S. exhibit in an American picture. As it stands—probaby with variations—it is corking entertainment built by the genius-touches of the master upon a very, very fresh fabric of story. Above it is a Gish from cover to cover. Contrariwise, D. W. puts forward with his hypnotic hand a brace of young damsels who bid fair to be delights as long as they remain magic fire mirrors for the reflection of his endless humanities. There is Miss Clarice Seymour, here depiciting Miss Cutie Beautiful (no especially hard effort thinking that came up), evidently, a cabaret seduction who wins a hard struggle to be true to Jim Grey, slacker son of a shipbuilder who is drafted and turns hero in spite of blemish in cutie’s small-time troubles and big-time temptations, her jayzing feet and streaming eyes as she sits knitting, a comic kewpie of deep grey. Whole, phonograph is mmr fractions of life such as only Griffith would think of. The slender Carol Dempster deploys upon a larger canvas in a more statey way. So far from Grey to whom war comes home. There are touches in this play obviously simon-pure artistry for those who are in the know. For instance, how are auditors expected to understand and the death of the exemption board was a real one, or that the district board was real, too, and that the handsome gray-haired man at his head was none other than the Hon. Joseph Scott, one of California’s best-known attorneys? The other figures of possible exemption—Crowder, Newton Baker, et al, are of course more generally recognizable. Bobbie Harron rates.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Dr. Sarpent, of Harvard, declared that Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen.

YOU have the same right to the splendid Health, Wirdle Manhood, and superb Body shown in the picture above, that I have, if you will obey Nature if you will do the things I shall ask you to do, you can make your body like mine. I will show you how to obtain it.

In order to help you attain that degree of health strength and energy that is yours by gift of Nature, I invite you to write to me regarding your present condition, to hasten to keep your body and to see the proofs and portraits of the results of youthful exercises I shall be glad to give you personal information that will prove of inestimable value.

I propose to give a little book entitled "PROOF OF CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," which I hope will be read by everyone interested in themselves to wish for the best in life. You will find it interesting and it points the way to better health, a cleaner and happier life and a splendid physical. Three 25 cent stamps, will pay for the postage, etc., on the book, and for it now. You will be pleased and surprised with its contents.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist
911 Strongfort Institute, Newark, N. J.
The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

romantically cartoons himself, and Richard Bar-theness and George Faycett give good char-
acteristic performances. As I said, the story is
entertaining and not negligible. I wonder how Mr.
Griffith forgot that the boys in their own
little "lost battalion" would scarcely have
time to shave, or why he put a translation of a
wounded German's cry for "Wasser! Wasser!" upon the screen?

DAUGHTER OF MINE—Goldwyn

The redeeming part of this weak story is its
flow of fancy, coupled with the really
artful performance of Madge Ken-
dey. Miss Kennedy is the only person with
whom no one has brought screenwise since the
reign of Mabel Normand—an art of laugh-
making which is none the less genuine
because it is comical. In other words, he
characters bear the stamp of finish. They
don't appear to be improvisations between a visit
behind the lights and a tiring rush back to the
toilet-rooms to change a costume. They
seem to have been studied out, to the
last little degree. Result, Miss Kennedy
is creating a possibility to pictorially characterize
possessed by few women. Laid in and from
the great East Side of New York City, this
piece taps a mighty reservoir of humanity that,
woman or relative, long evaded all photoplay
writers. Miss Kennedy is but one of few of
the magazine folk. When, as an ambitious nov-
elist, the wide-eyed Madge begins to read her
story, she is truly a fine and bold
material publisher, the story becomes all art-director
Ballin's. Men die, what an apartment that
princess contrived for herself! Did you ever
see so many beardskin rugs to fall over? What
meals were served in that fictitious castle?
What uncanny beings people it! I want to
loudly applaud the Goldwyn stand for fancy,
for imagination as well as mere furnished fact.

IN BRIEF

"Poor Boo" (Paramount)—Bryant Wash-
burn, amusingly playing a young man of
good fiber and a lot of ancestors. Miss Mary Thurman, the Sennett
Babylonienne, makes her debut as a character-
actress—a crepe occasion for lovers of con-
trivance.

"The Amazing Wife" (Universal)—A
rather wild romance, and a bit sordid. Well
done by Mary MacLaren and others, but not
to up to Universal's high standard.

"A Fight for Love" (Universal)—Fights,
stunts and the fragrance of the North woods,
with the pleasing personality of Harry Carey.

"The Green Cat" (Metro)—A comedy
of mildness, acting as sincerely as usual, in
a play not as good as usual. However, it's
fair entertainment.

"That's Great!" (Metro)—Hale Hamilton,
in a characteristically breezy conception.
The musical comedienne, Grace LaRue, debuts as his
principal support under the name of
"Stella Gray."

"Fighting Destiny" (Vitagraph)—A
be-man
mystery, rough but vigorous and suspensive,
with Harry Merny and Betty Blythe.

"The Blind Man's Assistant" (Vitagraph),
in a screening of a popular recent fiction by
Edwin Balmer and William McHarg.

"Boots" (Paramount)—If Dorothy Gish
were really a slave in a boarding-house what would she do? She
might do the generally exciting things she does in this photoplay. Who knows?

"The Carter Case" (Olive Films)—Barrie Wal-
camp, in a regulation serial directed by J.
MacGowan in a way that reminds us of
his old "Hawes of Heaven." Mr. Talmage, the
character of Mr. Talmage, is a fine
performance. Talmage is the head
damsel.

"Smile" (Fox)—One of the Keystone
romances of the Lee kids. It greatly amused
me at the time. I hope they have not
made a success of it.

"The Roadrunner" (Triangle)—George
Fawcet, in a screen version of a recent
novel by Mr. Terlume.

"Never Say Quit" (Fox)—I am not one of
George Walsh's admirers, but those who
who approve of his star performances and smile
smiling acrobats will find this series of non-
chalance activities quite to their taste.
How Do They Get That Way?  
(Concluded from page 70)

and directors and that he ought to be starved on his own account. He had that thirst for the electric light signs of Broadway. He wanted people to whisper his name as he majestically swung through the hotel lobbies. He confided his ambitions to a publicity person and arrangements began forthwith.

Mr. X. moved to a downtown hotel and was much seen about. He was paced frequently in all the places around Times Square that everyone might see him and associate his name with his handsome face as he followed the page boy to the telephone booth.

One morning the telephone rang for him in vain. When the management broke into the room for a second disorder and called the police. The police found interesting and romantic letters, which were to the papers early that afternoon. Incidentally there were many photographs of Mr. X. left about, autographed with sentiments calculated to make good reading. The quest was on.

A nosey reporter found a steamship sailing schedule, one of the coastwise lines, with a certain vessel, the Puritan I think, marked. A clue! For with wire to the Fall River correspondent of the newspaper! He met the boat.

Yes, Mr. X. was on the passenger list. He has come aboard late in a conspicuous hurry, just as the vessel was casting off. The first officer of the ship and the reporter went to the stateroom. It was locked and the key was on the inside. Raps. No answer.

When they opened the stateroom it was empty save for a suitcase. The porthole was open. The suitcase yielded more clues and more mystery, also more copy for the papers.

Most all that summer the missing Mr. X. mystery claimed occasional attention. Then in the fall he came back from the seclusion of the little town of Orient, L.I., and went into vaudeville at a nice figure, following that with a picture engagement as a full blown star. He made good on his opportunity and has been too busy to disappear since.

"How was the stateroom left locked from the inside and what became of the actor?"

Simple indeed. A slender young man in a big overcoat that covered a swimming suit was the chap who went aboard the ship that night. He carried the actor’s bag and handed the actor’s stateroom check to the purser as he hurried up the companionway. The rest was easy. He locked the room, threw the overcoat out the porthole into the bay and then squirmed through himself with a high dive into the dark of New York bay. He got away unnoticed and a nice warm limousine was waiting when he clambered up the sea wall Battery Place. The whole stunt cost less than $500 and Mr. X. considers that cigarette money now.

Don’t Wait

I Am a Realist.

My mother came from Russia, and my father sells pencils on the city streets.

I have just written a play. In which the heroine dies off whooping cough.

The hero is stabbed in the back by an insulted lady and goes to the poorhouse.

Superb mirroring!

A thrilling, dramatic composition of the life of a drab cross-sections.

Wait here for me.

While I go out to sell it.

Perhaps I’ll take you to lunch.

---

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Other smart shoes for the present season are made of “F.B. & C.” Kid Color No. 24 and “F. B. & C.” Kid Color No. 88.

NOTE—The scarcity continues of imported Kid Skins, out of which “F.B. & C.” Kid is made. Prices are rising.

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higher standard of pictures, and to promote their wider use for social and educational purposes. All these objectives have been achieved in substantial measure, and with great success. The meeting of every one of those who have thus far been associated with the work of The Better Photoplay League of America stands. The club extends hospitality to visiting stars, some of whom have been thus entertained being Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Viola Dana, Clara Kimball Young, Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, Rose Tapley and Mabel Truche.

The Brooklyn Branch of The Better Photoplay League of America has been organized, with Mrs. E. S. Burgess in the office of chairman. Mrs. M. R. Murray is vice-chairman. On the members are Mrs. A. Burt, Mrs. R. C. Talbot-Parkins, Mrs. M. F. Hobby, Mrs. May Barrett, Mrs. H. Vickers, Mrs. E. Watts, Miss S. G. Fisher and others. There are now more members waiting to be taken into the organization. The Brooklyn Branch plans some genuine constructive work in behalf of better films.

St. Paul people of prominence and standing have identified themselves with the League. L. L. Evert, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, says, "You are doing a fine and a woman's work in the way of helping to better the films and cause of better films. This is indeed a forward-steping movement. It is especially important when one considers that 84% of a man's education comes through the eye. The benefit—or the harm—that he may receive by means of the screen is incalculable. Educators and young people need to be made aware of this." George H. Reif, Superintendent of Schools of Ramsey County, in which St. Paul is located, is a better film enthusiast. He has returned the magnificent picture equipment by means of which he supported the movement and enabled the work of the county schools. In his regular newsletter to the parents and teachers of the schools he has made the following generous statement that this improvement was justified by the fact of The Better Photoplay League's existence and activities. However, such a progressive man as Mr. Reif needs no stimulus from without.

Miss Julie C. Gauthier, Instructor of Art in the St. Paul High Schools, and author of the official guidebook on the Minnesota State League, was in Duluth last week. She has joined the St. Paul Branch, together with those already mentioned, the list also including Miss Mary A. Dillon of the St. Paul Daily News, Miss Ethel Newman of the Duluth News, Miss Dorothy Hays, manager of the New Garrick and New Liberty Theatres, and many others of standing. Miss Benton, who conducted the campaign when the bill was introduced in the Minnesota state legislature, said, "No one needs to remain in ignorance of the motion picture industry and its people so long as Photoplay Magazine is published."

Says Mr. Hays, "The League that you are promoting seems to me to be conceived along intelligent and progressive lines. There is no question in my mind that the principle of correcting existing evils of bad and inane pictures through creating a demand for clean and deserving films is correct and full of advantage for society in the highest degree. Mr. Hays caters to the children by giving Saturday morning matinees whenever a photoplay of special appeal or situation, with special service at his theatres. The children were delighted with a recent showing of "Little Women."

Progressive men and women of Duluth are vitally interested in better films. The Woman's Council of the Woman's Film Committee, to which both men and women belong. Fred Ward, superintendent of the county work force, former chairman of the draft board and present organizer of the replacement committee, is its president.

Mr. Ward believes in cooperation rather than dictation. He says, "I don't believe in anything directly but he believes in how to run their affairs. Our business is to safeguard the children, and to do that we need their aid."

Mr. Ward's committee has succeeded in obtaining better films from the local theatres, and expects to accomplish more in the future. The League's executive secretary recently addressed the executive board of the Woman's Council and Mr. Ward, with the result that Duluth's Better Film committee will receive all helps issued by The Better Photoplay League. Mayor H. K. Prince, Mrs. H. B. Granquis, president of the Council, Mrs. C. E. Spring, Mrs. H. A. Dancer, and Miss M. G. Hirsfield are among those who have been better filmers in the interests of good film conditions.

J. R. Batchelor, head of the recreational work of the City of Duluth, gives a motion picture night in the week, at Duluth's various commercial centers, and also on Sunday, in the Sunday School room of a church. Pictures are used also for the Welfare and Americanization work of Duluth and vicinity, and as this is the center of a large foreign-born population, his efforts are of the utmost importance. Miss Batchelor is well known as the woman who fully realizes the value of visual education.

A new Branch League has been begun at Riverside, on the outskirts of Duluth, among the families of the great ship-building yards of the city. The welfare work of this community of three thousand people is conducted by Mrs. Albert S. Ames, a young woman of tact and ability, who has been in charge of Duluth's Twentieth Century Club. Each Tuesday night is "movie night" for the people of Riverside. Mrs. Ames and her co-workers have a showing each week, using the aids of The Better Photoplay League, and pictures of attractiveness and value are shown these workers and their families.

Falls City, Nebraska, has a full-fledged League, as may be seen in the Autograph Book. The president is Mrs. Charles G. Humphrey as secretary. Mrs. Ruegge is a well-known Western clubwoman, and Mrs. Humphrey has the support of the school board in using the better photoplay League's publications for the education of the pupils. The League works in sympathy with the aims of the Photoplay League, and expects to accomplish much good work. Falls City is a woolen manufacturing city, and the practical value in obtaining community betterment.

The Falls City Branch League expects to cooperate with all the other local civic organizations for film betterment. A Branch League is also being formed at Webster Grove, Mo., among members of the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. S. Louise Marsh. Branch Leagues are also forming at White Bear, Minn., Battle Creek, Mich., and many other cities and towns through the country.

The work of The Better Photoplay League has only begun!

Organize a branch league! Write today to The Better Photoplay League of America, 350 N. Clark St., Chicago.
Educational Films

R. F. D.

(Concluded from page 84)

The exhibit has been shown at a majority of theaters in the Denver area, and is being shown to groups of prominent educators, the secretaries of the Denver Public Schools, and the Denver Library. It is being shown to groups of prominent educators, the secretaries of the Denver Public Schools, and the Denver Library. It is being shown to groups of prominent educators, the secretaries of the Denver Public Schools, and the Denver Library. It is being shown to groups of prominent educators, the secretaries of the Denver Public Schools, and the Denver Library. It is being shown to groups of prominent educators, the secretaries of the Denver Public Schools, and the Denver Library. It is being shown to groups of prominent educators, the secretaries of the Denver Public Schools, and the Denver Library.
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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 96)

P. J., SEATTLE—David Powell, "the military heart-burglar," was the fascinating, you say, Englishman in India with Mary in "Less than the Dust." Julia Dean has done nothing on the screen for a long time. George Burns was Clara Kimball Young's father in "Shirley Temple." The boys must be showing old pictures out your way.

DOROTHY M. W. A.—"The Eternal City" is coming from Famous Players, marked Pauline Frederick's shadow-starring debut. Thomas Holding opposite, Beatrice Furnham was the very dark, very pretty Doris Cabrol in Paramount's "Jack and Jill."

ETHEL B. S., OAKLAND—I liked your letter. You want Mary Pickford to act in "Old Ed," another magazine-published story; Marguerite Clark to play "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and Mary Miles Minter to do "Romeo and Juliet." Mary Fuller will be coming back soon. Marshall Nelan does, I suppose, that he was a better director than actor—and perhaps that directing was more remunerative. I should like to see again, too, Pearl in "Virtuous Wives," with Anita Stewart.

KITTEN, COASTVILLE—I don't know that scenario called "The Lost Hope." As far as I'm concerned, however, it may be true.

Jean Sothern is in vaudeville, or she was, the last I heard. I believe she is married. Real elsewhere for Fairbanks. Cleo Madison is completing a return to the screen; I hear; she was last seen in the sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes." Wally Reid and Herbert Rawlinson are very much alive.

JACK CAVUCK, PALO ALTO—So you're from the Canadian Rockies—"the greatest country on God's green foot-stool." And you don't like California—"don't ever see any snow or hear any thunder. And the blankety-blank trees blossom in December!" But consider the cinema, old dear. Have you never seen your favorite movie actor on the streets of Los Angeles? Something about Bill lately; suppose you saw it?

VIVIANE, DULUTH—He's married: about thirty-three, I think. American. Your other questions are all answered for other contributors. In the meantime, I'll salute. Coffee is back after a year's service in France. He was with Lubin, you remember. Ormi Hawley, with whom he used to play, is Caruso's leading woman in "Prince Osimo."

MISS SNOWFLAKE—You may write to me whenever you get that lonesome feeling. Clara Williams in "Carmen of the Klondike." Pearl White's new serial is "The Lure of the Radium." We don't give home addresses when we have the studio address; write to Pearl at Pathé's. Florence La Badie is dead; I don't know where you could ob- tain a picture of her. "The Woman of the Year; Universal; Sylvia Breamer, Blackton; Doris Kenyon, DeLuxe; Olive Thomas, Selznick; Catherine Calvert, Famous Players-Lasky; Shirley Mason, Ann Little; Bessey Love, Vitagraph; Juana Hansen, Universal; D. W. Griffith, Sunset studios, Hollywood.

ROSE THERON, ABERDEEN—In all our correspon- dence we are afraid you have enjoyed such thoroughly quaint questions as yours. They are: "Is Mary Pickford's hair naturally curly?" and "Are Max Schreck and Mary Philbin related?" To the first, yes. To the second, if you mean Ben Turpin, the comedian who acts for the Sennett Paramount company, —yes indeed.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

ELIE, WELLINGTON, N. Z.—You are right, Elie, the first century is the most difficult. Everything closed in New Zealand for two months and you couldn't get your Photoplay play? Darn the Spanish influenza. Olive Thomas is starring for Myron Selznick; her first new picture is 'Upstairs and Downstairs' from the Hatton's stage success.

C. L. RIVER FALLS, WIS.—So you like our (the) art section. The pictures this month are particularly easy to look at. But there won't be anyone saying they read Q's and A's first. Alice Joyce is Mrs. Tom Moore; has been playing against Alice Martin. The Moore's are not divorced, but separated. Miss Joyce is twenty-nine; she was once a Granberry Park hello-girl; then an artist's model, finally coming to the silver-screen with Kalem. She's with Vitagraph now, Agnes Ayres and Florence Desmond were the girls in O. Henry's "One Thousand Dollars." Some of the F. stars are: Thea Baer, Ton Mix, George Walsh, Gladys Brockwell. Miss Baer, by the way, is this real, will probably have found some new affiliation, as her Fox contract has expired and it is thought she will not renew it.

BUFFALO, PEN.-I get a good many letters from your city. You have a rambler, a pony, a bridge horse, a parrot, eight goldfish, three canaries, one Angora, two Boston Bull pups, a harnace in the aviation, a college education, and a ukulele. Also, I have none of these except the goldfish, and only two of these. Clara Kimball Young was married to James Young, the director; they are divorced. Kay Laurel was married to Winfield Shepperd, general manager for Fox. Monte Selznick was born somewhere in New York. Others answered elsewhere, from time to time. Please don't forget to write again.

C. E., EPSON, AUCKLAND, N. Z.—You say it is hard to understand the passion of some of my correspondents as to why it should have thought, "I should have thought," you continue. "It is it true that the effectually." You are cynical without being satirical and I like that. On the contrary—I believe with you that clothes play a very important part in film drama; but I don't believe any actor should be merely an animated clothes-horse. Thank you for saying this humor is never obvious. It's obvious you are half Irish.

J. W. S., MORGANTOWN.—I don't know the regulation length of skirts. I'm sure. The shoe manufacturers insist that long skirts are unsightly, but the dressmakers have an entirely different opinion. I am pacific rather than specific when I come to questions such as this. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew are making pictures for Paramount in Chicago right now, while filling an engagement in the Windy City with their "Keep Her Smiling." Show. "Romance and Rings" is their first Paramount. "Once a Mason" is another. Read Julian Johnson's story, "Cohan and the Movies," in February Photoplay; and you'll find out why George M. has not made any more pictures. Cohan is married. Mabel Normand is working for Goldwyn. "The Great Love" was made in California.

VIVA LEE W., WINDSOR.—It's a little late to ask if they are married. They have been separated over a year now. Billie Burke in "The Make-Believe Wife." Texas Guinan did the "Gun Woman" for Triangle. Dorothy Gish in a picturization of "The Hope Chest." Dick Barthelmess with her in this, in California.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

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BUFFALO, PEN.—I get a good many letters from your city. You have a rambler, a pony, a bridge horse, a parrot, eight goldfish, three canaries, one Angora, two Boston Bull pups, a harnace in the aviation, a college education, and a ukulele. Also, I have none of these except the goldfish, and only two of these. Clara Kimball Young was married to James Young, the director; they are divorced. Kay Laurel was married to Winfield Shepperd, general manager for Fox. Monte Selznick was born somewhere in New York. Others answered elsewhere, from time to time. Please don't forget to write again.

C. E., EPSON, AUCKLAND, N. Z.—You say it is hard to understand the passion of some of my correspondents as to why it should have thought, "I should have thought," you continue. "It is it true that the effectually." You are cynical without being satirical and I like that. On the contrary—I believe with you that clothes play a very important part in film drama; but I don't believe any actor should be merely an animated clothes-horse. Thank you for saying this humor is never obvious. It's obvious you are half Irish.

J. W. S., MORGANTOWN.—I don't know the regulation length of skirts. I'm sure. The shoe manufacturers insist that long skirts are unsightly, but the dressmakers have an entirely different opinion. I am pacific rather than specific when I come to questions such as this. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew are making pictures for Paramount in Chicago right now, while filling an engagement in the Windy City with their "Keep Her Smiling." Show. "Romance and Rings" is their first Paramount. "Once a Mason" is another. Read Julian Johnson's story, "Cohan and the Movies," in February Photoplay; and you'll find out why George M. has not made any more pictures. Cohan is married. Mabel Normand is working for Goldwyn. "The Great Love" was made in California.

VIVA LEE W., WINDSOR.—It's a little late to ask if they are married. They have been separated over a year now. Billie Burke in "The Make-Believe Wife." Texas Guinan did the "Gun Woman" for Triangle. Dorothy Gish in a picturization of "The Hope Chest." Dick Barthelmess with her in this, in California.

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Questions and Answers (Concluded)

GLENN, DENVER.—We cannot send you a picture of Elmo Lincoln as "Tarzan of the Apes" because we don't send out pictures. Perhaps you may write to Mr. Burton, President of the National Film Corporation in Los Angeles. H. B. Warner, Robertson-Cole company. There is a little Joan Warner—she's about six months old now. By the way, Texas Guinan, an old friend of Mrs. Warner (Rita Stanwood)—in sending a wire of congratulation wrote—thinking it was a boy—"My best to the future Pres. of the United States." Mrs. Warner replied: "If universal suffrage goes into effect, then maybe Joan will be President."

M. H. PROCTOR.—Irene Fenwick isn't working in pictures at present. She is known as the real name. He's Bill's brother. Wanda Hawley is Mrs. J. Burton Hawley—nee Pet- titt. Elliott Dexter is Mr. Marie Doro; Herbert Smith is married to Armeda Rolla now on the stage in New York; while it's Edith Roberts' real name unless she's changed it recently—and she promised once to notify us if she did become unmated to a husband. Alice Brady isn't married and she's "considered quite pretty" and if you look like her it's nothing to get real mad about. Elizabeth Novak may have been married three times but I only know that she is now the wife of a Dr. Stuart, an Indianapolis physician. Theda isn't married, that's the reason under a new contract. Will let you know.

LILLA HARVEY, TORONTO.—What a pretty name. Are you a blonde with deep blue eyes? You see I read about one and I need to get a job. Why doesn't George Cheshbro, and George Larkin were all Pathe serialists last. Ruth is working on a new one; her vaudeville tour was of short dura- tion, as she must have two houses. 'Pillow Talk' has not yet named her bungalow. "Happy Home" has been suggested but there are twenty 'Happy Homes' in the film colony. For the usual twenty-five cents. You're welcome. And I hope, from the bottom of my heart, that you are a blonde. Let me know, won't you?

RETA H. GUelpH.—You start off, "Dear Friend of the People." What do you think this is, a political banquet? I suppose you meant it for a bouquet, anyway. I don't skate. I'm afraid. That is probably why I don't skate. If you sent Walke Reid one dollar for a photograph you surely should hear from him, as he usually sends them gratis, if you need twenty-five cents. Of course—extra- vangence—with apologies to Dorothy Dalton. Write to him again—care Lasky's, Holly- wood. Ethel Clayton is with the same company here; they have been without her last month which told you all you wanted to know. Johnny Hines is with World. Fort Lee, N. J. I'll tell you, Reta, many of the players and photographers here are too busy, but you can't expect them to answer letters too. However, maybe Johnny will.

SUSAN and SUE, HOUSTON.—I transposed your names to make it euphonious. It sounds very well. Realize how much the mar- riage picture magazines are doing it. Yes, you're right—if it weren't for some of these news-weeklies several kings and queens would be in the business. Charles R be very much on the job. He is making releases regularly for Paramount under Tom Ince's direction. A late one is "Hayfoot and the Hare." In it are John Johnson and a woman who Julian Johnson calls "the new write hope." Charles is married.

SHIRLEY, TORONTO.—You are the first Shirley I ever met, excepting the lady in "The Lion and the Mouse." Yes: what is the name of your company? It is merely "soupy." That word may be applied with equal ease to an A. H. Woods force or a new ingenue. I like Lew Cody; he's our very best male ingenue. No, I haven't seen him since we were living together. I don't know who you are. He was born in Water- ville, Maine, in 1855—the same year as F. X. B., 'pon my word! He was educated in Canada. McGilvray. He began his screen career with the New York Motion Picture Corporation. Married to Dorothy Dalton, once. Now with Maurice Tourneur's company. Harron is still with George B. Not married.

VIRGINIA, ROLLA, MO.—What perfectly fascinating names some of these towns have! Rolla superseded Guepul, now, in my esteem. Please write to me every month. One can contact such persons on Rolla. If you are twenty-six you needn't ac- tually worry about Wallie Reid; Reid is the leading cause of heart dis- ease among modern society in my acquaintance. Never mind; don't hesitate about writing to Wallie on behalf of her wife, Dorothy Davenport. She helps him with some correspondence. She has an income all the same. My Minter letter hasn't broken up their happy home. Mary Miles Minter isn't a dream, but a very delightful reality. She isn't married to Alan Forrest—she isn't married to anyone no matter what you heard because she's pretty young and besides she has enough to do to keep her in the new limousines and castle quarters. Rumors are she will go with the Zukor or- ganization. Alan Forrest is suing Ann Little for divorce. Marguerite Clark is Mrs. H. Palmerston Williams; Marguerite is to make a film of "Come Out of the Kitchen." Shirley Mason, Mrs. Bernard Durning. Shirley is playing opposite Robert Warwick in "Se- cret Service" at present.

AUGUSTA, CLARKSBURG.—You say you need my picture to complete your "Rye." My picture will supply all your luxury needs, the necessities not the necessities of life and so far I have existed without one. So you want a story on Billie Rhodes, who reminds me of two years ago and feminine flip- pery. Billie will undoubtedly be pleased. She's married to Smiling Bill Parsons and I believe they are abroad now, or in Ber- muda. I'm not sure which. Cullen Landis has played opposite Billie in almost every- thing; from her two-reel comedies to her five-reel comedy-dramas for her own company. Cullen is in pictures now. I'm not sure whether or not to how about to know. Johnny Hines is with World. Fort Lee, N. J. I'll tell you, Reta, many of the players and photographers here are too busy, but you can't expect them to answer letters too. However, maybe Johnny will.

Every advertisement in Photoplay MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Questions and Answers (Continued)

FRANK G., HAIPOX.—Don't say, "I wish I were young again"; you'll get me started. Here it was a nice day and all and I was settled for an afternoon of wit and wisdom when you spew everything by a recollection of the gray that mother used to make. I've been eating at the Automat for a long time now and saved enough money to buy myself a new suit and was just enjoying the prospects of picking out a nifty pin stripe when you reminded me that my indi- vidualism is ruining—anyway my dye. I'm homesick. I say your voice was too high-brow for me. You'll enjoy "Hearts of the World," Dorothy Gish is in it. By the way, the Little Disturber tells this one: she was lunching with Dick Bartholomew, her present—and it looks like, permanent leading man—on the screen of course—and Dick remarked that both of you. "What is it, a Chandler or a Cadillac?" asked Dorothy, who is by way of being a connoisseur of cars. "Neither," returned Bartholomew rudely—"it's a conspiracy." Not bad, for a leading man.

G. R. Y., 'to, ALLIANCE, 0. —So you're from Cal. No, I should never have guessed it. You think it's funny when somebody who has never been inside a studio in his life pulls something like this: "Say, you know, they don't use real houses and things in the movies. No! Why, they just make 'em out of scenery in those big places where they take the pictures." Yes, I have been through a studio or two and I know one thing: I'm going to invent something for the players to keep walking around between scenes. It gets on my nerves. Here's the cast of "A Doll's House" (Artcraft): Nora, Elsie Ferguson; Helmar, H. E. Herbert; Kroestadi, Alex K. Shannon; Mrs. Linden, Ethel Grey Terry; Dr. Rank, Warren Cook; Helmar Children: Ivy Ward and Tulla Belle; Kroestadi Children: Dorothy Redman and Charles Crompton. Universal also made a production of the Ibsen play, with Dorothy Phillips and William Stowell in the leading roles of Nora and Theorith. And here, "The Lightning Raider": in the name part, Pearl White; Thomas Norton, Henry Gacll; Wu Fang, Warner Oland; Hop Sing, Frank Redman; The Witch, William Broom and Henry G. Sell, because of pronunciation difficulties. Ah—come again.

VIRGINIA S., NEW YORK.—If I don't answer your letter I'll see you in Chicago, will I? Well, Virginia, isn't the reason you're getting a speedy reply. I like you fine. We don't give personal addresses, my dear; if we did the players would be swamped—not only with letters—but with applicants for jobs as maids, cooks, scena- rio writers, and husbands. But you may address Alice Brady, care Select, New York, and Mary Pickford, care the Brunton studios in L. A., and it will reach them. P. S.: If you aspire to write 'em, pronounce it 'sh-narr-ee-o.'

JOAN OF ARC, N. Y. C.—No, no, the envelope doesn't matter. Of course with blue stationary a yellow envelope isn't exactly cunning if I do tell you. Frank B., and Katherine Lee—the little dears! Virginia Lee Corbin is only six—that is, her biography says she was born in 1913. Francis X. Buchanan saw her in the fourth grade and says Number 10 is the exact date, if you want to send him a card. Theda Bara is not dead; at least, we have every reason to believe that she isn't. You are a French girl and what am I? And I know what curiosity is, don't I? Yeah.

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Mildred, London, Ont.—The "exclamationary musical comedies" were "Oh Boy!" and "Oh Lady, Lady!". Albert Capelani is picturizing "Oh Boy!"! By the way, by right the name should be "Get Your Kid!"—according to Jack Lait. Ralph Graves isn't in the new Tourneur productions that I know of; he was in "Sporting Life" with the Binneys. Milton Sills has a picture with Goldwyn, I believe, but he was loaned to Metro to play with Viola Dana in "Diana Ardway," "Satan Junior" is another new Dana. The Bushmans made only one picture for Vitagraph; I think it has not yet been released. Thanks.

I. S. L., Medford, Mass.—Saxon King who was in "The Indestructible Wife" with Alice Brady has not done any more picture work that I have a record of. He was understudy to Conrad Nagel in the leading role, opposite Miss Brady, in the stage play "Forever After" when Nagel was in the navy last summer. I don't know just what he is doing now but will inform you. Valkyries were written by Barney De Witt; he recently obtained a divorce. Mildred Harris-Chaplin is only eighteen. I think Lenora Hughes is not married. She was in the musical comedy, "See You Later." She dances.

Geneva Thurman.—Oh Geneva! Are you any relation to Mary? I think that's the way that you are. You say I'm liable to arrest if I don't quit saying that actor is married when he denies it. I hope so; I get so tired of it all sometimes. No! Theda Bara is not dead, Ann Little comes back with Wally in "Alias Mike Moran." Every thirteen, fourteen, fifteen and sixteen-year-old in the country calls United States wants to see a movie actress. Why don't you be different, Geneva?

Forget-Me-Not, Santos. —Believe me Zantippe I won't. Of course, the pay is the thing. Well rather, as Gertrude Stein would repeat, would you know Gertrude Stein, the free-versist. No, I didn't. I've never been the same since. I strive and strive, and still I cannot understand her. Good lord, child—I suppose you mean it kindly—but please don't invent anything to "make her" gets home sooner than fast enough. Ethel and Margarette Clayton are not even remotely related. Jean Sothern in "The Two Orphans." You and your chum want to correspond with a North American young lady or gentleman, preferably a resident of New York and a lover of music. I'll supply your addresses upon request. Thanks, very much.

Mary, Texas.—You couldn't have made a better New Year's resolution than to write to me. I'm glad you didn't break it; and though as a rule I am in favor of making them and then breaking 'em. What will there be to resolve about next year, anyway? No reason! You were in your early thirties. Married to Charles Bryant. Art is ageless and imperishable—in the photodrama. Harry Morey, Vitagraph, Brooklyn; Ethel Barrymore, Paramount-Artcraft, New York.

Bettv A, Gloucester.—I don't think Englishman; I don't think they notice any M. P.'s getting up to give their seats to the ladies. So you wish the Magazine were issued twice a month? Anticipation is the better half of reality. I think you enjoy it more this way. Marion Leonard has been off the screen for a long time now. She was a favorite in the good old days. I think she is married.

G. D. P., Mt. Olive, Pa.—Geraldine Farrar—who so far as I know is our only non-inflammmable prima-donna film-star—has sent letters and pictures to many of her admirers because of her marriage. Of course, she hasn't taken up the subject of it. Gerry was born in Melrose, Mass. Mrs. Lou-Tellezen in private life. Goldwyn studios, Culver City, will reach her all summer. Do you send you Lila Lee's picture if you enclose a quarter—45 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

J. D., Epsie, Montana.—If that isn't Rosemary Theby's real name she has never informed me. I am of the opinion that it is. Julian Eltinge isn't dead. He is in vaudeville. Eltinge makes pictures from time to time. You might like a black stick-stockings in the movies. Well—

Doris, Pittsburgh.—You say Montaigne hasn't got much on me—he's dead. "Captain Kidd, Jr." Mary's final Art, is being announced for release now. With Eltinge and G. A. Arno playing opposite Besse Love in "The Yankee Princess," for Vitagraph. It's his real name, I believe. Antrim Short was "Cock O' The North," and the "Robert Burns" in the "Romance and Arabella." He's just a kid, really. Remember an old Universal—two years old—called "The Flip"? Marie Walworth is "Diana," in "Beckwith's" novel of the same name; and Short was the kid broker. I've always remembered him in that. Harrison Ford was Jim, in the Talmadge film. You're perfectly welcome, Doris.

Callie, Plainview.—Is that a nickname for caulliflower. And I don't like cauliflower. Alice Brady may be addressed care Select Pictures Corporation, New York, or The Playhouse. She is on the stage in "Forever After" in her father's old theatre. Gladys George has a picture work now; she was in vaudeville the last I heard.

P. V., New York.—But, my dear girl, you've got to do "bits" before you can hope for better things, you know. You must serve an apprenticeship in any trade; the greatest thing is to like any other profession if you would only believe it. Winifred Allen? She married an aviator, and hasn't been on the screen for some time. She was with Lasky for a while with Lou Tellegen in "The Long Trail" and with Jack Pickford in "Seventeen." For Trianel, under Allan Dwan's direction, she was featured in "The Man Who Made Good" with Jack Devereaux—who married John Drew's daughter Louise if you care to go into it—and in "From Two To Six," the other perennial popular Earl Foxe. So there.

A. B., Honey Grove.—So you are a musician? I think I shall take up music; it is such a good thing for the hair. Yes, Paderewski proved that a great musician may be a man of practical purpose as well. He has sacrificed everything for Poland. Isn't it nice to see one great man who really looks the part? Grünth will retain Lillian Gish and Robert Harron in his new agreement that they star in "He Who Stayed at Home," he has two new players—Carol Dempster, a dancer, and Clarke Seymour, who used to be a come-down. "Rollo" Starke, "Hearts of the World," is an American boy. Lately in "The Turn of the Road," for Brentwood, and "The White Heather," for Tourneur. Others elsewhere.

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Questions and Answers (Concluded)

Joan C. K., Jamaica—You say Jamaica is an ideal place for a rest cure. Come to think of it I'm badly in need of a rest and you say you fancy Americans and haven't seen any tourists since the war began and you are very fond of the Answer Department. How much is the fare to Jamaica? And would my wife Miss Gish will send you her photograph? she will autograph it personally, too. There was a story about Dorothy's fan mail in last month's—of Dorothy is very good natured about answering her mail. Lillian, too, takes care of her own correspondence. Griffith studios, Hollywood. Can you say Who Was in Hollywood—care Pathes studios, Jersey City, N. J.

Bobbi Bumps, Pittsburgh.—So your class gave a play—"Hamlet"—and you were Hamlet. And you wish I'd been there to see you as the melancholy Dane. When will you play a return engagement? Monte Blue is your favorite; he's coming along fine. What do you know of the Montclair in "Private Petigrew's Girl?" J. Parks Jones usually has a good part in every other Lasky picture you see. He was played in another picture twenty years ago; went to school in Ohio and later moved to California. Jones was a newspaperman before he became a film actor—he's on the Bertram now. But are you a little more amiable. He's always been with Lasky, I believe. His height is five feet ten inches—he weighs 145 pounds. He likes to swim, and he always takes the back seat. You may address him at Laskys. And I think he has been married. Bertram Grasby is twenty-nine; he is an Englishman who was educated in the United States. He is married to Lillian Gish, Universal, and lately, Griffith. He will send you his picture; if I were Bertram That's all.

C. G. T., St. Paul.—I'm not worrying about the problem of civil law in Guatemala; I'm reading a continued story in the Saturday Evening Post and I can think of nothing else. One of the players must be pleased to send their admirers proofs such as these photographs; some of them demand twenty-five cents. If you don't know Mary Pickford, the Gish girls, Geraldine Farrar, Bill Hart, are a few who will send theirs. I'm going to do a little research work on that other question and will let you know later, if it's all right with you.

Ruth, Indianapolis.—You address me "Dear-dear. It sounds to me very much like a sex-best-seller. Don't do it any more. Yes, Charles Ray is married but the Answer Man is not. Let us be hopeful for today. You tell me I've been a bad boy, and that you would add to the threat you have been telling me. I've heard it crack when you told me Wallie Reid has a wife." Norma Talmadge's latest release is "The Probation Wife." Thanks again for your support. Address.

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