

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

N. S. E.

# PHOTOPLAY

February 25c

OK 1925  
The Greatest Issue of a  
Screen Magazine  
ever Published



Beginning in  
This Issue—

POLA NEGRI

VALENTINO'S LIFE STORY

# In this Parfum - Romance Parisienne

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we will tell you frankly and courteously.

## The Experience of Elizabeth Thacher

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Never before had she even written for publication. And, in fact, had no desire to write, until one day she saw an advertisement like this one which told of the opportunities for new and unknown writers of ability and training to earn rich rewards.

When shortly after her enrollment she sold her first story to Thomas H. Ince, she wrote: "I feel that such

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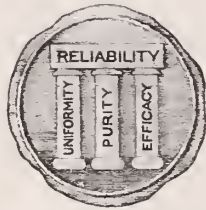
Please send me the Palmer Creative Test which I am to fill out and return to you for your personal and subsequent advice to me without charge. Also send your interesting booklet, "How a \$10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."

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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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WESTERN EDITOR

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Make this your reference list.

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## Next Month!

*The most absorbing features published by any magazine*

## Untold Love Tales About Stars

*True stories more enthralling than fiction, giving an insight to the realm of romance that lies behind the screen*

## Rodolph Valentino's

*own brilliant story*

## BROADWAY NIGHTS

*The second chapter in his life story, which commences in this issue with*

## UNDER ITALIAN SKIES

*These are but two features in the pageant of picture and story which we offer next month*

## Watch Photoplay

*break all records during this new year*

# Both Are Embarrassed—Yet Both Could Be at Ease

THEY started out happily enough at the beginning of the evening. He was sure he had found ideal companionship at last. She was sure that she was going to impress him with her charm, her cultured personality.

But everything seemed to go wrong when they entered the restaurant after the performance at the theatre. Instead of allowing her to follow the head waiter to their places, he preceded—and when he realized his mistake he tried to make up for it by being extremely polite. But he made another humiliating blunder that made even the dignified waiter conceal a smile!

And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. He is wondering whether he is expected to order for both, or allow her to order for herself. She is wondering which fork is for the salad, which for the meat. Both are trying to create conversation, but somehow everything they say seems dull, uninteresting.

They will no doubt be uncomfortable and ill at ease throughout the evening, for it is only absolute knowledge of what is right and what is wrong that gives calm dignity and poise. And they do not know. She finds herself wondering vaguely what she will say to him when they leave each other at her door—whether she should invite him to call again or whether he should make the suggestion; whether she should invite him into the house or not; whether she should thank him or he should thank her for a pleasant evening. And similar questions, all very embarrassing, are bothering him.

The evening that could have been extremely happy, that could have been the beginning of a delightful friendship, is spoiled. He will probably breathe a sigh of relief when he leaves, and she will probably cry herself to sleep.

## How Etiquette Gives Ease

Are you always at ease among strangers, are you always calm, dignified, well-poised no matter what happens, no matter where you chance to be? You can be—if you want to. And you *should* want to, for it will give you a new charm, a new power. You will be welcomed in every social circle, you will “mix” well at every gathering, you will develop a delightful personality.

By enabling you to know exactly what to do at the right time, what to say, write and wear under all circumstances, etiquette removes all element of doubt or uncertainty. You know what is right, and you do it. There is no hesitancy, no embarrassment, no humiliating blunders. People recognize in you a person of charm and polish, a person following correct forms and polite manners.

Every day in our contact with men and women little problems of conduct arise which the well-bred person knows how to solve. In the restaurant, at the hotel, on the train, at a dance—everywhere, every hour, little problems present themselves. Shall olives be taken with a fork or the fingers, what shall the porter be tipped, how shall the woman register at the hotel, how shall a gentleman ask for a dance—count-



And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. Indeed, can there be any discomfort greater than that of not knowing what to do at the right time—of not being sure of one's manners? It is so easy for people to misjudge us.



Shall she invite him into the house? Shall she ask him to call again? Shall she thank him for a pleasant evening? In rapid confusion these questions fly through her mind. How humiliating not to know exactly what to do and say at all times!

less questions of good conduct that reveal good manners.

Do you know everything regarding dinner etiquette, dance etiquette, etiquette at the wedding, the tea, the theatre, the garden party? Do you know how to word an invitation, how to acknowledge a gift, how to write a letter to a titled person? Do you know what to wear to the opera, to the formal dinner, to the masquerade ball, to the luncheon?

## The Book of Etiquette Complete in Two Volumes

In the famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette the subject of correct form for every occasion is covered completely, authoritatively. It is recognized as the most thorough and reliable book on the subject available today. It is encyclopedic in scope, answering every problem of etiquette that may be puzzling you in a clear, definite interesting way. Nothing has been forgotten. Even the ancient origin of customs has been traced, and you are told exactly why rice is thrown after the bride, why black is the color of mourning, why a tea-cup is usually given to the engaged girl.

With the Book of Etiquette to refer to, you need never make embarrassing blunders. You can know exactly what to do, say,

write and wear at all times. You will be able to astonish your friends with your knowledge of what is right under all circumstances.

A great deal of your happiness depends upon your ability to make people like you. Someone once said, “Good manners make good company,” and this is very true. Etiquette will help you become a “good mixer”—will aid you in acquiring a charming personality that will attract people to you. Because you will rarely be embarrassed, people who associate with you will not feel embarrassed—your gentle poise and dignity will find in them an answering reflection and you should be admired and respected no matter where you are or in whose company you happen to be.

## Sent Free for 5 Days' Examination

The Book of Etiquette will mean a great deal to you. It has already opened the doors of social success to many, has shown hundreds of men and women the way to obtain the poise and charm their personalities lacked.

Let us send you the famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days' examination. Read a few of the chapters—you will enjoy particularly the chapter on “Games and Sports” and the chapter called “When the Bachelor Entertains.” If you are not delighted with the books you may return them within the 5-day period without the least obligation. If you are delighted—as everyone is who examines the books—just send us \$3.50 in full payment and the books are yours.

Don't make the mistake of putting it off. Here is your opportunity to examine the Book of Etiquette without cost or obligation. Mail the coupon now. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 772, Garden City, N. Y.

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Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at \$5.00 with 5 days examination privilege. (Orders outside of the U. S. are payable \$3.50 cash with order.)

# Brickbats and Bouquets

## LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address.

### The Censorial Mind

Belmar, Md.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Your timely article in the October issue entitled "Foolish Censors," by Frederick James Smith, enjoins me to submit the following dialogue from a local daily.

"Now, Mr. Professional Censor, I suppose you have read many books that you think the public should not read?"

"I have."

"You have looked at and censored many plays that you consider immoral and bad for other people to see?"

"I have."

"And yet, Mr. Professional Censor, after all this reading and investigation, it has not affected you? In other words, you are still just as moral and undefiled as you were before?"

(Order in the Court!)

In listening to a reformer speak a few days ago, I heard some things which revolted me. I don't believe the underworld harbors a person who possesses a mind as low as this dignitary's. Of course he didn't say such things have happened; he merely wanted to warn humanity of the perils which lurk in the path of those who patronize pictures or plays. To make you realize the type of mind this reformer had, I make mention of the fact that I have been a detective and have seen a bit of life, but his "line" beat anything I ever heard. That's why the defeat of censorship in Massachusetts tickled me to death.

J. W. STACHUNK.

### What Makes A Star?

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir: I have been much amused at the newspaper stories of the importation of a French actor by Famous Players, to take the place of Rodolph Valentino. Does that company think that, merely by advertising heavily, it can make another popular idol? That this Charles de Roche can leap to the place occupied by Valentino in the public's heart?

Even if Rodolph isn't allowed to make pictures for a long time, his following isn't apt to forget him easily. And even if it did forget—what assurance is there that this Charles de Roche can fill his shoes? Seems to me Famous Players Lasky takes a lot for granted. You can't "make" a star by publicity. Look what happened to Lila Lee.

GERTRUDE L. GIBSON.

### A Demand for Truth

Huntington, West Virginia.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I do not hold with censorship but I do believe that the present grind of silly scenarios is giving America's boys and girls an

excuse to forget their morals. Please do not allow scenarioists to depict women being compelled to "sell their honor," as in "Star Dust." There are American women who are willing to toss their heads at hard circumstances, and cry defiance to fate; whose every knock is a boost to greater endeavor, and who have as their motto, "I must. I will."

Please try to convince the directors that sensible, well-balanced young women, hard-working, sane young women, find no necessity for the sort of things they do in the films. The maudlin sentimentality which condones and sympathizes with the "unfortunate victims of fate," does more harm than good. The world needs Amazon, pioneer women; women of strength, character, mental, physical and moral. And we can only make them so by portraying them in our literature and on our screen.

There are splendid and noble characters in American life that have been ignored by the film producers. Let's dig these up and use them. We are surfeited on beautiful, downtrodden, spineless heroines. We want sincerity and truth.

JOSEPHINE TAGUE.

### Murdering "Manslaughter"?

Cleveland, Ohio.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: It seems a pity that Alice Duer Miller's wonderful novel, "Manslaughter," could not have been adapted to the screen as it was written. As produced by Cecil de Mille, it has been badly butchered. Its ending is decidedly flat, at least to those who read the story. All interest in the picture was lost for me after *Lydia's* release from prison, because the audience knows just how the picture is going to end.

It does not ring true that a man with such character and sense of justice as *O'Bannon* would sink as low as de Mille pictured him. If the director attempted to improve on Mrs. Miller's ending of the story, he failed dismally, as that was the strong point of the novel—*Lydia's* final knowledge that love conquers all, even the desire for revenge. I might add that every time I have seen one of my favorite books in pictures, I have been bitterly disappointed.

GRACE O'DONNELL.

### A Place for Everybody!

Alma, Michigan.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: The Good Book says, "For one star differeth from another star in glory."

Doesn't that mean each is filling its appointed place and shining with its own particular light? Why say one is good, one better, one best?

To get down to screen cases—could Gloria Swanson play "Tess"? Or Mary Pickford

"The Impossible Mrs. Bellevue"? Who can imagine Tommy Meighan, his hair in a pigtail, as *Gallardo* in "Blood and Sand"?

Could Valentino be "Tol'able David" or "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court"? Who but Wally Reid could be "Always Audacious"?

Surely one star differeth from another star in glory—but they remain stars just the same—provided they don't get out of their orbit!

VIRGINIA BROWN.

### Screen the "Failures"

New York, City

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: It is about time, I think, that someone began to use the scores of neglected plays that are lying in Broadway storehouses. The plays which did *not* run "a year on Broadway"; plays which were good, interesting drama, but not popular successes.

A big stage hit doesn't mean a big picture. The lesser plays contain just as much meat for the directors. More, often. If an alert producer would buy these half-failures and use them as film stories, they might turn out to be successes after all.

I am sure that many other screen fans like myself are tired of seeing stage successes made over into mediocre movies, drawing us in simply by their much-advertised titles. The plays which run only a few weeks in New York are often just as good, but because of unaccountable conditions they fail. Why not try one of them on the screen for a change?

HERMAN MONOSON.

### Where Are the Stars of Yesteryear?

Youngstown, Ohio.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I'm going to reminisce a little. Where, oh where is little Ella Hall? And Enid Markey? And Lottie Briscoe, who was the recipient of so many of Arthur Johnson's kisses? Florence Lawrence, too, played in scores of pictures in the old days, and wasn't she popular? And the thrills handsome Maurice Costello used to give us! What about Maurice? And Kenneth Casey? Where are you, Kenneth? And Adele De Garde? What a cunning child she was—the first one we knew and loved. I saw her a year or two ago playing with Earle Williams, and she made quite a pretty young flapper. What has happened to charming Edna Mayo, who was such an attractive heroine in that Mary Paige serial? Where are Evelyn Greeley, Francelia Billington, Fritzie Brunette, Margery Wilson, Gene Gauntier? Norma Phillips, the Mutual Girl and heroine of "Runaway June"? I wish I could see them all again

J. J. THOMAS

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 17]



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Here we bring you not one rug alone, but four—and all four for less than the regular price of *one*. A full room size, 9 foot x 12 foot, Congoleum Rug and three small companion Congoleum Rugs to match, each small rug 18 x 36 inches.

And that's not all! No matter who you are, or where you live—regardless of your circumstances—we'll send all four rugs immediately, without waiting, red tape or bother, for just a dollar pinned to coupon.

**30 Days Free Trial.** We'll send all four rugs on trial for 30 days. We want you and urge you to put them down on the floor and use them for a whole month—free of expense and, without promise or obligation of any kind.

We absolutely guarantee that if you would rather return the rugs after making this kind of a trial, just say so and send them back. We will refund to you every solitary penny of transportation charges, both going and coming. We'll refund your dollar and we'll make this complete refund in cash without asking you for any sort of an explanation.

### Pay Little by Little Take a Full Year

Still there's another advantage—an advantage that ought to place these Congoleum Rugs in every American home. In spite of the lowest price in existence—in spite of giving three small rugs to match absolutely free—we bring you the opportunity to clinch this *proven bargain* without a tiny bit of worry.

One dollar with the coupon brings all four rugs immediately. And we'll wait a year for the balance of the money. If you keep your rugs after making a 30 day's trial, you can pay little by little, almost as you please, taking a full year. That's the way we sell everything.

### We Want to Place a Congoleum Rug in Every American Home

Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs are rapidly becoming the national floor covering—universally used in the kitchen, bathroom and dining room in good homes. People of taste and judgment are glad to use Congoleum Rugs in their best rooms. It is the rug with a hundred superior points.

**They lay flat** from the very first moment without any tacking. They never curl or kick up at the edges or corners. There is no need to tack or fasten them down. Dirt cannot accumulate underneath. They follow perfectly any unevenness of the floor.

**No. D4C408** 9 ft. x 12 ft. Genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rug and **\$15.95** three companion rugs to match, each 18 x 36 inches. Mosaic Tile Pattern in Robins' Egg Blue and Stone Grey. All four rugs on 30 Days Trial.

**Pin One  
Dollar to  
Coupon  
and Mail**

**Spiegel, May, Stern Co., 1530 Thirty-Fifth St., Chicago, Illinois**  
Enclosed find \$1.00, for which send me on 30 day's Free Trial your special offer of one 9 foot by 12 foot genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rug and three companion rugs to match, each small rug 18 x 36 inches, exactly as described in this advertisement.  
If I keep the rugs, I will pay you \$1.25 monthly. I have 30 days to make up my mind. If I decide to return the rugs within 30 days, you are to refund my dollar deposit and all carrying charges, both ways. The price of all four rugs is \$15.95, which is guaranteed to be less than the regular price of the 9x12 foot rug alone.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street, R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_  
or Box No. \_\_\_\_\_  
Shipping Point \_\_\_\_\_  
Post Office \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Also, send me your Free Book of Ten Thousand other furniture bargains



**FREE**

## Mail Postcard for Book of 10,000 Bargains

This Congoleum Rug bargain is just a sample of the ten thousand other bargains in our great big furniture book. A postcard will bring it to you free for the asking. It shows *everything* for the home. It is probably the largest book of the kind published. A great many things are shown in their actual colors. You may furnish your home from it completely and at saving prices, on long credit, from cellar to garret.

### ALWAYS A YEAR TO PAY

When we mail you our free bargain book, we open your credit account in advance. You never need to ask for credit. It's the way we sell everything. And we always loan articles free for a whole month before you need to decide.

So, no matter where you buy furniture and house furnishings now, we would like you to have our book for comparison anyway. Look everywhere else first, if you please, but also give us the opportunity to show you our wonderful display.

#### A FEW DEPARTMENTS

- |           |            |            |             |
|-----------|------------|------------|-------------|
| Wood Beds | Clocks     | Curtains   | Bedding and |
| Furniture | Steel Beds | Sewing     | Pillows     |
| Linens    | Floor      | Machines   | Lamps       |
| Cooking   | Coverings  | Brass Beds | Musical     |
| Utensils  | Silverware | Dishes     | Instruments |

Rugs and carpets in all weaves and patterns and colors. All sorts of odds and ends like wringers, irons, drapes, tools, fixtures, trunks and bags. And great big department of diamonds, watches and jewelry.

Ask for it now. A plain letter or postcard will do.

# Spiegel, May, Stern Co.

1530 Thirty-Fifth Street - Chicago, Illinois

# Announcing 39 New *Paramount Pictures*

to be released from Feb. 1<sup>st</sup> to Aug. 1<sup>st</sup> 1923

*a program of motion picture  
entertainment for the whole nation*

PARAMOUNT can plan and produce so far ahead on this gigantic scale, because Paramount Pictures have the pre-release endorsement of thousands of waiting audiences!—

—an endorsement earned by steadily making good to more than eleven thousand audiences, steadily delivering the highest quality in screen entertainment.

The mark of leadership for the Star, the Director, the Screen Dramatist, the Screen Technicians of every kind, is to have Paramount stamp the nation's O. K. on their art.

Paramount has the world's greatest stock company of dramatic talent.

Paramount's unique resources act as the magnet to attract great stories, great stars, great directors, and every technical screen betterment.

Perfect team work of the finest and largest motion picture organization is the secret of Paramount leadership.

See the coming Super 39 Paramount Pictures listed on the opposite page. Make sure that you get your share of these great entertainments—planned for you!



With *Paramount Pictures* your entertainment hours mean most!  
 Make your dates now!

DATE

**MARION DAVIES** in  
 "When Knighthood Was in Flower"  
 Directed by Robert Vignola  
 A Cosmopolitan Production

**DOROTHY DALTON** in  
 "Dark Secrets"  
 By Edmund Goulding  
 Directed by Victor Fleming

**GLORIA SWANSON** in  
 "My American Wife"  
 A Sam Wood Production  
 by Monte M. Katterjohn, based on the  
 story by Hector Turnbull

**CECIL B. DeMILLE'S Production**  
 "Adam's Rib"  
 By Jeanie Macpherson  
 With Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Theodore  
 Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilsson and Pauline Garon

"Drums of Fate"  
 With **MARY MILES MINTER**  
 Supported by George Fawcett  
 Adapted by Will M. Ritchey from  
 "Sacrifice" by Stephen French Whitman  
 Directed by Charles Maigne

**JACK HOLT** in  
 "Nobody's Money"  
 by William LeBaron  
 Directed by Wallace Worsley  
 Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix

A George Melford Production  
 "JAVA HEAD"  
 With Leatrice Joy, Jacqueline Logan,  
 Raymond Hatton  
 By Joseph Hergesheimer  
 Scenario by Waldemar Young

**BETTY COMPSON** in  
 "The White Flower"  
 Story and direction by Julia Crawford Ivers

**MARION DAVIES** in  
 "Adam and Eva"  
 Directed by Robert Vignola  
 From the play by Guy Bolton and  
 George Middleton  
 Scenario by Luther Reed  
 A Cosmopolitan Production

**AGNES AYRES** in  
 "Racing Hearts"  
 With Theodore Roberts and Richard Dix  
 By Byron Morgan  
 Directed by Paul Powell  
 Scenario by Will M. Ritchey

A James Cruze Production  
 "THE COVERED WAGON"  
 By Emerson Hough  
 Scenario by Jack Cunningham  
 Paramount's great epic drama

"THE Nth COMMANDMENT"  
 By Fannie Hurst  
 Directed by Frank Borzage  
 Scenario by Frances Marion  
 A Cosmopolitan Production

**THOMAS MEIGHAN** in  
 "The Ne'er-Do-Well"  
 By Rex Beach  
 Directed by Alfred Green  
 Scenario by Tom Geraghty

**ALICE BRADY** in  
 "The Leopardess"  
 By Katharine Newlin Burt  
 Directed by Henry Kolker  
 Scenario by J. Clarkson Miller

DATE

**POLA NEGRI** in  
 A George Fitzmaurice Production  
 "BELLA DONNA"  
 Supported by Conway Tearle and  
 Conrad Nagel  
 By Robert Hichens  
 Scenario by Ouida Bergere  
 Presented by  
 Hamilton Theatrical Corporation

A William deMille Production  
 "GRUMPY"  
 With Theodore Roberts, May McAvoy and  
 Conrad Nagel  
 By Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval  
 Screen play by Clara Beranger

"THE GO-GETTER"  
 By Peter B. Kyne  
 With Seena Owen, T. Roy Barnes  
 Directed by E. H. Griffith  
 Scenario by John Lynch  
 A Cosmopolitan Production

**GLORIA SWANSON** in  
 "Prodigal Daughters"  
 Adapted by Monte M. Katterjohn  
 From the story by Joseph Hocking  
 A Sam Wood Production

A George Melford Production  
 "YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE"  
 With Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi  
 and Lewis Stone  
 By Waldemar Young  
 Suggested by Hector Turnbull

An Allan Dwan Production  
 "The Glimpses of the Moon"  
 With **BEBE DANIELS**  
 and Nita Naldi  
 By Edith Wharton  
 Scenario by Edfrid Bingham

**MARY MILES MINTER** in  
 "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"  
 With Antonio Moreno  
 From the novel by John Fox, Jr., and the  
 play by Eugene Walter  
 Directed by Charles Maigne

**DOROTHY DALTON** in  
 "The Law of the Lawless"  
 With Theodore Kosloff  
 and Charles de Roche  
 From a Pictorial Review Story by  
 Konrad Bercovici  
 Directed by Victor Fleming  
 Scenario by E. Lloyd Sheldon

**JACK HOLT** in  
 "The Tiger's Claw"  
 By Jack Cunningham  
 Directed by Joseph Henabery

**WALTER HIERS** in  
 "Mr. Billings Spends His Dime"  
 With Jacqueline Logan  
 By Dana Burnett  
 Directed by Wesley Ruggles  
 Screen play by Albert Shelby LeVino

A George Fitzmaurice Production  
 "THE RUSTLE OF SILK"  
 With Betty Compton and Conway Tearle  
 By Cosmo Hamilton  
 Scenario by Ouida Bergere

"HOLLYWOOD"  
 A James Cruze Production  
 By Frank Condon  
 Twenty-five stars in support

DATE

"VENDETTA"  
 With **Lionel Barrymore**  
 and Alma Rubens  
 By Marie Corelli  
 Directed by Alan Crosland  
 Scenario by Frances Marion  
 A Cosmopolitan Production

**THOMAS MEIGHAN** in  
 "White Heat"  
 By R. G. Kirk  
 Directed by Victor Fleming  
 Scenario by Percy Heath

**AGNES AYRES** in  
 "Contraband"  
 By Clarence Buddington Kelland  
 Directed by Paul Powell  
 Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix

**BETTY COMPSON** in  
 "The Woman with Four Faces"  
 By Bayard Veiller

**GLORIA SWANSON** in  
 "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"  
 A Sam Wood Production  
 From Charlton Andrew's adaptation of  
 Alfred Savoir's play  
 Scenario by Monte M. Katterjohn

A William deMille Production  
 "ONLY 38"  
 With Lois Wilson, May McAvoy,  
 George Fawcett. By A. E. Thomas  
 Screen play by Clara Beranger

**BEBE DANIELS** and **BERT LYTELL** in  
 "The Exciters"  
 By Martin Brown

**WALTER HIERS** in  
 "Seventy-five Cents an Hour"

"CHILDREN OF JAZZ"  
 With **Nita Naldi**, **Jacqueline Logan**  
**Conrad Nagel** and **Robert Cain**  
 By Harold Brighouse  
 An Al Green Production

**DOROTHY DALTON** in  
 "Fog Bound"  
 By Jack Becholdt  
 Directed by Victor Fleming  
 Scenario by E. Lloyd Sheldon

**ALICE BRADY** in  
 "The Snow Bride"  
 By Sonya Levina and Julie Herne  
 Directed by Henry Kolker

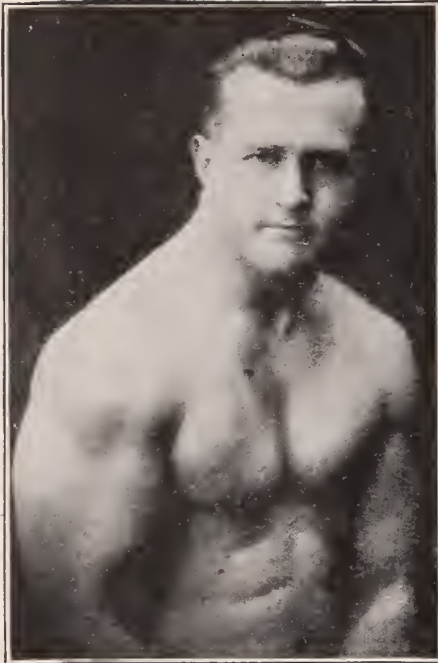
**JACK HOLT** in  
 "The Light to Leeward"  
 By Peter B. Kyne  
 Directed by Joseph Henabery  
 Scenario by Jack Cunningham

**POLA NEGRI** in  
 A George Fitzmaurice Production  
 "De classe"  
 Ethel Barrymore's  
 great Empire Theatre success  
 By Zoe Akins  
 Scenario by Ouida Bergere  
 Presented by Hamilton Theatrical  
 Corporation

Theatres everywhere are booking these pictures with dates of showing  
 Let your Theatre fill in the dates!

If it's a Paramount Picture  
 it's the best show in town





Earle E. Liederman as he is today

### Dead from the Neck Down

"He thought he was alive because he worked with his brain—but his body was fit for the undertaker."

Can you imagine such a fellow calling himself a man? And still there are thousands like him—narrow chested, round shouldered, weak-kneed specimens of humanity. They would rather take a box of pills than do five minutes exercise.

### What Kind of a Man Are You?

Has life lost its thrills for you? Do you arise in the morning full of pep and ambition for the day's tasks before you? Or do you just drag yourself through life in a lazy, indifferent way?

### There Is Hope—

If there is a spark of manhood left in you, I will give you a body to be proud of. I guarantee to put one full inch on your arms in the first 30 days. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. I will build out your chest, broaden your shoulders and put real pep in your old backbone. You will have the flash to your eye and the spring to your step of a real athlete. Your whole body (inside and out) will function as it should, sending life-giving blood to your brain and every part of your system. I don't just promise these things. I guarantee them. Come on now and make me prove it. That's what I like.

### Send for My New 64-Page Book "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains forty-three full page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. I will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

#### EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 102, 305 Broadway, New York City

#### EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 102, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....

Street.....

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



# FRIENDLY ADVICE

From  
Carolyn Van Wyck

VERNA C., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

I like the general idea that you have outlined for the Egyptian costume that you will wear when you do your special dance. Only, to me, it seems to lack color. Ivory and silver and cafe-au-lait are all charming shades. But a touch of Nile, and a dash of crimson, and perhaps a faint suggestion of vivid blue would make the whole outfit more dramatic. Your idea of a silvery peacock head-dress is unusual and sounds most attractive. And, for the overskirt, I think that the heavy, silver embroidered net would be more original than the satin.

"PUGGIE," LAUREL, MISS.

The vanishing cream that you ask about will not harm your skin. Do not make the mistake, however, of using it in place of a cleansing cream. It should be used only before applying powder.

Rubber reducing stockings will make your legs and ankles seem more slim. And a simple exercise will also help. The exercise consists of standing flat upon the floor in your stocking feet or in gymnasium shoes, and rising slowly on your toes, without bending your knees, twenty-five times in succession. Do this at least twice a day.

"DOT," DALLAS, TEXAS.

Bloused dresses and broad-brimmed hats will most certainly make you look much shorter. Although five feet, six inches, is not a height to worry about, as I have said, in the answer to another letter, tall girls are fashionable this year.

You can gain weight by drinking milk and cream. And by eating starchy foods. And by taking exercise and sleep regularly. For your size I should suggest at least three quarts of milk a day, if it agrees with you. And a pint of cream.

MRS. S. P. W., PATTERSON, LA.

There are "Woman's Exchange" shops in nearly every large city. I am sure that they would undertake to sell your needle-work for you.

BEULAH, COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON.

You must put away all thoughts of love—the object of your affections is a married man. No good can come of a love that tries to snatch happiness from the sorrow of other people.

You say that the man married his wife at a time when he was angry with you—that may be so, but he *did* marry her! And, for that reason, he should be loyal to her. And you, by writing no more letters and by trying to forget him, must help him to be loyal.

M. A. B., WESTFIELD, MASS.

If the young man to whom you are engaged wishes to break the engagement because you have bobbed your hair against his wishes, I think that his love for you is not a very big or enduring love. I can well imagine—if your hair was exceptionally pretty—that he might have been sorry because you cut it. And I think that you were foolish to take such a step when he had made his point of view upon the matter so clear. But, after all, you haven't changed—you are the same girl that you were when your hair was long. And if his affection was based upon your style of coiffure, and upon nothing else, it was not the sort of affection upon which a successful marriage may be founded.

MRS. G. H. C., RICHMOND, VA.

Your weight is splendid. Do not try to diet. With dark brown hair and eyes and a light complexion you can wear nearly all shades. Any of the pastel tints for afternoon and evening—shades of brown, especially the lovely cocoa color that is so smart this season, blue and green for every other occasion.

M. G. T., LEAMINSTER, MASS.

Stillman's Freckle Cream will help. Fortunately, to have only this one difficulty in the road to beauty. And some folk think that freckles are very charming!

K. S. R., WASHINGTON, D. C.

One hundred and sixteen pounds is just about the ideal weight for a girl who is five feet, two inches tall. With dark brown hair and hazel eyes I should suggest that you wear the more intense colors—red, coral, flesh, tangerine and flame. But you will also be charming in brown, henna, navy and French blue. Brown, navy and henna for the street, French blue and brown for afternoon, and the other colors for evening. I think that you will find jersey the most sensible material for school frocks—and I like the silk crepes for afternoon.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 15]

## Let Carolyn Van Wyck be your confidante She will also be your friend

CAROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—who has not wished to talk them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.

—The Editor



# At Last— A Snow White Clay that Brings New Beauty in 10 Minutes!

**No More Humiliating Skin Blemishes! No More Rough, Sallow Complexions! This new Snow White Clay Draws Every Poison From Your Skin—In Just 10 Minutes by Your Watch! Gives Your Skin a Lovely Whiteness and Transparency—Without Lotions, Without Powder, Without the Least Mussiness of Any Kind! Watch the Amazing Results!**

**I**N ten minutes you can have a brand-new complexion! In ten minutes you can clear your skin of every blemish! In ten minutes you can acquire a soft, gloriously fresh, smooth, youthful skin—that will be the envy and admiration of all your friends!

You may think this is impossible. Very well. Here is a test that will absolutely convince you—and amaze you as well.

First, take your mirror. Examine your skin carefully, noting its various defects. Then apply a covering of the delightfully clean, Snow White Complexion Clay to your skin. Let it remain for just ten minutes. No need to waste a half hour or more as you would with ordinary complexion clays. Remove the clay—look in your mirror—and see what has happened!

### Watch the Results!

Every blackhead, every pimplehead, every enlarged pore, will have completely vanished! Instead of a muddy, sallow complexion, your skin will be soft, delicately white, with a wonderful new youthful bloom. It is as if a magic wand were brushed over your face—changing a plain, ordinary skin into one of wondrous charm. Not only you, but your friends, will be astonished at the new beauty your skin has acquired—and all in 10 minutes!

### How It Works

Snow White Complexion Clay is entirely different from any other complexion clay. First, it is *clean*. If you have used old-fashioned muddy clays, you have no doubt hesitated to let this unsightly mud touch your skin. Any woman of refinement would have the same hesitancy.

But Snow White Complexion Clay is *pure white*—as clean as driven snow! Applying it to the skin is a delight. Indeed, Snow White Complexion Clay is *sifted three distinct times through the finest Chinese silk*—to insure the utmost in cleanliness.

### Loosens and Draws Out Every Impurity

Snow White Complexion Clay embodies certain marvelous properties which open the facial pores, loosening the accumulated poisons and hardened bits of dust, excess oil, and dead skin which cause poor complexions.

As the clay dries, it absorbs these unhealthy accumulations. It gently draws out every impurity from the stifled pores, allowing them to breathe. Every blackhead and blemish is taken up into the clay, leaving the skin charmingly clear and fresh.

### No Lotions Needed

Old-fashioned clay treatments have required the use of an after-lotion to close the pores which the clay opened in drawing out impurities. But now this is unnecessary—for Snow White Clay embodies certain remarkable agencies which close the pores of themselves. Lotions, face powder, or face finishes are entirely unnecessary.

### Stimulates and Whitens Skin

Snow White Complexion Clay possesses a marvelous activity that stimulates the skin and in addition gives the skin a wonderful new whiteness and transparency. No other clay possesses this wonderful power to give the skin new life and health and to make it soft, smooth and white.

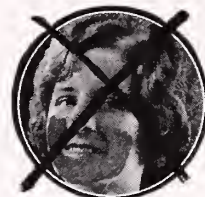
### Send No Money

You have always longed for a clear, smooth youthful skin. Here, at last, is your opportunity to have one—easily, quickly, and inexpensively.

So that everyone may test this wonderful new preparation, we are making a very special re-examination offer. If you send in your application now a jar of Snow White Complexion Clay will be sent you at once. Although it is a \$5.00 product, you may pay the postman only \$1.75 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. In addition you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money refunded at once, if you are not more than delighted with results.

### The Old Way— Muddy Clay— 40 Minutes

No wonder the woman of daintiness revolted at using the old-fashioned muddy clay. For not only was it offensive, but it required 40 minutes to do its work.



### The New Way—Snow White Clay —10 Minutes!



Snow White Clay thrice-sifted through Chinese silk, is as pure and white as Arctic snow. Not only will you enjoy applying it to your skin—but it beautifies your complexion in only ten minutes! New beauty while you do up your hair!

### READ

#### "A Great Improvement"

"Snow White Clay is certainly a great improvement over the dark clay. I noticed the difference just as soon as I put it on my face. When I removed it my skin was soft, smooth and fairly glowed."  
*Ida Heman*

"Skin Clear and Smooth"  
"Since I have used Snow White Complexion Clay all the blackheads and blemishes have disappeared and my skin is clear and smooth."  
*Lillian Block*

"Blackheads Banished"  
"Snow White Clay is the best product of the kind I have ever used. One application removed many of the blackheads and left my skin beautifully white, soft and smooth."  
*K. Lewis*

**\$5.00 Value \$**  
**ONLY \$1.75**  
**Send No Money**

No matter what the condition of your complexion may be, Snow White Complexion Clay will give it a new radiant beauty—for it is a natural preparation and works always. You won't have to wait for results either—they are evident in only 10 minutes.

Send no money—merely the coupon. See for yourself how this new discovery lifts away blemishes and reveals a charming, new complexion—without the least mussiness. Don't delay—mail the coupon at once. Marguerite Sullivan, Dept. 262-S, 9th and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

-----SEND NO MONEY-----

MARGUERITE SULLIVAN, Dept. 262-S, 9th and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a jar of Snow White Complexion Clay, sufficient for two months of beauty treatments. I will pay the postman only \$1.75 plus a few cents postage in full payment on arrival—this in spite of the fact that the regular price is \$5.00. I retain the privilege of returning the jar within 10 days and having my money refunded if I am not more than pleased with the results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....

Address.....

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

(If you wish you may send money with coupon and save the postage.)

Price outside U. S. \$1.90 cash with order.

# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Rate 35 cts. per word.

FORMS FOR APRIL ISSUE CLOSE FEBRUARY TENTH

## AGENTS AND SALESMEN

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WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR. SOAPS, Extracts, Perfumes, Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 205, St. Louis.

SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS AGENTS; SELL advertised brand men's shirts direct to wearer. No capital or experience required. Free samples. Madison Mills, 505 Broadway, New York.

\$5 TO \$15 DAILY EASY—INTRODUCING NEW style guaranteed hosiery. Must wear or replaced free. No capital or experience required. Just show samples, write orders. Your pay in advance. We deliver and collect. Elegant outfit furnished, all colors and grades including silks—wool and heathers. Mac-O-Che Mills Co., Desk 2442, Cincinnati, Ohio.

\$60-\$200 WEEK—FREE SAMPLES GOLD LETTERS for store windows. Easily applied. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 436 North Clark, Chicago.

AGENTS—200% PROFIT. WONDERFUL LITTLE Article. Something new; sells like wildfire. Carry right in pocket. Write at once for free sample. Albert Mills, Manager, 7924 American Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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MAKE MONEY WITH YOUR CAMERA. WRITE Lancaster, Box 967, Los Angeles.

BECOME A LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT. DIGNIFIED, exclusive, uncrowded profession offering fine money-making opportunities. \$5,000 yearly incomes common. Easy to master through our correspondence course. Established 1916. Get information today. American Landscape School, 68-M, Newark, New York.

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PLAYS, MUSICAL COMEDIES AND REVUES, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogues, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, makeup goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 76, Chicago.

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PHOTOPLAYS, MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. 10c PAGE. Seven years' experience. Marjorie Jones, 1872 Ansel Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

DON'T ENVY BEAUTY. GET MY FORMULA chart containing 16 beauty preparations, price 50 cents, no stamps. Ross Chidester, Hauppauge, New York.

## HELP WANTED

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS, 17 TO 60 willing to accept Government Positions, \$17-190, traveling or stationary, write Mr. Ozment, 265 St. Louis, immediately.

BE A DETECTIVE—BIG SALARIES EVERYWHERE; particulars free. Write Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

BE A DETECTIVE; EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY; good pay; travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 367 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

AT ONCE—LADIES TO TRAVEL, DEMONSTRATE and sell dealers; \$49 to \$75 per week; railway fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 59, Omaha, Nebr.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. EXCELLENT opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

## How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and want to gain weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Alexander Vitamines absolutely free. Do not send any money—just your name and address to Alexander Laboratories, 3222 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write for details explaining guaranteed position. J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 211, St. Louis, Mo.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREPAID TO your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Company, Dept. 21, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—\$100 TO \$195 MONTH. MEN—WOMEN, over 17. U. S. Government positions. Steady. Sure pay. Common education. Influence unnecessary. List positions sent free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M-136, Rochester, N. Y.

WE PAY BIG MONEY FOR PAINTING PILLOW tops. Simple, easy, quick. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 2220, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

WANTED—WOMEN—GIRLS. Learn Dress-Designing—Making at home. \$35 week. Spring (Easter) demand. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample. Franklin Institute, Dept. M-507, Rochester, N. Y.

SELL US YOUR SPARE TIME. YOU CAN EARN fifteen to fifty dollars weekly writing showcards at home. No canvassing. Pleasant, profitable profession, easily, quickly learned by our simple graphic block system. Artistic ability unnecessary. We instruct you and supply work. Wilson Methods, Limited, Dept. 24, 64 East Richmond, Toronto, Canada.

## OLD COINS

OLD COINS, LARGE SPRING SELLING CATALOGUE of coins for sale, free. Catalogue quoting prices paid for coins, ten cents. William Hestlein, 101 D Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

OLD COINS WANTED. DO YOU KNOW THAT coin collectors pay up to \$100.00 for certain U. S. Cents, and high premiums for all rare coins? We buy all kinds. Send 4c for large Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 75, Fort Worth, Texas.

MONEY OF THE GREAT WAR ISSUED BY THE various countries in paper and metal. All are curious and interesting. Will send you a fine specimen and my large 50-page Illustrated Coin Catalog for only 10c—"just to get acquainted." Send Now. B. Max Mehl, Numismatist, Mehl Bldg., Dept. P, Fort Worth, Texas. Largest Rare Coin Establishment in the United States.

## PATENTS

PATENTS—WRITE TODAY FOR FREE INSTRUCTION book and Evidence of Conception blank. Send sketch or model for examination and opinion; strictly confidential. No delay in my offices; my reply special delivery. Reasonable terms. Personal attention. Clarence O'Brien, Registered Patent Lawyer, 923 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. PATENTED or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 187, St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS. WRITE FOR FREE GUIDE BOOK and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch for opinion of its patentable nature. Highest references. Prompt Attention. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 763 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

## POEMS-VERSES

\$500.00 PRIZE CONTEST. IF YOU WRITE THE best third verse for our song "Empty Arms" you will receive \$500.00. Send your name and we shall send you free the contest rules and words of this song. World Corporation, 245 West 47th St., Dept. 669-D, New York.

## PHOTOS—PHOTOGRAPHY

FOREIGN PICTURES FOR THE AMATEUR, 50c for five or \$1.00 per dozen. Camera Shop, Wildwood, New Jersey.

## PHOTOPLAY TEXT BOOKS

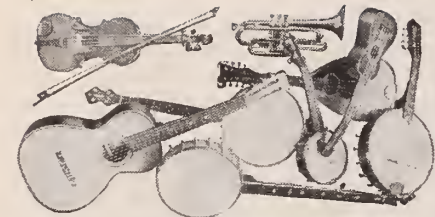
AMBITIOUS WRITERS SEND TODAY FOR FREE copy America's leading magazine for writers of photo-plays, stories, poems. Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest, 611 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

"HOW TO WRITE A PHOTOPLAY" BY C. G. Winkopp, Tribune Building, New York, 50 cents. Contains model scenario, "Where to Sell," "How to Build Plots," "Where to Get Plots."

## WANTED TO BUY

CASH FOR OLD GOLD, PLATINUM, SILVER, DIAMONDS, Liberty Bonds, War, Thrift, Unused Postage Stamps, False Teeth, Magneto Points, Jobs, any valuables. Mail in today. Cash sent, return mail. Goods returned in ten days if you're not satisfied. Ohio Smelting Co., 308 Hippodrome Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

DO YOU WANT MONEY IMMEDIATELY? THEN send us anything valuable including furs, fur coats, diamonds, jewelry, bonds, merchandise. Highest prices paid. Complete satisfaction guaranteed or goods returned. Markowitz Company, 407 Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, California.



Your Choice  
**\$20.00 MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS GIVEN**

We have a wonderful new system of teaching note music by mail and to the first pupils in each locality we will give free a \$20.00 superb Violin, Tenor Banjo, Ukulele, Hawaiian Guitar, Banjo, Guitar, Banjo-Ukulele, Mandolin, Banjo-Mandolin or Cornet absolutely free. A very small charge for lessons your only expense. Pay nothing if you do not learn to play. We also teach Piano and Organ. Complete outfit free. Write at once, no obligation.

SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
1815 Orchard St., Dept. 170 Chicago, Ill.

## Stop Snuffing



Get rid of nasty catarrh. Stop sneezing, hawking, spitting and coughing. You weren't born with that disgusting disease. You acquired it because your Lungs, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and all other organs designed to eliminate waste matter are not functioning properly. Now your vitality is falling, your tongue is coated, your breath is foul and your Nose, Throat, Lungs and every part of your body are loaded with Catarrh poisons. Don't waste your time and money on dope and drugs, sprays and washes, pills and powders. These can never help you. The only way to gain relief is to drive out the waste matter and build up your body—all of it—through Nature's laws.

**STRONGFORTISM**—The Modern Science of Health Promotion will rebuild and restore every part of your body and aid Nature in forever banishing Catarrh and all other ailments. I guarantee it.

Mention the subjects on which you want special information and send with 10c for postage, etc., on my "Practical Talk on Catarrh" and my free book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." Send for them RIGHT NOW.

**LIONEL STRONGFORT**  
Physical and Health Specialist  
Dept. 79 Newark, New Jersey

## Bad teeth dangerous!

Aching cavities are a menace to health. Treat them regularly with Dent's Toothache Gum. It does four things for bad teeth.

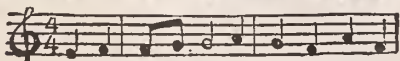


## DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM

- 1 Stops toothache instantly
- 2 Cleanses & protects cavity
- 3 Retards further decay
- 4 Destroys all odor

Dent's Toothache Gum contains no creosote or harmful ingredients. Does not spill or dry up like liquids. Get it today—any drug store. Made for 35 years by C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.

## MUSIC LESSONS GIVEN



You can read music like this quickly in your home. Write today for our FREE booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced players. Your only expense about 20c per day for music and postage used. AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 67 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago



## WANTED—RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS

**\$135 to \$190 A MONTH**  
Send Coupon Today Sure  
**MEN—BOYS Over 17**

Franklin Inst., Dept. M235, Rochester, N. Y.  
Sirs: Send me without charge: (1) sample Railway Mail Clerk Examination questions; (2) schedule showing places of all coming U. S. Government examinations; (3) list of many Government jobs now obtainable.

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

## WRITE JOKES

Easy, fascinating work. Our sales department pays from \$1 to \$5 for jokes, epigrams and stories. A short course of three lessons teaches you how to write them. One joke alone often pays for the course. Humorists earn big pay. Get into a field that is not yet crowded.

Write for information.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF HUMOR  
Office C, 414 Park Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio



# Studio Directory

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

- ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.  
 Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York.  
 Katherine MacDonald Productions, 904 Girard St., Los Angeles, Cal. (s) 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 R. A. Walsh Productions, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.  
 Hope Hampton Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.  
 Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.  
 Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Buster Keaton Comedies, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 BALLIN, HUGO, PRODUCTIONS, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York City.  
 CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.  
 EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.  
 FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.  
 (s) Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.  
 (s) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.  
 British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.  
 FOX FILM CORPORATION, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City. (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.  
 GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Cal. Marshall Neilan and Maurice Tourneur Productions.  
 HART, WM. S., PRODUCTIONS, (s) 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.  
 INCE, THOMAS H. (s) Culver City, Cal.  
 INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) Second Ave. and 127th St., New York City.  
 METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Mae Murray Productions, 344 West 44th St., New York City.  
 PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th St., New York City; (Associated Exhibitors). (s) George B. Seitz Productions, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.  
 R-C PICTURES CORP., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) corner Gower and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Cal.  
 ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.  
 SELZNICK PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.  
 Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.  
 Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Cal.  
 D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.  
 Nazimova Productions, United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Ave., New York City.  
 Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.  
 UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Cal.  
 VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; (s) 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.

## Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

### JEANNE, KANSAS.

With brown hair, changeable blueish-greenish-brownish eyes, and a fair skin you will look your best in the pastel shades—soft blue, rose, pale yellow, apple green and orchid. For the street you would be prettiest in dark brown, midnight blue, grey, henna and rust. Brown will be “the” shade for the autumn and early winter.

For a tender skin any of these three soaps—Resinol, Cuticura, or Woodbury’s—will be excellent.

### JEANNE.

I think that there is no better way to get employment as a companion than the old and threadbare method of advertising in the most reliable newspapers of the city in which you desire to find work. Also write to the Y. W. C. A. of that city for advice.

### BETTY, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Why do you speak so sadly of being “red-headed?” Beauty shops are full of women who are trying to attain red hair through the henna method. Red hair is not only charming and attractive—it is decidedly fashionable. You must, however, choose carefully when it comes to colors. Brown, cocoa, henna with a brownish cast, midnight blue, jade and Nile green, periwinkle, orchid, and heather mixtures will look well on you. So also will ivory, silver grey, and bronze.

Wear simple frocks, that follow the straight one-piece line, to school. But for afternoon and evening you may have fluffy frocks to your heart’s content.

If your parents do not object, I can see no reason why you should not go out with the nice boys who are your friends. But, until you are older, you must follow the advice of your mother and father.

### RUTH THOMAS.

If your skin is oily the use of a vanishing cream is not imperative. But you should keep it well cared for by using a good cleansing cream at night. With olive skin, light brown hair and eyes you will be able to wear browns, dark blues and heather mixtures for the street; and all of the pastel shades—except light green and yellow—for afternoon and evening. As you are of a quiet and dignified nature I should suggest that you use a very fine violet perfume. Houbigant’s “Quelques Violettes” is lovely, though not inexpensive.

### BERNICE, CALDWELL, IDAHO.

It would be hard—and not fair to you—to give advice about arranging your hair without first knowing something about your features and the shape of your face. If you will send me a snap shot of yourself I will be glad to write you a letter telling you about various styles of hairdressing that are smart this year.

### M. W., St. Louis, Mo.

Confide in me whenever you feel friendless and alone. And perhaps, occasionally, I can help you. I think that you were a brave girl to tell the man in question that you were not going to see him, or write to him, again. And I know that it must have been a desperately hard thing to do. I am glad that his wife does not know of your fondness for each other—try to keep her from ever knowing.

### BETTY JO, WEST VA.

A dress of apple green georgette crepe, made with wee sleeves, a tight bodice and a very full skirt, will be most suitable for your school reception. Trim with knots of pastel tinted flowers and narrow green-gold ribbon.

Use the best tonic for oily hair that you can procure—and use it in a regular way, in the morning and the evening. And shampoo your hair every ten days. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

## Could You Write a Story Like This?



Could you recognize the vital dramatic situation in this scene—and write a scenario about it?

It is a scene from the Rex Ingram Production (Metro Pictures Corporation), “The Conquering Power.” A great drama built up from a commonplace story. Situations like this are taking place around you every day. Right in your own street, in the house next door, in your home, a great drama is being lived.

Why can’t you build a plot around it? The successful photodramatists use the simplest themes; the biggest pictures are built around trivial incidents of everyday life. The successful screen writers are men and women who see the dramatic value of everyday occurrences. A few years ago these men and women were receiving ordinary salaries for doing humble tasks. Now their incomes are thousands and tens of thousands of dollars yearly.

## Not Skilled Writers Just Ordinary Men and Women

You do not need writing ability. It is not hard to write a photoplay synopsis when you understand the principles of dramatic construction and photoplay technique.

If you want to write stories—if in your day dreams you make up tales about yourself—you are creating. And remember, it does not take fine writing, but just the instinct to create and a knowledge of photoplay construction. If you are ambitious, if you are really anxious to write film stories, certainly you want to find out just what advantages and opportunities this profession offers you.

## Producers Want Your Stories

They must have stories. Plots are the only thing the motion picture industry lacks. All the leaders in the profession are demanding plots, looking everywhere for them. Your opportunities as a screen writer in the opinion of the film authorities are fully explained in 32-page, illustrated book. The Fox Plan of Photoplay Writing is outlined. The book is yours FREE if you are interested in writing for the screen. Send the coupon today.



## Fox Photoplay Institute

2537-39 S. State St., Dept 1252 Chicago

### Fox Photoplay Institute

2537-39 S. State St., Dept. 1252 Chicago

Please send me, without cost, your 32-page book telling about the Fox Plan of Photoplay Writing, and about my opportunities as a screen writer. I understand there is no obligation.

Name -----

Address -----

City ----- State -----



# PLAY PIANO BY EAR

## Be a Jazz Music Master

Anyone who can remember a tune can easily and quickly learn to play popular jazz or American rhythm *by ear* at a very small cost. The new Niagara Method makes piano playing wonderfully simple.

No matter how little you know about music—even if you “have never touched a piano”—if you can just remember a tune, you can quickly learn to *play by ear*. The Niagara Method is entirely new—so simple, so easy and teaches so many little tricks of playing that it just comes natural to pick out any piece you can hum. Why not master our 20 lessons and be playing catchy, jazzy music—all by ear—in three months’ time? Thousands of others who could not learn by the old-fashioned method have grasped the Niagara idea readily—and succeeded.

### A Simple Secret to Success

No need to devote years in study to learn piano nowadays. Special talent unnecessary. Every lesson is so easy, so fascinating that you just “can’t keep your hands off the piano.” Give it part of your spare time for 90 days and you will be playing and entertaining almost before you realize it. No tiresome scales, no arpeggios to learn—no do-re-mi—no difficult lessons or meaningless exercises. You learn a bass accompaniment that applies to the songs you play. Once learned, you have the secret for all time—your difficulties are over and



### Be Popular in Every Crowd

One who can sit down at any time *without notes or music*, reel off the latest jazz and popular song-hits that entertain folks, is always the center of attraction, the life of the party, sought after and invited everywhere. Make yourself the center of attraction—master the piano by spending an hour a day studying the fascinating Niagara method.

As easily as thousands of others have learned, so you too, can learn and profit—not only through the pleasure it provides, but also by playing at dances, motion picture houses and other entertainments.

### You Become Master of the Piano

Even talented musicians are amazed at the rapid progress of Niagara School students and can’t understand why this method was not thought of years ago. Naturally, the Niagara Method is fully protected by copyrights and cannot be offered by any other school. A special service department gives each pupil individual attention.

### Decide to Begin Now!

Just spend a part of your spare time with a few easy, fascinating lessons and see how quickly you “catch on” and learn to play. You will be amazed, whether you are a beginner or an advanced student. Write for interesting, illustrated booklet, “The Niagara Secret”—it describes this wonderful new method of playing piano by ear. This booklet sent FREE.

Niagara School of Music, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

**CLIP THIS COUPON NOW**

Niagara School of Music, Dept 510 Niagara Falls, N. Y.  
Without obligation mail me your booklet, “The Niagara Secret.”

Name.....  
St. and No. or R. F. D. ....  
Town..... State.....  
Age..... Ever take piano lessons?..... How many?.....



## Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

L. L., NEW YORK CITY.

When you are overtaken, at unexpected times, by a feeling of embarrassment—when you find it hard to control your voice and your facial expression—I think that you may blame the whole affair on your nerves. It’s a distressing state of affairs, and I should advise that you try to remedy it by getting very regular sleep, and by eating only those foods that are nourishing and digestible. Don’t get so absorbed in your work that you carry the thoughts of it with you after working hours. This would help to intensify your nervousness. Go out more with young people, see light charming plays or pictures and read entertaining books. Do not retire into a shell of reserve—try, with all of your might, to enjoy life!

“BLUE BETTY,” CHICAGO, ILL.

It seems to me that you have made a mistake, and that there is nothing you can do to smooth it over—nothing, at least, that you have not already done. After giving up the young man, and showing him plainly that you did not desire his company, you cannot expect that he will be anxious to come back to you. You have made the only possible advance by writing and saying that you are sorry. If that statement fails to interest him, I am afraid that the incident—so far as you are concerned—is closed.

M. L. B., TORONTO, CANADA.

It is best, always, to send flowers to a debutante. Especially if you do not know her well. To the “coming out” dance I should suggest that you wear a dress of chiffon or velvet brocaded crepe, made in flame or tangerine, trimmed with silver ribbon. Either of these colors would be most complimentary to your brown eyes and your black hair. If you like better the pastel tints, a frock of orchid crepe georgette, trimmed with pale rose color would be charming.

BAZELLE FEAZELLE, BECKLEY, W. VA.

Exercise will make your arms more plump, and will also develop your limbs. But it must be systematic exercise, done in a most regular way. A fine tissue building cream, applied with massage, will also help. The darkness about your eyes is doubtless the result of late hours. Don’t go to so many parties and dances—youth, though seemingly tireless, needs a certain fixed amount of rest.

Bobbed hair is pretty, especially on a small, slim girl. But with the new long skirts many fashion experts have decided that long tresses are more smart. Even Irene Castle is allowing her famous “bob” to grow.

“THE SOUTHERN ROSE,” NEW ORLEANS, LA.

With the prizes that you have won in various state beauty contests, it should be easier for you to enter motion pictures than it would be for many girls. Certainly you have had splendid publicity and, if your description is at all accurate, you have deserved all the publicity that has come your way. I should suggest that you send your photograph—with a personal table of weight, coloring, height and so forth—to the casting directors of the better film companies. You will find them listed in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

H. E. R., ILL.

Yes, thirteen is decidedly too young for a lip stick. You’re still a child and children shouldn’t take their personal appearances so seriously. Your lips will be redder if you eat foods that contain a certain amount of iron—vegetables such as carrots, lettuce, spinach. Raisins contain a large quantity of iron.

Massage your lips, lightly, with a good cream—and, in winter, if they are inclined to chap rub them, nightly, with camphor ice.

## Make Your Nose Perfect

### Support Your Lax Muscles

BEFORE

AFTER

If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with ANITA Nose Adjuster. In a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupation, you can remedy your nasal irregularity. No need for costly, painful operations.

**SEND NO MONEY!** **ANITA - The Genuine - NOSE ADJUSTER** PATENTED

shapes while you sleep—quickly, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. There are inferior imitations but the ANITA Nose Adjuster is the ORIGINAL nose adjuster highly recommended by physicians for fractured or misshapen noses. Self-adjustable. No screws, No metal parts. Gentle, firm and perfectly comfortable. Write today for free book, “Happy Days Ahead,” and our blank to fill out for sizes. Return blank and your nose adjuster can be paid for when it reaches you.

**The ANITA Company, Dept. 828, ANITA Building, Newark, N. J.**



## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

### “Human(?) Hearts”

Sacramento, Cal.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Why did they name the play “Human Hearts” and mislead perfectly harmonious families into believing they were to be entertained?

After two painful hours viewing a perfectly nice boy becoming idiotic, and a blind mother distressed, my son said he felt as if he had studied Latin for two hours followed by math. for another hour, and was therefore thoroughly exhausted. My husband slept as comfortably as possible after seeing enough to find that “Human Hearts” held no humanity, only the torturing sorrow and deceit of inhuman people.

And imagine the heroine (?) discovering and having the audacity to exclaim, “I know now that I always loved you,” after she had permitted her husband to spend three years in prison while she lolled idly about with another man. Censor! And, imagine the hero opening his arms and accepting such a statement as true!

Such an evening is not fruitful of happy thinking; neither is it uplifting in any way, and, worst of all, it is inexcusably unentertaining.

JEANETTE LAWRENCE.

### For Richard and Leatrice

New York City.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Each month I read your department, and at last have taken courage to write a letter myself in praise of the work of Richard Dix and Leatrice Joy.

These two young people are heading for places in the public favor such as Thomas Meighan and Norma Talmadge hold.

Every time I see Leatrice Joy on the screen I can see the greatest resemblance to Norma Talmadge both in actions and appearance. Her work seems so natural and still so finished. She is not merely a manikin; she is an actress who can act a society woman and still look human.

Mr. Dix will arrive at a place as steady and permanent in the favor of the public as Mr. Meighan, because of his sincere work on the screen. He won't arrive overnight but when he does, he will be there to stay.

JOHN WATERS.

### The Films as Intellectual Stimulus

New York City.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Although I am not what you call a dyed-in-the-wool motion picture fan, I could not help resenting the statement of Dr. Hibben, who, when he addressed the Princeton students, warned them against going to see movies, making the rather broad statement that the films act as an anaesthetic to the intellectual mind.

Nothing could be more absurd. The films stimulate. It stands to reason that the mind which absorbs as many scenes as are included in the average length photoplay must be alert and active. The very nature of the moving picture makes it necessary for the observer to be wide awake mentally. The rapid succession of scenes is stimulating, not enervating. I know that when I leave a film theater after watching a reasonably good picture, I am much more receptive to impressions; I find my mind on the *qui vive* to catch “pictures” which under ordinary circumstances I would pass by. Seeing a good photoplay is, to my mind, every bit as stimulating as reading a good book.

F. W. MASON.

# An Easy Way to Make \$500.00 in Spare Hours

Would YOU like to make \$500.00, or more, right at home without interfering with your regular duties? Would you like to turn your wasted hours and dull moments into profit and pleasure? If so, read every word below—it may be the turning point of your whole life!

NOT long ago we put a big advertisement in this magazine. In it we said: “Thousands of people can write stories and photoplays and don't know it.” We offered to send anybody anywhere a free book, “*The Short-Cut to Successful Writing*,” which would positively prove that people like yourself—men and women, young and old—can and do make money writing stories and photoplays.

Among others, a busy New York housewife sent for this free book. She wanted to write plays for the movies. Her friends laughed at the idea. “That's foolish,” they told her. “One must be a *Genius*, to write.” But the busy housewife was not so easily discouraged. She knew there was nothing to lose if she failed, but a great deal to gain if she succeeded. So she resolved to try. In her spare time she wrote a photoplay—just a few pages of manuscript. When completed it was sent to one of America's foremost movie actresses. Shortly after, the manuscript was purchased for \$500.00.

Think of it! \$500.00 for her first photoplay! \$500.00 for a few pages of manuscript! \$500.00 for a bare idea, written in spare hours! *And this woman attributes most of her success to the fact that she wrote for our free book and followed its suggestions!* She frankly admits that our help was largely instrumental in bringing success so quickly.

Wouldn't YOU like to develop a fine new talent like this? Wouldn't YOU like to make money in such a dignified, honorable way? Wouldn't YOU like to turn your spare hours into dollars as this woman did?

Well, you have the opportunity right now. Don't say you *can't* write. How do you *know* you can't? Have you ever tried? Have you ever tried in the *right way*? Maybe you are “bluffed” by the thought that you “haven't the gift.” Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they give up in despair. They're through. They never try again. Yet if they had first learned the simple rules of writing, they might have astonished the world!

Thousands of people, like yourself, who thought they *couldn't* write, found out they *could*—and now make big money in their spare time. These people are not geniuses. They are plain, ordinary men and women who simply learned the rules of writing and intelligently applied them.

Men and women in every business and profession—the modest worker, the clerk, the stenographer, bookkeepers, salesmen, reporters, doctors, lawyers, salesgirls, nurses, housewives—people of all trades and temperaments are turning their spare hours into dollars.

Why shouldn't YOU succeed if others can? We will help you. We will work with you shoulder to shoulder. We will tell you what to write and what to avoid. We will show you how to arrange your ideas to please editors and *we will help you sell them*. And we won't charge a penny for selling your work unless we actually find a buyer.

Don't think you can't write because you have an ordinary education—that may be a HELP instead of a hindrance. Many brilliant people have done less than the plainer, persistent ones who had common sense and determination. And don't think you can't succeed because you are not a “genius.” That absurd idea was proved to be “bunk” long ago. Editors will welcome a good story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer. They will pay you well for your ideas, too—far more than is paid in salaries.

Of course, not everyone can write. We don't claim that. But thousands of people who have never dreamed of writing *could* make money with their pens—if they *would only try*. You may be one of these. It may be easier than you ever imagined. Surely you owe it to yourself to find out, anyway, since it doesn't cost a penny.

### Free Proof That YOU Can Write

If you want to prove to yourself that you *can* write, if you want to make money in your spare time, we will send you “*The Short-Cut to Successful Writing*” ABSOLUTELY FREE.

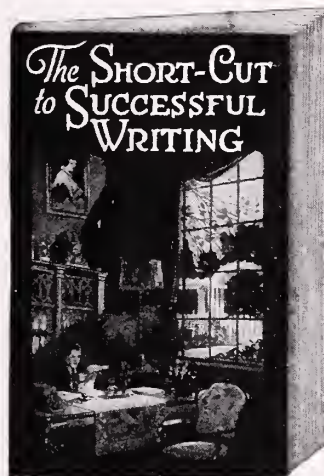
This wonderful book tells how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How bright men and women, without special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for plays and stories. How your own imagination, properly directed, may bring glory and greatness. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of failure. How to WIN!

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Simply fill out the coupon below. You are not BUYING anything—you're getting it ABSOLUTELY FREE. A wonderful book that may be the turning point in your whole career.

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Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE, “*The Short-Cut to Successful Writing*.” This does not obligate me in any way. (Print your name and address plainly in pencil.)

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This Book FREE

# Would you wear Pajamas at a dance?

OF course not. No girl, no matter how daring, would dream of disregarding social good form like that. No girl, no matter how offhand, would think of insulting her hostess so flagrantly.

You wouldn't. But don't you often use a writing paper that is just as much out of place, just as inappropriate, as pajamas at a dance?

Many a girl never realizes that her letter paper is her social dress *when she is not there*.

She never suspects, when she thanks Claire's handsome new cousin for his flowers, that her robin's-egg-blue envelope made him say,

*"That for me? I thought it was something for the cook."*

She never guessed, when she said to herself, "Oh, it's only Geraldine! I can scribble to her on anything," that Geraldine would leave the untidy note on the library table, where her frank brother, observing it, inquired:

*"Going in for settlement work, Jerry?"*

She never knew! But I know. I have seen so many girls judged wrongly by their letter paper. They know better, just as they know better than to wear negligee to a party, but they do not know as I do that using the correct letter paper is one of the surest ways of proving your right to the social opportunities that come to you.

You might even carry off the pajamas by sheer personality, if you are pretty and gay and quick-witted enough. But *you* aren't there when your carelessly selected writing



paper is being judged. People think you don't know or that you don't care, and one thought is just as bad for you as the other.

It is so easy to do the right thing. Just get the correct paper, the paper everyone knows is absolutely right, and then use it—always.

I have written a little book which I will send you for fifty cents. It tells all about letters, invitations, acceptances, regrets, cards, etc. And I am always glad to answer letters. Write me about anything you want to know. I want to help you make the most of yourself socially, because I know that good style is a greater social asset than good looks.

*Caroline De Lancy*

Address me in care of  
EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY  
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

THE right letter paper is Eaton's Highland Linen. It comes in the correct sizes, with five smart envelope shapes and in all the fashionable tints. It is sold at a moderate price at all good stationery stores.

*Style is a greater Social Asset  
than Beauty*

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY—Sponsors for correctness in Correspondence—NEW YORK - PITTSFIELD, MASS.



**E**LSIE FERGUSON is the patrician of the photoplay. Ever since she made her film debut in "Barbary Sheep" her beauty and distinction have been admired qualities. Oddly, Miss Ferguson began her stage career as a chorus girl



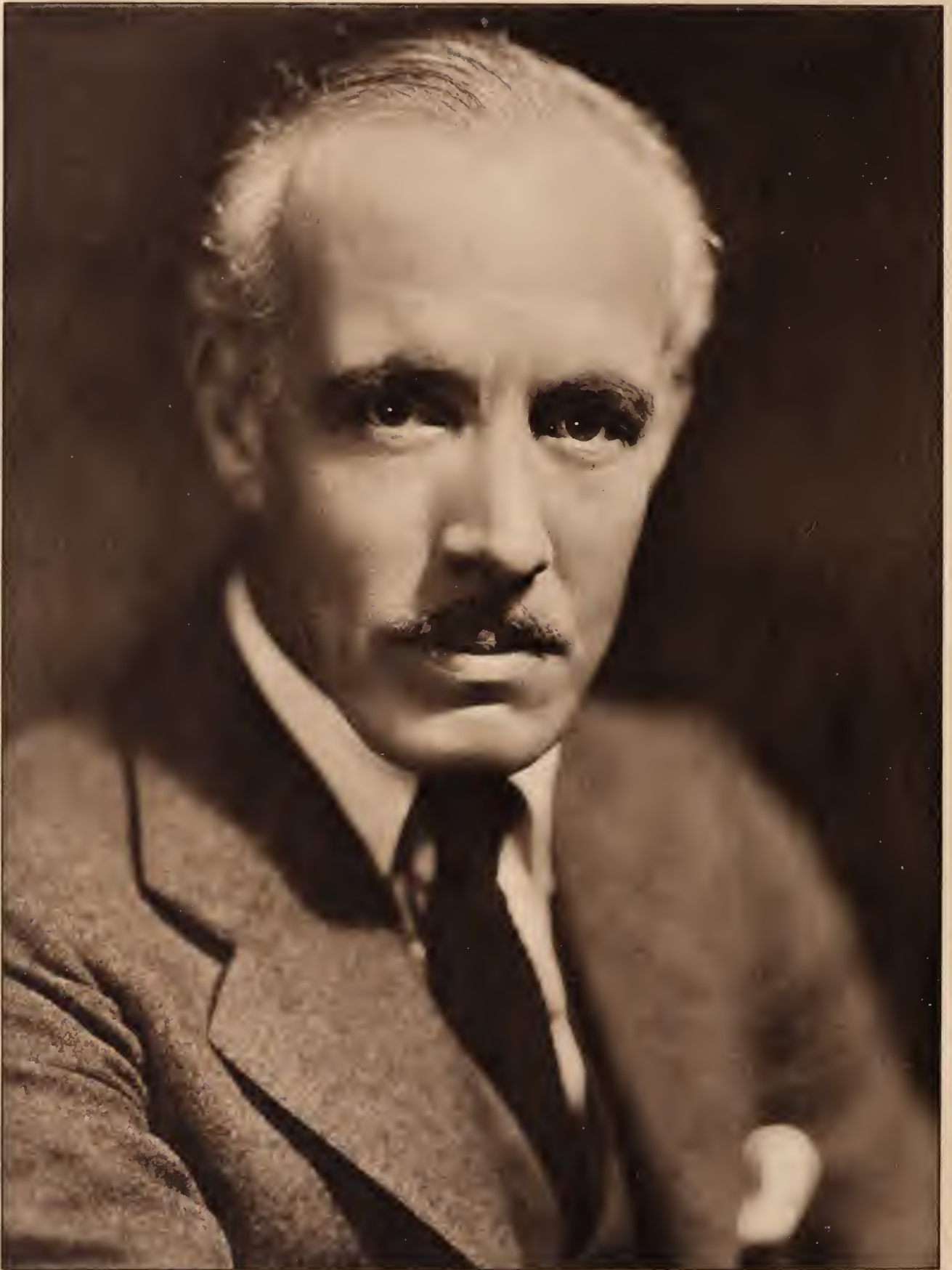
Hesser

**I**F WE were to name the foremost beauties of the cinema upon the fingers of one hand, Harriett Hammond would surely have a place. Remember when she was the chief pulchritudinous charmer of the Mack Sennett sea-side squad?



Monroe

**WE** LOOK upon Nita Naldi as the vividest potential personality in filmdom. Vamps may come and vamps may go, but we will not soon forget her superb Dona Sol in "Blood and Sand." Overnight Nita became the toast of filmdom



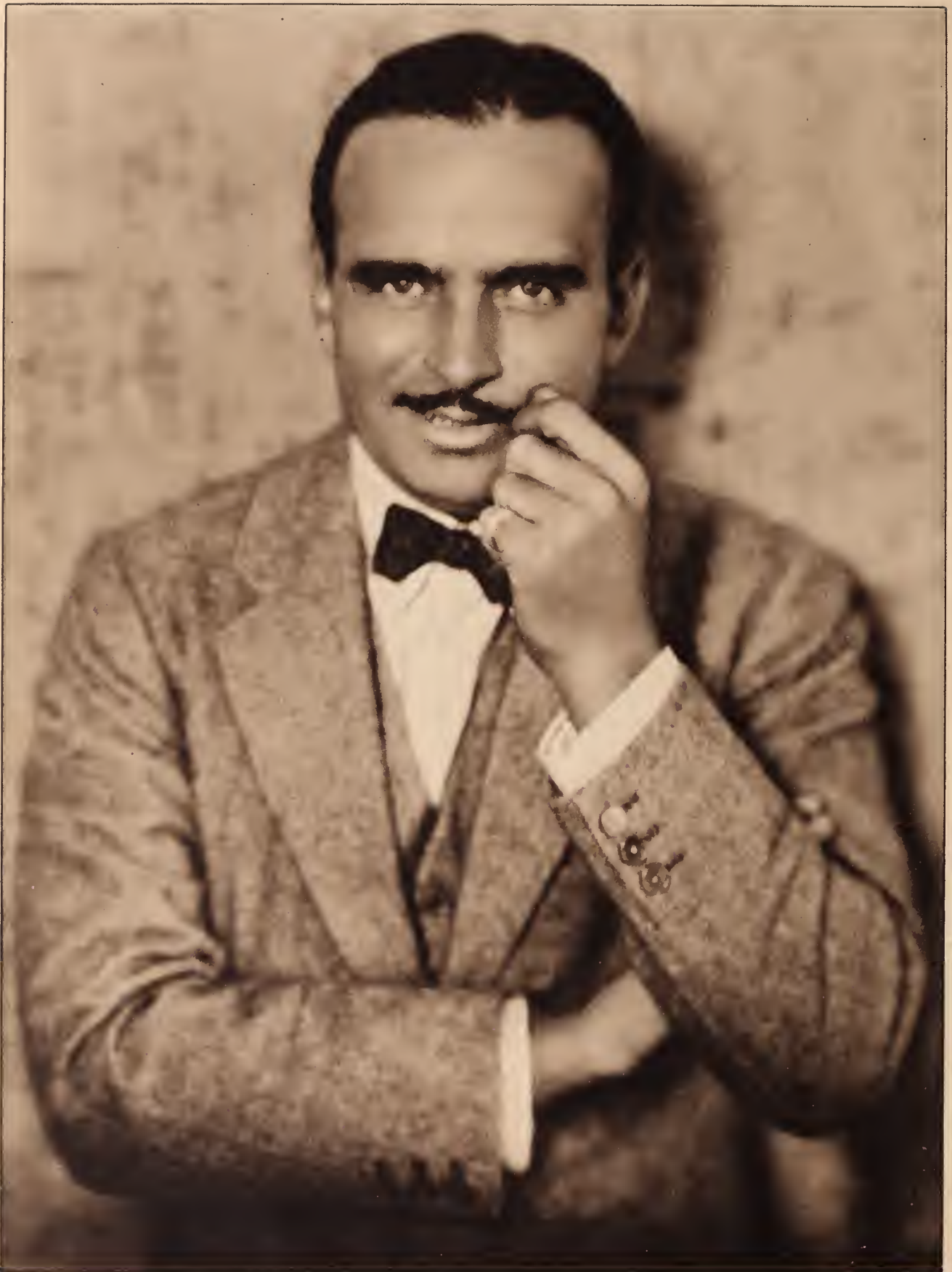
Keyes

**L**EWIS STONE is one of our sterling film players. He has so many admirable silversheet characterizations to his credit that we have come to forget his long and honorable footlight career. Back before that was service in the Spanish War



Richee

**A**NTONIO MORENO might have achieved a Valentino vogue. He has the glamorous qualities—but the fates were against him. For one thing, he was wasted by unimaginative producers. The gay Spaniard deserves better by 1923



Murray

**N**OW that "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood" has scored one of the big hits of the screen year, we can pause to consider the vigorous Mr. Fairbanks. How long will it be before he does "Romeo and Juliet" with Mary? We wonder





Murray

**I**T TAKES two hundred years, they say, to make a legendary character. Consider then to what fabled heights Mary Pickford will have grown by 2123! A tiny girl with golden curls who led the world prisoner behind her chariot!

*Washed 10 times with  
Ivory Flakes*

Imported French hand-made blouse. Pure white crêpe de chine. Embroidered with silver thread, and delicate shades of blue and orchid.

Price, \$29.50

Though warned against washing this blouse, its purchaser confidently laundered it with Ivory Soap Flakes *once* (safe), *twice* (safe), *ten times* (still safe).

Still pure white, embroidery unfaded, fresh and charming as when it left the store.

"I have found it difficult to convince my friends that I have washed it *at all*," says the owner's letter.

(Blouse and owner's letter are on file for inspection in the Procter & Gamble offices.)



FREE

*This package and  
booklet*

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be sent to you without charge on application to Section 45-BF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



## Crêpe de chine? Wait!

First consider this test for laundering safety

CAN "good soap" ruin a delicate silk blouse or a chiffon negligée—or even a woolen sweater—in *one washing*?

Yes, of course it can! "Good soap" may not be *good enough*!

How, then, can you tell—*before* you run the risk—whether or not any *particular* soap is good enough—whether it will ruin your *really precious* garments? Of course, a white soap is needed. Here is a simple test that will prove soap safe or unsafe as easily as you tell night from day:

*Would you be willing to use that soap on your FACE?*

Think of Ivory Flakes in this way.

At once you are *sure*, for Ivory Flakes is just Ivory Soap in flake form—the very same Ivory Soap that millions of women during two generations have found mild and gentle for the skin.

What a relief it always is when a woman first realizes that with Ivory Flakes she need no longer fear for the safety of her most precious garments!

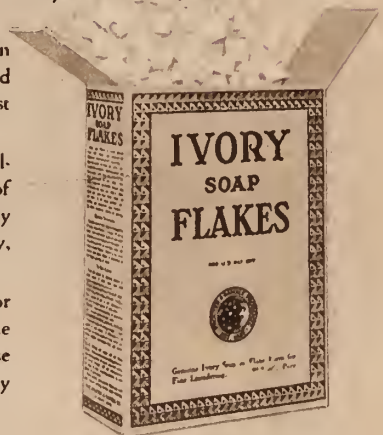
A teaspoonful or so of these delicate, petal-thin flakes; instant suds; a few moments of dipping and squeezing—and the gently cleansing soap has done its work—safely, yet thoroughly.

Ivory Flakes is *economical* enough even for the family washing, but it has that unique *margin of safety* which distinguishes its use for the washbowl laundering of exceedingly *precious* garments.

May we send you a small package of Ivory Flakes with our compliments and a useful booklet of washing and ironing suggestions? You will find the proper address in the upper right-hand corner.

*The full-size package of Ivory Flakes is for sale by grocery and department stores.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE



# IVORY SOAP FLAKES

*Makes dainty clothes last longer*

# PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XXIII

February, 1923

No. 3



## THE DUCKING STOOL FOR HOLLYWOOD

**H**OLLYWOOD is a small town under a magnifying glass. Much has been written of its immorality, a word which now seems restricted to merely physical dissipations.

But Hollywood's greatest vice is the vice of a fanatical Puritan village. Hollywood is not a Sodom or Gomorrah but a magnified Salem.

Mr. Griffith in "Way Down East" admirably personified the vice of just such a small town in that fiendish character of the scandal-monging Gossip.

It is not the sensational press, primarily, but Hollywood itself which is to blame for a reputation that now blights the movie industry.

The greatest enemy of Hollywood is the enemy within.

Even those monstrous reptiles recently acquired by a London zoo cannot hurl their venom as far as the Gossips of Hollywood.

Whenever one of the important members of the movie colony suffers misfortune his fellows devour him.

A lovable and popular player falls ill and the vilifiers belch forth their poison. He recovers and they straightway rush to congratulate him and partake of his genial hospitality.

Hollywood hypocrisy was satirized by a witty star shortly after Rodolph Valentino's success in "The Four Horsemen."

"We called him a lounge lizard—a mere male dancer," said she. "Now we are all saying how glad we are that he made good—he's such a fine fellow."

But now that Valentino is in difficulties and his position is threatened, the repressed envy is spurting forth.

More bitter still is the feeling against Pola Negri among the Gossips. When Negri entered Hollywood she entered a den of jealousies. A foreigner, unaccustomed to impertinent and ill-bred questions, she naturally resented such prying into her private affairs. She did not consider it necessary to register democracy by being familiar and jocular with everyone she met.

Now tales of her haughtiness are the delight of the movie buzzards.

One of the jealous queen bees of the studios is said to have written "To Hell with the Hun" across Madame Negri's dressing room. They watch her every gesture for signs which may be interpreted as arrogance.

But Pola Negri is not a lamb to lie among the jackals. We believe she is capable of taking care of herself most effectively.

We do not accuse all members of the colony of the immoral practice of knocking their neighbors; but we do accuse a great majority, an almost overwhelming majority. We do arraign this majority for the worst vice of the Puritan village—the casting of stones.

Where suppression exists there is always hypocrisy, cowardice and scandal-monging. There are in Hollywood certain creatures beside whom the Gossip of "Way Down East" is an angel of charity.

And thus far Hollywood has not manifested the virtue of the Puritan village—the virtue which penalized this vice by ducking the offenders in public and placarding them for what they are.

What Hollywood needs is the ducking stool for Gossips.

# The Loves of Charlie Chaplin



**I**T IS a long road from little Hettie Kelly of the London tramcars, to Pola Negri, idol of two continents.

Yet that is the lover's lane Charlie Chaplin has trod in a few brief years and it is strewn thick with every kind of romance.

No man in modern history has loved and been loved by so many beautiful, brilliant and famous women.

Paradoxically enough, the great comedian of the screen must be recorded as the Great Lover of the 20th Century.

Don't let anybody delude you with the idea that Charlie's amours have been trifles, chimeras of the press agents, unfounded gossip, mere casual friendships.

Be that as it may, the romances of Charlie Chaplin weave a story that need not be embroidered. The facts themselves flame scarlet and gold, alive with ardor and poetry and infinite variety. And each one of them has been a serious matter in Charlie's young life.

Chronologically, the heroines of these thrilling love-chapters read something like this: Edna Purviance. Mildred Harris. Mae Collins. Claire Windsor. Clare Sheridan. Anna Q. Nilsson. Lila Lee. Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Pola Negri.

Among this amazing list, Charlie has perhaps always been hunting for the ideal wife he described to me.

"I have always wanted very much to be married, to have a home and children. I have wanted that more than anything else in the world. I gave up my ideals when I was twenty-one, but I am searching now for a practical ideal. An ideal that will work.

"I have no particular type of woman. I don't know anything about women. I am terribly interested in them. I like to know how they think and why they do things. The things I really require for a wife are fundamentals. Most of all, sympathy. Tolerance.



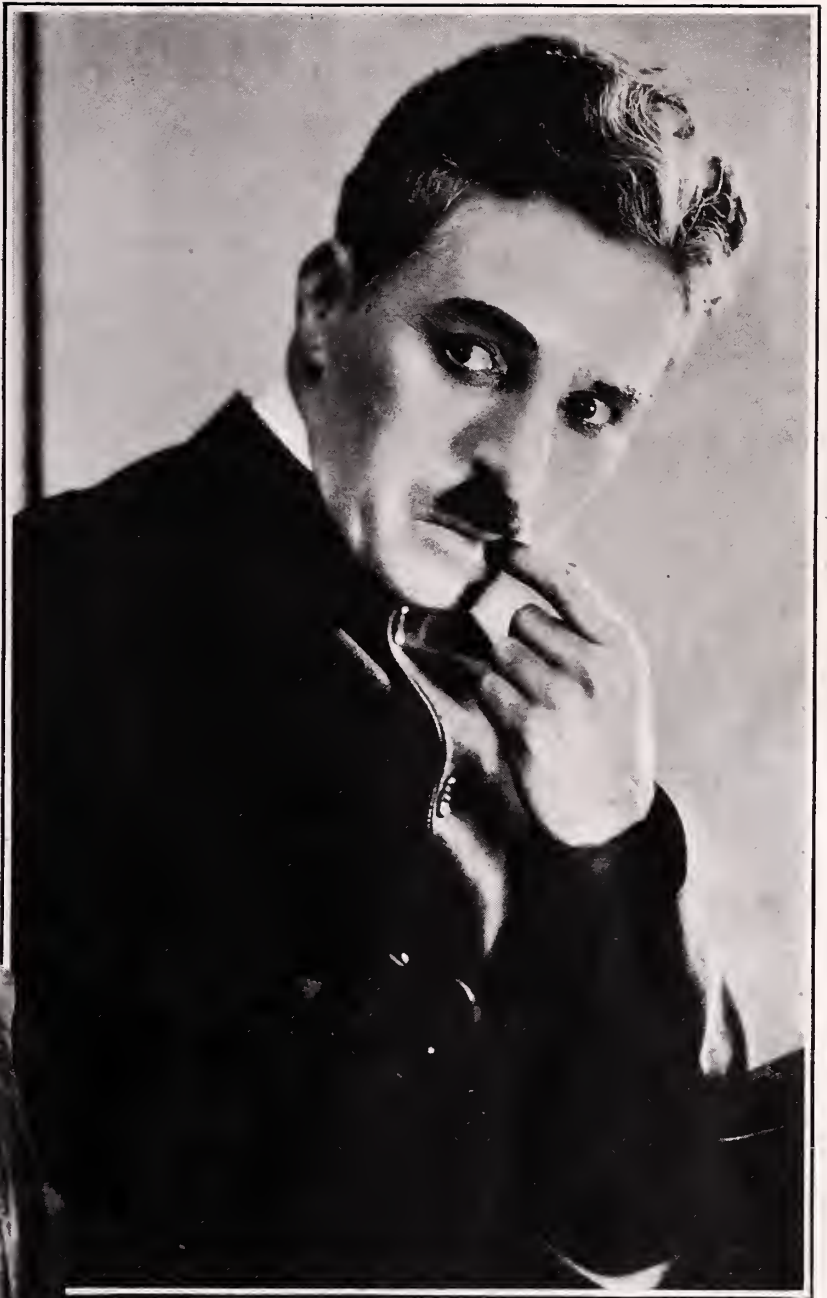
*At the top is Edna Purviance, Charlie's first screen sweetheart. At the left is Claire Windsor. Circle, Lila Lee, and below Miss Lee, Peggy Hopkins. Oval, Mae Collins*

By  
*Adela Rogers St. Johns*

Deep understanding. Affection. Kindliness. I am a very hard person to live with. Every artist must be. I must find a woman who understands that creative art absorbs every bit of a man. When I am working, I withdraw absolutely from those I love. I have no energy, no love to give them.

"I want a woman who knows that a moment's tender silence, a cushion for your head, a stool for your feet, mean more than transports of physical emotion. I want a wife—but I want that sense of absolute freedom one must have to create. I want soul, in my wife. I want her to trust me enough to know I wouldn't abuse freedom, but that I must have it, or die. I want a wife who is restful, but who knows that an artist loves more passionately, more deeply, with more seeking for life and truth and beauty than any man in the world—and who can respond to that."

And here is the true story of Charlie's search for his ideal, and the world-famous beauties, and vamps, and intellectuals with whom he tried and sometimes thought he had succeeded, in finding it. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]



*"Pola Negri is the most wonderful woman I ever met," says Charlie Chaplin. "Such intelligence! Such coloring! Such beauty!"*



*Mildred Harris, who once led Charlie to the altar*



*The Screen Idol of America*

Signor Rodolpho Alfonzo Raffaello Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla

# My Life Story

By  
*Rodolph Valentino*

## PART I—Under Italian Skies

**I**N my early studio days I once tried to sell the story of my life as a scenario. It was rejected as being "too wild and improbable." To have one's life thus characterized by a company which specializes in the most frantic serials was rather disconcerting. I am sure I brooded over the matter for some time.

Now as I try to view my own historical record with detachment I can see clearly what the scenario editor meant. The hero of my tale is not at all consistent, like a movie hero. In fact, I am not so sure he is the hero. At times he has all the appearance of the "heavy." Yet, again, he seems to have good impulses, which a movie villain never has. Nor does my life run true to dramatic form. It should mount in a straight line to a climax. Instead of that it bounds, like a kangaroo. If charted, it would look like the topographic profile of the Rocky Mountains.

Naturally sensitive and inclined to introspection, I have tried above all else to know myself. But when I take what we call a "long shot" at that self, starting forth in the world from a poor little village at the heel of Italy, traveling curious ups and downs in early life and vacillating between occupational calls, sailing blithely off to win riches in America, reaching America to experience the grilling poverty, loneliness and utter misery which break or make, from these depths suddenly arising a few years later to the finest place a man could occupy—a place in the esteem and affection of the American public—when I view that self of myself I feel I haven't even a speaking acquaintance. And I wonder how men can write autobiographies that disclose their characters and feelings, since the man who you were yesterday is a stranger today.

But I can speak with confidence of the real heroic character of my story. The character of my mother. A brave, black-haired, black-eyed little woman, so gentle. She had met suffering in her early youth when with her parents she endured the terrors and privations of the siege of Paris. She was the daughter of a learned Parisian doctor, Pierre Filibert Barbin. My father, Giovanni Guglielmi, a romantic figure in the uniform of captain of Italian cavalry, won her heart

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—Photoplay presents herewith the most fascinating autobiography of a stage or screen celebrity ever published. Never has a personality sprung into worldwide fame with such amazing rapidity. Almost overnight the unknown Italian youth, former professional dancer and player of inconspicuous parts, became the idol of the picture world, a familiar personality in every hamlet. Even blasé New Yorkers stormed the Rivoli Theater on Broadway to pay tribute.

In presenting this splendid feature, PHOTOPLAY wishes to congratulate Mr. Valentino on the spirit in which he has written it. Here is no matinee idol proclaiming his early promise of greatness, no heroic egotist condescending to accept the laurel wreath from his public.

No pampered child was the boy Valentino, no spoiled darling of doting parents, no goody-goody. He revels in the reminiscences of his early attempts at smoking his father's pipe with the consequent disaster more than he glories in any achievements at school or on the athletic field. He has few illusions about himself.

Next month's chapter is even more interesting. In that he tells with delightful frankness of his entry into America, of his struggles, his abject poverty, his little successes, and tells it all with the same delicious sense of humor that enabled him to laugh and snap his fingers at fate when he lived in a dark back hall room on a side street in New York and spent his last nickel for a loaf of bread.

and brought her to the family home in the little village of Castellaneta. I was born there at three o'clock in the morning of May 6th, 1895. And shortly after I was taken into the church to which my mother was devoted and christened most solemnly Rodolpho Alfonzo Raffaello Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla. No matter how poor an Italian family may be, it never suffers a shortage of names. The real surname in our particular line-up is Guglielmi.

My mother used to explain very carefully how I came by each of these names. It was a matter of grave importance to her. "The Rodolpho Alfonzo Raffaello belongs to your father's

*"My father, Giovanni Guglielmi, was a captain of Italian cavalry in his youth," writes Valentino. "In later years, a studious, quiet man, devoting all his time to his work, that of a veterinary doctor"*

house," she would explain, "and the Pierre Filibert you inherit from your grandfather, my father. The di Valentina is a papal title, and the d'Antonguolla indicates an obscure right to certain royal property which is entirely forgotten now because one of your ancestors fought a duel."

Ah, that ancestor! He was an evil influence over my young life. Certainly the story of him was my favorite of all those my mother would tell me—and she loved to tell me stories as she sat in the garden making lacey things with her needle. To have suggested to my mother that she had histrionic ability would have been to shock her deeply. Nevertheless, I think she had it and revelled in it. But I suppose every boy believes his mother is the greatest and most wonderful actress alive when she tells him those thrilling stories.

This ancestor Guglielmi was a brave





*"At Perugia, famous as the queen of Italian hill towns, I attended the Collegio della Sapienza, a military school for doctors' sons. The only thing I accomplished was the football team." Valentino is the central seated figure*

fellow according to the legend, which undoubtedly grew in value as it was passed down the generations. He had the courage—or impertinence—to get into a quarrel with a member of the Colonna family, one of the finest and oldest of Rome. It was, of course, a Romeo and Juliet affair, as all Italian stories are. My ancestor killed the Colonna and was forced to flee from Rome. It was in those days when Rome was divided into hundreds of little factions, each man belonging to a particular group of comrade spirits. The men who supported my ancestor in his quarrel with the Colonna fled into exile with him. Dressed in shabby clothes they traveled into the poor south of Italy, passing as one of the bands of shepherds which then roved the country. They finally settled down among the peasants of Martini Franco in the province of Lecce.

Another romantic story, somewhat more authentic since it dates from about 1850, when Ferdinand di Bourbon ruled over Naples and Sicily, relates of the brigand attack upon the little town of Martini Franco and of the massacre which ensued. Again my ancestors took flight. This time they settled in Castellaneta, their only property the tattered clothes they wore.

No doubt these stories led me into my first adventure and undoing. It is the lime tree sequence of my scenario, and it has the just retribution that comes to all cinema sinners.

I owned a gun which shot deadly wax bullets. One morning after a hot dispute I turned the dastardly weapon upon my sister Maria, who was by no means a helpless young woman. She gave valiant battle, and when my supply of ammunition gave out I took flight to the neighbor's property. There I hastily climbed a lime tree and commenced utilizing the unripe fruit against the enemy, who was beleaguering me with stones and sticks. I fired a couple of rounds—and then one of them hit my father's study window. Father was



*Valentino's sister, Maria, of whom he writes, "Maria and I became partners in nefarious undertakings. At least she led me into a lot of difficulty. How I adored her"*

at home and he soon made his presence known. When I saw him I knew that he was emphatically the ally of Maria. He carried his cavalry whip. I was no George Washington, nor was my father at all like George Washington's lenient sire. He administered a brilliant beating, yet not without heart interest. For when I looked up through my tears after the whip had retired from action I saw the tears in his eyes. He led me by the hand into the house and there impressed me with a little talk which was far more effective than the whip. After this scene of Latin emotionalism I never used the gun again. He showed me that I was not behaving like my ancestors, but more like the brigands who drove my forbears out of Martini Franco.

I did not court another encounter with my father for several months. He was a quiet, studious man, devoting all his time to his work, that of a veterinary doctor. There had been four children in the house, Beatrice, Alberto, Rodolpho and Maria. But Beatrice, the eldest, died when I was very young. Alberto, the next in age, was two years my senior and far too important to associate with me. Thus Maria and I became partners in nefarious undertakings. I used to think that I led and Maria followed, but now, looking back with the wisdom of years, it would appear that Maria did the leading. At least, she led me into a lot of difficulty.

Our house was a typical Italian

*"For a year I struggled through the course at Dante Alighieri College. It was my great ambition to become a cavalry officer"*





farmhouse, square, flat-roofed, built of heavy white stone, its thick walls broken by casement windows with heavy blinds that are closed and barred at night. On the main floor was the great living room, the dining room, kitchen and my father's study. Attached to the house and formed about a courtyard in the rear were the servants' quarters and the stables.

My mother held my father's study to be a sacred place where none should intrude, hence it offered a terrible fascination for Maria and me, with its books and microscope and curious instruments. It also had a *pipe*—a long-stemmed, fiendish pipe.

As a flash-back to this episode I must present myself and Maria in the classic smoking scene behind the barn. I had learned the secret charm of corn silk and had generously introduced it to Maria. Occasionally when I had saved five centimes—that's one soldo—I'd buy Virginia cigarettes. Maria did not give me any more credit for smoking these grown-up cigarettes than she did for my enterprise with the corn-silk articles. So the pipe became my natural objective. One afternoon when father was out, we entered the study and found the pipe at rest on the table. I made an instant and feverish attack upon it. Fully conscious of Maria's awestricken attention, I settled back and drew great puffs as nonchalantly as possible. To heighten the dramatic effect and to impress Maria still further with my daring, I placed my sire's sacred spectacles astride my nose. Maria at last was reduced to slavish admiration as I lolled back in the great chair, gazing owlshly at her while I blew forth great, astonishing clouds. It was not long, of course, until I felt my confidence weakening and my complexion going. Certain that a disaster impended I placed the pipe back on the table. Almost simultaneously the huge, black eyes of my father filled the doorway. I nodded pleasantly at

*"Alberto, my brother, was two years my senior and hence too dignified to associate with such infants as me"*



*"My mother—a brave, black-haired, black-eyed little woman, so gentle"*

him, though to smile was difficult. He had his physician's eye upon my face and I knew it was telling an awful story.

"I don't feel very well, papa," I said. "I think I ate too much fruit this morning."

But the confounded smoke kept spiraling out of the pipe on the table, and father's cane seemed to shout its intentions from the corner. From a hero in the sublime spectacle I had staged for Maria a moment previous I soon became the wretched principal in the most ridiculous and painful of scenes.

That woman Maria! How I adored her, and what that adoration cost me. She never would tag Alberto, but was always waiting for me to show off—and you know what that does to a man, no matter what his age or the woman's. But, after all, she was only my sister.

It was not until I had attained the maturity of six years that a woman entered my life. I shall never forget her. She had the romantic name of Teodolinda. And she had long, black hair which she did not braid but wore loose with just a little beautiful knot in back—raven color on a pale ivory skin—her small face set with eyes that were big black diamonds. I was six, she was nine—I always picked them older. Always she was with her sister, who was as ugly as Teodolinda was lovely. This sister had something the matter with one leg, which made her limp and added to the evil appearance that she had in my eyes.

One night, feeling like Leander, I decided the time had come to proclaim my love. Heretofore I had been content to stare at Teodolinda from a distance. I took a position near her house and was soon rewarded by seeing her coming toward me. I started forward, weakly babbling

her name. She paused a moment and then, without giving me one word, dashed up the steps, and I—I was suddenly pounced upon by the ugly sister. She had appeared like a witch out of nowhere and she gave me a scratching and beating of which any witch might be proud. Battered and disillusioned I feebly retired from my first love affair.

When I was eleven years old my father died. He had lived for his work, and he died for it. There had been many deaths among the cattle of our district, and my father, in line with the work of Pasteur in Paris, was studying constantly for a method of checking the epidemic. He finally diagnosed the disease as malaria. This discovery does not seem particularly astounding now, but it was very important at the time, for until then malaria had been considered as a disease peculiar to human beings. Although we knew that people contracted malaria through the bites of mosquitoes, we had not discovered that cattle were infected in the same way. My father spent months testing his theory, and then many months more working out a formula for a vaccine that would act as a preventive. As a result of his protracted labor he fell ill. Ten days after the sickness had attacked him he called us to him and told us that he had only a little while to live. Dread, a sort of clammy terror, overwhelmed me as my father, that quiet, strong, reliant man who seemed to be a master of everything, turned his pale face toward us and calmly spoke of death.

Calling Alberto and me closer, he took down the crucifix from the wall and gave it to me. His great black eyes were glowing and gentle, but he spoke firmly and his words were those of the captain of cavalry—"My boys," he said, "love your mother, and above all love your country."

My hand shook and great tears suddenly fell on the trembling crucifix. That moment was engraved on my heart with a solemnity that I had never before known and have never since experienced. It was the first great grief. And always I will carry the words: *Madre e Italia*.

My mother was stricken. She never wept. In the silence between them—my mother and father—I saw, without understanding, something beautiful and sublime. I saw, for the first time, a great, real love.

Even during the funeral, which was a military one, my mother never wept. I couldn't understand why she did not cry wildly as I did. I wondered that she could comfort us—a pale, quiet little woman so peacefully serene. I felt as I looked at her that she knew something that I did not know. That between her and my father there was a secret, something that prevented their separation. After the funeral was all over she perhaps would go and find him. In the days later, when I would accompany her to the cathedral where she knelt before the altar candles, I would see on her white face that same peaceful, serene confidence.

For me the funeral was most impressive and thrilling. My grief was lost in the awe of the spectacle: an Italian funeral with a coach drawn by six horses, the coachman wearing a uniform of black and silver, the four dearest of my father's friends walking beside the hearse and holding the four huge tassels that depended from it. In the procession there were tall cathedral candles, their tiny points of light flickering like stars among the masses of flowers arranged in symbolic designs and carried by friends on foot.

I tried to be a very good and dutiful son after my father's death. All of us, Maria, Alberto and I, loved our little mother to distraction. We vied jealously to serve her. And I would try to kiss and embrace her exactly as I used to see my father do. My manly attitude was too stern, however, for my eleven years and soon dropped away. It was decided that if I were ever to be a gentleman I must be sent off to school. For a year I struggled through the course at Dante Alighieri college, which corresponds to a grammar school here. I came out of it on my thirteenth birthday and then entered a military academy.

Life again was in rainbow colors, promising adventure and pots of gold. My favorite work of literature at the time was "The Adventure of India." Even the author of that book could not invent romances as fine as those of my imagination. I grew quiet and dreamy on the outside, but I was seething with adventure within. I was desperado, knight, explorer, rescuer of hundreds of fair and persecuted ladies. No one could ever have dreamed of the heroic wonders I performed within the secret confines of my soul.

So occupied was I with these splendid visions that I had little time for study. Indeed, I was an open candidate for the dunce's cap. My punishment came one memorable day when the king was scheduled to visit the town. The announcement brought me out of my visions with a snap, for a king's a king. And all Italians have a deep and real love for Vittorio Emanuele, as fine a king as ever was dreamed into romances, a little father of his people who with the lovely, kind queen Elena is always first to rush to the aid of his subjects when they suffer distress. Well, on the day of this great man's visit, the fine Rodolpho, self-imagined knight, was stripped down to his underclothes and left in the dormitory. My clothes had been removed as a special precaution lest I break forth to see his majesty.

At least I had the courage of my imagination, and as soon as the building was deserted, I broke out of my captivity, found a stray uniform several sizes too large, seized a sword and hat of corresponding proportions, and rushed out to the stables. All the horses were in use by the good students, and the only occupant of the barns was a forlorn little donkey, who, like myself, was being denied the honor of seeing his king. I mounted this humble steed and dashed away, my hat on my nose and my long sword clanking over the ground.



"Maria at last was reduced to slavish admiration, as I lolled back in the great chair gazing owlshly at her through my father's sacred spectacles while blowing forth great astonishing clouds of smoke"



*“For king and country!” I muttered as I urged my palfrey on—my hat on my nose and my long sword clanking on the ground. And so I saw my king pass by”*

“For king and country!” I muttered, as I urged my palfrey on. And so I saw my king pass by. What mattered it, then, that the next day I was sent home to mother?

My distracted mother did not see the noble motive in my misdemeanor. She was determined that I should have an education, so I was sent off to Perugia, famous as the queen of Italian hill cities. There I attended the Collegio della Sapienze, a military school for doctors’ sons. I don’t know why they call it a “college of savants.” We were not savants, at least I wasn’t. I went out as ignorant as I went in. The only thing I accomplished was the football team. While making that I failed all else and was compelled to go another year. By this time I was a gentleman of fifteen and felt I knew all there was to know.

From a child it had been my great ambition to become a cavalry officer. The position of an Italian cavalry officer is a very fine one. Most of the officers are of noble family, the flower of the land. They wear the most beautiful uniforms in the world, part of which is the long, glorious blue cape that all women admire. Indeed, they are the cynosure of all eyes. But it requires money to maintain such a position in life, for the

government pay is small. My father had left a comfortable little fortune, but it had been somewhat depleted in the years following his death, and there was not sufficient to enable me to realize my great ambition.

When my mother explained this we compromised upon the Royal Naval Academy. I did settle down to real study for once and got myself into excellent physical trim. When the fateful day arrived for examinations in the academy at Venice, candidate Guglielmi, proud and confident, was found to be one inch shy in chest expansion. My humiliation was complete. The only thing that saved me from throwing myself into the grand canal was the failure of another boy by a half inch.

Life was over. Here I was, fifteen, and a complete failure. Nothing mattered. No one loved me—no one. Even my mother must be tired of me by this time. So I gloated tragically as the train took me toward home. But my tragedy passed away in my mother’s arms—just as many another fellow’s has. She protested that she had never liked the idea of me becoming a naval officer. It was altogether too dangerous. No, indeed, she was really delighted that I had not been accepted. Better far that I go to [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]

# HERE'S WHAT RICH STARS

By Frederick



Above, the Hollywood garage owned by Wanda Hawley and her husband. Below, Harry Carey and one of the prize bulls on his California ranch

MARY PICKFORD is probably the richest of all screen workers, with Cecil de Mille, Charlie Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, Mary Miles Minter, Anita Stewart and Harold Lloyd close behind in spectacular savings.

David Wark Griffith's savings consist of a 14-acre lemon ranch, a velour hat, three suits of clothes and a watch.

Lillian Gish owns a tiny restaurant in San Pedro, Cal.

William Russell owns Hepner's beauty parlor in Los Angeles.

Mary Miles Minter is the owner of a laundry in Hollywood.

Norma Talmadge owns half of "The Music Box Revue" in New York.



A portion of the Mexican petro-Moreno has invested several



NOT so many years ago the annual savings of an actor consisted of an overcoat—as decorative as the season warranted—and a silk hat. An especially remunerative season—if all went well—might bring an actress several bell-sleeve gowns and a lorgnette.

You have only to turn to Mr. Terry Ramsaye's entertaining history on another page to find—exactly 21 years ago—Maurice Costello signing with Vitagraph at \$18 a week. For this sum he specifically mentioned that he would act only—and not move studio scenery.

But shift the scene to 1923. The Goddess of the Cinema has been highly liberal in the interim. Five thousand dollars is now a fairly moderate remuneration for a week's task in front of the Cooper-Hewitts. Certain salaries have leaped to the \$10,000 figure. And, in the cases of

# DO WITH THEIR MONEY

*James Smith*

**M**ARY PICKFORD has over \$1,500,000 in Liberty and government bonds.

Charlie Chaplin is close behind Miss Pickford in securities.

Cecil de Mille has made a tremendous fortune from oil speculation alone.

Harold Lloyd has a vast sum of money in Liberty and railroad bonds.

Mary Miles Minter has \$750,000 in gold notes, mortgages and bonds alone.

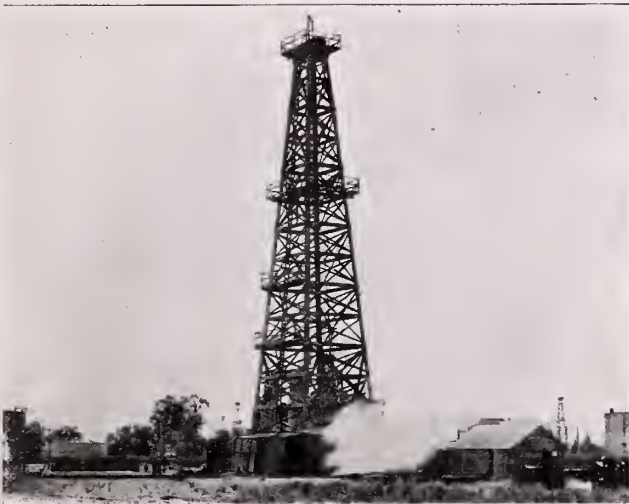
Anita Stewart has a startling sum in Liberty bonds and owns 4,000 acres of rich oil lands.

Norma Talmadge has close to a million in bonds and stocks in her own name.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish each draw \$300 a week interest on their savings.



*Above, Hepner's beauty parlor in Los Angeles, largely owned by William Russell. Below, a glimpse of Conrad Nagel's melon ranch in the San Bernardino valley*



*leum oil fields, in which Tony hundred thousand dollars*

the celluloid great, as Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin, the reward towers far higher, for these favored few direct their own destinies and share in every cent earned by their productions.

What have the film favorites done with their lofty salaries? The popular theory is doubtless that most of it has been wasted in what comes under the censorious term of "riotous living," whatever that is. All of which is just as true as the general theory that Hollywood is the Gomorrah of our age. Filmdom has its spenders, but, curious as it may seem, they seem in far smaller proportion than in any other walk of life. The film folk most certainly are NOT the luxurious spendthrifts they are supposed to be!

Lillian and Dorothy Gish, for instance, have never had but two cars in all their screen careers.

Mary Pickford shops as carefully as the most salary-bound clerk's wife.





*Above, one of the numerous apartment buildings in Los Angeles owned by Ruth Roland. This one is located in the Wilshire district*

Harold Lloyd likes to walk and hates taxis and automobiles.

Dick Barthelme inspects a restaurant check with such care that the shades of his frugal Dutch ancestors must chuckle with spectral glee.

Rex Ingram drives a Ford.

We know. *We know.* We've seen these film folk in all their careless recklessness.

But to get down to cases. A careful and minute inspection of records indicates that the honor of being the richest workers in



*Theodore Kosloff's dancing school in Los Angeles. Now the school, despite its success, threatens to be eclipsed by the dancer's film work*



filmdom goes to Mary Pickford, with Cecil de Mille, Charlie Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, Mary Miles Minter, Anita Stewart and Harold Lloyd as lively runners-up. And Mack Sennett and Thomas Ince may almost be listed here, although Wall Street got to Sennett a few years ago. Here, naturally, we are not considering the magnates. Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky, Joseph Schenck, Marcus Loew, Carl Laemmle and William Fox have superlative fortunes. Such plungers as Samuel Goldwyn and Lewis J. Selznick have made and lost fortunes. Here, however, we are considering the workers of screendom.

Mary Pickford's personal fortune is conservatively estimated at \$1,500,000 in Liberty and United States bonds. We suspect the sum is much larger. Miss Pickford naturally has a large amount of working cash tied up in her current productions. Doug Fairbanks' savings are far slenderer, largely because he dumps his earnings back into his next picture. The Fairbankses own their Beverly Hills estate, valued at \$350,000. And they bought their own studio a year ago, paying \$150,000 cash and adding \$100,000 in new

equipment. Mary owns other property, too.

Chaplin's savings can only be guessed at. He must have a large fortune in bonds and securities. No one knows just how Charlie has his money invested—and he doesn't tell. We wouldn't be at all surprised if he had his gold buried in his back yard. He owns his studio valued at \$250,000. He has been building a \$100,000 residence at Beverly Hills on a five-acre estate, the land value

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 121 ]

*The California Laundry, on Vine street in Hollywood, in which Mary Miles Minter owns a large block of stock*

# WESLEY

## WITHOUT FRECKLES

By  
*Delight Evans*



"I AM Very Sorry  
To Have Kept You Waiting,"  
He Said.

"I Can't Tell You  
How Sorry I Am.  
But  
The Fact of the Matter is,  
I have Had  
So Much on My Mind—  
Conferring with  
My Company, and  
Seeing a Play or Two; and  
Seeing to Things  
At the Last Minute; and  
Now  
Trying to Catch this Train  
That Leaves in Half an Hour."  
He Looked at Me Pointedly.  
"My Train," he Repeated;  
"That Leaves in Half an Hour."

He Regarded me Gravely  
One Feels  
He is Far Above  
The Trivial Things;  
That Only  
The Really Big,  
Worth-while Things  
Mean Much to him,  
Any More.  
His Stern, Silent Gaze  
Seemed to Say,  
"When you have Reached  
My Age—"

"Would You Mind,"  
I Asked Timidly,  
"Stepping  
To the Window  
A Moment—where  
It's Lighter?"  
"Why,  
Not at all."  
He was Very, Very Patient  
With Me.  
I Looked at his  
Grave Face. It was  
A White Face,  
A Face  
Without Freckles.  
How would You  
Have Felt, in  
My Place?  
Wesley Barry—  
Without Freckles!  
His Face—  
The Face of one  
Who has been—is  
being—  
Severely Tried,  
But who has Borne  
Up Bravely  
Against Great Odds—  
Assumed an Almost  
Paternal Expression.  
"I know,"  
He Said Gently.  
"It's  
My Freckles?"  
"Yes," I Said Hoarsely.  
I Longed  
To Break Down and Cry,  
But I was Ashamed to.  
"You See," he Explained,  
"Everyone Asks me  
About them. I  
Have them, You Know.

But  
Sometimes you Can See them,  
And Sometimes you Can't.  
You Nearly Always Can  
In California.  
Here, they Don't Show.  
But  
If I were  
To Go Outside, Now, and  
Be Photographed—Why,  
They'd Come Out  
In the Picture.  
Funny, isn't it?"  
He was Almost Interested.  
Then  
He Seemed to Remember  
All that was Expected of him.  
He was  
Wesley Barry, Who, at the Age  
Of Fifteen, Earns  
Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars a Week,  
And Drives his Own Car.  
He Cleared his Throat.  
"As for My Work—  
I Liked 'Rags to Riches'  
Very Much Indeed. But I Like  
'Little Heroes of the Street'  
Even Better. Because  
It is More Seryus. It  
Is Even Pathetic. I Like  
Seryus Things. Not  
To the Extent  
Of Forsaking Comedy  
Altogether, you Onner-stand.  
Still—"  
He Shrugged, Superbly.  
With a Nonchalant Gesture  
He Consulted his Wrist Watch,  
With a Radium Dial.  
"I Can't Tell You  
How Sorry I am,"  
He Said.  
"But I Gotta—I *Must*  
Catch that Train.  
You See, I  
Have been Working  
Very Hard.  
I Have Finished  
Two Pictures

In a Very Short Time;  
And Then  
I Made that  
Vaudeville Tour,  
And that was  
Rather Strenyus.  
So I Feel  
That I Really  
Need a Rest. Besides,  
I Study, you Know.  
My Tooter Travels  
Right with Me.  
And I Want to be  
In Good Shape  
To Play 'David Copperfield'—  
Which is to be  
My Next and,  
I Hope,  
My Best Effort."  
He Stopped.  
He Rose.  
He Bowed.  
"I Hope you'll Believe Me  
When I Tell You—"  
Suddenly  
He Shot Off.  
He Grabbed  
A Boy

About his Own Age.  
Then he Remembered, and  
Came Back.  
"Sorry," he Said Breathlessly;  
And he Looked Like  
Wes Barry, the Kid  
Marshall Neilan Discovered;  
The Kid you Loved  
For his Freckles, and  
His Grin—a Darn Nice Kid—  
"But this Chap—he's  
Lewis Warner, Mr. Warner's  
Son; and  
I'm Going out to his House,  
In the Country; and he  
Plays on the Football Team  
Out There; and I'll  
See the Game.  
He's a Swell Player.  
We Get on Great.  
See you Later.  
So Long!"  
And it Seemed to Me,  
In the Last Glimpse I  
Caught of him,  
That he had Freckles.



*At fifteen, Wesley Barry is earning \$750 a week, which gives an insight into the cash value of freckles*



*This is not the Fascisti revolution celebrating the victory of Mussolini but merely the Roman welcome to the all-conquering Valentino*

*Illustrated by*  
Herb Roth

# What Europe Thinks of

I was at a cafe in Budapest that I learned about Him.

I was in quest of the Magyar gypsies, celebrated for their frantic music and frenzied hair. Their lair is Hungary, from which we get the rhapsodies and goulash.

A Magyar maid in a Paris gown had lured me to the Hungaria with its terrace that dreams on the Danube.

My idea of a Magyar gyp was somewhat gung-dinish—a crimson sash and a black moustache and nothing much between. I found him at the Hungaria wearing a dinner jacket and all the accessories advised by Vanity Fair. The leader of the musical crew looked at me reproachfully when I picked up the wrong fork.

The first piece they played was "On the Mississippi." I wondered why they should play it on the Danube. But that's the way we've jazzed up Europe. On Madeira island the Portuguese play "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee"; at Algiers the Arabs oblige with "The Pink Lady"; while down in Sicily where the guitarists used to clink the tarantella, they now rip out "Yip I Addy I Aye."

After musical hits of similar vintage the Magyars finally uncorked a Hungarian number. Magyar music is like spaghetti; once they get started on it they don't know where it's going to end, but they keep on going just the same.

Finally my companion yawned ostentatiously and said, "Oh, let's go and see Him."

I thought the lady was becoming profane. "But no," said she, "I mean Harold Lloyd."

That's how Harold Lloyd stands overseas. He's deified with a capitalized pronoun. In Germany he's advertised simply as *Er*; in Hungary he's *O*; both of which mean Him. In Paris I did see his mortal name on posters, but Paris is always sacrilegious.

Europe takes all sorts of liberties with our stellar names. In France the august Charles Spencer Chaplin is jocosely called *Charlot*, while Larry Semon is dubbed *Zigotto*—the Goat. In Italy *Zigotto* becomes *Ridolini*, the Man who Laughs, and Pearl White is *Bianci Pearl*, the White Pearl. But Mary is Mary and Doug is Doug the wide world over.

These are the stars that touch the heart and shake the sides of old Europe. To my surprise I found that the comedies attract the Europeans most, a fact which defeats the argument that each nation has its own particular brand of humor. They like us when they can laugh at us over there. They laugh some-

*By Herbert Howe*

times when they shouldn't. They can't understand our brand of social problem play in which a woman is ruined by being kissed by a man outside the family. It amuses them,

but they prefer a Harold Lloyd problem play. Anyone can understand how a person may feel ruined by being passionately kicked.

-Even in Italy, where tragedy loves to stalk with stiletto in hand, our comedians hold the forum. In Venice, Rome and Florence the posters advertising *Ridolini* seem to be permanent civic features, and only recently *Ridolini Semon* received the gold seal of honor resulting from a popularity contest.

It is my opinion that Italy is the most pro-American of countries. She certainly is cinematically. The best way to get a crowd in a movie theater is to advertise that the film is American. The "Made in America" trademark is regarded with such reverence that a certain Roman exhibitor, impressed with the success of J. Hartley Manners' "Peg o' My Heart" on the spoken stage in Italy last spring, decided to steal the American author's name for advertising "*La Verite Toute Nue*," which had been translated from the French. The gentleman was not aware that the play was a translation from the work of another American—Montgomery's "Nothing But the Truth." The film was presented with Manners' name as a drawing card, but did not go well after the first night. Now both American authors have something to crab about.

Douglas Fairbanks is the first film star to be honored with electric lights in Rome. When "The Mark of Zorro" was shown last summer Doug's name blazed forth and drew the crowds where Caesar used to knock 'em dead.

Fatty Arbuckle still is a leading favorite in Europe. He was going good, you remember, before our other comedians were old enough to stand up against the custard. Thus he has toured Europe more generally than any of them. And since there is no Archangel of Morals to bar him over there, old ladies and little children go toddling straight to perdition. In Florence they recently advertised one of his films as "*Le Disgracie di Fatty*," which would indicate that they regarded his "disgracie" as a huge joke.

Europe seems comparatively civilized so far as England, France and Italy are concerned, but there are still fastnesses where even the name of D. W. Griffith is unknown. It is hard to believe in this day and age that there could be such benighted folk. Our American missionaries are doing splendid work, however. While in Budapest, heretofore a city floundering



In Europe Harold Lloyd is deified with a capitalized pronoun. In Germany he's Er; in Hungary he's O; both of which mean Him



# American Stars

They laugh at us but they like us over there

in outer darkness, I learned from the signboards that D. W. was coming. He was heralded as the Greatest Man on Earth, and "The Birth of a Nation" as the greatest thing since the gospels and Buffalo Bill.

Elmer Somlyo, a young American who got his training in the camp of Paramount, is the particular saver of souls in this section. As manager for the Orion Film, with headquarters in Budapest, he is bringing American pictures to Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, Turkey and other points East.

If you are old enough to remember the days before there was a war in Europe you may recollect that the cinema was then in the infancy of its infancy. Chaplin was a mere sprouter. Although he had caught on with the ignorant classes in America, he had never had his picture in Vanity Fair—He was very vulgar. Harold Lloyd had left off peddling popcorn in Omaha, but hadn't made much of a flicker on the screen. And Valentino was a humble but proficient dancer.

Although the war has been over for some time, Europe has not had the price to pay for our films until recently, and our companies have been unable to establish good exchange systems until the last year. However, we're fast workers; we're getting a throttle hold on the old world; it's all to the jazz and the celluloid right now.

Mr. Somlyo, speaking for middle Europe, estimates that ninety per cent of the films shown during the ensuing year will be American. This despite the high prices that our producers demand.

We once worried about the cheap productions from Europe. Now Europe has reason to worry about the expensive productions from America. The Orion Film produced a five reel comedy for \$650, just about the price it would have to pay for the privilege of exhibiting a good American feature in its territory. Yet the preference of audiences for American comedies is so strong that more can be made renting a Lloyd or Chaplin film than by producing a show of your own. Thus Somlyo was expending almost as much cabling for Buster Keaton comedies as he would in producing a spectacle at his studio.

Next to the comedians the sport-shirted huskies who tote guns and boast red blood have been the strongest. William S. Hart has had a vogue on the continent as at home, and now Tom Mix is roping them in throughout England, France and Italy. There will be good gunning for him in Central Europe, too, once William Fox has his distributing system in action.

The serial kings and queens have held mighty sway over

Europe. Among the most potent is Antonio Moreno, who in addition to appearing in the popular serial tempests has the Latin dash of romanticism that ensnares the female interest. His appearance in several Pearl White excursions over the Pathe route has been another boost in his favor. Eddy Polo is also a winner of contest, along with William Duncan. But the serial is not what it once was, and its history in Europe is much the same as at home. The wane is on.

Pearl White has been the most displayed lady in celluloid. For years she appeared regularly every week throughout the world covered by Pathe. Since her dramatic entanglements in Fox films her appearances and her popularity have decreased. Nor do I think she will recapture her old position by returning to serials, for that old vehicle has lost its pulling power. Anyhow Bianca Pearl can sigh along with Alexander for new worlds to thrill.

OUR pictures have won over a lot of Europeans to the league of fans; beautiful picture palaces now glitter in London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest and even in the provincial towns. There is still the old guard, of course, which prefers the operas of Wagner to those of D. W., the pictures of Raphael to those of deMille. Europe is now so ready to howl the words of William Hays that the movie is the greatest art in the world, because of Europe, even the lowliest thereof, has been reared in art. In Florence I have seen companies of Italian buck privates spending a holiday in the picture galleries. If you found a buck in the Metropolitan museum in New York you would shout for the police, sure that his motive was burglary. But the chances are that you wouldn't be there to see him.

At a hotel in Venice I asked the waiter where I could find a movie theater. He looked startled, as though he hadn't heard aright.

"They are playing La Boheme tonight at the opera, signor," he said.

"But I want to see a movie."

"The company is from Rome," he persisted. "They are very good artists."

"But where is there a movie?"

"But the opera house is just around the corner," he pleaded hysterically.

I remained cold.

"But don't you like Puccini?" he sobbed.

"Yes, I like Puccini," I said [CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]



Of course, she has her own car. In fact, she has two. In confidence Baby Peggy will tell you that she infinitely prefers the one at the left. Below, she is quite obviously posing for a pitcher. She's never as tranquil as this unless there's a camera around. One of those spoiled screen children? Well, does she look like that!



## A Demi-Tasse Star

When she rolls her big black eyes she makes Pola Negri jealous—or so they say. Baby Peggy is filmdom's real baby vamp. Montgomery's her last name, but she doesn't need it. The world knows her as Baby Peggy—not one of your curled and frilled starlets, but a bobbed, banged, comical child of three, with more humor in one diminutive finger than grown-up luminaries have in ten manicured digits.

She has made thirty-seven pictures; she's been on the screen since she was a year and a half old. Right now she's making a series of famous fairy tales, "Hansel and Gretel," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Little Red Riding Hood"—all the old favorites. Century stars her; but one of her best rôles was in Marshall Neilan's "Penrod," for which she was rented out.

The first important event in her life occurred when she was three weeks old, when her father gave her a spanking for crying without sufficient cause. She still gets spanked; but she never cries unless the director tells her to. And she doesn't use glycerine, either.



# He Danced his way into Pictures

**H**E Who Keeps Hollywood On Its Toes — M. Theodore Kosloff, creator of dancing stars, painter, pantomimist, high councilor of art in the studios, a classmate of the Incomparables — Pavlova, Mordkin and Nijinsky.

This Pierrot of Hollywood is naturally a likely nominee for the rôle of *Deburau* when that celebrated clown of tragedy skips from Mr. Belasco's velvet stage to Mr. Lasky's satin celluloid.

Born in Moscow of a father who was protege and pupil of the great Anton Rubinstein and of a mother who was a celebrated beauty in the days of the Romanoffs, and in the background of Russian steppes and snows, a real Tartar grandfather—he brings the Russian influence to Hollywood.

At eight years of age he was in the Imperial [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



*Above, Theodore Kosloff at home with his Russian ukulele. At left, in a swash-buckling moment from "To Have and To Hold." Below, Theodore poses as a mujik at the door of his Hollywood hut*



Come  
Home—  
All is  
forgiven



Photo by Grant



**T**HEDA BARA, welcome back! The flapper died with short skirts. You may return to the screens and be received with open arms. We've missed you!

It seems only yesterday that we waved farewell to the lithe ladies with one hand and with the other beckoned the pert sub-debs. Now the debs are dead; and it is, again, the day of the vamp. Negri; Nita Naldi; Barbara La Marr. And—

The first lady of the purplish photoplays, La Bara, now making a new picture at the Selznick studios. She was on the stage for many months; then she found a screen story which suited her, and you'll soon be seeing her again. This time she is a very modern enchantress; seductive, of course, but with a heart and a soul and even a sense of humor. Here you have her two newest personal portraits.



By  
Adela  
Rogers  
St. Johns

*Here are two interesting views of the Prince Charming of Filmdom with his father and his mother. Since little Jackie began by earning \$25 a week in vaudeville his career has been a real life fairy tale*



# The Kid who earned a Million

*The real story of how  
Jackie Coogan was discovered*

**T**HE Arabian Nights of the motion picture industry has produced no story stranger than the Midas-like tale of a little boy named Jackie Coogan.

No more unbelievable series of circumstances ever happened than the one that swept a small, brown-eyed youngster from the hectic, hard-worked, ill-paid life of cheap vaudeville to the pinnacle of fame and fortune.

Ten years ago, it would have seemed utterly impossible that a child should earn a million dollars in a year by his own unaided efforts.

And it is still so fantastic that as you read you can only think of the dear old fairy-tales about the poor, ragged little country boy who became a prince overnight and won half the kingdom.

Just a few years ago, a baby boy was born in a small town in New York state. He was born in that particular town because his Dad, an eccentric dancer in vaudeville, happened to be showing there and his mother travelled along.

But vaudeville life was too hard for the brown-eyed baby and, when his mother rejoined her "sister act," he was shipped out to his grandmother in her tiny cottage among the Oakland hills. There for three years, little Jackie Coogan played,

happy and ragged, and hardly knew that he had a mother and father. They flashed into his infant vision only now and again when their booking brought them to the coast. It was not a happy life for the young mother and father, but it was all they knew, and Jackie grew and blossomed in the regular, though simple life with his grandmother.

But, when he was three years old, the senior Coogans had a chance to go with a Shubert musical comedy, very small parts, but at least it meant freedom from the road for a while. So they gathered up their boy and returned to New York.

And there, in one tiny room on a dark side street of New York, little Jackie Coogan was to battle during long, winter days for his very life. The dread spectre of infantile paralysis crept over the city, and in its grip the little boy lay motionless and white on his cot in the corner.

Oh, those were desperate days for the Coogans. Each night they had to go on with their work. Each day they spent trying to make their salary cover the terrific expenses.

They were aided in their struggle by one of those deep devotions that their son seems able to inspire. The young doctor who had brought him into the world three years before, was practicing in New York. And he became as devoted to Jackie as though the child were his own. He gave to the effort to save him every ounce of energy and skill he possessed.

And he won.

Followed for the Coogans months on the road, while the father trooped with Annette Kellerman in a vaudeville act. Jackie by that time had begun [CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]



This  
is  
Not  
the  
State  
Capitol

*The pathetic expression on Mary Minter's face is due to the fact that her humble cottage has only twenty-two rooms, when, as everyone knows, a big girl like Mary should live in a real home, not a doll's house*

*A view of Maison Minter, on fashionable Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles. It is a very exclusive street. Only the more highly-paid stars are permitted to live there. Incidentally, Miss Minter has been receiving \$8,000 a week—or nearly seven times Valentino's salary*



Just the  
modest home  
of little  
Mary Miles  
Minter



*This picture was born to be captioned, "The little lady of the big house." Mary is decorative in any setting. By the way, wonder what company she will work for now that her Paramount contract has expired?*



*Mary spent \$150,000 of her million dollar contract to build this home, and \$100,000 to remodel it—making it one of the most costly stellar dwellings in California*

# Romantic History of

By Terry Ramsaye

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Florence Turner, one of the earliest of film favorites, who was Vitagraph's leading woman and wardrobe mistress at \$18 a week

## CHAPTER XI

JUST as the era of the photoplay and the screen theater was born, the blundering young art of the motion picture went out and fell headlong into an international sensation.

A trivial incident of picture making, involving an amazing set of coincidences and misunderstandings, precipitated a national political crisis and set the daily press from Park Row to Golden Gate agog with violent headlines and extra editions. A motion picture suddenly became the subject of a violent and outraged anxiety for President Roosevelt, a topic of secret midnight emergency sessions of the Cabinet in Washington, and a desperate quest by the operatives of the Department of Justice.

It was all a mistake.

In time the sensation died, but the inward facts of the affair have remained for these twenty years a secret to be revealed with the publication of this chapter.

It was the summer of 1903 while "The Great Train Robbery" was making its sensational introduction of the story-telling function of the screen, when Lew Dockstader, minstrel and monologue artist, came to New York to furbish up his act for the approaching season. He had a fatal inspiration to use the motion picture.

Dockstader's act in this period consisted principally of a sort of geographical monologue. Seated in a basket supported by a stage balloon, he appeared surveying a shifting landscape projected on the screen below him by a stereopticon. As the scenes changed Mr. Dockstader in blackface make up offered a running fire of comment on places and personages, somewhat in the character of the

current utterances of Will Rogers, the philosopher of the "Follies."

Dockstader hunted out Edwin S. Porter, the maker of "The Great Train Robbery," at the Edison studio at 41 West Twenty-First street, on his arrival in New York.

"I want you to make me some film to use in my act," Dockstader explained. "I want a couple of views down in Washington. I will appear in them."

So Porter packed a camera and went to Washington, along with Dockstader, Harry Ellis, a singer in the Dockstader act, and Jean Havez, Dockstader's press representative and author of many of his lines. It is interesting to note parenthetically that Mr. Havez is now a member of the battery of "gag men" who contribute funny ideas to Harold Lloyd comedies.

When the party arrived at the Hotel Raleigh in Washington Dockstader unfolded his plan, deliciously naive.

"You know Roosevelt and I are good friends," he explained to Porter. "Now I want to make a scene in front of the White House. It shows me where I have fallen from my balloon right in front of the steps. Roosevelt comes out and picks me up and dusts me off and sets me on my feet and we walk off together."

"Wait, wait a minute—say that again!" Porter was protesting. "You may know Roosevelt and he may know you, but the President of the United States isn't doing that kind of thing just now."

"Leave it to me—I can get him to do it," Dockstader insisted.

But the day went by and Dockstader's courage waned. Maybe this Edison man was right.

"How are we going to get away with it—what do you think?"

"I think," the camera man suggested, "that we'd better make up your Mr. Ellis here to look like Roosevelt and fake the incident down in front of the Capitol building. People know it better than they do the White House, anyway. There's a good light early in the morning now and we can do it before anybody is about and get away." So it was planned.

Ellis was made up with vast care, dressed in characteristic Roosevelt clothes. A Victoria, similar to that in which Roosevelt was accustomed to ride about Washington, was hired to be on the spot right after sunrise.

The Capitol's white columns were just fairly illumined in the sun of the next morning when a watchman was surprised to see President Roosevelt come down the long vista of stone steps and pick up a black man who had dropped from nowhere. The watchman was still watching in wonderment when he saw Roosevelt and his darky friend get into the Victoria and drive away.

A man with a strange box on a tripod was apparently surveying the proceedings.

The Victoria stopped



The first motion picture "still" ever made, photographed twenty-one years ago at the Edison studio. The man in the plaid suit is Frank Nairs, one time comic opera favorite. Next to the left is Billy Martinette, property man, later immortalized as the fiddler in "The Great Train Robbery," while the short man adjusting tackle on the now unknown comedienne is Wallace McCutcheon, Sr., years later the director under whom Griffith started at Biograph



# the Motion Picture

around the corner out of the picture. Porter shouldered his camera to join Dockstader, when the Capitol watchman came up smiling.

"What is Teddy up to now?"

The watchman was sure he had seen Roosevelt.

"Just a little private stunt," Porter replied and hurried away.

When the picture party reached the hotel Dockstader suggested breakfast.

"No," said Porter looking at his watch. "About the time that watchman tells somebody about seeing Roosevelt down at the Capitol at six in the morning the excitement around here will start. And when it starts we are going to be on our way. There's a train back to New York in an hour and we are going to make it."

When the Dockstader party arrived in New York shortly after noon that day they heard the newsboys crying an extra.

"Picture Plot against T. R. Extra! Extra! Read all about it!"

The strange happenings of the early morning on the Capitol grounds had leaked to the newspapers and the wires across the continent were sizzling with the news.

It chanced that only a few weeks before campaign material had been made by the enemies of Roosevelt of an engagement of the President to lunch with Booker T. Washington. There had been considerable discussion of it, aimed to arouse the animosities of a race prejudice against Roosevelt.

Now a black-faced man had been photographed in front of the Capitol with another man made up like the President. They had been pictured going arm in arm to a carriage and driving away together. The deductions of the political experts, the President and the newspaper men were inevitable. The picture had been made to ruin Roosevelt in the South. It was unquestionably a dastardly Democrat trick.

Later editions came along with further details ferreted out by the sleuths of the secret service and the Washington newspaper men. The actor in blackface had been found to be Lew Dockstader. It was found that Dockstader's



*This is the way they did it sixteen years ago. A scene from "The Haunted Hotel," released by Vitagraph, February 21, 1907. The guest in Uncle Sam attire is William T. Ranous, who became a director of note, and the tavern keeper is Hector Deon, a name familiar to the motion picture's earlier days*



*William N. Selig, whose Chicago studio played an important part in the development of motion pictures*

party, registered originally at the Hotel Raleigh, had in the night moved to the St. James to be close to the Capitol where the heinous photographic deed was done at sunrise. The stealth was apparent. The circumstantial evidence was conclusive.

Roosevelt sent a hurry call to the cabinet. The strange enemy exploit was discussed in a late session at the White House. The experts of the attorney general's office were consulted. They searched the law for a ground of action. There was no legislation or statute that contemplated such a situation.

The council of earnest politicians and patriots shuddered over the effect of that picture in the Solid South. No word of contradiction would avail. There was a popular impression that the camera couldn't lie. What was to be done? The strategists were distraught.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]

## Read here about when—

### THEODORE ROOSEVELT

called his cabinet into a secret night session and sent Secret Service men prying into the film offices to ferret out a political plot that never was made—and the burning of the film out behind the White House.

### DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

(He was just D. W. Griffith then), an obscure actor, came in off the road and while "resting" went around to the studios to sell his first scenario, getting thereby a part fighting a stuffed eagle in an Edison one-reeler, at five dollars a day.

### PHILIP D. ARMOUR

head of the great Armour packing company, saved Colonel Selig's struggling enterprise from annihilation by the Edison law department, because Upton Sinclair's famous novel "The Jungle" made Armour want a film defense.

### FLORENCE TURNER

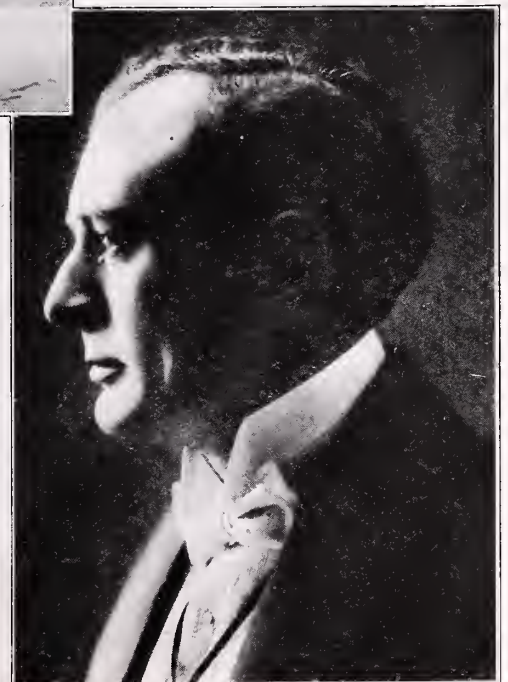
stood in a vacant lot watching Vitagraph make a picture out at Sheepshead Bay and decided she wanted a job in the studio, where she became a leading lady and wardrobe mistress for eighteen dollars a week.

### MAURICE COSTELLO

starting in the Edison studio went over to Vitagraph and became the first member of that famous stock company refusing to paint scenes, saw wood or do anything but act.

### MACK SENNETT

A chorus man, light opera singer and comedian, went down to 11 East 14th Street and took a job at five a day appearing in half-reel comedies for Biograph.



*Maurice Costello, who left the Spooner Stock Company in Brooklyn to become the first film idol*



*"When I play a part, David, I live it," said Royalla Draven.  
"On and off the stage I try to live it until that character  
becomes mine"*

# Five Hundred Nights

By *Steuart M. Emery*

The romance of the actress who played her sinister role so vividly that it became a living part of her and the man who created the nemesis — and what came of it

*Illustrated by R. Van Buren*

YOU all know Royalla Draven—Draven, we dramatic critics called her, for she was great. You have, if you were in New York in her triumphant time, seen her name spangled nightly into the radiance of Broadway. The incredible, flashing beauty of her, the arrogant symmetry of her carriage, the throbbing tenderness of her tones when she would, the wild sweep of her abandon when she stormed for the heights—you remember them all if you ever saw her, and you must have. For Draven was Draven. Put her behind the footlights and you had Art, Passion, Fire and Life in capital letters.

She told David Wistard of the Star how she did it. It was in Draven's dressing room after the fall of a third act curtain and the roar, roar, roar of a New York audience beat in among silken hangings. Wistard knew her well, far better than the rest of us, and he had a right to expect the truth. Furthermore, he says that he got it.

"I am actor-born and actor-bred," she said, looking at him. Her eyes always seemed smoldering with the inward flame that used to leap across the footlights and rip the living heart out of the orchestra seats. It even got the dramatic critics with their passes in their pockets. "When I play a part, David, I live it. On and off the stage I try to live it until that character becomes mine."

He very efficiently shut up Shupe of the Inquirer when Shupe tried one of his quips out of the side of his mouth.

"Because a great many actresses have happened to use that phrase," said Wistard to us, lounging in the smoking room, "it doesn't mean that some day there won't be an actress in whose case it will be true. Draven is hovering now on the edge of immortality. She might as well be the one."

That was when Draven was playing in "The Thorned



*Royalla Draven heard the cry that horror wrenched from Wistard and, I think, from all of us. From the wings the rest of the company came piling onto the stage; if it had been anything but a rehearsal they would have cleared the theater inside of half a minute. It is not decent to have outsiders look on dead faces*

Rose." You remember her—tall, magnificent, blazing, a daughter of Sicily to her fingertips, sworn to vendetta. It was no secret that she spent two months living in Little Italy before she even spoke a line at her first rehearsal.

"You'd better watch out," someone suggested to Wistard. "She may knife you tonight when you take her out to supper."

"If I had killed someone she loved as in the play," said Wistard, "she would."

Such was Royalla Draven in "The Thorned Rose." It was, of course, the piece she appeared in before she drove New York into a frenzy with "White Ashes." In "The Thorned Rose" Royalla Draven was great, but in "White Ashes" she passed greatness. It ran for five hundred solid nights on

Broadway. We dramatic critics quit spattering adjectives and rose to plain writing, unadorned. The Gazette raised Barker's salary twenty dollars a week for the column he wrote after he saw Draven's première.

For five hundred nights the name of Royalla Draven flickered in crimson incandescence over the marquee of Herman Kahn's theater. I needn't tell you what that means on Broadway. For five hundred days and nights Royalla Draven lived, breathed and dwelt in the part of Anna Glynn, a haggard, slipping wreck, flotsam drifting on the tide of life. Wyndham Dane, then unknown, wrote "White Ashes" and he is one of the best-known playwrights in America today. His hair is quite gray and his royalties run over \$50,000 a year.

It is theatrical history that after the 500th night of "White Ashes" the name of Royalla Draven disappeared from the lights of Broadway. It was to have flared out the following night in Wyndham Dane's second play, but Draven's understudy took the part—and sprang to stardom in four acts and eleven curtain calls.

"How does Draven take it?" Barker asked Wistard that night. Wistard was looking like a ghost. You see he had known Royalla Draven for a long time.

"Royalla Draven," said Wistard, "is one of God's best sportswomen. Tell Shupe if he tries to make a joke out of it, I'll kill him."

\* \* \* \* \*

DAVID WISTARD we all admired. He was a good deal different from the rest of us, cool, detached a little, with a background that took in an Eastern university, Oxford and, I gathered once, a year at the Sorbonne. He had gained his knowledge of the drama by study under the great living authorities; we had gained ours by the cub reporter route, editing press agent copy for the theatrical notes column and graduating upward via vaudeville to first nights attended with a wad of copy paper in the pocket.

We wrote what we saw or thought we saw, but David Wistard wrote what was really there; therein lay the difference between us. He would sit through a performance with that fine, keen face of his a study in searching thought; then he would go back to his shop—the Star—and stand out head and shoulders above us all the next morning in a column of type. We had the knack; David Wistard had the gift.

It was, of course, inevitable that he and Royalla Draven should gravitate together. He was fine steel, she the flame that tempered it. I remember their first meeting.

"At last," said Wistard, as we walked home through the crisp winter night, "I have met an actress." He did three blocks with his long free stride before he spoke again. "Peg Woffington ruled London to the day of her death. I think we shall all live to see history repeat itself."

His modest chambers were just off Madison Square and the open wood fire was cheerful. He ran his hand over that dark head of hair of his—I think there was Irish in him somewhere—and laughed like a boy. Maybe he was thinking back over the evening in Herman Kahn's house. I know I was.

"Miss Drafen . . . my new star . . . from the Coast. . ."

Kind old Herman, Broadway czar and manager though he was, faded into the background along with the rest of us when Royalla Draven and David Wistard met. I think the whole



"For my sake, Royalla!"  
sake, David, no!" Strong,  
weakness. "May I go to

roomful was looking at them, seeing the tall, perfectly-proportioned loveliness of Royalla Draven, the glorious eyes of her under the band of jet-black hair that crushed her forehead, the sudden upward sweep of her lashes, the erect courtliness of David Wistard as he faced her, a little tensed, a little eager. Their eyes met and then Wistard's lean, temperamental hand was closed above hers. At the other end of the room someone had had access to a violin and it was calling—I have seen many a third act climax that got across on less. Stagey? Granted, but Royalla Draven and David Wistard were interpreters of life. Drama—quick, pulsing emotions were in their blood. "The crash of two comets," Barker called it.

"A pipe or a peg, old man?" asked Wistard and got up out of his chair to serve me with the smile that made him the most charming companion in the world. Why he singled me out I never did know, but his friendship was a rare thing. I took both and waited. The fire was bright in his eyes as he stirred with a twist-handled poker.

"If I were a carpenter, Roberts, I am sure I shouldn't start to build a house until I had found someone to live in it, even if I had all the material to hand. Houses haven't souls unless you put the right people in them."

"And what has that got," I inquired between puffs, "to do with the price of good tobacco?"

At that Wistard laughed. "I've called many an aspiring



exclaimed David. "For your ringing, then came a pitiful my car? It is waiting"

playwright a carpenter in my time. And meant it."

"God help you if you get playwright's fever," I said. I had six of the damned things in my trunk and was just about convalescing.

Only another laugh, confident and merry. "And who's to say they are immune from fever or from love, Roberts? One and the same they are." His arm swept towards the shelves and shelves of books about the room. "You'll find it all in there, old man. The play's the thing. I may be glad of the years behind, but tonight I'm gladder of the years ahead." And then out of his knowledge David Wistard talked far into the dawn, telling me tales of old dramas I had never known existed, pouring out stage wisdom and lore until I forgot my pipe was out and my glass empty.

"But she has the makings of the greatest of them all," he said. And that autumn, true to his prophecy, Royalla Draven in "White Ashes" had the town at her feet.

On Broadway we are fast workers. The romance of Royalla Draven and David Wistard was blazing in a fortnight and in a modest way we who are popularly and erroneously supposed to wear horn-rimmed spectacles and take notes in front-row seats stood to one side and fanned it. We gave Shupe to understand he was to keep his mouth in repose.

You remember how in "The Thorned Rose" Royalla Draven from the first night took her place in Broadway's galaxy of stars? There was unleashed, shattering emotion for you,

seething Italian passion and a knife-thrust at the end. "She's a mad Sicilian devil for fifteen minutes an evening," her leading man said one night in confidence. "I wish sometimes I were back in drawing room drama." Flaming phrases from Wistard's critiques of Draven were plastered on the billboards; the town knew and trusted Wistard and it flocked to "The Thorned Rose."

"If it had been the other way, if he had thought me a failure," said Draven, "he would have driven me off the boards with two hundred words of type." We were having tea amid the soft lights and soft music of the Stuyvesant, waiting for Wistard who would arrive later. "I think that is what I love David for the most—his absolute truth and his courage to tell it." Did I mention that the engagement had been announced a month after their first meeting? "It might kill me, but he would tell the truth."

"A rare virtue," I said, "and one needed very badly among modern playwrights and dramatic critics." She laughed, low, sweet and throbbing, as different from the mad Sicilian beauty she would be in another three hours as dawn is from midnight. There was about her the radiant softness of the woman in love.

Wistard came in then, eager and keen in his happiness. "Roberts is hearing about the new play, David. How Anna Glynn will be the part of my life."

"I think so," he said, "I hope so, Royalla."

"I've played parts that have called for everything I know—hope, laughter, tears, anger, love. But I've never played failure before, and Anna Glynn is a failure, broken-down and knowing it. It's a bitter, hopeless rôle."

"But in it you will be great. The success of your life."

"Yes," she echoed Wistard's words as though they had been a command, "in it I will be great. The success of my life. And after that—what? After I have ceased to be Anna Glynn?"

"Ask Wyndham Dane," said Wistard, a little jealously, I thought. "He writes your plays." Then they both laughed as lovers laugh, merely over being together.

SO two months later Royalla Draven burst on the town as Anna Glynn in "White Ashes." If, in all the five hundred nights of her triumph, you did not see Draven as Anna Glynn, which is incredible, let me picture her to you. There was not much action in the play. It was rather a terrific probing into the verities of life by a hand that was the hand of a master. "White Ashes" was knowledgeable, sure and stark with reality. It was all Anna Glynn.

Character portrayal is, after all, what makes a play perennial on Broadway, and Royalla Draven lived Anna Glynn, the once splendid beauty fallen on the husks of the town. You could see in her every motion, in every line of her in repose the fierce, hopeless longing to get back, get back to the heights that had once been hers. The play opened on a street corner; it closed in a greasy tenement set; between was an abyss of despair. Draven in rags, beaten down by the tide of life, almost sodden, wholly pitiful, did more than lift her audiences from their chairs. She had them so they couldn't move.

It was the story of a broken woman putting the last of life that was in her into a broken husband and seeing him lift himself to the daylight while she sank back, too bled of strength to follow.

"Out of suffering—happiness," said Anna Glynn at the end. Maybe so. Broadway used its handkerchiefs.

I saw the first night, sitting by Wistard whose lean fingers were gripped to the arms of his seat. I turned once, breaking the spell that was before me, and saw a house of white, strained faces, mothlike in tiers to the roof. Through that terrific silence Draven's voice was pleading hoarsely, its timbre shot through with the poignancy that was hers alone. I swear that Draven was suffering; we felt it and it made us suffer to see her face working under its coating of paint. That anguished droop to the head, that terrible fluttering of hands that would not still, that blank, gone look in the dark eyes—they were real. Entirely too real.

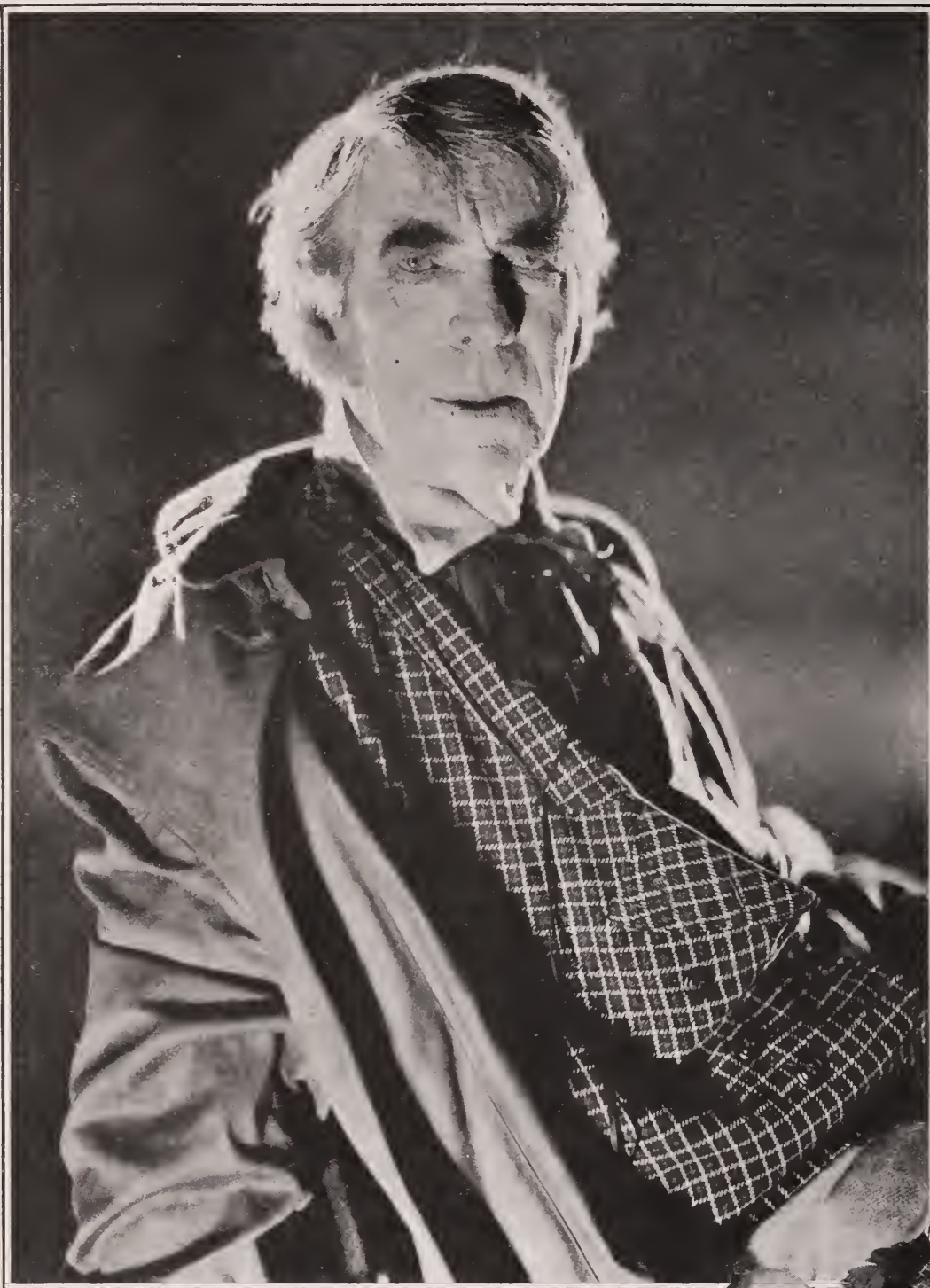
Were you there that night? If so, you know it all, the tumultuous, mad all. How we had Draven out for seventeen curtain calls, how we had her leading man out, the whole company out, Herman Kahn out, almost the stage hands out—and then we went into one long, thunderous demand, palms and feet and voices.

"Author! . . . author! . . . author! . . . author!"

But no one ever came out to take that tribute. Wyndham Dane has yet to appear before [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

# He Saw Lincoln Shot

W. J. Ferguson  
is the only  
surviving member  
of the  
theatrical company  
playing at  
Ford's Theater in  
Washington  
when  
Abraham Lincoln  
was shot



*On the night of April 14, 1865, "Our American Cousin" was playing at Ford's Theater. W. J. Ferguson was then a juvenile, playing the rôle of Lieut. Vernon, R. N. Lincoln was seated with his family and friends in an upper stage box, when John Wilkes Booth crept to the box, barred the door, discharged a pistol at the president's head and leaped to the stage. Booth made his escape in the excitement but he was surrounded and shot twelve days afterwards. Lincoln died the following morning*



*"You've won the race," said Peggy.  
"Yes," said Sam.  
"It was a miracle, but the Hottentot made it. He's some horse"*

# The Hottentot

*Commonly called a HORSE*

*The Hottentot was more—much more—than that. He was an experience, as Sam discovered, when he rode him*

*By Victor Mapes  
and William Collier*

*Fictionization by  
Sydney Valentine*

EVERY man has his pet aversion. Usually it is comparatively casual. He can take it or leave it alone. Forget it, or recall it at his convenience. But Sam Harrington's was more than that. It was a big thing in his life. He had cherished it until it became an actual antipathy. Aversion was a mild word for the way Sam felt about horses.

There had been a time when Sam rather liked horses; in fact, had gone so far as to ride one. This particular horse had developed an intense dislike to Sam and to demonstrate it had dumped him in a ditch. Sam never forgot and he never forgave. When it came to horses, his whole nature changed. He became morose; gloomy; suspicious. He maintained that a horse is always liable to run away, or step on you, or something.

If, now, there had come into Harrington's life some nice, gentle home horse, with a lazy disposition and a broad, comfortable back—a horse that, when you gave him an apple, would be grateful enough to give you part of your arm back—then things might have been different. As it happened, Sam

collided only with fancy horses. Horses of the kind that made Oliver and May Gilford's home more like a stable.

Sam had had no inkling of this when he accepted their invitation for the week end. He took himself to the Gilfords after a final loving pat for his bright new yacht. Since Sam had given up horses he had been riding the waves, with considerable enjoyment. But Carol Chadwick had coerced him into coming. He might have known that Carol's plans would have a bomb concealed somewhere about them. Carol was like that.

He was right. The Gilfords, he learned, kept horseback hall. They rode. Their guests rode. They rode

frisky steeds of the brand that Sam had long ago vowed he would never have anything more to do with. They wanted him to ride. Mrs. Chadwick rescued him.

"Sam," she said. There was something ominous about the way she said it.

"Sam, you've got to help me out."

"I'm the one who needs helping. Why didn't you tell me—"

"But Sam, while you're here, you must pretend to like them. Don't dodge them; don't act as if you're afraid of them."

"Of what?"

"Horses. Because I've told them, you know, that you're *the* Sam Harrington, the famous gentleman steeplechase rider. You're the greatest steeplechase rider in America."

"Oh, no, I'm not."

"I know it was a stupid thing to do. But I wanted them to like you, Sam. I wanted *her* to like you, especially. And she's read all about *the* Sam Harrington, and admires him tremendously; and I thought this would be your chance to make good."



*Fortunately, no one was about when the Hottentot deposited Sam conveniently near the Gilford back door. Afterwards they told him he had jumped the wall with the spikes on it as easily as if he had been sitting in a rocking chair*

Sam found himself, suddenly, in love. Of course, he had been in love before; but Peggy—Peggy was different. Little and feminine; and her smile—Sam hadn't known there was a girl like that in the world.

If only she wouldn't talk about horses. She seemed to think he wanted to talk about them. It was painfully plain that she considered him not as Sam Harrington, but as Sam Harrington, on a horse. As Sam Harrington, the steeplechase rider. She had, she averred, seen his picture in the papers many, many times. Whereat Sam blanched, only to remember that he hadn't recognized his real likeness in the rotogravures on the one occasion he had attained publicity as the owner of the new yacht *Intrepid*.

It was all so easy. He told himself that it would be a shame to disillusion the girl. She didn't want the truth. She was far, far happier believing him to be what he obviously wasn't. He let it go on.

The reckoning came rather sooner than he had expected. Major Reggie Townsend had a horse. It was the horse of horses. Its name was Hottentot. It was in the Gilford stables. And Major Townsend was certain that nothing would please Sam Harrington more than to ride him. Mrs. Chadwick only smiled. Peggy applauded, already somewhat possessive. Somehow Sam was mounted on the Hottentot. That was all he remembered.

Afterwards they told him he had jumped the wall with the spikes on it—the high garden wall, as easily as if he had been sitting in a rocking chair. Fortunately no one was about when the Hottentot, his joyous ride over, deposited him conveniently near the Gilford back door. No one except Swift, the butler. And Swift was sympathetic. He saw how things were. He loved mysteries; devoured secrets. His own brother, named, oddly enough, Sam, had been killed while riding the course on the Gilford place. Swift applied liniment and bandages and offered this information soothingly.

Mrs. Chadwick was profusely apologetic. Sam waved her aside. "See what you got me into?"

"But Sam, you don't have to ride again. They believe now that you really can ride. And you won't have to ride with Peggy, because Larry Crawford is always around."

Major Townsend, owner of the Hottentot, brought in the last blow; hurled it suavely and smilingly. "Harrington, the Hottentot is going in the race tomorrow. And you're going to ride him."

Townsend beamed. The Giffords beamed. Peggy Fairfax looked troubled.

"Mr. Harrington," she said, "I—I wish you wouldn't ride the Hottentot. He is such a dangerous horse. Please don't ride him."

"You see?" said Sam. "She doesn't want me to ride him. And whatever Miss Fairfax says goes."

"I'm awfully glad," she smiled. "And now I want you to do me a favor."

"Anything, Miss Fairfax; anything."

"You give me your word?"

"I give you my word."

"Well, you see I have a horse of my own called Bountiful—very fast and a safe, sure jumper. With a good rider on her there's no reason why she shouldn't win the steeplechase tomorrow."

"No?"

"And that's the favor I ask."

"You want me to root for Bountiful?"

"No. I want you to ride Bountiful. To ride her as you rode Mamie H. in the Burlingame Steeplechase. Oh, I read all about it in the papers. You were trailing along in fourth place. The horses were near the first jump. Everyone held his breath. Now they go—every one of the ten is over

"With whom?"

"With Peggy Fairfax. Charming girl—pretty. And horses are her hobby. Why, one of her horses, Bountiful, has won—"

"Carol," said Sam, "I'm sorry to spoil your pretty little story. I wouldn't disappoint you for anything. *But* I wouldn't ride a horse again, either."

"You don't have to ride, Sam. I'll see to that. Just pretend to like them, that's all. Be sensible, now. The people here are all just crazy about horses—"

"I know why. From being thrown on their heads so often."

"But Peggy Fairfax—"

"I don't care about Peggy. I don't want to make a hit with her. I don't like girls who ride; I—"

Sam stopped. There had passed before them a vision; a delectable, young, glorious vision, despite the fact she was knickered and booted and boyishly hatted.

"Who's that?" said Sam.

"Why," smiled Carol triumphantly, "that's Peggy—Peggy Fairfax."

And that was the beginning. Peggy—Peggy—Peggy.



the first. The crowd yells, 'Look at Harrington; he's third now' Over the third. Harrington—Harrington—he's second. Over the fourth—fifth—sixth—Harrington's steadily going. Look—he's almost up to the leader. Now they're at the dangerous jump next to the last. Each jockey is struggling for the lead. Suddenly a groan from a thousand throats—"

"I fell," said Sam.

"Yes," resumed Peggy, "but you got up. You catch your horse, vault lightly in the saddle, commence to gain. You're sixth, fifth. You're fourth, and nearing the last jump. You go over safely—you're third. You're gaining at every step in the stretch. Second—and coming strong. You're up with the leader; neck and neck, riding like a demon. Inch by inch you gain; you go to the whip, you shoot to the front, and you win by half a—"

"Block," said Sam.

"No—length."

"I don't care as long as I win." Then Sam's dormant conscience spoke. "But, see here, Miss Fairfax. I'm afraid you're over-rating me. I'm not what you think I am. I—"

To do him credit, Sam tried to speak the truth. But Peggy had brought her trophy cup, and a jockey blouse and cap. She bade Sam don them. Her colors.

"What are yours, Mr. Harrington?"

"Mine? Oh, black and blue."

Peggy stood off, admiring him. "I'm so glad you're going to wear my colors; to ride my horse. I know you'll win. I'd—I'd give anything to have you win."

"Anything?"

"Anything."

It was her eyes as she said it that made Sam decide. He'd go through with it. He couldn't ride. But he couldn't disappoint Peggy, either. He was surer of that than of anything.

"If I win, will you call me Sam, Miss Fairfax?"

"Yes, Mr. Harrington."

Swift meant well. It was his curse. Perhaps it made him a good butler. But he had seen his chance, and seized it. Always he had wanted to be of some real use to somebody. His brother Sam, as aforementioned, had died. Swift was all alone in the world. Sam Harrington and his plight had

pleased him. He had resolved to do something about it.

Sam followed Swift's mysterious beckoning finger into the hall.

"I have fixed it for you, sir," said Swift.

"Fixed what?"

"I've fixed it so you won't have to ride Bountiful, in the race tomorrow."

"What? You've—now look here, Swift. I don't want you to fix anything for me. Understand?" Pause. "How did you fix it?"

"I've hid her away, sir. I took her out of her stall and hid her away, so you won't have to ride her tomorrow."

"How dared you do such a thing? Don't you know everything depends upon that race tomorrow? There's Miss Fairfax; she's counting on it. Besides—how do I know you've hidden Bountiful where nobody can find her?"

"I put her in the winter stables, sir. With oats, and hay, and a barrel of apples, and plenty of fresh water."

"Where she can get at them?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's good. I wouldn't have anything happen to that horse for the world."

"No, sir. And nobody saw me, sir. And here's the key to the stable." Swift slunk off. He felt like the butler in a melodrama.

Sam had not considered what the disappearance of Bountiful would mean to Peggy. A mere horse—and here the girl was, crying about it, acting all cut up over it. He hadn't intended to worry her. She didn't blame him—she said so. But—awful thought—she might turn to Larry Crawford, who wanted to wear her colors; who *had* worn them in another race. Still, girls were funny. Maybe if he told her the truth, now—

"Miss Fairfax," he began. "What—what does this horse riding and steeplechasing amount to, anyway? Now, wait a minute. I mean—well, suppose you liked a man and the more you saw of him the more you liked him and he was to tell you he'd never gone in for racing, didn't care anything about it; in fact, couldn't even get on a horse without being scared to death—would that make any difference to you?"

"Yes," she said. "I couldn't [CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]"

*Sam and Peggy spent their honeymoon studying love and navigation together*



# Close-ups and Long Shots

**D**IRECT from Fascisti Rome where everyone was shouting *Italian!* we returned to America to hear everyone shouting the same thing.

It seems like home whichever place you are. The most applauded men in the current world are Mussolini and Valentino. In Rome we witnessed the Fascisti revolution and cheered for Mussolini and Vittorio Emanuele. In London we witnessed "Blood and Sand" and cheered for Valentino and Nita Naldi. Another Italian renaissance is certainly on.

The young patriots who write passionate letters to PHOTOPLAY objecting to Valentino as king of the movies on the ground that he is an Italiano instead of a native Americano ought to be sentenced to four months in Italy. We predict they would come out wearing black shirts. Not only was our shirt black after four months among the revolutionary Italians, but it had lost all its buttons. Such is our enthusiasm for Italy and the Italians.

All the brunes in the movies are claiming Italian ancestry. If they're not claiming it they're having it thrust upon them. Nita Naldi is hysterically prostrate from brooding over what her Irish ancestors would say if they could read the movie columns. She swears that if there was anything to spiritism, her brogue forbears would not only be rapping on tables, they'd be smashing them.

As a matter of truth there are only two famous Italian artists in the American movies—Signors Valentino and Bull Montana.

The King of Italy, in a famous phrase, referred to the occupational hazards of a king. But his hazards are naught compared to those of the king of movie actors. Since Valentino was thus proclaimed by radio two male stars of our acquaintance have been caught with concealed stilettos.

If Vitagraph wins that six million dollars it's trying to wrest from Paramount they can afford to have Von Stroheim make a production.

We are reminded of the visit to Rome of the most beautiful blond since Venus—in this instance, Rubye de Remer. Rome fell for Rubye and Rubye tripped for Rome. On a rainy day the radiant Rubye and the radiant Anna Q. Nilsson sat illumining the lobby of a Roman hotel.

"Great Caesar, what can we do today?" yawned our Anny.

Our Rubye cogitated for several inspired moments. "I know!" she shouted. "Let's go and visit Cleopatra's old home."

What we need is a Fascisti revolution in the movie world.

*Barbara La Marr:* What other actress, however talented, could appear beautiful while being dragged over the floor by Lew Stone? Barbara does in "Trifling Women." And she's emotional, too, every inch of her. Furthermore, and to wit, she has the most interesting new face we've seen on the screen since our return. If she could only make her eyebrows behave. They leap around like untrained seals. They beat Nazimova's for distance and endurance records.

By Herbert Howe

## Have you a Valentino on your lot?

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

All producers planning an Italian year should consult our line. The manufacturer of this page has brought over a boat load of snappy, romantic models ranging in style from Valentino and Naldi to Montana and Fazenda. Salary demands moderate. Any one can be had for the price of three supreme court judges. Don't care what kind of stories they appear in. All stories read alike to them. Could act as scenario editors if opportunity offered.

Order early, supply positively limited to one boat load, as U. S. quota is now exhausted!

Allan Dwan is producing "Glimpses of the Moon" with Bebe Daniels, Nita Naldi and Rubye de Remer. With a group of stars like that what chance has the moon to getting a glimpse from anybody?

## Our Star Discovery of the Month

For the benefit of blind producers we will each month endeavor to discover a star in the movie chaos. We don't guarantee Pickfords and Chaplins but simply the best that's to be had in talent and personality of the great unstarred.



This Month  
Miss Helen Ferguson

Detected in the act of acting in "Hungry Hearts." Yet beautiful in spite of it. Emotional without suggesting a bursted main. In character to the last hair of her uncurled head. In fact, so good that we predict she'll be out of a job after "Hungry Hearts" has been shown generally.

When Mabel Normand rioted into Paris the gendarmes and reporters assembled. What did Mabel think of Paris?

Oh, Mabel was just crazee about Parea. All her life from one small babee she had longed to see ze Eiffel tower, ze Champs Elysee, ze Louvre and—ze Bastille.

Nor was she abashed in the slightest when some one whispered:

"But Mlle. Normand, the Bastille has fallen."

"Fallen?" said Mabel with a haughty tilt of the eyelashes. "For whom?"

Aren't you ashamed, Mabel, after all the expense Mr. Griffith went to pulling the old can down?

Norma and Constance put on a swell premiere for "East is West" in London.

They promised the proceeds to a hospital which is under the patronage of the Queen of England. It was only fitting, then, that a member of the royal family attend in person. Since the Prince of Wales is an unmarried man, it was thought best to send the Duke of York. The stars were presented to him and after taking one look at Constance's Greek beauty (her face, not her husband), he asked them to remain in his box.

This was darned nice and the girls felt they ought to return the favor some way, so they got together and figured out a list of all the nobility whom they thought stood a chance of breaking into pictures. They listed the Prince of Wales, a coupla dukes, a half dozen lords and the old Earl of Balfour. Then Connie got confused and added Bombardier Wells to the list.

Just the same I bet they've had to put extra locks on the gates of Buckingham to keep the royal family from bounding off to Hollywood.

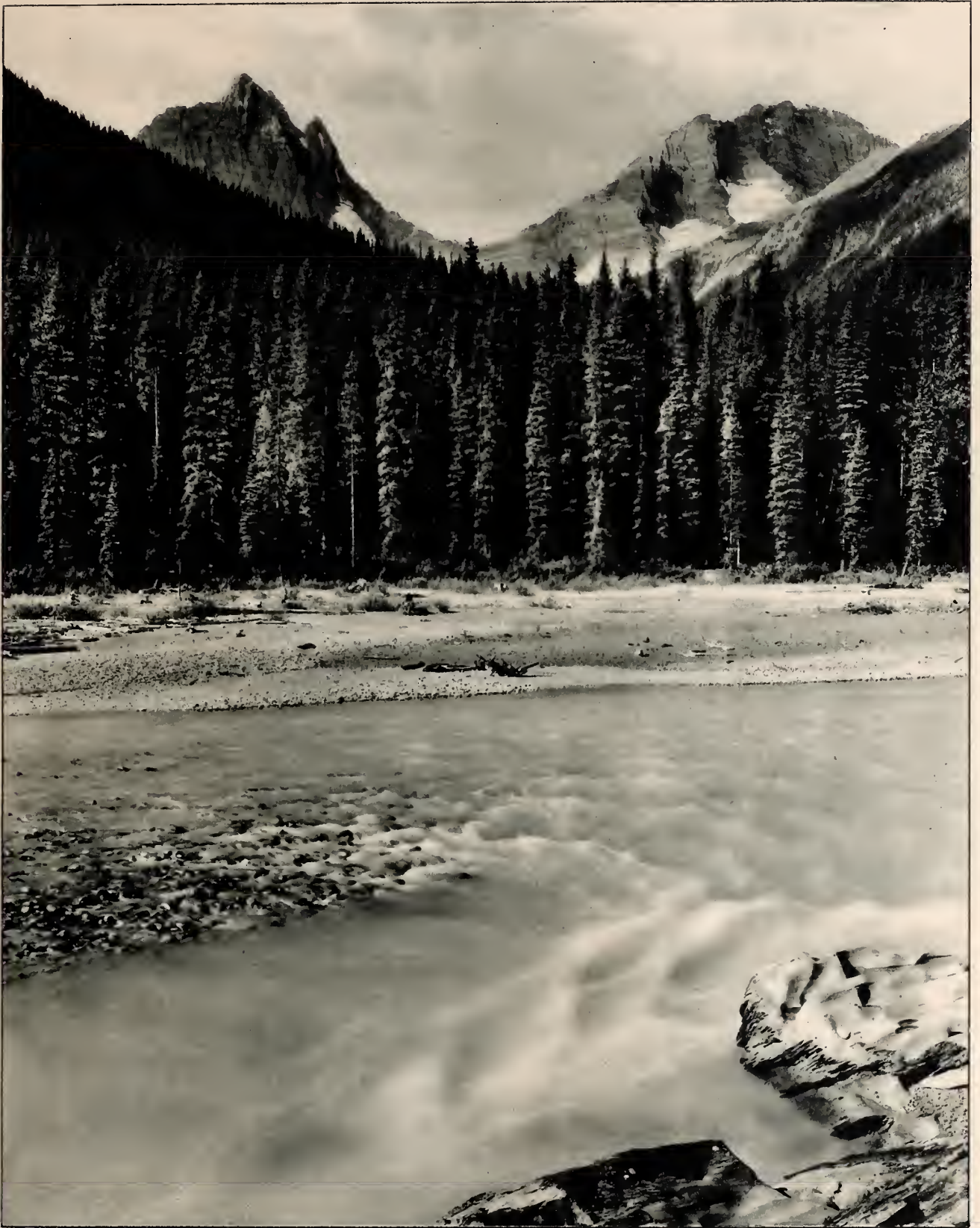
All of which causes us to suggest to Famous Players that they give a chance to Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, heir to the Italian throne. He's handsomer than Rodolph and he's an Italian, and what's a throne compared to a nice warm tar barrel on "location"?

Very few actresses are so versatile that they can play the Soviet Bolshies and then turn around and play British aristocracy. But our Norma and Connie did. They held a conference with representatives of the Soviet government on the possibility of getting concessions for doing films in Russia. We understand the conference was broken up by Peg, the premier of the family. She didn't like the Russian internationalist theories, having had enough trouble with the Greek alliance that Connie negotiated.

We never could understand why motion picture producers and directors are so prone to compare themselves with Napoleon. To an untutored person there seems no connection between Art and Napoleon. But since examining the loot in the Louvre we find the comparison very apt. Napoleon never went on a campaign without stealing a lot of stuff.

That reminds us of our favorite Hollywood story. A young director was arguing violently with his big chief, a motion picture producer who has a bust of Napoleon on a pedestal behind his swivel throne so you cannot fail!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]



**A** SCENE on the wild Vermillion River, never before photographed, in "From Trail to Tire Tracks," a film survey of the Banff-to-Windermere motor highway, soon to open a new wilderness of wonders in the Canadian Rockies

## The Great Director

*Photo by W. J. Oliver*

Without mistake—with utter, perfect ease,  
He builds His sets of mountains, rivers, trees—  
And, at His work, the heart of beauty sings,  
*While small directors toil at little things.*



## Along the Footlight Trail

**P**LAYERS of the stage and screen are continually alternating between the footlights and the silversheet. Herewith, however, *Photoplay* presents five players who achieved their measure of success on the screen, but returned, apparently definitely, to the speaking—and dancing—theater.

**J**UST above is Ethel o' the House of Barrymore. The Barrymores—Ethel, John and Lionel—stand at the very forefront of our histrionic world. This season Ethel has been contributing one of the best performances of the stage year in Gerhart Hauptmann's peasant girl tragedy, "Rose Bernd." Miss Barrymore has never done more notable work.

At the right is piquant little Ann Pennington, the musical comedy favorite. Ann tried the films, but her vest-pocket type of seductive cuteness never quite seemed the same away from the footlights.



**V**IVIENNE SEGAL isn't so well known to the films as she is to that mecca of the tired business man, the musical comedy. Miss Segal has verve and unusual charm. She is demonstrating both qualities in the pleasant musical entertainment, "The Yankee Princess." Just below is Florence Reed, always admired in the films, as the half caste Chinese heroine of Somerset Maugham's melodrama, "East of Suez." The role is tearful and emotional enough to satisfy Miss Reed's most enthusiastic admirers from film-dom.



Murray



White Studio



Murray

**B**ILLIE BURKE, who seems to have been wasted by the films, has devoted her time to the stage.



## A New Gerry

*Photo credit Edwin F. Townsend.*

**W**HEN the idol of the Metropolitan Opera Company decided to forsake the scene of her operatic triumphs and make a long concert tour, she decided also to present to the world an entirely new Geraldine Farrar. Was the beloved Gerry ever so piquant, so fascinating, as you see her here? It's partly the blonde wig which she wears in the larger portrait: but the brunette coiffure below is just as becoming. Come back to the screen, Farrar!



# THE SHADOW STAGE

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

## A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

*Edited by Frederick James Smith*

"PEG O' MY HEART," a picture that will be highly popular, slightly tops the photoplays of the month. There is something that holds in this tale of the self sufficient Irish waif with her quick sense of humor and her glorious brogue. Witness its tremendous footlight vogue.

Peg, by virtue of a will, comes to dwell in the barren and empty ancestral home of her English relatives, the snobbish Chichesters. Between her blarneying tongue and her Irish wiles, she ultimately wins everyone over—including the handsome and titled Britisher whose estate adjoins.

The film version reaches back into Peg's past as the stage version couldn't. And it reaches on to Peg's reception at court. On the whole, King Vidor has done admirable work. It is a conscientious, sincere and altogether winning adaptation. Even Peg's Irish brogue has been retained, thanks to carefully done sub-titles.

The surprise, of course, is Laurette Taylor as Peg. Not that we did not admire her Peg behind the footlights. But we had doubts about her cinema dexterity. You can forget all worries on that score. Very seldom does the spontaneity of her performance lag. Miss Taylor makes her celluloid Peg a joy—and photographs surprisingly. No one, save Mary Pickford, could have given a more endearing portrayal.

"QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER" is another of the by-gosh stage melodramas to finally reach the screen. It has all the typical ingredients, from grey haired mothers who suffer to wicked country skinflints and the usual comedy hired help.

With all its cardboard personnel, "Quincy Adams Sawyer" has undeniably popular qualities. The love of the young Boston lawyer for the pretty but blind Alice Pettingill of Mason's Corners has certain vital qualities. Youth and love are a compelling combination. And, when the simple minded village blacksmith cuts the cable of the rickety ferry and almost sends the blind and helpless heroine over the falls, there's an effective cinematic punch.

To our way of thinking, Barbara La Marr runs away with the picture as the vampire of Mason's Corners, a performance streaked with both gauche humor and human yearning. On the other hand we feel that Lon Chaney is too much the kidding slicker as the crooked country lawyer. Still, "Quincy Adams Sawyer" has a remarkable cast, with Blanche Sweet a winning heroine.

SCOTT FITZGERALD, we think, is the real historian of our jazz age. He alone can translate to us the reactions of the young in heart and the old in sophistication. He, alone of our writers, sees

through the eyes of youth. His "The Beautiful and Damned" was a fresh tale of a young spendthrift married couple and their gradual disintegration in the midst of the mad pace set by the cocktail and shimie shaking generation of today. The film version based upon this opus misses much of Fitzgerald's intent but it is above the average because the freshness of his vision could not be downed. "The Beautiful and Damned" has more gaiety and verve than any photoplay of the month. There is a jazz anti-Volstead party, hardly to be recommended for the entire family, that will singularly touch many another member of the set Mr. Fitzgerald loves to depict.

Of course the film "Beautiful and Damned" has been given sub-titles to point the usual silversheet moral. Then, too, neither of the principals, Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan, suggest the folks Fitzgerald depicted. Miss Prevost is cute but she can't act and Mr. Harlan is too much the dapper filmer.

MICKEY NEILAN is the *raconteur* of the street corner. He is the slangy boulevardier of 1923. He takes a brash little tale, studs it with flip episodes seized out of the everyday—and nearly always achieves something entertaining. "Minnie," indeed, is better sustained than many Neilan efforts, although here and there you can detect the playful Mr. Neilan with his tongue in his cheek.

Neilan's *Minnie* is a homely, lonely little slavey who at last wins an equally homely and equally lonely newspaper reporter. We wish Neilan had ended when *Minnie* realized that, to one man at least, she was beautiful. As a final kidding to his story, Neilan calls in a plastic surgery expert and, lo, both characters achieve new faces—and beauty.

Here let us call attention to a typical Neilan touch. Poor little *Minnie* is sobbing out her pitiful life story to the bespectacled reporter and obviously moving him. Does he fall into stereotyped screen postures to indicate his emotion? No, indeed. He ties his shoe! In such ways are mighty events really received by us futile humans.

Neilan is always breaking away from tradition. If anybody comes closest to catching the spirit of our land, it's Neilan.

Here is the O. Henry of the screen.

*Anna May Wong, whose performance in "The Toll of the Sea" is the best portrayal of the month*



"THE HOTTEN-TOT" is an expert screen arrangement of a slender but highly diverting farce once done by Willie Collier.

"DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS" has several points of merit. First, it introduces community motion picture making. Second, it has a novel punch in presenting the actual capture of several whales—apparently the unfaked real thing. But the film needs editing to get the most out of the sea adventure.

# The National Guide to Motion Pictures

## PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION OF THE SIX BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH



**The Hottentot—Ince-First National**

**A** SEVEN reel comedy that seems short! This screening of William Collier's stage play is somewhat reminiscent of the achievements in satire of the old Douglas Fairbanks-Anita Loos combination. It is broader, without the subtler shadings attained by Miss Loos of the Fine Arts days, but it is productive of just as many legitimate laughs. About horses—or, more accurately, one horse in particular; but you don't have to know horses to like it. The story, told in fiction form in this issue of PHOTOPLAY, affords McLean his most graceful opportunities for farce since "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave"; offers the lovely Madge Bellamy and the clever Raymond Hatton; and is, on the whole, a swift, sure, gay little adventure, that you can't help enjoying. And you can take the whole family.



**Down to the Sea in Ships—Elmer Clifton**

**H**ERE is a story with an idea. John Pell wrote "Down to the Sea in Ships" to depict the whaling industry, the adventurous record of which is the history of our New England sea coast. Pell placed his action in the golden days of 1850, when the hardy whalers swept the seven seas. This isn't all the idea. The rest concerns itself with the way the picture was produced, for it was financed by descendants of these very seamen themselves. The result is an oddity and an interesting one. There is a superb freshness to the whaling scenes—and brand new thrills to the hand to hand combats. And the land episodes among the Quakers of the day have quaintness. Unfortunately the story as it is developed now isn't just right. Cutting and editing are needed.

PEG O' MY HEART  
THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED  
QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER  
MINNIE  
THE HOTTENTOT  
DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS



**Peg o' My Heart—Metro**

**H**ERE is a photoplay almost anyone will like. The Hcelluloid "Peg" has all that the stage "Peg" had, even to the Irish brogue, (thanks to the excellent titling), and it has Lurette Taylor, the creator of this beloved character. Moreover, Miss Taylor acts with a very good sense of screen values—and photographs excellently.

"Peg," of course, is just another variation of the eternal Cinderella theme. *Peg* goes to the English manor of the Chichesters rather an ugly duckling but she blossoms forth in a way that wins over her snobbish relatives and captures the heart of the English lord who lives close by. The screen "Peg" goes back into the girl's past to show her a restless wanderer with her beloved father—an Irish gypsy in truth. And it extends on to show *Peg* being received by the king. Possibly this addendum isn't necessary, but, on the whole, Director King Vidor and his scenarist, Mary O'Hara, have done a very satisfying job with the popular play, never deviating in any essential particular from J. Hartley Manners' original footlight thesis.

Miss Taylor's screen work is unusual. Her performance is very well sustained and there are but one or two perceptible let-downs in spontaneity.

"Peg o' My Heart" rather encourages us in regard to Mr. Vidor. It is workmanlike and sincere. Somehow, we can't understand why Vidor has been in eclipse recently. Surely no one had a more human touch in his direction. But the ways of motion picture business are many and varied. Maybe this accounts for the Vidor stagnation. Now let us hope that he will be able to return to the direct and poignant dramas in which he revealed an amazing promise.



# Saves Your Picture Time and Money

## PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION OF THE SIX BEST PERFORMANCES of the MONTH

ANNA MAY WONG in "The Toll of the Sea"  
BARBARA LA MARR in "Quincy Adams Sawyer"  
LAURETTE TAYLOR in "Peg O' My Heart"  
MATT MOORE in "Minnie"  
DOUGLAS McLEAN in "The Hottentot"  
MALCOLM MCGREGOR in "Broken Chains"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 114



**Minnie—First National**

WHEN *Minnie*, the village ugly duckling, invents a fictitious lover to hide her lonely heart, she little thinks of what the fabrication will develop. Finally, when the villagers grow skeptical, she is forced to "identify" a mutilated body at the morgue as that of the romantic gentleman. Poor *Minnie* is at her wit's end when a homely little reporter arrives to demand her story, having discovered that the body is that of a well known murderer. *Minnie* confesses—and the reporter understands. Isn't he homely and lonely, too? If Marshall Neilan had quit there he would have had a little gem. But he went on to show how plastic surgery made 'em both beautiful. Mickey can't help spoofing his story. Still, it will entertain you and you will love Matt Moore as the freckled and unkempt reporter.



**The Beautiful and Damned—  
Warner Brothers**

THE man who can paint a picture of the youth of a nation is the real historian of his age. If this is true, then F. Scott Fitzgerald is the historian of the modes and manners of our day, for certainly he sees life through the eyes of youth. In all his work thus far, Fitzgerald has shown a splendid disregard for tradition. He has set down events and their reactions upon him as he actually felt them.

Fitzgerald has written of that stratum of life usually referred to as "our younger set." If he depicts life as a series of petting parties, cocktails, mad dancing and licker-on-the-hip, it is because he sees our youthful generation in these terms. Far be it from us to say that this is a general picture of American youth. At least it is our youthful Fascisti, possessing its measure of money and knowledge, fighting against the swing of the pendulum which has brought to us the "you-must-not era."

Fitzgerald's young people have the glamour of swift moving days and stolen romance. But he sees the menace beneath, too. His "The Beautiful and Damned" shows the breaking down—in morals and stamina—of a young married couple tossed into the maelstrom of money, liquor and jazz. The film version misses much of this and, with sub-title pointer, it indicates its moral intent every now and then. And, where Fitzgerald left his young people; health broken, dulled but with their uncertain measure of happiness; the screen adaptation sees to it that they have their proper and visible regeneration. Still, we like the film "The Beautiful and Damned." All the mechanics of passable direction can not dull the edge of Fitzgerald's fresh viewpoint.



**Quincy Adams Sawyer—Metro**

WE have had a dozen or so rural melodramas since D. W. Griffith drove poor *Anna Moore* out into the blizzard in "Way Down East." Somehow, we rather like Charles Felton Pidgin's "Quincy Adams Sawyer" best of them all. Not that it is another "Way Down East" but it is entertaining hokum, with now and then a real tug at the heart and as good a punch as we have seen in months. While the melodrama moves along tried and true bucolic lines, Director Clarence Badger endeavored to humanize it as best he could. There is a touching moment between the young Boston lawyer and the blind heroine in an old fashioned garden. This is nicely tempered sentiment. And there is a country social that is the best thing of its kind since Griffith's hay-riders and their barn dance.



**Outcast—Paramount**

**E**LSIE FERGUSON'S "Outcast" on the stage was the best performance of her career. Alas, her film version is highly disappointing. For one thing this story of a lonely heartsick English clubman who picks up a girl of the streets and installs her in his apartment, has been made censor-proof—with appalling results. The star's performance wavers badly.



**When Love Comes—Film Booking Co.**

**D**ESPITE the whimsical title, the fair characterizations, and the decidedly good acting of Helen Jerome Eddy, this picture seems very flat and unoriginal. It is unfortunate that this talented young woman did not have a better vehicle for her first starring venture. An old story with all of the old situations and the old threadbare ending. Not worth recommending, and we're sorry to say so!



**A Blind Bargain—Goldwyn**

**L**ON CHANEY attains perfection in make-up with the character of the half monkey in this picture. As the doctor, for he plays a double part, he isn't so good. Lon as a grotesque mistake of nature is far more thrilling than Lon in a frock coat and a Vandyke beard. There are many thrills—illogical, perhaps, but now and then breath-taking. Ray McKee is something new in the way of juveniles.



**Love in the Dark—Metro**

**I**F you like Viola Dana, you'll like this. If Viola's pert ingenuities distress you, stay away. This is all Viola, and nothing but Viola. Cullen Landis comes in for a close-up now and then, but the real star of the show is a baby—not a spoiled screen child, but a natural youngster who doesn't seem to know he's being photographed, but just has a grand time in his own way.



**Ebb Tide—Paramount**

**A**SCREEN version of Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne's tale of three male derelicts in the South Seas, given a feminine touch and Frederick O'Brien trimmings. This time the young lady of the lonely island brings new hope to the handsome waster. The real interest is Jacqueline Logan as a hula maid, hardly of the South Seas but pleasantly reminiscent of the Ziegfeld beach.



**Thelma—R -C -Film Booking**

**B**EAUTIFUL scenically, and with Jane Novak looking her best—which is very special, indeed. But Marie Corelli's famous story has suffered in its new dress; there are times when it seems garish and sentimental in a sloppy way. Vernon Steel plays the husband part, and Barbara Tennant has a rôle that she makes the most of. Moderately good entertainment, and about seventy-five per cent family stuff.



**Brothers Under the Skin—Goldwyn**

ONE of the gayest trifles you ever saw, this whimsical affair by Peter Kyne, about two husbands who bring their unappreciative better-halves to reason. The ladies may not like it, but there isn't a man in the world who won't want to stay through it again to see the priceless scene in which Pat O'Malley as the downtrodden husband turns on his selfish wife.



**A Daughter of Luxury—Paramount**

AGNES AYRES' latest close-ups occur in a film that kids itself. It has a plot, but no purpose; and Paul Powell has managed to make it just passable entertainment. Satirical sub-titles do more than their share. Agnes does some eye-raising and pouting, encouraged by Tom Gallery, a likeable leading man. Zasu Pitts contributes one of her deft characterizations.



**The Pride of Palomar—Paramount**

THIS is the best picture, so far, from a Peter B. Kyne book. Of course it stirs up race prejudice and class hatred—but it has some thrilling moments, and some human ones. A story of California and the problems of a returned soldier who comes home to find his ranch heavily involved. George Nichols, in a character part, walks away with another crown of bay! Marjorie Daw is charming.



**Singed Wings—Paramount**

WE haven't encountered a more absurd photoplay in a year of picture going. Another variation of the simple and honest girl who dances in a wicked cafe, her noble young lover and a scoundrelly man-about-town. This time it's a 'Frisco cafe. Added to the complications is an idiot clown. Director Penrhyn Stanlaws saw fit to introduce a fantastic prologue that heightens the absurdity.



**What Fools Men Are—Pyramid**

A BABY vamp who raises Cain through six reels and then, with a single word and one kind thought, makes everything all right again. It would happen that way in real life—yes, it would! Even though Faire Binney is the offender she never excites any sympathetic understanding. Perhaps this is a true picture of the average sub-deb's life. Perhaps it isn't. For easily pleased grown-ups.



**Anna Ascends—Paramount**

ALICE BRADY, as *Anna*, the little Syrian, goes up in the air several times. But somehow her ascent is not quite rapid enough, and the story drags in a good many places. Nita Naldi, cast as a villainess, makes Alice seem slimmer than ever—and her bizarre head dresses are something to see. A passable picture, on the whole, but one that overtaxes the imagination. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 95]

# Engagements and Marriages of the Month



International Newsreel Photo

Cupid has had a mighty busy month in Hollywood. He must have had an idea it was June or something. More engagements have been rumored, announced, or progressed in seriousness than ever before since the first studio was built in California

*To the left—Cecil deMille, directing the wedding of Mrs. Nina C. Untermeyer and Elliott Dexter, which was performed at the deMille home. Mrs. Dexter, a very wealthy divorcee of New York and Riverside, met the screen star in Berlin*



*Lois Wilson and Jack Warren Kerrigan have been the best of friends since the old days when they played together. "The Covered Wagon" reunited them—and it is said Lois will become Mrs. Kerrigan in the spring*

*Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost have confirmed the rumor of their engagement which PHOTOPLAY printed last month. The ceremony is to take place as soon as the present Mrs. Harlan's decree of divorce is final*

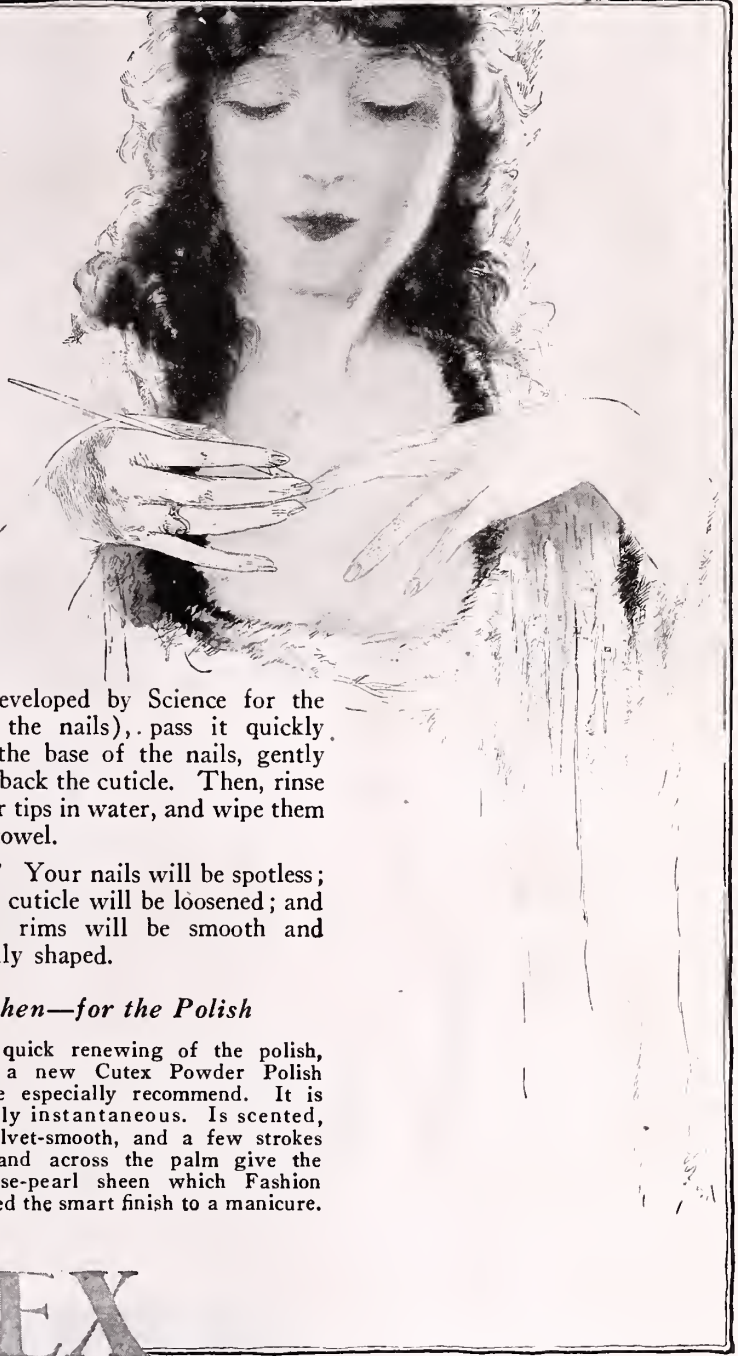


*Mary Miles Minter is almost of age, and her first independent act may be to wed Louis Sherwin, author and critic*

*Wallace Beery, who is engaged to marry Virginia Sutherland, a beautiful blonde non-professional from Kansas*

*Mae Busch is to marry Alfred Wilkie of the Paramount publicity staff as soon as she is finally divorced from Francis MacDonald*

# You can renew the delightful freshness of your manicure every day



**W**HETHER you "do" your own nails, or go to a professional manicurist, the delightful freshness of your weekly manicure can be renewed every day.

And so quickly, that you will never begrudge the time! In just three short minutes, you will have freed your nails from every tiny flake of dead skin, and every little stain. And the nails will be as perfectly polished as though you had but that moment left your favorite beauty salon.

This daily touching-up of the manicure is a charming habit, and the simplest of one's beautifying tasks. You just dip an orange-wood stick wrapped with cotton in Cutex Cuticle Remover (a cleansing, antiseptic

liquid developed by Science for the care of the nails), pass it quickly around the base of the nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. Then, rinse the finger tips in water, and wipe them with a towel.

*Voila!* Your nails will be spotless; adhering cuticle will be loosened; and the nail rims will be smooth and beautifully shaped.

### Then—for the Polish

For a quick renewing of the polish, there is a new Cutex Powder Polish which we especially recommend. It is practically instantaneous. Is scented, tinted, velvet-smooth, and a few strokes of the hand across the palm give the lovely rose-pearl sheen which Fashion has decreed the smart finish to a manicure.

# CUTEX

EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE



**Cutex Cuticle Remover**  
Does Away With Cuticle Cutting

No longer is it considered safe to cut the cuticle. For cutting not only coarsens the cuticle and makes ragged little edges which soon become hang-nails, but infections often come from the tiny cuts made by scissors that penetrate to living tissue. Use Cutex Cuticle Remover. This antiseptic liquid loosens adhering cuticle from the nails, and keeps the nail rims smooth and lovely. Endorsed by doctors and nurses. Recommended by beauty experts. Price 35c.



Send for this Introductory Manicure Set  
—sufficient for Six Complete Manicures—only 12 cents.

Fill out the coupon below and mail it with 12c in coins or stamps for the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set containing trial sizes of Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board, and manicure stick, enough for six complete manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. Q-2, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail this coupon with 12c to-day

Northam Warren, Dept. Q-2  
114 West 17th St., New York City.

I enclose 12c for  
Cutex Introductory  
Manicure Set.

Name.....

Street  
(or P. O. Box).....

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

# Gossip

## East and West

By Cal York

He has a dictagraph  
in every studio  
in Hollywood  
and New York.  
Nothing gets by him



Director King Vidor, Loretta Taylor and the famous dog, Michael, during lunch hour at the making of "Peg O' My Heart." Miss Taylor has since returned East to star in a stage version of Fannie Hurst's "Humoresque"

**BEBE DANIELS** has gone clothes mad since she reached New York, take it from her chum, Lila Lee. In Hollywood the girls dress very simply, in sweaters and sport skirts, mostly. Knee length dresses are still being worn, there, and so the trailing frocks came as something of a shock to Bebe. The shock was so severe that, every time she goes out for a walk she comes back with something new in the way of a gown, or a hat, or a pair of imported slippers, or an evening coat.

"If she comes swaggering in here displaying any more French models to me, I do believe that I shall pick a quarrel with her in self-defense," mourns Lila, "even if she is the dearest friend I've got!"

**UP** along Broadway there's a big electric sign that gives a glittering message to the world. "Come inside," it says, "Rex Ingram's Trifling Women Here." Well, it pays to advertise. But it also pays, sometimes, to punctuate!

**I**n the lobby of a New York theater a few nights ago, a little man was standing, smoking, between the acts. He was an unfortunate little man who seemed to have a genius for getting in the way. Folk stumbled over him and jostled against him, and made pointed, cutting remarks about people who cluttered up the landscape. The little man just blushed, and tried to make his feet and hands seem smaller, and looked so very mournful that it was a wonder people didn't recognize him.

It was Buster Keaton.

**A**t the Lyric theater, during the second part of "Robin Hood," the merry men come skipping in from the green wood. It was then that a member of our staff heard the following remark, sotto voice, from some hard-boiled member of the audience. "Dennishawn dancers, I call 'em," said the voice, "My Gawd, ain't they merry!"

**O**RA CAREW has married a man just out of jail. Lest you think for a moment that this precedes another "revelation" of life in the Hollywood film

colony we hasten to add that Miss Carew's future hubby, in speeding across Los Angeles to reach Miss Carew, was, to put it plainly, pinched for speeding. He is John C. Howard, son of a wealthy Haverhill, Mass., manufacturer of salad dressing.

Dry your tears. Ora is not to retire from the screen despite her marriage. In fact, she's to be starred by an independent company.

**DO** you want to play "Trilby"?

James Young is looking for a young lady to impersonate the Du Maurier heroine in his picturization of the play.

"She must," says Mr. Young, "be an exact counterpart of Du Maurier's drawings of Trilby. She must be or at least be able to look very, very young. She must be tall. She must have a large mouth. I don't want

any of these girls with 'bee stung lips.' She must be an Irish type, but most of all she must have the prettiest pair of feet in America. Trilby, you remember, had the loveliest tootsies in all Paris."

At the risk of incurring Mr. Young's permanent dislike, we give you his address: United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

**T**HE costumes for "Trilby" are being designed in Paris. All we can remember about Trilby's costume was that she wore an old military jacket and bare feet. By the way—who is going to take the part of Trilby, herself?

**R**ODOLPH VALENTINO is finding that an author's life is almost as hard as an  
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 72]



Edsel Ford, son of the famous Henry, was a guest of the Ballins when the first scenes of "Vanity Fair" were shot. Mabel Ballin, who plays Becky Sharp, is in front of the lens and Edsel is helping Hugo Ballin grind the camera



For a thorough cleansing, the cream with just the right amount of oil

# Every normal skin needs two creams

Every day dust and fine particles of dirt bore deep into the pores of the skin. Ordinary washing will not reach this deepest dirt—and yet if it is allowed to stay your skin will lose its lovely clear transparent look and become dull looking.

To give your skin a thorough cleansing and one that is actually stimulating you need a cold cream made especially for the purpose. A cream made with oil—just enough to work into the pores and loosen every particle of dirt and of that particular light consistency that will not overload the pores or stretch them.

The cream that is made in just this way is Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth it in with your finger tips every night before retiring. After you have let it stay a minute wipe it off with a soft cloth. The grime on the cloth will convince you how thorough a cleansing the cream gives. The soft refreshed feeling it leaves will tell you how supple and fresh its nightly use will keep your skin.

For day and evening, as a base for powder, you need an entirely different cream—one that the skin will absorb instantly.

### *The kind of cream to hold the powder*

Instead of oil (which *will* come out in a shine), an entirely different ingredient is used—one famous for its softening and soothing effect, yet absolutely free from grease. It results in a cream so delicate that it can be worn all day without danger of clogging the pores.

The cream known all over the world as having been made especially for this purpose is Pond's Vanishing Cream. Always smooth it on *before* you powder. Absorbed instantly it makes your skin feel and look softer and smoother at once. Powder put on over the smooth velvety surface this cream gives your skin goes on evenly and clings for hours.

Together these two creams meet every need of the skin. Use them both every day. Both are so delicate in texture they cannot clog the pores. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

**POND'S**  
*Cold Cream for cleansing*  
*Vanishing Cream*  
*to hold the powder*

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

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

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

Name.....

Street.....

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



Here is how the big punch of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" was shot. It was at Kettle Falls, Washington, that Director Clarence Badger wrecked four ferry boats before he got one to go over the falls as he wished

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

actor's. The Valentinos recently acquired a vivacious monkey. While Rodolph was engaged in writing the first installment of his autobiography, which begins in this issue of PHOTOPLAY, the simian pet perched behind him and closely watched every word he penned. Suddenly and without warning the erudite monkey, with a look of disapproval, reached down and tore up two manuscript pages. Whereupon the unhappy Ruddy exclaimed in the immortal words of Merton—"That monkey's not only my pal—he's my severest critic."

**PEARL WHITE** is a great woman.

She has sense enough not to make speeches. When the first showing of her new serial, "Plunder," occurred, Pearl, as the star, was present, in a fetching little white hat and short white fur coat. In response to the applause Miss White rose and said:

"We're all partners in crime, and I hope the crime will be profitable."

Pearl's sky-blue Rolls Royce has been one of the showiest motors in Manhattan. The rumor hounds are busy wondering how Pearl possibly exists these days, as she is said to be down to her last hundred thousand dollars. By the way, wonder what happened to Pearl's Parisian Duke?

**IF** you think Jackie Coogan is one of those dreadful stage children, listen to this.

Frank Lloyd directed Jackie in "Oliver Twist." "The thing that stimulated him

most in the making of the picture was my promise to give him a toy electric train if he did good work," said the director. "He had seen one of these trains in a shop window and his heart was set on it. All during the filming of the picture Jackie had his mind on that train. After we'd get through a scene in which Jackie didn't do so well he would ask me, 'Well, Mr. Lloyd, did you hear the train that time?' And I would say, 'Yes, but it sounded way far off; you didn't do so well; let's try it over.'"

Jackie got the train, all right. What do you bet it was especially for the marvellous scene where he runs after the coach, turning handspings until he can't keep up with it any more?

**MONTE BLUE'S** wife is suing him for divorce. They have been separated for some time, Mr. Blue living in hotels and his wife occupying the family residence. Desertion is alleged by Mrs. Blue.

**WILL HAYS** went to California to make a "model city" out of Hollywood.

Mr. Hays is quoted as saying that he has nothing to do with the actors' morals and manners; that the "model city" stuff means the actual business of making pictures. Hollywood should be the most efficient industrial community in the world, and Mr. Hays has every hope for it.

He sent out a Tammany ex-postmaster of New York to be his permanent Los Angeles representative.

Well, they ought to get quick mail service out of it anyhow.

**CONTRARY** to report, Marie Prevost and Louise Fazenda do not share the title rôle of "The Beautiful and Damned," although both former Sennettters appear in it.

**THEODORE ROBERTS** uncorked this one at one of the banquets given for the Paramount convention.

A young man, says Theodore, in the Los Angeles Athletic Club, was discussing health laws and rules of keeping in condition and he had a good deal to say about ice water. "There's nothing like plenty of ice water to keep you fit," he said, "Three glasses before breakfast, three before lunch and three just before you go to bed. It's great."

An elderly gentleman of calm demeanor regarded him for a moment and then remarked, "H—mm. Ice water. Like ice water, eh? Ever drink any whiskey, young man?"

"No sir, never drink."

"Never drank any whiskey, eh? Never been drunk?"

"Certainly not. Never in my life."

"Never been drunk and woke up the next morning, after you'd imbibed too freely the night before?"

"No sir."

"Then let me tell you, son, you don't know one thing about ice water."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 74]





# Their little woolens are sensitive as a baby's skin



**W**OOLENS must be washed as carefully as their small owner's rosy cheeks. Strong soap shrinks and coarsens woolens, just as it coarsens and chaps a child's soft skin.

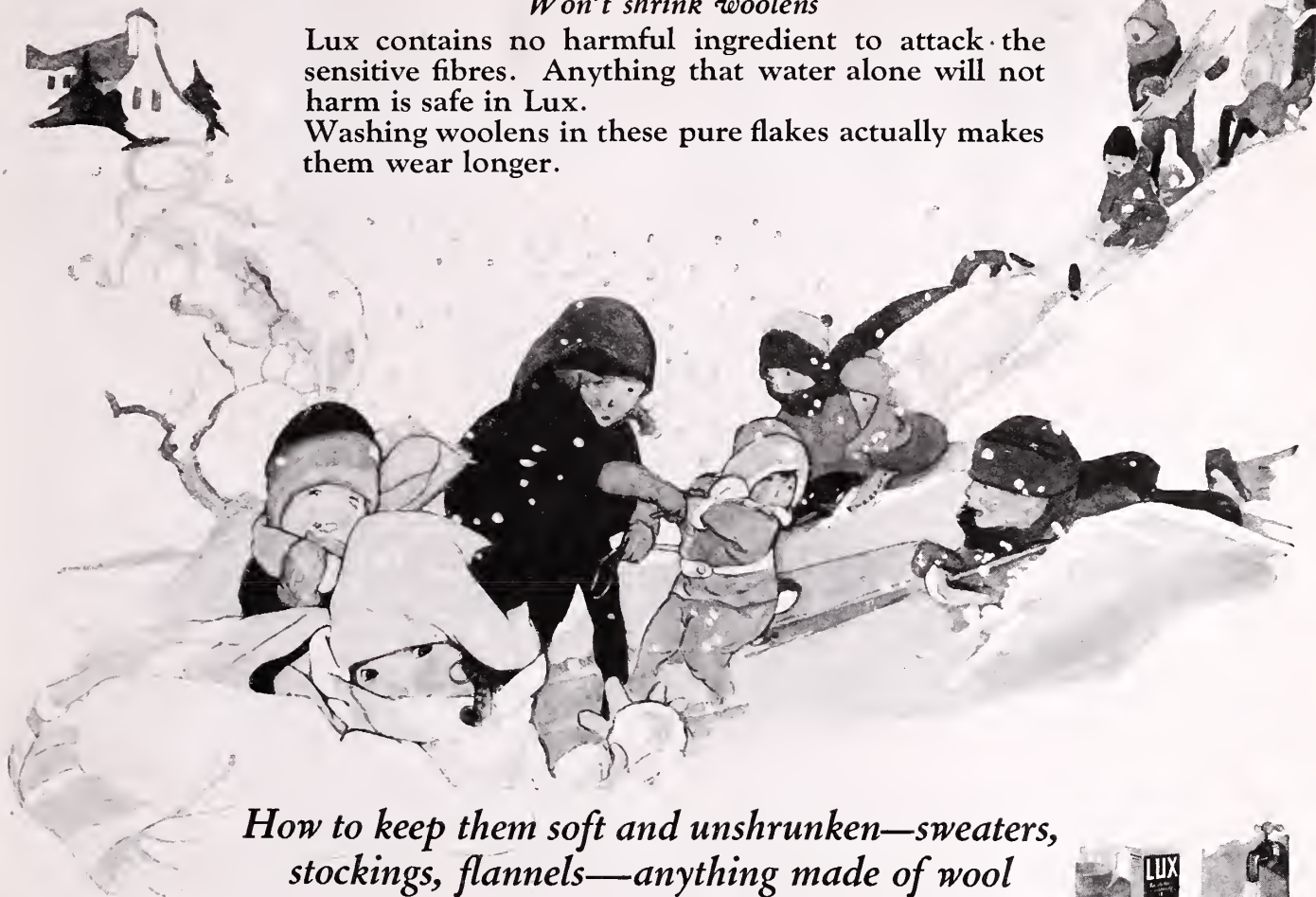
The rubbing so ruinous to woolens is not necessary with Lux.

A harsh soap "felts" and shrinks wool—and a shrunken woolen is an old woolen, scratchy, uncomfortable, its charm all gone.

## *Won't shrink woolens*

Lux contains no harmful ingredient to attack the sensitive fibres. Anything that water alone will not harm is safe in Lux.

Washing woolens in these pure flakes actually makes them wear longer.



## *How to keep them soft and unshrunken—sweaters, stockings, flannels—anything made of wool*

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a wash-bowl of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. **Do not rub.** Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring.

For colored woolens make suds

and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly. Lux won't cause any color to run not affected by pure water alone.

*Dry woolens in an even, moderate temperature.*

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 93, Cambridge, Mass.



## *For washing dishes*

Three times every day your hands are in the dishpan. Don't let them get that in-the-dishpan look.

Wash your dishes in pure Lux suds. Lux won't redden your hands; won't coarsen them even gradually.

*These manufacturers recommend Lux for woolens*

Ascher's Knit Goods

Carter's Knit Underwear

Jaeger's Woolens

North Star Blankets

The Fleisher Yarns

# LUX



International Newsreel Photo

The Chaplin coat of arms that thrilled all Hollywood when it appeared on his automobile. It was dug up by experts on heraldry. To the right is the coat of arms that Chaplin conceived and executed himself



limousine outside while Pola Negri adorns it inside.

Chaplin has been assured, after years of research, by the Guido Pitoni Heraldic Library that he has a right to use the Chaplin shield, and that he is of the same family as many members of the British nobility. This assurance has been confirmed by records of coats of arms in the library of Sir J. Burke, author of "Burke's Peerage."

There are, it appears, two distinguished families bearing the name Chaplin in the lists of British aristocracy. They are headed by Sir Francis Drummond Percy Chaplin, and Henry, Viscount Chaplin.

Anyway, the man with the funny shoes now has a coat of arms that can stand with the best of them. So that the Countess Pola need have no fears of a mesalliance.

CECIL DE MILLE, who is conceded to be something of a judge of feminine beauty, had not met Nita Naldi, famous screen vamp, when she first arrived on the Lasky lot in Hollywood.

But he walked up the stairs just behind her, and had a view of a pair of very lovely, silk-clad ankles.

Turning to his brother William, and without raising his eyes, Mr. de Mille inquired briefly, "Who are those?"

PRISCILLA DEAN has taken a stand which is the first of its kind in films.

Universal bought for a Dean vehicle Alice Brady's stage play, "Driftin'." Miss Dean read the script and announced that she would not appear in it because the heroine, *Cassie Cook*, is an immoral character.

The company says that if William Brady allowed his daughter to star in it, Priscilla should be willing to overcome her squeamishness and do likewise, as it's a real dramatic plum. Priscilla has put her small and shapely foot down. Don't you love these things.

THOMAS MEIGHAN'S latest picture, "Back Home and Broke," had an auspicious premiere at White Sulphur Springs, Va., on December 15. The governors of the various states of these United States were in session and the George Ade picture was shown by special invitation. Ade and Meighan were present.

SPEAKING of George Ade, reminds us of a little story being told about the two. They were at dinner in a smart New York restaurant the other night when the famous author overheard someone at a nearby table remark: "Who on earth is that homely man Meighan is wasting an evening with?"

ANOTHER tale, almost as good, is being told of the head of one of the largest distributing companies. He was a member of a dinner party recently. Another member of the party was a stunning black eyed and black haired girl. Mr. Distributor was very much interested and he remarked, "Do you know you ought to be on the screen—I wouldn't be at all surprised if you were a good type." Just then someone seized upon the film possibility as a dance partner and the distributor had time to inquire her name from another member of the party. "Don't you know her?" said his friend. "Why, that's Bebe Daniels!" They had to help Mr. Distributor to a taxi.

CAL YORK is glad to recount the fact that, for all his success, Harold Lloyd is still the unspoiled young bachelor of filmdom. Money and fame haven't turned his head. One of the curious things about Lloyd's popularity is the fact that no one ever recognizes him on the street. Maybe, the missing spectacles account for this. Anyway, Lloyd slipped unrecognized into all the New York theaters. Only one audience, at the Ziegfeld Follies, "got" him, and then only because Will Rogers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

LOUISE FAZENDA has been selected as the model for "Morning" a very beautiful and elaborate statue to be made by Frolich, famous sculptor.

She is to begin posing for him at once. And beside being a fine comedian, an artists' model, and a regular girl, Louise makes the best fruit cake I ever ate.

CORINNE GRIFFITH has left Vitagraph and will make one picture in California before coming east to begin work on a series of productions under the direction of her husband, Webster Campbell.

THE CLUB ROYALE, between Hollywood and Santa Monica and just outside of Culver City, has become the favorite dancing and dining place of the movie stars. Max Fischer, who owns it and whose famous orchestra furnishes its dance music, used to be the violinist on Cecil de Mille's set, and everyone remembers him around the studios.

On Wednesday evening, which was Texas night with Tom Mix as guest of honor, I saw Alice Lake, in a lovely frock of orchid chiffon and one of those new dinner hats that are all feathers, Mae Busch, in glittering green sequins, with a wreath of diamond leaves in her hair, Agnes Ayres, in mahogany satin, Lew Cody and Peggy Elinor and Phyllis Haver—Phil all in close fitting black—Anna Q. Nilsson, in a cerise velvet gown—oh, just lots of picturesque looking beauties.

However, Levy's little cafe on the Boulevard has rapidly become the place to lunch. The

other day I was there and you couldn't look five inches without seeing a movie star. Larry Trimble and Jane Murfin, accompanied by "Strongheart," were enjoying brook trout. Dorothy Dalton was lunching with a party of studio executives. Priscilla Dean came in with a party of girls. Viola Dana and Gaston Glass had a table against the wall, and Barbara La Marr and Mae Busch were gossiping in a corner. Helene Chadwick dashed in for a hurried bite, and Agnes Ayres and her director, Paul Powell, ate with a script in one hand, evidently between scenes.

MRS. ROY STEWART is responsible for this one.

She had just heard that Cecil de Mille was to make a tremendous production of the Ten Commandments.

"And I suppose he'll turn the Red Sea into a bathroom," she said pensively.

CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN, king of film comedians, has a coat of arms.

And it isn't composed of the immortal shoes, the trick cane and the dear old derby hat, either.

No, indeed. This one is an escutcheon bearing a silver helmet, draped with laurel leaves, above a red shield upon which are six silver billets and a golden bar. Doesn't it sound elegant?

It likewise bears the inscription "Audacia et Fortis"—whatever that means.

Oh yes, "Audacious and Brave."

Anyway, this device now adorns the Chaplin



# When She Grows Up

She will be beautiful, of course, in the rosy future pictured by a mother's dreams. But—this future beauty will not be left to chance, for modern mothers know how to make their dreams come true.

Her first concern will be care of the little daughter's complexion, to protect its smooth, fresh, childish texture from injury through careless treatment. Proper cleansing is the secret, and use of the proper cleanser. The skin must not be robbed of its own natural beautifying oil, yet it must be kept thoroughly clean.

Only soap and water used daily will keep the skin properly clean, so the problem lies in the choice of soap. You want the mildest, most soothing and lotion-like soap which can be made. Such soap is yours in Palmolive.

### *Soap and cosmetic combined*

Palmolive is the modern development of an ancient beauty secret, discovered by the Egyptians 3,000 years ago. They learned that palm and olive oils were wonderful beautifiers. Crudely blended, they were used as cleansers as well as to keep the skin smooth and soft.

These rare oils, scientifically blended in Palmolive, produce far more than mere soap. It permits thorough, beautifying cleansing without danger of drying the skin. It soothes, refreshes and stimulates, resulting in becoming natural bloom and glow.

Such cleansing, every day, results in a clear, healthy skin, and is the basis of complexion beauty.

### *Clogging the greatest danger*

Fear of thorough cleansing, or indifference to its importance, is the original cause of skin trouble. The daily accumulation of dirt, excess oil and perspiration combine with cold cream and powder to clog the tiny pores. Disfiguring coarseness from their enlargement is the first result.

The accumulated dirt produces blackheads, with the danger of infection, which causes blotches. Such a complexion is fatal to personal charm.

### *What to do*

Once every day, preferably at bed-time, wash your face thoroughly with Palmolive Soap. Work up a lather with your two hands and massage it thoroughly into the skin. Then rinse thoroughly. Use a fine, soft towel for drying.

If your skin is very dry, apply a little cold cream and wipe off what isn't quickly absorbed. If your skin is normally oily you won't need it.

### *All can afford it*

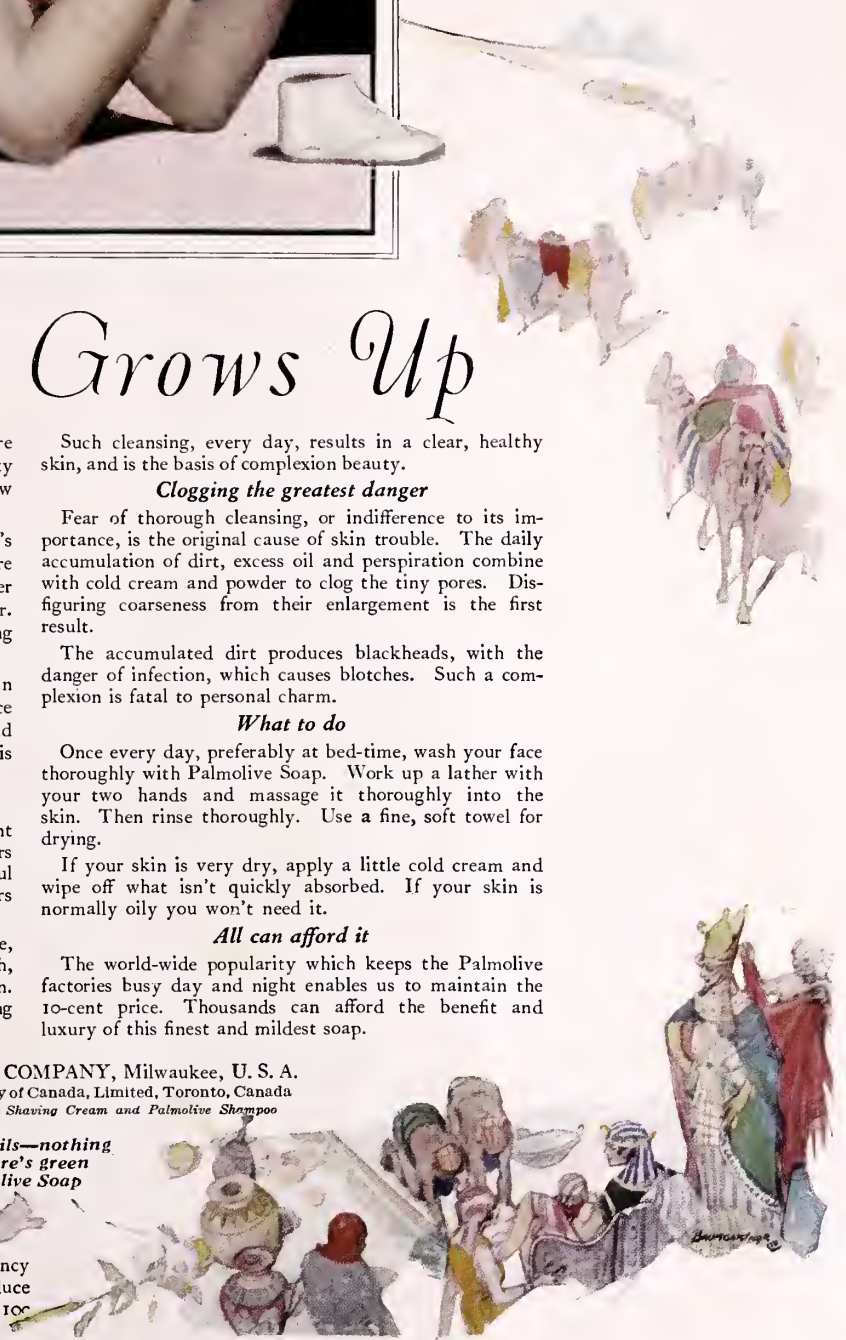
The world-wide popularity which keeps the Palmolive factories busy day and night enables us to maintain the 10-cent price. Thousands can afford the benefit and luxury of this finest and mildest soap.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.  
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada  
Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

*Palm and Olive Oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap*

10c

Volume and efficiency enable us to produce 25c quality for only 10c



All PHILIPSBORN'S Styles  
Endorsed by Irene Castle,  
Foremost Fashion Authority.



"PHILIPSBORN'S 33<sup>rd</sup> Anniversary  
Style Book Excels Them All-  
and Offers Wonderful Savings!"  
Irene Castle

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# PHILIPSBORN'S STYLE BOOK

## "33<sup>rd</sup> Anniversary Edition"

Excels Them All - Says IRENE CASTLE!!

Charming Irene Castle—film star, dancer and butterfly of fashion—whose exquisite costumes are a delight to millions—is the supreme authority on clothes, a subject that is very close to every feminine heart. Irene Castle says—

"PHILIPSBORN'S 33<sup>rd</sup> Anniversary Style Book excels them all and offers wonderful savings. I advise every reader of this magazine to send for a copy."

Send for your FREE copy TODAY!!!

**312 Pages of Fashions  
More Than 3,000 Bargains!**

This beautiful Style Book offers almost an endless variety of the newest, smartest and loveliest fashions, and don't forget that styles have changed as never before. See the new captivating dresses! Smart tailored suits! Handsome coats! Stunning hats! Gorgeous blouses! Dainty underthings! Lovely party frocks! Gloves, hosiery, shoes and other accessories—wearing apparel for every member of the family. And such values!—they are truly sensational.

**3 Million Families  
Do Their Shopping Here!**

No other house has won the friendship and good will and loyalty of such a vast number of customers in so short a time. **ONE MILLION MORE CUSTOMERS FOR 1923 IS OUR GOAL. WE WANT YOU AS OUR CUSTOMER.**

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**Money Back Guarantee  
Most Liberal in America!**

Your money back instantly and return delivery charges as well if you are not pleased. We refund every penny and we do it promptly and cheerfully. No other but YOU are the judge.

**Send Your Coupon Today!!**

Your name and address on the Coupon or Postal will bring the Wonder Book of Anniversary Bargains FREE. Be sure to write today!



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Easter is Early - April 1st.**

**NOW is the Time  to Mail the COUPON!**

Philipsborn's, Dept. 150, Chicago, Ill.

Please send copy of Philipsborn's Style and Shopping Guide for Spring and Summer.

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PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY

**PHILIPSBORN'S**  
Founded 1890  
**Department - 150 - Chicago, Ill.**

# The Twelve Greatest Figures

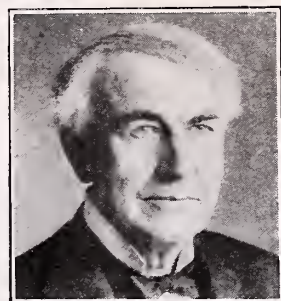
## In Motion Pictures Today



DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

**A** LIST of the twelve greatest figures in the motion picture industry of today has just been compiled by the *Motion Picture News*, one of the leading trade journals devoted to films. Many of these were selected by an overwhelming majority of the ballots cast by producers, distributors, exhibitors and stars. The competition on a few of them was quite close.

The selections were made, not from the standpoint of popularity, but in an effort to decide on the people who have had the greatest influence and have done the most effective work toward the improvement of the screen. *Mary Pickford* is the only woman in the list.



THOMAS A. EDISON



SAMUEL L. ROTHAFEL

**DAVID WARK GRIFFITH, Director-producer.**

Because he was the first director to take the screen seriously, creating the greatest number of useful innovations in production.

**SAMUEL L. ROTHAFEL, Exhibitor.**

Because he was the first to work at a vision of the great entertainment possibilities of the world's best music with pictures.

**ADOLPH ZUKOR, President of Paramount Pictures.**

Because his organization, due largely to his business genius and insight, has assisted in the financial stabilization of pictures.

**GEORGE EASTMAN, President Eastman Kodak Company.**

Because of his dependable production of the fundamental physical supplies; and his Eastman Theater at Rochester, N. Y.



WILLIAM A. JOHNSTON



ADOLPH ZUKOR

**MARY PICKFORD, Actress-producer.**

Because she was the first big box office attraction and because she has made a sincere effort to keep faith with her public.

**CHARLES CHAPLIN, Actor, director, producer.**

Because, judged by all the scientific standards of genius, he is the one genius the motion picture has directly produced.

**DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Actor-producer.**

Because he abandoned an established type of product and gambled in bigger things, through a desire to make better pictures.

**THOMAS ALVA EDISON, Inventor.**

Because he evolved the one workable method of making motion pictures, thus making the films possible as a business.

**WILLIAM A. JOHNSTON, Editor "Motion Picture News."**

Because he created and developed a high type of trade journal, and has endeavored to maintain it honestly and fearlessly.

**WILL H. HAYS, Director-general of the film industry.**

Because he has focussed public attention on pictures; because he led the victory in the Massachusetts censorship battle.

**J. D. WILLIAMS, Executive.**

Because he organized First National, which brought the exhibitor in closer touch with the producer, and encouraged independents.

**CECIL B. deMILLE, Director.**

Because he is one of the best optical reporters of our time, combining artistry and entertainment; because he has made many stars.



WILL HAYS



GEORGE EASTMAN



J. D. WILLIAMS



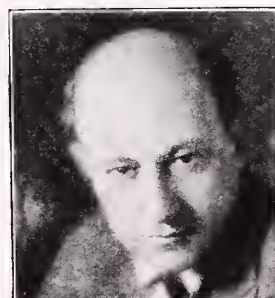
MARY PICKFORD



CHARLES CHAPLIN



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS



CECIL B. deMILLE



Rear Admiral R. H. Jackson of Uncle Sam's Pacific Fleet visited the Mayer studio while Fred Niblo was making "The Famous Mrs. Fair." Like all visitors, the sea-dog was immediately snapped conversing with his host

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

introduced him as "the model boy of the movies."

An odd incident occurred after Lloyd went to a matinee with a member of PHOTOPLAY's editorial staff. When they emerged from the theater, a heavy rain was falling and the two stepped back under a store awning to await a passing taxi. At that moment the store proprietor rushed out and shouted: "You boys can't stand there blocking trade!" Little did he know that he was brushing away a million dollar attraction!

MARY MILES MINTER is to return to the stage. Just as soon as she finishes her last picture for Famous Players-Lasky she'll come back to Broadway. When she left it she was a child star in "The Littlest Rebel"; and she hasn't used her voice in public in the meantime.

MARY PICKFORD deserves a bouquet for one little episode in "Tess of the Storm Country" in which she broke all precedents.

When the husky villain was walloping the tar out of the nice young man did Mary stand by like a foolish virgin registering horror?

No sir-ee, she stepped right in and crowned that tough guy with a chair.

Now that Mary's done it watch all the little scenario copy cats make little wildcats of their ingenues.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN admitted a month ago that Pola Negri is his "sweetheart." And to no less a person than Charles Schwab.

At an "all-star dancing contest" in Los Angeles, the comedian, the tragedienne, and the steel magnate were present. "That's a pretty girl you have with you tonight," Mr. Schwab is said to have declared.

"Isn't she?" smiled Charlie. And then he added, "Just between you and me, she is my sweetheart."

"Splendid," replied the steel magnate. "I congratulate you both."

Charlie smiled — and said nothing.

FROM a Berlin paper came a cable. Pola, it declared, wasn't free to marry Mr. Chaplin, because she was still the wife of

Count Donski. Pola said she is not; and to prove it showed reporters her divorce papers.

HOPE HAMPTON is a featured member of the cast of a new Fox production. When she finishes work in this, she will do "Lawful Larceny" for Famous Players, as a featured member of an all-star cast under the direction of George Fitzmaurice. Then she will make one more picture for First National under her existing contract with that company.

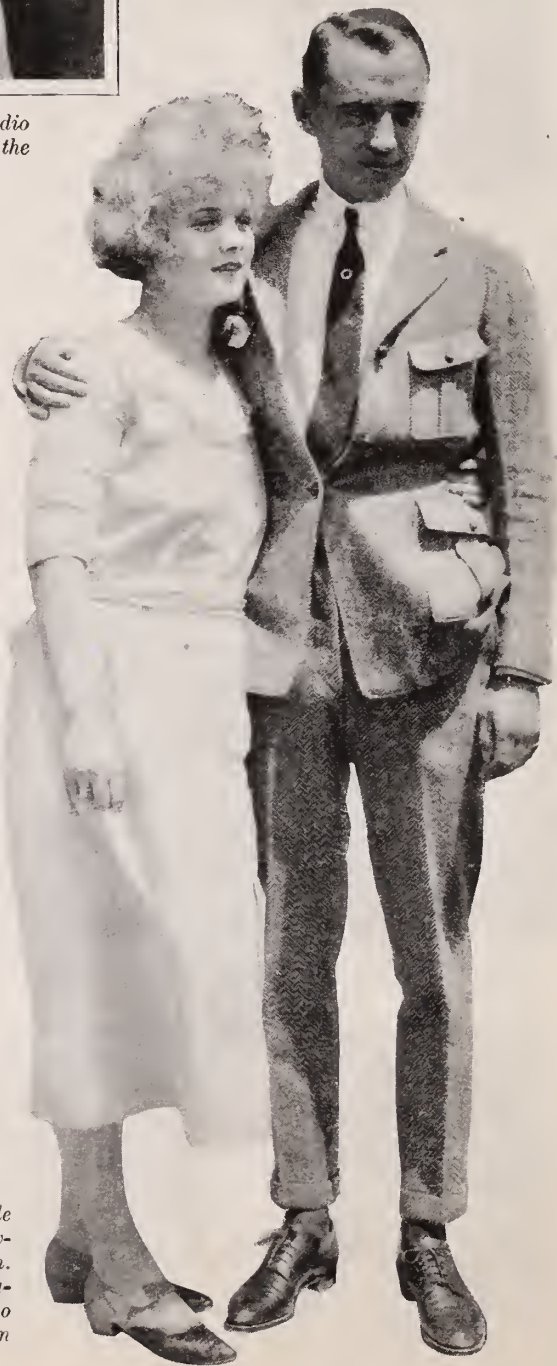
TO Miss Norma Talmadge goes the prize for the most sage saying of the month.

Upon her return from Europe and points east, Mrs. Schenck said: "No, we did not film any scenes for 'The Garden of Allah' in Arabia. We decided we could get much better Arabian scenes in California."

THE feminine film contingent in New York should stage a vaudeville act and call it the Marshmallow Sisters. So many of the little dears are wearing ermine. Long ermine capes to the theaters and the supper clubs; and little snappy white fur coats in the day time.

Hope Hampton had the first short white coat in New York—or else she appeared in hers

At last a cameraman has been able to catch a picture of Wanda Hawley and her husband, Burton. Wanda has terminated her Paramount contract but she has no cause for worry. Doesn't Burton own a garage?



before any one else did. With her lovely auburn hair and deep blue eyes Hope was nice to look at. You may not think her a great actress; you may even avoid her pictures—but you must admit she's a good looking gal.

D. W. GRIFFITH has begun his new picture, a southern story called "The White Rose." Carol Dempster and Mae Marsh share feminine honors, although which one of them is to have the title role has not been divulged. Ivor Novello, an actor and composer well known in England and Europe, has been imported to play the leading man's role.

Not so long ago Mr. Griffith was talking about the way his players had of leaving his company after he had introduced them to fame. He named Mary Pickford, the Gish girls, Richard Barthelmess, Mae Marsh and many others as instances. He helped make them famous—and then they left the old homestead to seek their fortunes!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]



## The Art of Powdering

By MME. JEANNETTE

As a rule women give too little thought to the way they use powder. Perhaps one reason is that for so many years powder has been a necessary part of the toilette among practically all classes of women.

Powdering correctly is so simple if you will just use a little thought.

Be sure to select a shade of face powder that will tone in with your own coloring. Many a lovely face has been very nearly spoiled by flesh-colored powder on an olive skin, or the rachel shade used by a delicately tinted blonde.

—:—

Powder should be placed first upon the portions of the face that are normally whitest—brow, chin, and nose—then a delicate coating brushed over the whole face. And above all be sure that you do powder your face all over. It is impossible to emphasize this too strongly, for one of the greatest crimes against appearance is that the work of powdering is so often left unfinished. A woman is too apt to forget that, when her face is freshly washed, the skin on her temples and under her chin is the same color; and never by any possible chance does nature make the mistake of having the one several shades lighter or of a different texture than the other. So be sure that these often-neglected outside edges are given the same attention that you give to nose and chin. Nature always blends, and it is by powdering correctly that you can best get this desired effect.

—:—

When you have that uncomfortable feeling that you need more powder, and there is perhaps no mirror near, always pass your handkerchief over your nose first. The pores of the nose are so constituted that there is usually more moisture there than on any other part of the face. This means that powder becomes damp and may cake, so it is wiser to remove what may be left of the first layer, before using more.

—:—

Pompeian Beauty Powder is absolutely pure, and harmless to any skin, smooth, fine in texture, will not flake, and stays on for hours.

*Jeannette*

Specialiste de Beauté

## Beauty at Your Finger Tips

TODAY, as the possibilities of intelligent care of the skin are becoming more generally realized, it is literally true that thousands upon thousands of women are growing younger in looks, and likewise in spirits.

The secret of restoring and retaining a youthful complexion lies chiefly in the faithful and well-directed use of the proper sorts of face creams. The constant employment of creams by actresses in removing make-up is largely responsible for the clearness and smoothness of their skins.

First, the beautiful skin must be clean, with a cleanliness more thorough than is attainable by mere soap-and-water washing. The pores must be cleansed to the same depth that they absorb.

This is one of the functions of Pompeian Night Cream. It penetrates sufficiently to reach the embedded dust. Its consistency causes it to mingle with the natural oil of the pores, and so to bring out all foreign matter easily and without irritation to the tissues.

The beautiful skin must be soft, with plastic muscles and good blood-circulation

beneath. A dry, tight skin cannot have the coveted peachblow appearance; set muscles make furrows; poor circulation causes paleness and sallowness.

Pompeian Night Cream provides the necessary skin-softening medium to skins that lack the normal degree of oil saturation. Gentle massaging with it flexes the facial muscles, stimulates the blood circulation and tones up all the facial tissues.

Upon retiring, first use Pompeian Night Cream as a cleanser; apply with the fingers and then wipe off with a soft cloth, freeing the pores of all the day's accumulated dust and dirt. Afterward apply the cream to nourish the skin, leaving it on over night.

The faithful following of this simple treatment works wonders in the skin—removing roughness, redness, and blackheads, and warding off wrinkles, flabbiness and sallowness. It is the most approved treatment for restoring and retaining a youthful complexion.

POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM	50c per jar
POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (vanishing)	60c per jar
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER	60c per box
POMPEIAN BLOOM (the rouge)	60c per box

Send the coupon with ten cents for samples of Pompeian Night Cream, Day Cream, Beauty Powder, and Bloom. New 1923 Pompeian Art Panel of Mary Pickford sent with these samples.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2131 PAYNE AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO  
Also Made in Canada



# Pompeian Night Cream

Cleansing and Skin-Nourishing

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES

2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for the samples named in offer. Also send 1923 Pompeian Art Panel of Mary Pickford.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Flesh shade powder sent unless you write another below.



Priscilla Dean



Anita Stewart



Colleen Moore



Corinne Griffith



Mae Murray



Alice Calhoun



Claire Windsor



Patsy Ruth Miller



Mabel Ballin

# The secret of having beautiful hair

*How famous movie stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant*

NO one can be really attractive, without beautiful well-kept hair.

Study the pictures of these beautiful women. Just see how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

**When oily, dry or dull**

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if

it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

## The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet-goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

*Splendid for children—  
Fine for men*



# Mulsified REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Coconut Oil Shampoo





## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**NINON.**—How French you are. You interperse your letter with Gallic phrases and I haven't the least idea what you're talking about. I gather, however, that you wish to know Valentino's real name. It's Guglielmi. And don't ask me in your next letter how to pronounce it, for I don't know. A list of Valentino's pictures to date—at least since he has become a celebrity—include: "The Four Horsemen," "The Conquering Power," "The Sheik," "Camille," "Moran of the Lady Letty," "Beyond the Rocks," "Blood and Sand" and "The Young Rajah."

**OKLAHOMA ROSE.**—I am not accustomed to such courteous consideration as you accord me. I don't know quite how to meet it. I can counter the caustic quips and dodge the blows; but kindness I can give only a blank look. Mahlon Hamilton was *Big Jim Powers* in "Under Oath" and his wife is not an actress and you may reach him at Lasky's. You're welcome; come again, but don't be so polite next time.

**M. E. M., GREEN SPRING, WEST VA.**—Sounds cool and restful. And I suppose it's anything but that, to judge from your snappy epistle. You have decided prejudices, haven't you? "The Long Trail" was enacted by the following: Lou Tellegen as *Andre Dubois*; Mary Fuller as *Louise Graham*; Winifred Allen as *Michelle Dubois*; Sidney Bracy as *Paul Graham*; Franklin Woodruff as *Constable Joyce*.

**D. D., SAN DIEGO.**—Mary Pickford hasn't bobbed her hair. What a calamity that would be. I can't imagine Mary without her curls any more than I can imagine Mona Lisa without her half-smile. Mary Pickford popularized the pout and made curls famous. Jay Belasco with Mary Miles Minter in "Jenny Be Good." Lloyd Whitlock was *Dr. Sherman Moss* in "Kissed," with Marie Prevost.

**PAULINE.**—I have never seen William Fairbanks on the screen. Doug keeps me pretty busy here, answering questions about him;

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

and in the cinemas, trying to keep up with his breathless escapes. Bill Fairbanks is not married and may be addressed at 5549 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

**AUGUSTA.**—Thomas Meighan pronounces it Mee-an, with the accent on the first syllable; and he should know. Tom was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1887. He has been married only once, and never divorced. Miss Frances Ring is the permanent Mrs. Meighan.

**GRAYCE, BANGOR, MAINE.**—Aren't you rude! You berate me for so many things I don't know which to defend myself against. Don't you like my picture—as if I can help how I look. And you don't like my description of Kenneth Harlan. I cannot change Mr. Harlan's height, weight and coloring even to please you. And, while your displeasure is almost more than I can bear, I will manage somehow until, in some brighter day, maybe years and years from now, you will change your mind. I will wait, Grayce.

**LENORE.**—I would be only too willing to acknowledge my mistake if I've made one. But Colleen Moore's eyes are blue and brown—both. That is, one's blue and one's brown. But just to make it up to you for losing your

wager, I will apologize anyway. And even you must admit that it is rather handsome of me.

**M. H. H., CITRONVILLE, ALABAMA.**—Valentino is not a bigamist. According to the laws of California he should not have remarried until he received his final decree of divorce. He married Winifred Hudnut in Mexico after he received his interlocutory decree from Jean Acker. It is understood he and Miss Hudnut, who is professionally known as Natacha Rambova, will remarry as soon as the law permits. Rambova designed the artistic settings of Nazimova's "Camille" and "Salome."

**ALICE S., MONTCLAIR, N. J.**—I won't be sarcastic. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings and am sincerely sorry if I was short with you. I must have been in a black mood that day or I should never have been sarcastic with you, Alice. Now will you please perk up and act like a human being? All right. Valentino's father was a Dr. Giovanni Guglielmi. Rodolph was twenty-seven years old May 6, 1922. He hasn't a home in East Orange. His home is in California, but he has been living in the east for some months now.

**GERRY.**—It is reasonably safe to assume the Talmadges are American. Norma was born in Niagara Falls and Constance and Natalie in Brooklyn. Bebe Daniels isn't married, or engaged—at least, she says she isn't; but this is not the fault of several young men who wouldn't be at all averse to becoming Mr. Daniels. Wallace Reid is working right along at the Lasky studios. He lives in Beverly Hills. So do the Bill Desmonds, Bill Hart, Pauline Frederick and Charles Ray.

**ARLEEN, OAKLAND.**—We're very high toned this month. Richard Dix isn't married. He lives with his mother near the Goldwyn studios in Culver City. Dix plays *John Storm* in "The Christian," supported by Mae Busch as *Glory Quayle*.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]



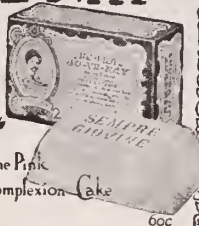
## SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY

Sempre  
Giovine

Meaning

"Always Young"

The Pink  
Complexion-Cake



Oh, Youth! Tender as the blush of early dawn and fresh as the sparkling dew! What can I do to preserve thee! This longing finds echo in every human heart.

Youth is not merely a matter of years—for the old may look young and the young may look old. A fine, clear complexion gives youth to the appearance. Keep your complexion "always young" with Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay.

### A Smooth Satiny Skin

results from the use of this fragrant complexion cake, requiring three months in the making and composed of the very affinity oils of the skin itself.

It cleanses—nourishes—beautifies—rids the pores entirely of dust and blackheads, makes a splendid powder foundation and produces a smoothness as velvety as roses' petals.

Prove to yourself that such a wonder beauty cake really exists by sending your name and address for a 7-day trial size cake free. It will show you why those who use Sem-pray-Jo-ve-nay are "always young."

Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Company  
Dept. 1252  
Grand Rapids, Michigan



Exquisitely  
Perfumed  
— 50c

A Powder  
Foundation  
— 50c

Natural  
Health Tint  
— 50c



Here is May Allison doing a Mae Murray in her newest picture, "The Woman Who Fooled Herself." We have already jotted down this photoplay in our memorandum book as one of the year's productions we must see

## Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

**R**ODOLPH VALENTINO must act for Famous Players or he may not act at all—at least until February, 1924.

The courts have decided that a contract is a contract. Valentino claimed he was assured it was like the Meighan contract when he signed it, but found it was very different.

**J**OSEPH HERGESHEIMER is now really recognized. The film producers have discovered him. Three of his best stories, "Java Head," "The Bright Shawl," and "Wild Oranges" are being screened. Leatrice Joy will star in the first, for Famous Players. Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish in the second—by the way, try to imagine the sprightly Dorothy as a seductive Spanish maiden.

**B**OB ELLIS, who is a good-looking leading man in his own right as well as being the husband of May Allison, used to be a police reporter in New York some years ago. At a little stag dinner party the other evening, Bob repeated the definition of news given to him by a famous city editor and it is now going the rounds of Newspaper Row in Los Angeles as well as of the film colony.

This editor was asked by a friend to define news. "What is news, anyway?" asked the friend. "You say this one has a nose for news and this one hasn't. What is news?"

"Well," said the editor meditatively, "It's hard to explain. But we'll say you have a very prominent man in your town—a bank president, very highly regarded citizen. If he walks out of his house one morning, and his dog bites him—that isn't news. It's a paragraph. But if he walks out of his house one morning and bites his dog—that's news."

**H**UGO BALLIN, who is making "Vanity Fair" with an all star cast composed of Mabel Ballin, Hobart Bosworth, Harrison Ford, George Walsh, and others, says that no one will be able to say his latest film is not historically accurate. It will, says director Hugo, be even more accurate than William Makepeace Thackeray wrote it.

Seems Thackeray didn't like the styles they wore in 1800, so he dressed his characters in the costumes of fifty years later. He mentions in his masterpiece the use of envelopes for letters—and envelopes were not used until

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]

# A DOLLAR will put Yourself in Her Place

**M**OST women find a lot of fun in window shopping and looking at beautiful styles in catalogs and magazines. But for most of us such fun usually ends in heart aches and even bitterness, because it all seems so far beyond our reach.

No matter who you are or where you live; no matter what your circumstances may be or how little or how much you spend on clothes, I think I can make it all a little pleasanter, easier and more satisfactory in the future. Whatever dreams of stylish clothes you may have, here is an opportunity to make your dream come true. However much you have ever admired some woman of your acquaintance for the clothes she wears, here is an opportunity for you without trouble or bother or extra expense to put yourself in her place.

It seems more like a fairy tale than anything else you can imagine. It may seem almost too good to be true, but I have been doing this for years. Hundreds of thousands of women all over America return to me season after season for all their clothes needs. I never go back on a promise. I guarantee every statement I make.

### One Example Among Thousands

On this page I show you a perfectly lovely little model in one of the season's newest fashions, exquisitely tailored in all wool Poiret Twill. It is a gem of a style. And as you examine it on the fashion figure you may wonder how you would look in her place. I'd love to actually put you in her place without promise or obligation, without expense or risk of any sort to you. It would give me no end of pleasure to send you this charming dress to try on, to examine and compare just as much as you please. My bargains are my pride. I am especially proud of this value. The matter of style has always been second nature to me, and I am glad to submit this model as an example of the thousands shown in my latest and most beautiful style book.

### Pin a Dollar to the Coupon

For just one dollar with your request, I'll send you this dress, postage prepaid, in your proper size, to examine as carefully as you please, to try on to your heart's content. The dollar that you send me brings the dress delivered to your home without one further penny's outlay, without the bother of any C. O. D., without even a thought of money until you decide you want it and to keep it.

### Take All Spring And Summer to Pay

If you find you would rather return it, do so without question. I'll refund your dollar at once. I'll also pay the return express. Money is the last thing you really need to worry about, because if you are delighted, you can pay balance of my bargain price almost as you please. I want you to spread the cost over all this Spring and Summer, taking a full six months, paying little by little in small sums, evenly divided, coming a mouth apart.

My whole business is conducted in exactly the same manner as this one example.

### A Post Card Brings My Free Style Book

This advertisement is intended simply as an example of my styles, my prices, my credit and my terms. My newest Style Book shows thousands of beautiful fashions, wonderfully complete departments in all lines of women's wear, as well as for the boys, little girls, misses and infants. It is by far the finest and biggest book I have ever issued. It is nearly double the size of former seasons.

### All Selections Sent Prepaid on Approval

With it, for a dollar or two you can make every dress dream come true. Everything will be sent you postage prepaid on approval. There will never be any embarrassment or red tape. I always allow a full half year to pay.

This being my greatest book, I anticipate a much larger demand than ever before, so please ask for your copy early. A plain letter or a postcard is enough.

### Here Are a Few Departments:

- |                |          |            |           |
|----------------|----------|------------|-----------|
| Aprons         | Corsets  | Millinery  | Suits     |
| Baby Needs     | Dresses  | Raincoats  | Sweaters  |
| Bathrobes      | Furs     | Petticoats | Underwear |
| Bloomers       | Gloves   | Shoes      | Waists    |
| Children's     | Hair     | Skirts     |           |
| and Boys' Wear | Goods    |            |           |
| Wraps          | Hosiery  |            |           |
| Coats          | Kimonas  |            |           |
|                | Lingerie |            |           |

### All Wool Poiret Twill Dress

I show directly below an exquisite little fashion that I'd like to send you for just a dollar deposit, postage prepaid. The fabric is guaranteed to be all wool Poiret Twill exceptionally tailored. It is effectively set off with an all around Bertha collar of dainty lace. Elbow length bell sleeves have attractive knife pleated cuffs. A distinctive all around narrow self material belt, falling in streamers in front, is ornamented with fancy cut steel buttons. Side panels, pleated to match cuffs, drop loosely from the belt at sides to below the hem of skirt. Yoke underlining of good grade satin finish cotton that wears excellently. Dress closes at sides with snap fasteners. Color: Navy blue only. Sizes: 34 to 44 bust measure.

No. E5C10 \$1.00 with coupon Price \$13.85 \$2.00 monthly



**MARTHA LANE ADAMS CO.**  
3918 Mosprat Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

**Martha Lane Adams Co.**  
3918 Mosprat Street, CHICAGO, ILL.  
I enclose \$1. Send me on approval postage prepaid All Wool Poiret Twill Dress No. E5C10. Size.....  
If I am not delighted with the dress, I can return it and get my \$1 back. Otherwise I will pay easy terms, \$2.00 monthly until total price, \$13.85, is paid.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....  
Also Send Me Your Latest Free Style Book

# Greatest Issue of a Moving Picture Magazine Ever Published!

Do you agree with us?

Consider this issue:

## My Life Story

By **RODOLPH VALENTINO**

The timeliest story that could be told. The most scintillant autobiography of today, revealing Rodolph Valentino as only he knows himself. This boy—the idol of the world today—reveals an unusual, many sided personality. The greatest quality of his character, we believe, is his utter frankness. In writing his life story he is ruthless with himself. He never for a moment poses. It is a new VALENTINO you will find in his story, it is the boy Rodolph—romantic, yes—but also naive, terribly sincere, boyish, and best of all, with the saving sense of humor that too few stars possess. This installment, UNDER ITALIAN SKIES, is an epic of Italian boyhood, as honest as it is lovable. His next chapter, BROADWAY NIGHTS, is of tragic realism, made bright by the humor which is always his no matter how great his suffering. We are mighty proud to present THE LIFE STORY OF RODOLPH VALENTINO.

## The Loves of Charlie Chaplin

The Loves of Chaplin, written frankly and with unusual charm, by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS, presents the truth about the great heart affairs of the famous comedian from his first love to his last.

## What Rich Stars Do With Their Money

An article which forever destroys the idea that all stars are spendthrifts. FREDERICK JAMES SMITH presents an amazing array of figures and facts showing what stars are actually worth and how they invest their money. Through his intimacy with the people and history of filmdom, he gives you the facts as no other writer could—and he makes facts as interesting as fiction.

## Witty Wallops

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS is a new monthly department inaugurated by HERBERT HOWE, interviewer, raconteur, and PHOTOPLAY's globe trotter, who has just returned from nine months touring Europe and studying film conditions.

## The Kid Who Earned a Million

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS is recognized by the leading magazines of America as one of the most brilliant of the younger generation of writers. She has style, understanding and the true touch in her articles. Read THE KID WHO EARNED A MILLION and, for the first time, realize the romantic phenomena of today—the achievements of six year old Jackie Coogan, with the first complete and authentic story of his discovery, development and financial standing.

## The Shadow Stage

The most authoritative and constructive department of motion picture criticism published today. Edited by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, the foremost critical authority on the photoplay and a man who believes that the public wants the best.

## Gossip—East and West

PHOTOPLAY has always been known for its live news and comments upon screen activities. The rapidity of its press facilities and the central location of its distribution permits PHOTOPLAY to beat every other screen magazine every month. Coupled with these splendid mechanical facilities is an editorial staff actually on the inside of screendom.

## Personality Stories

Interviews and chats that are different because they are written by the biggest writers in the magazine world. This month: Theodore Kosloff, Wesley Barry, and others you are interested in.

## The Romantic History of Motion Pictures

The first and only complete story of the evolution of the photoplay written by the one man who knows, Terry Ramsaye. PHOTOPLAY assigned Mr. Ramsaye to this a year before his first article appeared. He was sent across the United States and to Europe to get his facts.

**Photoplay has the most noteworthy Editorial Staff of Any Film Magazine in the World:**

**Adela Rogers St. Johns  
Frederick James Smith  
Herbert Howe  
Delight Evans  
Margaret Sangster  
Terry Ramsaye**

But next month, PHOTOPLAY will be even more interesting. One of its noteworthy features will be NEVER TOLD LOVE STORIES OF THE STARS. The second installment of MY LIFE STORY by RODOLPH VALENTINO will be highly sensational. And there will be many other striking and up-to-the-minute features.

*James R. Quirk*  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

# No More Wrinkles!



## Amazing New Treatment Smooths Them Away Like Magic

A wonderful new discovery now makes wrinkles entirely unnecessary!

No longer need women fear the little tell-tale marks of time which rob them of their attractiveness. No longer need they dread the tragic lines that foretell the end of youth. For Science has found a quick, easy and inexpensive way to smooth away every tired line, every laugh wrinkle, every deep frown mark.

With this new treatment it is almost as if some magic wand were waved across your face, banishing every line and wrinkle and restoring the firm youthfulness of the skin.

Why allow wrinkles to add age to your face, when they can be erased so easily? Why allow deep frown lines to mar your appearance, when they can be harmlessly removed with scarcely any effort at all on your part?

### Removes the CAUSE of Wrinkles

This new discovery is based on a simple natural principle. There is no tedious massaging, no painful electrical treatment, no harmful lotions. And unlike many so-called wrinkle "eradicators" it does not attempt to cover up or conceal the lines or wrinkles.

This new treatment acts in an entirely different way. Instead of merely treating the symptoms, it gets right at the *cause* of wrinkles. By removing the real *cause* in a perfectly natural and harmless way, the wrinkles and lines vanish almost before you realize it.

### Watch the Amazing Results

You will scarcely believe your eyes when you see what really wonderful results this new discovery—called Domino Wrinkle Cream—can bring. Even after the first few days you will find that your face has grown years younger looking. Not only your friends, but you, yourself, will be astonished at the wonderful new youthfulness your face and skin quickly acquire.

Domino Wrinkle Cream besides banishing wrinkles contains certain

marvelous ingredients which soften and whiten the skin, removing every trace of beauty-spoiling blemishes and molding the skin into a new smooth, firm surface.

### Guaranteed to Remove Every Wrinkle

No matter how many other treatments you have tried without results, Domino Wrinkle Cream will quickly and positively remove every trace of the lines that are spoiling your whole appearance. It is *guaranteed* to banish each and every wrinkle, no matter how deep seated it may be, and a \$10,000 deposit in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia backs up this guarantee. If within ten days you are not more than satisfied with the improvement it brings in your appearance, your money will be instantly refunded, without question.

### Send No Money

So that every woman may try this great new discovery we are making a very special introductory offer. You need not send a single penny. Simply mail the coupon below and we will send you in a plain unmarked container a regular \$5.00 jar of Domino Wrinkle Cream. When the postman hands it to you simply pay him the greatly reduced price of \$1.95 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. Surely, you cannot afford to overlook this splendid offer, especially since you have the guaranteed privilege of having your money refunded if you are not delighted with results.

Bear in mind that the regular price of Domino Wrinkle Cream, which contains some of the costliest ingredients known, is \$5.00. It is only on this special introductory offer, which may never be made again, that we have reduced the price to \$1.95.

Thus you should act immediately. Domino Wrinkle Cream will soon rid you of every line and wrinkle, for it is a natural preparation—and works *always*. You won't have to wait long for results either.

Just mail the coupon—no money. But act at once before this special offer is withdrawn. Clip and mail the coupon today—now. Domino House, Dept. W-262, 269 South Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Domino House, Dept. W-262**  
269 South 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Without money in advance you may send me a full-size jar of Domino Wrinkle Cream (regular price five dollars). When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment. I retain the privilege of returning the jar within 10 days and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased within the wonderful results. I am to be the sole judge.

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

*If you wish you may send money with coupon and save postage.  
(Price outside U. S., \$2.10 cash with order.)*



Lines formed by arching the forehead or frowning can now easily and quickly be removed forever.



Tiny lines around the eyes (crows' feet) mar your natural beauty. This new treatment will soon banish them.



Laugh lines and chin wrinkles are often mistaken for marks of age. These, too, can now be painlessly and effectively smoothed away.

# 5-Room House 538

NOT PORTABLE



You can buy all the material for a complete home direct from the manufacturer and save four profits on the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor. Write today for Free Aladdin Catalog No. 38



## Beautiful Colonial Bungalow

All the lumber for this charming bungalow is cut to fit by the Aladdin system (not portable). Proved savings of over 18% waste in lumber and up to 30% savings on labor. Ask your nearest Aladdin neighbor. Aladdin homes are warm, strong and lasting—built everywhere. Thousands of satisfied customers.



## Story-and-a-Half Bungalow

Here is a beautiful California bungalow. Shingled walls and designed in both one story and story and a half floor plans. Latter contains four bed-rooms.



## 12-Room Dutch Colonial

Prices quoted include all lumber cut to fit, windows, doors, woodwork, glass, paints, hardware, nails, lath, roofing and complete drawings and instructions. Highest grade clear lumber for all interior woodwork, siding, and outside finish. Send today for Free Aladdin Catalog No. 38.

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Also Mills and Offices at Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Oregon; and Toronto, Ontario

## Here's a Prescription for Coughs

For quick relief try PISO'S—a most effective syrup, different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes obtainable everywhere.

**PISO'S—For Coughs and Colds**

## Kill the Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach Beauty Culture. **D. J. MAHLER, 453-L Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.**



The king at the Lasky Studios holds court! In other words, Cecil de Mille talks over the details of "Adam's Rib," with his players, Pauline Garon, Elliott Dexter, Milton Sills and Theodore Kosloff, together with Jeanie MacPherson, who wrote the story

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82 ]

1830! What's more, Thackeray put whiskers on his soldiers—and there was a rule against 'em in the British army at that time.

WHAT will probably be the last act of the Carlyle Blackwell matrimonial drama is being rehearsed in California. Ruth Hartman Blackwell, sister of Gretchen Hartman (Mrs. Alan Hale), has filed suit for divorce on the grounds of desertion.

The wife of the erstwhile idol of the films first sued her husband for separation. Then she brought an alienation suit, naming a cabaret dancer. The Blackwells have two children.

THE death of that lovable old actor, Frank Bacon, in Chicago during the fourth year of "Lightnin'" reminds us of how close Bacon and his superb characterization of "Lightnin' Bill Jones" came to being enmeshed in celluloid. D. W. Griffith was very much interested in Bacon two years ago and did his best to secure the play and the star for films. But, somehow, nothing came of it.

AFTER playing a mistreated child of ill fortune for years and years, Jane Novak, in her latest starring vehicle, Marie Corelli's "Thelma", appears in some real Paris gowns that cost thousands of dollars. Silver cloth, real lace and clinging satins are very becoming to Miss Novak's blond loveliness. In fact, she is more beautiful than she ever was in her gingham and calicoes. The frocks were designed by some of the most famous artists in the world's fashion center, and they're certainly worth seeing. You will see them in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY in rotogravure.

MRS. RUDIE VALENTINO danced in public long before she joined the Russian Ballet. Under the name of Winifred O'Shaunessy or Winifred De Wolf she was taken by her mother—in fantastic little costumes—to the afternoon tea dances at the Hotel Alexandria in Los Angeles. In stiff silk frocks, with puffed sleeves, poke bonnets and pantalettes, she would do odd, self-created rhythms. She was talked of, then, as a coming dancer,

though she was a mere child. And then, at sixteen, she went to Paris with Elsie De Wolf to study interior decoration. And it was not until some years later, when she appeared with Kosloff as Natacha Rambova, that folk remembered her strange first appearances.

IT IS told—in low tones, however—that Lionel Barrymore and his wife, Doris Rankin, have separated. The news comes as something of a shock, for the Lionel Barrymores have long been pointed out as models of domestic happiness.

IN the Pyramid picture, "When the Desert Calls," a strange phenomena is apparent. We have heard of the magic of the desert—perhaps this is one of its manifestations. The tents, occupied by the wandering bands of Arabs, are so small and shallow, from the outside, that a man has to stoop to enter. They resemble the tents that we made, as children, with a rug or a shawl draped across two chairs. But, wonder of wonders, when an interior is shown the tent has assumed proportions to make the Grand Central terminal ashamed of itself. Peace conventions and public adenoid unveilings could be held in it without either crowding or confusion.

JEAN FORD, the daughter of Hugh Ford, motion picture and stage director, has made good on the stage. She graduated from Vassar last year, where she gave much of her time to college dramatics; and blossomed forth as the second feminine lead in A. A. Milne's comedy, "The Romantic Age." Now she is acclaimed as one of the most charming ingenues on the New York boards.

Just because Jean's father is well known in the theater, and her mother a former actress, doesn't mean it was easy sailing for her. She had wanted to be an actress ever since she was old enough to walk; but her parents, not over-enthusiastic about the idea, told her she must finish college first—and then have her chance. She did.

ANY number of young women will tell you that they went into pictures for the very love of it. That they felt the call of art, and

# I Send You a Trial Bottle Free

—read special offer below

## Restore Your Gray Hair

by this time-tested method

I invented my hair color restorer to bring back the original color to my own hair, which was prematurely gray. Though this was many years ago and I am no longer young, my abundant hair is still beautiful as a girl's.

### A Statement by Mary T. Goldman

I ask every person afflicted with gray hair to let me tell them my story for their own benefit. For I know from experience what it means to the young and vigorous to discover the first gray hair and to realize that it will brand them as "getting old."

Gray hair is as much of an affliction to those who are not so young, for the older you grow the older gray hair makes you look. No—gray hair is an affliction at any age, but one that need not be endured. For I offer you a scientific restorer which will bring back the original beautiful color, with perfect results always assured. Best of all, my restorer actually benefits the hair.

What a blessing I would have felt it, in my young days, if such a preparation had been in existence when I found my hair turning gray. Then there were only crude dyes, unsatisfactory and unsafe, and these I would not use.

Circumstances forced me to invent a perfect and safe restorer which is now at every gray-haired person's command. Millions have used and are using it—it is the biggest selling, most popular preparation of its kind in the world. Over 10,000,000 bottles sold. I offer a free trial bottle with complete directions for making the convincing "single lock" test. This test proves how easily and perfectly this time-tested preparation will restore the original color to your hair.

#### What My Restorer Is

Just a clear colorless liquid, clean and pure as water; simply apply by combing through the hair. Easy to use—no skill required.

There is no untidy sediment, no greasy stain, absolutely nothing to wash or rub off.

Users of my restorer are never betrayed by discolored hat linings or soiled pillow slips. My restorer keeps your hair clean, soft and fluffy. Wash it as often as you like, for the color can't come off. This is because it is restored, not crudely dyed.

#### Restored Color Perfect

But what is most important to you is how your hair is going to look after you have restored it. It will be perfectly natural in all lights, if you use my restorer. No one will suspect you ever had gray hair.

There is no danger of mortifying streaks or discoloration, no conspicuous freakish look. Your hair will be as beautiful and natural as when you were sixteen.

You can go in swimming in either fresh water or salt, and get your hair wet without worrying about discoloration. Nothing will affect the restored color.

Let your hair down and dry it in the sun, a strong dazzling light won't reveal any imperfections. There aren't any when you restore your hair this safe, sure, scientific way.

#### Also Restores Faded or Discolored Hair

This will be good news for women whose hair is faded or who have had bad luck with some dye that couldn't do the work. Hair dressers may tell you that one dye can't be used over another, but this is not true of my restorer.

It will bring back the perfect original color just as perfectly and surely as it will restore naturally gray hair.

#### A New Method of Application

The formula for my restorer has never been changed since I used it to restore my own gray hair, for I found then that it achieved perfect results.

But I have recently discovered a new method of application which proves to be very beneficial to the hair. This discovery consists of the use of a won-



derful preparatory powder which thoroughly cleanses the scalp and the hair, dissolves dandruff and acts as an antiseptic. It makes the hair soft, silky and beautiful and puts it in perfect condition for the action of the restorer.

A package of this powder comes with the free trial bottle of which I make mention above. It is part of my patented trial outfit, all sent to you absolutely free if you will mail the coupon.

#### Prove These Statements

I don't want anyone to accept these positive statements without proving that every word is true. I would not dare make them if I could not back them up with the convincing test I offer.

So I again ask that you take advantage of my offer of a free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Make the test on a lock of hair as directed and you will realize the sincerity of every word I say.

#### Mail the Coupon

For your convenience I ask you to return the coupon which appears in this advertisement and be sure to fill it out carefully, for the information asked is important. If possible enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

By return mail you will receive, free, postage prepaid, my patented trial outfit, which contains full instructions for making the test.

Then when you know what Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is and what it will do, get a full size bottle from your druggist and restore all your hair.

**But—don't neglect this warning:** Every successful preparation has a penalty to pay in the shape of competition by hordes of imitators who offer unworthy imitations and substitutes.

Don't be deceived by similarity in the appearance of bottle or package. If your druggist can't supply you with the one and only Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, order direct from me.

MARY T. GOLDMAN, 21B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

MARY T. GOLDMAN,  
21B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit, as offered in your ad. X shows color of hair. (Print name plainly.) Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Mary T. Goldman's

Hair Color Restorer



*It cleans where you can and cannot see*

Sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl. It removes quickly all stains, discolorations, incrustations. The porcelain gleams.

No scrubbing—no scouring!

The hidden trap. The unhealthful trap—Sani-Flush cleans it thoroughly, too! And destroys all foul odors. It will not harm plumbing connections.

Nothing else is like it. Just sprinkle it into the bowl. Follow directions on the can, and flush. Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

*Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. Price, 25c. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)*

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# Sani-Flush

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

**\$500.00**

**"EMPTY ARMS"**

**Prize Contest**

The Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," inspired the song "Empty Arms." A third verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of \$500 cash will be paid.

This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a third verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send your name and address on a postal card or sheet of paper and we shall send you a copy of the words of the song, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Write postal or letter today to  
**"EMPTY ARMS" CONTEST EDITOR**  
**WORLD M. P. CORPORATION**  
245 W. 47th Street, Dept. 698M, New York, N. Y.

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Learn at home by mail to mount birds, animals, tan skins. Be a taxidermist. Delightful art easily learned by men and women. Decorate home and den. Make big profits. Wonderful new art. Write today for this wonderful free book and our amazing offer.  
N.W. Sch. of Taxidermy 1722 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.



*Dorothy Dalton and Charles de Roche, the French actor imported by Paramount as Valentino's successor, meet for the first time. Charles is now playing opposite Dorothy in "The Law of the Lawless," a gypsy tale*

all that sort of thing; and simply had to obey.

Constance Bennett, daughter of the famous Richard, now touring in "He Who Gets Slapped," is frank about it. She went into pictures to make money; and she doesn't care who knows it.

**A** CHAMP and a vamp met the other day. No casualties. Theda Bara just went out to the Westchester-Biltmore Club near New York and took a few free lessons in golf from Gene Sarazen, the young American champion.

Incidentally, Miss Bara is making "The Easiest Way" under direction of Ferdinand Pinney Earle.

**W**ANDA HAWLEY is once again a leading woman for Fox.

As Wanda Petit she began her screen career with that company. Then she blossomed forth as Miss Hawley, in the deMille dramas, and was later billed as a Realart star. Since the dissolution of Realart she has been engaged in leading business in Paramount pictures. Her contract was not renewed.

Wanda's a nice girl, but she does manage to select the most unbecoming clothes. We can't recall seeing her, ever, in a pretty hat. And

there are a few girls who go to see motion pictures expecting to be guided as to what to wear.

**B**ENJAMIN DE CASSERES, who is one of the editorial gentlemen at the eastern Paramount studios, besides being a critic of repute, watched the making of a scene for "Glimpses of the Moon" the other day in which Nita Naldi does some heavy slinking. He was moved to remark, "Every day, in every way our pictures grow neater and Naldi."

**C**AN you imagine Mabel Ballin, the delicate gossamer heroine of husband Hugo's pictures, in the rôle of housewife?

But Mabel is really quite old-fashioned. She personally supervises all the affairs of Maison Ballin; and she just loves to sew.

Before the Ballins were—the Ballins, and co-stars in motion pictures, they were what you call hard up. So Mabel used to make all of Hugo's shirts.

**H**AVE you seen Eleanor Boardman? She's a second Corinne Griffith, and jumped to leading rôles after only a few months' apprenticeship. You'll see her in





# FREE! TABLE SCARF

## \$1 BRINGS This Richly Upholstered 8-Piece Suite

Quarter-Sawn and Solid Oak  
—Chairs Have Spring Seats

Yes, only \$1 brings this splendid suite of library, living room or parlor furniture—8 splendid, massive pieces—large table, with 36x23-inch top, arm chair, arm rocker, straight chair and sewing rocker, waste basket and 2 candlesticks. With it you get a beautiful Table Scarf FREE. Use the furniture and scarf for 30 days on free trial. Then if not satisfied, return the goods and we will refund your \$1 and pay transportation charges both ways.

### Nearly a Year to Pay!

If you keep it, pay a little monthly. The suite is of quarter-sawn and solid oak in rich fumed finish. Rockers and chairs have cut-out panels, spring seats and padded construction. Upholstered in durable imitation Spanish brown leather. Shipped (fully boxed, "knocked down" to lessen freight charges) from factory in Central Indiana or Chicago warehouse. Order by No. 105EMA19. Price \$36.95. Send \$1 now Balance \$3.00 monthly. Table Scarf is FREE.

### FREE Beautiful Velour Table Scarf

We want to prove that Hartman's prices and terms are the most liberal ever known. That is why we make this extra inducement. A handsome table scarf ABSOLUTELY FREE. Rich blue velour, 48x16 in., 6-in. panels at ends of floral tapestry. Antique gold braid binding.

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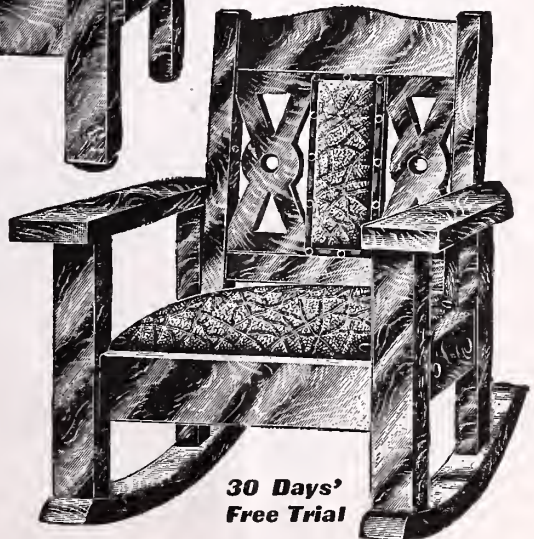
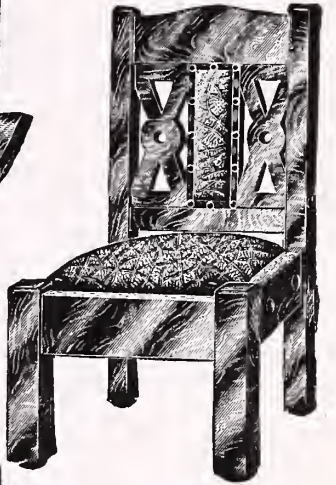
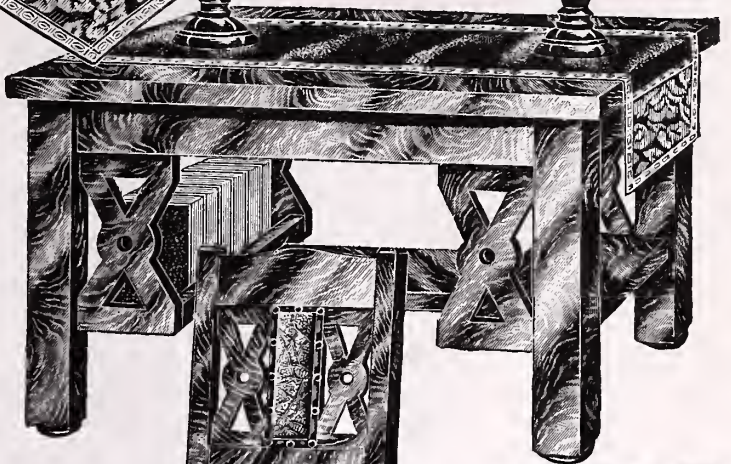
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Catalog explains how you can get absolutely FREE many valuable articles for which you would pay high prices at stores. Beautiful Glassware, Lemonade Sets, Silverware, Tablecloths, Napkins and other elegant and useful articles given FREE with purchases. Send for it today.

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Enclosed find \$1 as first payment. Send the 8-piece Living Room Suite No. 105EMA19 and with it, absolutely FREE, the beautiful Table Scarf, all as described. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If not satisfied, will ship all back and you will return my \$1 and pay freight both ways. If I keep it, I will pay \$3 monthly on the suite alone until the full price, \$36.95, is paid. Title remains with you until final payment is made.

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## Betty's mother knew why

IT was Betty's first dip into social activity since she returned from boarding school. Naturally, she was thrilled when the invitation came; and even more thrilled when she discovered in a roundabout way that Howard was coming back from school for the weekend to attend the same party.

Betty and Howard had been just a little more than mere good friends during their high-school days at good old Ellsworth.

Indeed, lots of folks thought they were much more than good friends. You know how a small town will jump at conclusions.

\* \* \*

Howard never looked more gorgeous than he did that evening. And Betty found herself more fond of him than ever. The whole party quickly focused itself around her anticipation of the first dance with him.

They did dance—but only once.

And all the rest of the evening Howard devoted to girls who were really much less charming than she.

Betty went home broken-hearted. She might never have known the reason but her mother, quick to perceive, and courageous enough to talk frankly with her daughter, knew why and told her.

\* \* \*

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouthwash and gargle.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

**LISTERINE**  
—the safe  
antiseptic



*What is May McAvoy going to do if Lois Wilson really marries J. Warren Kerrigan? For May and Lois are inseparable pals. Where you see one you always see the other. Here they are on an off day at the studios*

Marshall Neilan's "The Strangers' Banquet" and in Hugo Ballin's "Vanity Fair," as *Amelia*.

Now she's headed for stardom, and has already been rumored engaged to Charlie Chaplin—and all in about six months!

**AGNES SMITH**, who often writes entertainingly for PHOTOPLAY, has just announced her list of the ten best pictures for 1922.

"They are," says Agnes, "Selznick News 1012, Selznick News 1013, Selznick News 1014, Selznick News 1015, Selznick News 1016, Selznick News 1017, Selznick News 1018, Selznick News 1019, Selznick News 1020, and Selznick News 1021."

Agnes is associate editor of Selznick News. But she admits she enjoyed "Tol'able David," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Grandma's Boy," and some of the other best-sellers.

**MARSHALL NEILAN** to the rescue! He offers an explanation of why wheels seem to be going backward on the screen while the vehicle itself goes forward. This is a question very frequently asked by audiences, so we give the answer.

"Suppose," says Mickey, "a revolving wheel containing one white spoke is photographed. The first photograph registered on the film would show the white spoke in a certain position. If the wheel failed to make a complete revolution before the next picture was regis-

tered, the white spoke would be shown in the photograph some distance back of its original position. And as succeeding photographs were taken the spoke regularly would appear to go backwards, giving the effect of the wheel turning in the opposite direction from which it actually was turning."

**ELLIOTT DEXTER'S** marriage to Mrs. Nina Untermyer was performed at Cecil deMille's home, in the presence of a few friends. To make his star seem right at home, Mr. deMille toasted the couple in these words: "To Mr. and Mrs. Dexter: May they never have a retake."

Mr. Dexter presented to his bride a beautiful home, in the California hills; and the gift of the bride to the groom was a star sapphire ring.

**ERNST LUBITSCH** is now in California. He will direct Mary Pickford in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," and Douglas Fairbanks in his pirate picture, not yet written.

Lubitsch has never worked in America before, although he paid it a brief visit some months ago. He is under contract to Paramount but has been loaned to the Fairbankses for these two productions.

Evelyn Brent, by the way, an eastern actress who has played in Metro pictures, will be Doug's new leading woman. She has a three-

year contract with the Fairbanks company. Lady Diana Manners will not come to this country to play in "Monsieur Beaucaire" because Doug isn't going to do "Monsieur Beaucaire" after all.

**WALTER HIERS** has been made a star. Paramount, which has included him in many casts, has given him individual attention, and his first stellar feature will shortly be seen, with Jacqueline Logan as the leading woman.

The company is thought to have selected Hiers as a probable successor to Arbuckle whose screen career will probably not be resumed for a long time. The only difference between Arbuckle and Hiers is that Arbuckle is a comedian, while Hiers is an actor who weighs 250 pounds.

**WE** could get all worked up over pretty Edythe Sterling spending five days in jail for speeding if Bebe Daniels' incarceration hadn't taken the edge off things like that.

**MIRIAM BATTISTA** is the newest child star. She has stepped up with Jackie Wesley, and Baby Peggy as an electric-lighted luminary. Her first picture will be "The Lucky Stone."

**THE** mystery which surrounds the adoption by Gloria Swanson of a playmate for her little girl, Gloria II, continues as deep as ever.

Apparently Gloria has become the legal mamma of another little girl, but she refuses to talk about it, just as she has always refused to allow anyone to see or photograph her own little girl.

However, Gloria is a rather mysterious person anyway.

**IT** HAS been said, by certain busy little reporters, that the Mayos—not the famous brothers of Ro hester, but Dagmar Godowsky Mayo and her husband Frank—have been indulging in family disputes that might in time mean a separation. But the fact that Frank has, according to rumor, refused to appear in any picture without Dagmar seems to hint strongly of happiness.

**NOT** all of the ivories that gleam in his closeups really belong to him.

Bill Hart had two teeth knocked out once in a too-realistic screen fight, and he now wears two from the store.

Bill has probably received more smashes than any man in pictures. He had four ribs broken in one fight; and in a scene where he jumped from a window onto his horse's back the horse moved on, and Bill broke his hand.

**YOU** remember some time ago there was some discussion about Muriel McCormick making her film debut?

Well, we have heard—never mind how—that Miss McCormick isn't going to make a film debut at all. That she submitted to a screen test, and that the test influenced her decision to seek self-expression in some other artistic channel.

**EDNA PURVIANCE** is in the hospital! Suffering from an acute attack of appendicitis. Her illness has held up her first starring production, which Charlie Chaplin is directing.

**MRS. MARY FLUGRATH**, mother of Viola Dana, Shirley Mason and Edna Flugrath, passed away at a Hollywood sanitarium recently after a severe illness of several months.

Viola and her mother were particularly close chums. During a five months' personal appearance tour that the little star made a short time ago, they were inseparable. Mrs. Flugrath took as much pleasure in her daughter's triumphs as Viola herself. A beautiful home had just been purchased by Miss Dana for her mother and father near her own residence in Hollywood.



# Biflex

## Spring Bumper

**HERE** is Mae Murray, of "Broadway Rose" and much other fame, stepping into her Biflex equipped car. Of course, only the best bumper would do for this petite star. Like thousands of other exacting motorists, Miss Murray insists on Biflex "Protection With Distinction".

It's with the particular buyer that Biflex Bumpers make the strongest appeal. Biflex, the original double-bar bumper, protects adequately in any collision. Strong and flexible. Absorbs the shock and stops the blow. Adds a finishing touch of beauty to any car. Sold everywhere.



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MRS. HARRY DERBY, 1100 Vine St., QUINCY, ILL.

## How I Lost 103 lbs.

*This Amazing Reduction Proves That Overweight These Days is a Woman's Own Fault*



A few months ago, if you had asked what I would give to get thin I should have replied without a second thought, "Everything I possess." I had tried so many times to reduce, and tried so hard! Fortunately, something made me try the music method—and life is once more worth living!

The first Wallace reducing record played off twenty pounds for me; the complete course reduced me more than a hundred in four months. Not only that, but my state of health was so improved I can never express my gratitude. No woman who had been relieved of a mountain of fat like I carried so long would wonder why I permit this to be printed."

### Wallace Tells How Much He Can Reduce You

Cases of 100 lbs. overweight are unusual. But Wallace has letters from many who lost 50 lbs; and from hundreds reduced 30 and 40 lbs. If you are but 10, 12 or 20 lbs. too heavy for style or comfort, reducing to normal is easily and quickly accomplished. Anyone using Wallace's records can attain these weights:

Height in Inches	Age 20 to 29	Age 30 to 39	Age 40 to 49	Age 50 and Over
	Years Lbs.	Years Lbs.	Years Lbs.	Over Lbs.
60	111	116	122	125
61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	147	153	159
70	145	145	156	163

### You Can Get Thin to Music

All you need to do to convince yourself that you can get thin to music is to ask Wallace for a reducing record to prove it. This first lesson is free; with it come complete instructions for its use.

Accepting this offer does not obligate you. There is no payment to be sent now, and nothing to pay on delivery. Results of this trial will make you eager for the rest of the course—but the only decision to be made now is to try it. Use this handy coupon:



WALLACE, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send record for first reducing lesson; free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial. (116)

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EVERYONE in the film colony also mourns the death of Mrs. Kerrigan, the mother of J. Warren Kerrigan, who died at her son's home following a year's invalidism. The deep devotion between Warren Kerrigan and his mother has been one of Hollywood's most beautiful traditions. The screen star was in the wilderness of Nebraska, on location with "The Covered Wagon," when the end came, and made a wild trip by aeroplane and motor but was unable to reach his mother in time.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has a new decoration for his office.

It is a framed check. The amount isn't so very large or anything like that, but its history is such that Charlie wanted to keep it.

A rather well-known leading woman had been out of work for some time. In the pinch, she borrowed a few dollars from Charlie to tide her over the slump.

And she paid him back out of her first week's salary.

It was the first time anybody had ever done anything like that, so Charlie decided to keep it as a reminder of the good in human nature.

Incidentally, they say that if Mabel Normand could collect all the money she has lent in the past ten years to struggling young picture aspirants and fellow artists of the silver-sheet, she'd never have to work again. Anybody can always get a little help from Mabel.

PEARL WHITE has sailed away to Europe.

It is reported that she may do a serial on the other side.

DOUG has decided not to do "Monsieur Beaucaire" after all. Mr. Fairbanks opines that the Tarkington character—a beau of the elegant periods—is not exactly his type of thing; so he is searching instead for a pirate tale as a successor to "Robin Hood." And Mary's next director will be Herr Lubitsch, who has been loaned to Miss Pickford by Paramount just to make "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

FANNIE WARD is now mother-in-law of a lord. Her daughter, Mrs. Jack Barnato, was married recently, in London, to Lord Plunkett.

NOW that John Barrymore's "Hamlet" is the talk of New York, the fact can be revealed that Doug Fairbanks rehearsed Jack in his swordplay. Which brings to mind the further possibilities of "Hamlet" if Barrymore had called in Charlie Chaplin to help out the Ghost.

DIRECTOR ALAN CROSLAND has just been putting the finishing touches in New York to Cosmopolitan's production of Vicente Blasco Ibanez' "Enemies of Women," with a cast including Lionel Barrymore, Alma Rubens, Pedro de Cordoba, "Buster" Collier, Gareth Hughes, Gladys Hulette, W. H. Thompson, Paul Panzer, (remember him in Pearl White serials?), and Mario Majeroni. Crosland took most of this company abroad to shoot certain exteriors in Monte Carlo, Nice, Paris, and along the Riviera. Thus, for the first time film fans will have a chance to compare the real Monte Carlo with Erich Von Stroheim's million dollar duplicate in "Foolish Wives."

HENRY B. WALTHALL is now appearing in a playlet in vaudeville.

FILM fans will be surprised to learn who backed the Technicolor film, "Toll of the Sea," which has just had public release. No other than Norma Talmadge, who loves to invest in films in which she had no active connection. The process was invented by Professors Daniel C. Comstock and Herbert Kalmus of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and whipped into commercial shape by Judge William Travers Jerome. But it was Norma who invested most of the money.

GOLDWYN has just signed Erich von Stroheim and June Mathis.

Von Stroheim, who left Universal before finishing "Merry-Go-Round," his latest production, is now at work on the Culver City lot, closely watched, it is suspected, by the Goldwyn efficiency experts. Von Stroheim will, it is predicted, spend much less money in the future on sets and temperament.

Miss Mathis will be editorial overseer of the Goldwyn productions and will write the more important scenarios. Her salary is said to be equal to that of the highest paid ingenues on the screen. Why not?

Von Stroheim was in the middle of "The Merry-Go-Round" for Universal when he was suddenly released. Rupert Julian is finishing the picture.

ERICH VON STROHEIM'S first feature for Goldwyn will be a picturization of Frank Norris' masterful novel, "McTeague."

It was a PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE writer, interviewing the director, who suggested that Norris' masterpiece would make a great picture. Von Stroheim was interested; asked the story, and seemed particularly impressed by the incident of the cat sniffing at blood trickling from under a door. That was two years ago, but von Stroheim remembered; and "McTeague" was purchased for his first story under his new contract.

Incidentally, the gruesome scene described was the inspiration for one of the most shuddery scenes in "Foolish Wives"—before the censors got at it.

AS soon as the rumor leaked out that von Stroheim was to do "Ben Hur," every actor and actress in Hollywood made a mad dash for the casting office. "Why, that'd mean two or three years' work," said one pretty ingenue, who remembered the year-and-a-half salary she got from Universal during the time von Stroheim was making "Foolish Wives."

MAURICE COSTELLO, once the idol of all the film world, plays a role in Allan Dwan's production of "Glimpses of the Moon," in which Bebe Daniels, Nita Naldi, David Powell, Rubye de Remer, and Charles Girard will have important roles. Most of the scenes have been "shot" at the Famous Players Long Island studios, although Dwan has also taken his company to Florida and to Canada for contrasting exteriors.

DICK BARTHELMESS was in Cuba until Christmas filming Joseph Hergesheimer's "The Bright Shawl," which is a romance of Cuba a generation before the Spanish-American war. John Robertson is directing and the company was accompanied by Mr. Hergesheimer and Everett Shinn, the artist who made the original drawings for the novel when it appeared in magazine form. Dorothy Gish, by the way, is playing the role of the passionate and fiery Spanish dancer. Although Dick has always been a strong friend of the Gishes, this selection was made over his protests. Barthelmess felt that Miss Gish was not fitted for the role and he wanted Natacha Rambova, in private life Mrs. Rodolph Valentino. The discussion between Dick and the powers-that-be of Inspiration Pictures waxed warm. Finally, however, Dick was made a vice president of his company and Dorothy got the part.

FEDOR CHALIAPIN, the famous Russian baritone, is considering motion pictures.

LOTTIE PICKFORD was painfully cut about the face in an automobile accident recently. It was at first reported that Lottie's more celebrated sister, Mary, had been the victim; and the Fairbanks home was besieged. The rumor went on to say that Mary would be permanently disfigured as a result of the accident. Lottie, who is in private life Mrs. Allan Forrest, is now completely recovered.

FOLLOWING several months spent in California filming "Peg o' My Heart" under the direction of King Vidor, Laurette Taylor returned to Broadway to start rehearsals of Fannie Hurst's "Humoresque," now built into a footlight play. Miss Taylor plays the mother in the stage version, which opened at Atlantic City on Christmas night.

ONE of the latest tragedies of Hollywood is the suicide of George Bronson Howard—playwright and novelist. He was found dead in his bachelor apartment with the gas turned on. It was the end of a story book career—a strange and often sinister life.

Mr. Howard specialized in books and plays about the underworld and its secrets. Crooks, smugglers, opium fiends—they were the characters that he wrote about. Perhaps because he had lived their lives—had drifted through the dark spots of many cities—he was better acquainted than any other author with their shadowed careers.

NOW that they are doing "Ben Hur," it's time to recall that both William Farnum and Bill—then W. S. Hart—appeared in early stage productions. The former played *Ben Hur* and the latter *Simonides*.

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU" is being filmed by Selznick with an all-star cast. No, no—this is a real one. It includes Elaine Hammerstein, Bert Lytell, Lew Cody, Marjorie Daw, Claire Windsor, Bryant Washburn, Hobart Bosworth, Mitchell Lewis, Irving Cummings, Elmo Lincoln and Josephine Crowell.

LARRY TRIMBLE and Jane Murfin have just purchased Jack London's best loved dog story "White Fang," which they will produce with the incomparable Strongheart in the title role. This ought to make the greatest dog picture ever filmed, for Strongheart's camera technique is improving all the time, and the material in the London story is unusual. Mrs. Jack London is reported to be particularly pleased that Strongheart and Mr. Trimble are to make her husband's book.

Mr. Trimble has just purchased several new German shepherd dogs, notably "Lady Julie," for whom he paid \$8,500. She recently won the prize for the best dog at the show, in the biggest show held in Germany for some years. Lady Julie will be seen as Strongheart's leading lady in "White Fang."

LOIS WILSON is an aunt. Her sister, who is Lois' chum, recently presented the family with a fine big boy and Lois is all wrapped up in the young man.

Speaking of aunts, reminds us of Agnes Ayres. About a year ago, Agnes adopted her brother's little girl, Agnes Ayres II. The other day, Agnes and her small namesake were walking up Sunset Boulevard, when the little one took a notion into her head to cry over something she had been told she couldn't have, and she howled valiantly for nearly a block.

On the corner was a gas station, and with rare presence of mind, Aunt Agnes stopped and said to the man in charge, "May I come into your gas station just a minute until I spank this child of mine?"

The man said she could, whereupon Miss Ayres took her niece into the station, spanked her thoroughly, and proceeded serenely on her walk.

FRANCES MARION, the highest-priced scenario writer in motion pictures, is to make her own productions for Cosmopolitan, beginning the first of the year. Her contract calls for six pictures, which she is to write and direct.

Miss Marion wrote the continuity for thirteen stories for Mary Pickford, including such famous successes as "Rebecca," "Daddy Long-legs," and "Stella Maris," and also directed Miss Pickford in two productions.

In private life, she is Mrs. Fred Thompson,



## Fed on Oats

Health—vigor—good teeth  
Developed brains and bodies

Children's bodies are composed of 16 elements. The oat contains them all.

It forms practically a complete food.

A large percentage of children, it is found, are starved of needed elements.

Those children lack in some way—in growth, in health, in teeth, in brain or nerves or bodies.

That is why the oat dish has come to form the breakfast of the well-fed child.

Once a day that dish makes sure that children get all the elements they need.

It is also the vim-food, and children spend a wealth of energy. A pound of oats yields 1810 calories of energy—twice as much as meat.

Wise mothers everywhere serve oats in plenty.

## Quaker Oats

The flavor lies in queen grains only

Quaker Oats is world-famed for its flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

If you wish to foster the love of oats, get this delightful brand.

*Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers*

## Chase Pain Away with Musterole

When the winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism starts to tingle in your joints and muscles, get out your good friend Musterole.

Rub this soothing white ointment gently over the sore spot. As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief from old man Pain.

Better by far than the old-fashioned mustard plaster, Musterole does the work without the burn and blister Grandma knew so well.

For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism and congestion of all kinds, just rub on Musterole.

Don't wait for trouble, keep a jar or tube on the bathroom shelf.

Recommended often by nurses and doctors, it comes in 35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.

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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



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**ROE & ELDER**  
332 Plymouth Court Dept. 215 Chicago

her marriage to the man who for ten years held the all round athletic championship of the world having been one of our best war romances.

Francis is becoming almost as famous in Hollywood as a hostess as she has been as a writer. She and her husband have been introducing the custom of Sunday night buffet suppers, followed by a picture show in their private projection room. On a recent Sunday, after the automobile races, a number of screen celebrities gathered about the big table. Micky Neilan and Blanche Sweet, Dorothy Dalton, Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, John McCormick and Colleen Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stewart, Bob Leonard and Mae Murray and Dan Grossbeck, the well known artist and his wife, were among the guests.

**SUZANNE VIDOR** is the four year old daughter of King and Florence Vidor.

Recently, her beautiful mother had been dieting extensively to keep at a certain weight for a picture. And Suzanne had watched the procedure with great interest but without comment.

However, one morning a large plate of doughnuts, beautifully decorated with powdered sugar, was placed on the table for her Daddy's breakfast. Suzanne instantly appropriated one.

"No, no, dear" said Mrs. Vidor, "mama's sorry but you mustn't eat that. Doughnuts aren't for little girls. Put it down."

"Not just one bite," asked Suzanne.

"Not even a bite."

"Hm—m," said Suzanne, "One bite of doughnut, one hundred an' fifty calories. That's why I can't eat it. But, mama, candy hasn't got a single calory in it. Can't I have some candy?"

She got the candy.

**R**EX INGRAM has been putting the finishing exterior touches to his story of the tropics in Cuba, after three months spent in Miami, Florida. Unusual difficulties confronted Ingram in Florida. Water from the Everglades flooded his studio and his original stay of six weeks stretched out into twelve. At that, Ingram had to use boats to get in and out of his studio. The tale, by the way, concerns a missionary's daughter and a native boy. Ingram is very emphatic in declaring that there is no color problem involved, this particular native lad being merely heavily tanned.

**F**ILM companies may do as they please with their old pictures. The court has ruled that a star is an employee of any company he is working for and therefore has nothing to say if the company cares to revamp his old films. Douglas Fairbanks discovered this when he was denied a temporary injunction restraining Triangle and other companies from revamping his old pictures, including "The Lamb" and "Double Trouble." Fairbanks has no property rights to these pictures. Other stars, including Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin, will be affected by the ruling. The reissue of their old pictures has always been a sore trial to them, especially when the films are brushed up with new titles and billing.

**A**NOTHER Arctic exposé! The private life of the Eskimo will be further revealed in a new motion picture made in the wilds of Alaska by Harold McCracken, big game hunter and writer. The Kodiak grizzly, a flesh-eating animal, will play a leading part.

**E**VER hear of a motion picture actor named Ray Hanford Finigan? Neither did we until he became involved in a divorce case on the Pacific coast. His wife charges that he has on several occasions attempted to set fire to her \$60,000 home and is rather annoyed about it. Finigan charges several things, too.

We've looked him up in our files and discover we have a record of his appearance with Marie Walcamp in a serial called "The Lion's Claws." He played the villain.

**O**UR sleuth reports that Leatrice Joy and Bill Hart were seen together at Montmartre, one of the leading dance clubs in New York, seemingly having the time of their lives. Why, Leatrice! Why, Bill!

**J**ACK and Sally have tearfully and tenderly bade each other goodbye.

Marilynn Miller waved a sad farewell to her young husband—and he hurried back to California. But it won't be for long. As soon as Miss Miller's run in "Sally" is over, she will join Jack Pickford on the west coast and possibly appear in a picture with him. That will be in the early spring. Marilynn can't leave her job before then and Jack has to make another picture to follow "Garrison's Finish."

It is said that Jack Pickford shook hands and made up with Florenz Ziegfeld, agreeing to let bygones be bygones, and all that sort of thing.

**I**RENE DALTON, formerly an adornment of the Mermaid comedies, has been named in a divorce suit instituted by a Toledo society woman. Irene, it is claimed, disturbed the domestic tranquillity of her home; in fact, since her husband encountered Irene he has been at home very seldom.

**"HOLLYWOOD,"** Frank Condon's little masterpiece of humorous fiction, which PHOTOPLAY published in its January issue, is to be screened. And with the most imposing cast ever collected. James Cruze will direct such celebrities as Pola Negri, Wally Reid, Gloria Swanson, and many others.

If you haven't already read the novelette, get it at once; and if you have read it, read it again.

**H**ERE'S a neat little mystery for you. The films may be entertaining a French count in disguise. A real French count.

It's like this. Ten years ago Count d'Abbadue d'Arrast disappeared from his chateau in France. He left his clothes carefully on a river bank, presumably wishing to be considered a suicide. But the disappearance at the same time of an attractive young governess from his household complicated things a bit. With reason, for it was later learned the pair had gone to Canada.

The young woman eventually returned to France but the Count is still missing. It is thought he joined the Canadian army during the war. But that was the last heard of him. He has been declared legally dead. And perhaps he really is. He may have been killed in the war. Just the same, some of his friends are inclined to the belief that he is still alive—very much alive, and working in pictures in one of the California studios. It is not probable that he will be recognized, however, for a real count bears little resemblance to the screen variety.

**T**WO-THIRDS of a film's life is spent in travel. The average motion picture works two-thirds of its little life for the express company, because it is really en route to destination a greater part of the time than it is being shown in any theater, the film being used over and over until it is considered unsuitable for screening. Did you ever?

**T**HE Marchioness of Queensberry, who was born in America, makes her film debut as a bacchante, in an English picture. My word!

**T**HE Vitagraph Company of America, Inc., is the plaintiff in a \$6,000,000 suit against Famous Players-Lasky. Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, which is one of the oldest film companies in existence, has denounced F. P.-L. as a motion picture trust, basing his suit on alleged unlawful acts in violation of the Federal anti-trust laws. Mr. Smith describes Famous Players-Lasky as having, during the past three years, obtained an octopus-like grip upon the film industry. He charges that by an elaborate system of inter-control and stock ownership Paramount has obtained a practical monopoly of the

exhibition business. Attempts have been made, it is charged, to induce the stars of the Vitagraph Company, especially Alice Joyce, to break their contracts by promises of more money and publicity.

It will be remembered that Miss Joyce, upon the termination of her contract with Vitagraph, retired from the screen.

THE Fairbankses, Doug and Mary, have issued invitations to a party which will last eight months—a record even for Hollywood—and which will consist of a trip around the world. Fifty guests have been invited. Among them are Charles Chaplin and Pola Negri, who have been invited to take their honeymoon trip on the Pickfair boat. According to present plans (subject to change without notice), the party will set sail in the spring on an especially chartered Japanese steamer now being refitted. Mr. and Mrs. William McAdoo are among the prominent guests. This is the most interesting excursion to be made since Henry Ford's yachting party to Germany to bring about world peace. If it isn't a press yarn and if the plans go through it would appear that there would be a good many stellar deserters from the screen during the next eight months, and Mary and Doug even threaten to go into permanent retirement in a villa on the Italian riviera.

## The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

### Forsaking All Others—*Universal*

TIED to his mother's apron strings and a slave to his mother's tears—the hero is at a disadvantage, even though he is Cullen Landis. And even though the lady playing opposite to him is Colleen Moore. A picture nearly as weak as the hero's character. There isn't enough plot to give it any interest. The whole family may see it with absolute safety—if they want to!

### The Educator—*Educational*

LOYD HAMILTON is himself in this comedy. As a Lincolnesque, though chubby, schoolmaster in a wicked little town that doesn't want an education he gives an amusing characterization. He has some of the wistfulness that seems a necessary part of every funmaker.

### The Streets of New York—*Arrow*

BACKWARD, turn backward, oh time in your flight—that's what the producers are saying, ever since "Way Down East." This is another of the more or less lurid classics—involving Wall Street, the Bowery and points north. And of course there's a great storm, and a house that goes over a near-Niagara, and a heroine that's saved just in time. And two villains that aren't.

### Broken Chains—*Goldwyn*

UNADULTERATED melodrama, with the persecuted slavey of "Broken Blossoms" and the dastardly mountaineer bad man of "Tol'able David" in a new lumber camp setting. Hardly a worthy \$10,000 prize photoplay, (it won that amount in a Chicago contest), but good hokum melodrama for all that. Badly cut and inexpertly directed in places but with an excellent cast. Colleen Moore is at her best when she isn't made to imitate Lillian Gish, Malcolm McGregor displays fine promise, and Ernest Torrence repeats his bad man.

### A Weak End Party—*Metro*

A HOUSE party involving a theft of pearls, and an uproarious game of billiards, and a number of slightly imperfect trousers. And Stan Laurel, who is fast making a place for himself in the hearts of a slap-stick loving public. There is an earnestness about this



## Your Skin Needs Intelligent Care and a Good Cold Cream

MOST of us do not devote as much time to the fundamentals of beauty as we do the external adornments. Mere artifice of make up cannot work wonders on an improperly nourished, sallow and neglected skin. Study the deficiencies of your skin and then set about to rectify them with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.

If your skin is dry and inclined to chap in severe weather, protect it from exposure by a light application of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream before going out. This will insure comfort in all sorts of weather.

A sallow skin is usually the result of poor circulation. A brisk treatment of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream—used regularly—will stimulate the sluggish blood flow and open the pores to more air. It will give your complexion the natural glow that is its due.

But the paramount fault with most skins is the lack of daily attention to and practice of the simple rules of skin hygiene. Women who do housework regularly are too often satisfied with the merest superficial cleansing of the skin. A casual washing of the face sometimes does not even remove surface dirt. Cleansing with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream removes the dirt from and beneath the surface.

Give intelligent thought to the proper care of your skin. Cover the face with a liberal application of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream, let it stay on a few moments, then wipe it away with a soft cloth. Do this every day and thus make the skin more able to resist fresh assault.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream has a long established reputation for reliability. You will find it thoroughly satisfactory in every respect. On sale at all drug and department stores. In tubes, 10c, 25c, and 50c. In jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50.

A FREE TRIAL—Write for a free tube of this perfect skin cleanser and complexion beautifier, Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1033, D. & R. Building, New York.

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**PERFECT COLD CREAM**  
"The Kind That Keeps"



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Deprive your body of one vital element, which many common foods are known to lack, and no matter how much you eat you will inevitably exhaust your vitality and tear down your health.

Be on the safe side; eat Yeast Foam Tablets and you will get in abundance a substance you need in order to build up and maintain vigorous health.

These tablets are a tonic food, made of selected, whole, dehydrated yeast. They stimulate the appetite, improve digestion and help the body change food into healthy tissues.

Yeast Foam Tablets are easy to take; they keep and, unlike baking yeast, they don't cause gas. Sold by druggists and made by the makers of the famous baking yeasts, Yeast Foam and Magic Yeast.

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1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

young man that is both appealing and appalling. The children will love this—and the grown-ups are apt to forget their dignity.

### An Old Sea Dog—*Pathe*

SNUB POLLARD as the chauffeur of a ferry-boat. Some good gags, made palatable by some pretty girls in bathing suits. Slap-stick, of the unvarnished sort, but minus—thank heaven—the food-throwing type of fun. Snub Pollard is neither beautiful nor strikingly original, but there are times when he amuses. The children should enjoy this—especially some of the high dives.

### The Altar Stairs—*Universal*

AS a daring trader of the South Seas Frank Mayo does his usual stuff. Only the difference in background, a new leading lady and the exotic presence of his wife, Dagmar Godowsky, makes this picture different from the other Mayo vehicles. There are some fights, of course. And the usual betrayals of friendship. But there is never much doubt about the outcome of the story. Not for children.

### Ridin' Wild—*Universal*

THE story of a Quaker on the loose. Done to death by Edward (alias Hoot) Gibson. Pleasing, as are all of the westerns made by this star, and not unexciting at certain moments. Edward takes a healthy beating at the hands of the villain and emerges more mused up than the average lead dares to be. Titles plentifully sprinkled with "thees," written by someone who never talked with a Quaker.

### The Marriage Chance—*Amer. Booking*

A MAD jumble of vivisection, death at the marriage altar, and being buried alive, with touches of comedy relief that seem as impossible as the plot. There is a striking resemblance between the story and a certain horror play, at present a Broadway success. That, however, is a matter between authors! Doubtful entertainment, certainly not for children, with Mitchell Lewis, Tully Marshall and Henry B. Walthall utterly wasted.

### The Jilt—*Universal*

THE blind soldier is also the villain. This, in itself, is a departure from the beaten track. The story is original throughout, in fact, but that does not seem to prevent a great quantity of slow motion. Marguerite de la Motte, Ralph Graves and Matt Moore form a pleasing combination of leading lights, but white haired Eleanor Hancock, as the mother, is the most decorative thing in the picture.

### The Call of the Desert—*Pyramid-Amer. Releasing Co.*

VIOLET HEMING, Sheldon Lewis and J. Barney Sherry in another of those "desert drachmas." No abducting of white girls by dashing sheiks, but everything else. Some of the skyline effects are pretty, but the villain's motives and past are left too hazy, and the double part, played by the hero, is not convincing. Hardly worth the waste of an evening, and certainly not for the children.

### Bow Wow—*Sennett*

JOHN HENRY, Jr., the grey cat, Pepper, and Teddy, the dog. All mixed up in a comedy jumble designed to show off their specialties—which are well worth showing. Just as the audience begins to realize that animals are far superior to human beings, John Henry toddles into a close-up and all's well with the world! The children and most of the grownups will enjoy this. Louise Fazenda contributes a specialty.

### Thorns and Orange Blossoms—*Preferred Pictures*

THE title tells the story. Estelle Taylor, a Spanish singer, does her best, or her worst, to break up the nice romance of Kenneth Harlan and Edith Roberts. Edith, wearing a blonde wig, wins. Why, we do not know. For Estelle, despite a decided tendency to overemote, is good to look at. This sort of thing should have gone out long ago.

### Thirty Days—*Paramount*

DULL and forced, as to humor. One scarcely recognizes the old Wallie in this apathetic stranger who is billed as Mr. Reid! The story has to do with a susceptible young man who has to get himself locked into jail to keep away from the ladies. This shouldn't have been a hard part for our hero to play—but it was. Not recommended very highly, but it will do for a quiet family.

### One Wonderful Night—*Universal*

A LOUIS TRACY story that moves quickly to an end quite satisfactory to all the heroes and heroines and detectives. And puts all the bad eggs (joke!) out of the scenario. Herbert Rawlinson is the star, and does his best—though he never loses the camera for a moment. Lillian Rich is the pretty, persecuted lady that Herbert rescues and then marries. For folk who like mystery stories.

### The Super Sex—*American Releasing Co.*

THIS is a story of adolescence and too much money. A lucky boy who, after being snubbed by the town and held down by his father, invests a hundred dollars in a fly-by-night oil venture—and comes into possession, all at once, of twenty-five thousand dollars. What the unexpected wealth does to him is amusing, and at times rich with pathos. Tully Marshall is in the cast.

### The Ninety and Nine—*Vitagraph*

A VERY old melodrama has been revived as an excuse for a forest fire scene. How directors love forest fires! It is not a bad forest fire as forest fires go; but you will not be able to feel the flames fanning your cheeks or hear the crash of falling timber or anything like that. It's just another forest fire. For the rest, Colleen Moore as the conventional country maiden does a Gish almost as well as the immortal Lillian herself.

## Untold Love Tales About Stars

These are heart episodes from life, in which are set forth the real names of the personalities described. These little true stories are more fascinating than fiction.

IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF PHOTOPLAY



## What Europe Thinks of American Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

curtly. "But have you seen Corinne Griffith?" Bewildered, the waiter shook his head, and I knew then that even the Italians don't know all there is to know about beauty and art.

I found London in the grip of the American movie. Ladies dressed as Chinese maidens were being hauled through the streets in jinrikishas advertising Constance Talmadge's "East is West," which opened under the patronage of the Duke of York. Still more dazzling was the parade of Spaniards who were each attempting to look like Valentino in "Blood and Sand." The Valentino vogue has just hit London and the old town is reeling. At the premiere of "Blood and Sand" I heard the cockney babies discussing him and his wives as vivaciously as they do at home. I am curious to know what reception Italy will give him. But the Italians are not at heart the provincial souls that most Americans are. They will not feel it their duty to support because he is Italian, and since he is now particularly handsome as Italians go I don't think the signorinas are going to swoon in the orchestra chairs. Doug suits them very well. They love the exotic Americano as we love the exotic Italiano. It is a fair exchange.

In fact, Europe proves it likes us by liking best the stars who are most typically American, surely we may boast that of Doug and Harold Lloyd. In Paris several members of the art colony asked me if we appreciated Chaplin. They were worried lest we would fail to recognize his art, just as we fail to recognize the importance of jazz music as a contribution to art. I assured them that the snobs now realize what the mobs knew a long time ago, that Chaplin is a great artist.

Thus the cinema and the jazz are accomplishing what diplomats never do. They are Americanizing Europe,—with Europe's enthusiastic consent.

## Pola Negri Speaks

The Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

DEAR Sir: I am quite grateful for the splendid article in your November issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE entitled, "The Real Pola Negri," and I wish to compliment the writer for his interesting narrative and thank you for the many highly complimentary things which your magazine has said about my art.

There is a mis-statement of fact, however, which I wish you would correct. I refer to the paragraph on the second page of the article which says that my "original name" (meaning my own name) is Appolina Schwartz. It further states that I came "out of the purple shadow of Warsaw and whirled into the spotlight of a cabaretsky." Neither of these statements is correct.

My name is Appolonia Chalopez. In 1914 I was leading dramatic actress in the Imperial Theater in Warsaw. The same year I appeared in the principal role of the Reinhardt production of "Sumurum" in Warsaw, which was produced by Richard Ordynski who is at present in California. My debut in Berlin was in the same role in the big revival of "Sumurum" in 1918, when I appeared under Mr. Reinhardt's management. Subsequently I played in cinema productions.

The American press has been generous and kind to me since coming to America, and I am quite sure that you will understand that the intent of this letter is to inform you correctly, for the reason that at the present time the story of my life as I have written it is appearing in different newspapers, and mis-statements are confusing to the public.

With expression of esteem and cordially,  
Sincerely yours,

POLA NEGRI.



*Except the eyes,  
no factor in beauty  
counts for more  
than white teeth*

## No Excuse Now

For dingy film on teeth

A way has been found to combat film on teeth, and millions of people now use it.

A few years ago, nearly all teeth were coated more or less. Today those dingy coats are inexcusable. You can prove this by a pleasant ten-day test.

### Film ruins teeth

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Then it forms the basis of dingy coats which hide the teeth's natural luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So, despite all care, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing, and glistening teeth were rare.

### New methods now

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. Years of careful tests have amply proved their efficiency.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. These two film combatants are embodied in it for daily application. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Dental authorities the world over now endorse this method. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

### Other new effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize acids which cause tooth decay.

Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just opposite effects.

It polishes the teeth, so film adheres less easily.

Thus Pepsodent does, in five great ways, what never before was so successfully done.

### Used the world over

Now careful people of fifty nations are using Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. You can see the results in lustrous teeth wherever you look today. To millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

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

In one week you will realize that this method means new beauty, new protection for the teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

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10-Day Tube Free 962

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Dept. 586, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family.



### “I Knew You’d Make Good”

“I ALWAYS felt you had it in you to get ahead. But for a time I was afraid your natural ability would be wasted because you had never trained yourself to do any one thing well. Yes, I was afraid you would always be a jack of all trade and master of none.”

“But the minute you decided to study in your spare time I knew you’d make good. You seemed more ambitious—more cheerful—more confident of the future. And I knew that your employers couldn’t help but notice the difference in your work.”

“Think what this last promotion means! More money—more comforts—more of everything worth while. Tom, those hours you spent on that I. C. S. course were the best investment you ever made.”

**H**OW about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time.

Opportunity knocks—this time in the form of that familiar I. C. S. coupon. It may seem like a little thing, but it has been the means of bringing better jobs and bigger salaries to thousands of men.

Mark and mail it today and without cost or obligation, learn what the I. C. S. can do for you.

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**THE LANDON SCHOOL**  
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When San Francisco was swept by earthquake and fire April 18 and 19, in 1906, the motion picture camera recorded the scenes of devastation. To give the subject more scope and realism Biograph made a miniature set of the city and burned it before the camera. This picture is from the old Biograph negative

## Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

There came a decision to bluff it through. The subsequent action suggests that it was formulated by the determined T. R. himself.

The following morning when Porter appeared at his office at the Edison studio in New York, he found Dockstader sitting there waiting. Alongside was a stern, dignified person of official bearing.

“I’m pinched,” Dockstader announced. “This man’s from the secret service. I’ve got to give him that negative we made in Washington or go back with him—let’s have it.”

“Sure,” Porter replied, sparring for time. “I’m sorry, but I sent it over to the laboratory at West Orange to be developed and it will take a while to get it back here. I’ll send for it right away.”

Then at a hint from Porter, his brother, E. M. Porter, went into the projection room adjacent and began running motion pictures. Porter invited the secret service man to watch the pictures, thus maneuvering to get Dockstader alone.

“I’ve got that negative in the back room here, but I can give this fellow a roll of unexposed film just as well. He’ll fog it anyway and they won’t be able to tell the difference between it and the real negative.”

“Don’t do it—give him the real negative—I don’t want trouble. This is getting serious,” Dockstader wiped a beaded brow.

“Very well,” Porter replied, and went out of the room.

Presently he handed the secret service man a little tin can.

“There it is.”

The man with the star under his lapel jerked the can open and pulled out the creamy roll of celluloid. It fell in ribbons about him.

“There ain’t any picture on this! Don’t try to put something over on me, now.”

“There was a picture on it until you opened it and exposed it to the light,” Porter explained.

“You’ve spoiled it now. That is undeveloped negative.”

“Guess the president won’t mind my spoilin’ it.” The secret service man pocketed the film and bade Dockstader and Porter good day.

One evening shortly after that, down in Washington, there was another meeting of the

cabinet at the White House. Theodore Roosevelt and his cabinet repaired to a sheltered place on the lawn and there was a lurid brief bonfire as they watched the film burn.

Meanwhile Porter had the original negative developed and carefully put away in New York. Dockstader was unaware of that until months after. He dared not use it in his act. Porter kept it.

More than a year later Roosevelt and Dockstader met at a luncheon table.

“Why did you ever try to put that Booker T. Washington stunt over on me?” Roosevelt asked the famous minstrel.

“You had me all wrong,” Dockstader replied. “I was made up for my stage part. That film was for my own show.”

“If I’d known that I would have let you get away with it,” Roosevelt replied. “But it’s one on you—you see we couldn’t find any law or legal method of getting at the thing anyway.”

“But you didn’t get the film—it’s up in New York now,” Dockstader retorted. “You burned a blank.”

But fate had its way. The historic roll of film was stored in a chest of Porter’s archives in his office at the Famous Players studios when they burned some ten years later. They might just as well have given the film to Roosevelt.

THE Washington incident served to bring motion pictures to the first page of the newspapers for the first time. Never before had the motion picture been involved in a news story of national scope. The affair served to bring the screen to the attention of thousands who had hardly more than heard of motion pictures. It also set the politicians and others to thinking of propaganda possibilities. There has not been a presidential campaign since that day in which the motion picture has not figured as a vehicle of special appeal to the voters.

The seed of “The Great Train Robbery” was far flung and sown in many fertile soils in those years in which the motion picture was preparing to concentrate on the development of its functions as a medium of drama. William N. Selig, noted some chapters past in his pioneer efforts in Chicago, was engaged as

much in the showing of pictures as making them. He purchased a print of "The Great Train Robbery" and added it to his attractions. Thomas Persons, who was operating the Selig black tent picture show with Harry Wright's Carnival Company, showed the picture with such astonishing success that he sent posthaste pleas to Selig to make some "story pictures like the 'Train Robbery'."

Colonel Selig's response was in the making of an amazing one reel "story picture" entitled "Trapped by Bloodhounds; or, A Lynching at Cripple Creek."

It is regrettable that the cast of this first Selig dramatic effort is unknown. The Selig establishment was still at this date at 43 Peck Court, a little alley in downtown Chicago. At the saloon on the corner the cast was picked up and hired for a Sunday's picture work in the wild suburban district of Roger's Park. The wages consisted of lunch and one barrel of beer.

Viewed as a drama, "Trapped by Bloodhounds; or, A Lynching in Cripple Creek" lacked something of the finish of later screen work from the Selig studios. The opening scene depicted the murder of a lone woman, neatly choked to death by a marauding tramp. Thereafter the picture, for some hundreds of feet, consisted of a pursuit by men and dogs, said to be blood hounds. The dogs did not want to go along and they were dragged through the woods and the picture by the posse. The great dramatic climax was the handsome hanging scene at the finish. It would have been rather realistic if the actor had not twisted on the rope and displayed the improvised harness which supported him.

In spite of those minor imperfections the picture was an important success, the first Selig drama. Some hundreds of prints were sold to the trade.

**I**N this period the rising importance of Selig in the film market brought him heavily under the fire of the Edison legal batteries engaged in the suppression of infringers on the Edison patents. The Selig establishment was hardly prepared to cope with the expensively equipped and manned law department of Edison. The situation became desperately serious and it appeared grimly certain that the little shop at 43 Peck Court would have to be shut down. Help came, most dramatically, at the eleventh hour and from a most unexpected quarter.

Some years before, probably about 1900, Selig had made a series of motion pictures showing the operations of the Armour packing plant in Chicago. The work had especially interested Philip D. Armour, the founder and head of the concern. He made many trips down to obscure 43 Peck Court to see his plant on the screen.

In February 1906, just when it seemed that Selig could stand out against the Edison forces no longer, Upton Sinclair's now historic "The Jungle" came off the presses of Doubleday Page and Company in the East. The sensational revelations of "The Jungle" with reference to the packing industry shook the country. The packers were suddenly on the defensive.

Philip D. Armour recalled the motion pictures made by Selig. These pictures would be, he decided, excellent propaganda against the charges of "The Jungle." The plant had been on dress parade when the pictures were made and Packingtown looked its best on the screen.

There was a hurry call for Selig and the films. "I am afraid I can not do anything for you—you see the Edison company is about to put me out of business in this patent fight," Selig explained.

It was not the way of Philip Armour to let details like that stand in his way. The large, expensive and exceedingly crafty legal machine of the packers was thrown in as eleventh hour reinforcements to the defense of Selig.

Colonel Selig was vibrating between oblivion and success through all those days. His



## Whatever else may fail

Linking city, village and farm, crossing mountain and wilderness, the telephone system challenges Nature in her strongholds and battles her fiercest moods.

Out on his lonely "beat" the telephone trouble-hunter braves the blizzard on snow-shoes, body bent against the wind, but eyes intent upon the wires.

North, south, east, west—in winter and summer, in forest and desert—the telephone workers guard the highways of communication. Traveling afoot where there are no roads, crawling sometimes on hands and knees, riding on burros, or motor-

cycles, or trucks, they "get there" as they can.

When Nature rages to that point where few things can stand against her, when property is destroyed and towns cut off, the telephone is needed more than ever. No cost is too much, no sacrifice too great, to keep the wires open. If telephone poles come down with the storm, no matter how distant they may be, no matter how difficult to reach, somehow a way is found, somehow—in blizzard, hurricane, or flood—the service is restored.

Whatever else may fail, the telephone service must not fail, if human effort can prevent it. This is the spirit of the Bell System.



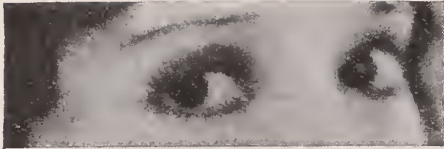
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**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY**  
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*One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service*

**DON'T** miss a single item in the "Gossip East and West" Department. It contains the most complete, reliable and liveliest news about film folks and pictures. *Turn to page 70.*

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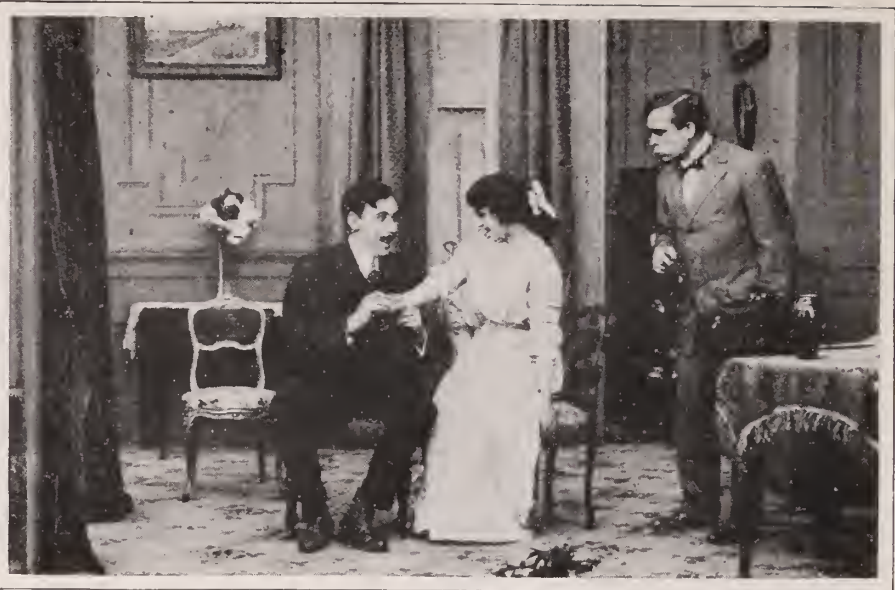
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*Ancient classics of the old Biograph—in these prints from the original Biograph negatives we see Mack Sennett in some of his early efforts at screen comedy. The action suggests that while technique has changed, the ideas are closely akin to what they are doing now*

response to emotional pressure came to be readily observable to the members of his busy staff. When the Colonel achieved any important step of progress, from a good order to a legal victory, he was accustomed to signalize his joy by indulging in a long exhaustive session in the barber chair, running the entire gamut of delights—shave, hair cut, massage, shampoo, singe and a dash of tonic.

In February, 1906, he had one of the best hair cuts of his life. "The Jungle" saved the Selig motion picture enterprise through the crisis of Edison litigation and preserved to the world of the films an institution destined to play a large rôle in screen development.

IN the studios of the East, the motion picture industry, having acquired a personnel of picture makers, now with the coming of the drama began to gather to itself actors, many of whom were in time, with the upward trend of the art, to become stars. It was only when the screen began to tell stories with the photoplay, outgrowing its novelty phase, that the need for some sort of authorship and better actors than the mechanics and operators about the studios began to be felt.

This development we have seen in the previous chapter, illustrated by the early screen appearances of G. M. Anderson and J. Barney Sherry. Now at the Edison plant, under Porter, in Twenty-first street, we find one of the first and typical beginnings of the evolution of the scenario. It came about in a rather roundabout fashion.

Percy Waters, who has appeared in earlier chapters, was the principal dealer in Edison films in the East, with his Kinetograph Company, now developing into a full fledged film exchange not unlike those of today. Among his customers was a J. Searle Dawley, a young actor-playwright, who was at the time engaged in putting on acts and novelties between the acts of the dramas presented by the Spooner Stock Company in Brooklyn. Dawley used motion pictures for some of these interim performances. He had written a number of plays and had ideas that brought him into contact with Porter, the maker of the Edison pictures.

"Why don't you make a picture of 'Paul Revere's Ride'?" Dawley suggested to Porter one day in the spring of 1907.

"It would make a great subject," Porter agreed.

And then and there the motion picture

made what seems to have been its deliberate tie-up with the craft of playwriting.

On May 13, 1907, remembered principally because it was the thirteenth of the month, Dawley left the Spooner Stock Company and came across the Brooklyn Bridge to the Edison company. He was, as with everyone employed in those days, a general utility person in the picture business. But his major mission then was to take the place that has come to be known as the scenario department. Dawley continued some years with the Edison company, went to Famous Players and continues today among the active directors of 1923.

Through Dawley and his dramatic connections a number of well remembered names came into the motion pictures. Maurice Costello, of the Spooner Stock Company, came from the haughty dignity of the "legitimate" to play a part in Edison pictures, back there in those beginnings so obscure that even the subjects have been forgotten. Many others followed, among them Ben Wilson, Jack Adolphi and Sydney Booth. Porter brought in William Sorrelle, who had played on the stage with Richard Mansfield, Laura Sawyer, Charles Forrest and others whose names have faded from memory.

It was among the duties of Dawley to hunt out actors for the rôles of the simple little dramas of the Edison shop. His favorite hunting ground was the vicinity of Thirty-ninth street and Broadway, where actors out of work, "resting," as they called it, in the euphemistic argot of the stage, stood about hoping to be chosen by some manager.

"I used to pick them out timidly," Mr. Dawley relates. "Of course I could tell an actor just by sight. I had a problem. I had not only to find the type we wanted, but I had to find a specimen that did not look too prosperous and haughty. Then I maneuvered about and tried to draw the intended victim into a conversation, at last tactfully suggesting a day's work in the pictures. All too often I met a violent refusal.

"In the pictures, sir! Never, never—you ask me to appear in the pictures—why, I played with Booth!" This with gestures of scorn, disgust and annoyance.

Actors who met on the motion picture stages of Edison, Vitagraph and Biograph in those days, kept it a secret between them, a mutual sort of professional skeleton.

"I've been with friends in the country," was the stock excuse and alibi that they gave their friends on their return to the ranks of

those who stood and waited on Broadway. The very phrase "friends in the country" began to be a piece of patois meaning the picture makers in the gypsy language of the players.

One of Dawley's early contributions to the screen was an animal drama entitled "The Nine Lives of a Cat," in which the studio cat held the title rôle. In the midst of making the picture the star walked out and died. Dawley as the casting director searched the alleys of New York for two days to capture a cat to double the part.

The growing prosperity of the picture trade led to the establishment of the Edison studio in the Bronx, where it stands today, accumulating cobwebs and the dust of silence, stages piled high with the props and accouterments of the forgotten dramas which brought to fame the names of the old Edison stock company, Mary Fuller, Mabel Trunnelle, Herbert Prior, Charles Ogle and the rest.

The Bronx location, adjacent to Bronx Park, was chosen by Porter, for reasons significant enough in their day and themselves a measure of the status of the industry then. The site in Decatur street was just a five minute walk from the end of the Third Avenue elevated line. It was far enough from Broadway that abashed actors need not fear they would be discovered in the artistic felony of working in pictures. It was close to the outdoor locations of the park. It was a five cent car ride to most any desired location elsewhere.

The executive office of the Edison enterprises thundered with objections when the studio demanded an automobile and at last grudgingly granted the use of a second-hand machine that had been discarded from the personal service of Thomas Edison. Mr. Porter went out to learn to drive it and left it up a tree in the park. At last the West Orange management supplied a truck with twenty-four seats, charabanc fashion, in which the Edison Stock company stylishly drove to locations.

**T**HE first member of the Edison Stock company to be employed on a regular salary was William Sorrelle, he of the Mansfield tradition. Mr. Sorrelle had been getting five dollars a day when he worked. There was excitement about the place when it was learned that he had been "put on steady" at thirty dollars a week.

Meanwhile Vitagraph, the Blackton-Rock-Smith combination, was undergoing a similar evolution. The studio on a roof in downtown New York was outgrown and they ventured to acquire land at Fifteenth and Locust in Flatbush.

Sometime late in 1906 the Vitagraph's picture makers were working on a location near Sheepshead Bay. There was a crowd of spectators gathered behind the camera to see the curious performance of shooting a picture. In that group was Florence Turner, the daughter of an actor family living in the vicinity. Miss Turner made the acquaintance of the pictures there and fell into a conversation that presently led her into a job at the new Vitagraph studios in Flatbush, the first of those who made up the Vitagraph stock company. A bit more pretentiously organized than some of the other concerns of the time, Vitagraph had a method of holding its players by giving them jobs, "doubling in brass." Miss Turner drew eighteen dollars a week as the mistress of the wardrobe. That was a minimum guarantee, in effect. If she acted in pictures, then she received a total of five dollars a day, and might, when production conditions were especially fortunate, earn a total of thirty dollars a week, just like Sorrelle over at Edison's.

It was accepted practice then to impress the actors into service as carpenters, scene painters and the like.

But when Maurice Costello went over to Vitagraph from Edison a precedent was established.



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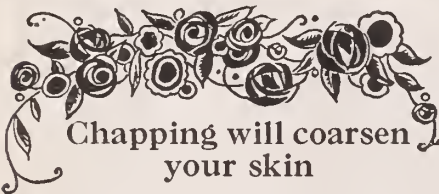
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"I am an actor and I will act—but I will not build sets and paint scenery."

Costello drew up majestically and won on his dignity.

G. M. Anderson, now partaking of the fame of a part in "The Great Train Robbery," went out to make the most of it. He joined Vitagraph, carrying along the "story picture" idea and sat in the councils of Albert E. Smith and J. Stuart Blackton, for a time.

Shortly, Mr. Anderson went west and elected Chicago as his base of operations. He joined forces with Colonel Selig, on the strength of "The Great Train Robbery" and Vitagraph associations. He was the bearer of the flaming torch of the drama to the outposts of the motion picture. In a few months the impetus of Anderson's enthusiasm carried Selig production well into the field of the dramatic picture.

Then came a day when Anderson felt impelled to move on. He wanted a business of his own. He suggested to Thomas Persons and Tom Nash, the Selig cameramen, that they join him in going out into business for themselves. Colonel Selig met this disruptive idea by giving Persons and Nash shares in the concern.

Anderson, still bent on a project of his own with "story pictures" as the new golden opportunity, looked up George K. Spoor, the proprietor of the Kinodrome Circuit, showing motion pictures in the Orpheum vaudeville theaters of the West and headquartering in Chicago.

Spoor was now the proprietor of the National Film Renting Company at 62 North Clark street in Chicago, an exchange through which he extracted earning power from films that he had run through his vaudeville circuit showings. The exchange was growing up to become quite as important as the Kinodrome business and there was a scarcity of pictures for the clamoring store show man. Anderson arrived at the opportune time.

Spoor and Anderson organized the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company in February of 1907 and started making pictures, with the famous Indian head borrowed from the copper cent piece as their trade mark. The stamp of "The Great Train Robbery" with its Wild West atmosphere was on the project. Anderson went to Golden, Colorado, for locations in the spring of 1908 and, for three hundred and seventy six weeks thereafter, produced a one reel "Broncho Billy" cowboy adventure story. Being the first actor-author-producer to become an owner of a motion picture enterprise, he was first to get his name on the screen, and probably was the most successful in keeping it there. Three hundred and seventy-six weeks of continuous appearance establishes a record never approached elsewhere in motion pictures and one which apparently, in view of the trend of picture production, is unlikely ever to be imperiled. Pursuit of the "story picture" idea carried by Anderson set Essanay and Selig on the road to millions.

Francis Boggs of stage experience, the star of the melodramatic stage success, "Why Girls Leave Home," went into the Selig organization to take the place that Anderson left and carry on the "story picture" idea. He continued with the Selig organization for years. He met his death in tragic motion picture fashion at last, when a Japanese extra man employed at the California studio ran amuck and shot Boggs to death on the lot, incidentally wounding Colonel Selig at the same time.

THE Edison studio, too, went on drawing on the stage for material. William T. Ranous, a famous "heavy" of stock company fame, went to the Edison studios to play the Irish landlord in "Kathleen Mavourneen." Shortly, Ranous went over to Flatbush to work in Vitagraph pictures and soon utilized his stage craft to become a director. A few stills of "The Haunted Hotel," a Vitagraph release of February 21, 1907, have been found among the archives of the old studio. They depict Hector Deon as the tavern keeper and Ranous

as taking the rôle of unsuspecting guest.

Occasionally here and there among the fragmentary records of the pictures of the time, one finds familiar names that had intermittent and accidental connections with the screen. For example, Donald Brian of musical comedy fame is to be found in the faded negative of Edison's screen version of "The Merry Widow," a one reel production effort to transfer a stage hit to the screen. Brian was the only member of the stage cast to appear in the pictures and the name of the *Merry Widow* of the screen is lost to history.

THE name of Edison led many seekers of screen opportunity to ride up to the end of the Third Avenue "L" to the glass studio in the Bronx. Of the many who went at that early day to find a place in the new art of the pictures, few names remain, but there is one outstanding survival of those beginnings—a rambling actor and author by the name of D. W. Griffith, sometimes billed on the stage as Lawrence Griffith.

Young Mr. Griffith arrived in New York late in the season of 1907, at the end of a long road tour with Nance O'Neil. For awhile, as Broadway says, he was "resting." He was looking about for some way to terminate the resting period. He was all rested up and tired of resting.

Griffith tended a bit to authorship. In yet earlier days he had been a book agent and later a newspaper reporter in Louisville. He sometimes did a bit of verse. Now the motion picture suggested possibilities. The film concerns were beginning, he heard, to buy "suggestions."

So D. W. Griffith, with the scenario for a screen version of "La Tosca" in his pocket, rode up to the Bronx to see the Edison people about it.

"La Tosca," with its many scenes as Griffith had it arranged in his script, seemed a trifle too pretentious for the Edison establishment to attempt. Griffith suggest that he could act as well as write.

"Well, I am looking for a man for a part," the director, E. S. Porter admitted, a bit slowly as he sized up Griffith. "But it is a sort of a woodsman-mountaineer part and I don't think you are husky enough for it."

"I could pad up for it a bit, don't you know," Griffith argued. His accent was violently English, as was the accustomed affectation of actors of the time. Actors wore the deeply English accent as a stamp of status and elegance, just as bankers of the time wore silk hats.

Rather reluctantly Porter agreed to use Griffith in the part.

The picture was entitled, "The Eagle's Nest." It was a one-reel story of the baby that was carried off into the Alps by a great eagle and rescued by the daring mountaineer, who climbed the crag and engaged the bird in battle on his lofty perch.

The long shots of the picture were made on the Palisades of the Hudson, while the close-ups were photographed in the Edison studio. The cliff and eagle's nest were carefully constructed and painted by Richard Murphy, who began his scenic career as a paint boy for the Spooner stock company and developed into one of the screen's most effective technical experts.

The dramatic high point of the picture was the battle on the crag between the hardy mountaineer, played by D. W. Griffith, and the eagle, played by a stuffed bird from a taxidermist's shop. The eagle was supplied with hinged wings, manipulated by invisible black threads. The bird put up quite a battle for the baby but Griffith managed to triumph in the end.

Griffith got his five dollars a day for a couple of days' work in the picture and went his way, to offer his scenario ideas and his services as an actor elsewhere. But his screen career had begun; years ahead of him fate was waiting with the unborn "Birth of a Nation."

Downtown in the West Twenty-first street

district a new film concern was rising to attention. It was known as Kalem, taking its name some what after the same synthesis as Essanay, from K-L-M, representing George Kleine, the Chicago film exchange man and importer of things optical, Samuel Long, who owned four hundred dollars' worth of partitions in a loft building, and Frank Marion, who had a college education with a degree of Syracuse University, some experience with Biograph and capital in the sum of six hundred dollars. Kleine's credit, Long's partitions and Marion's six hundred started Kalem. Kleine guaranteed the account of the company for the purchase of a Warwick camera from Charles Urban in London and Kalem started to work, first producing a comedy at Sound Beach, Conn.

Starting under these auspices, Kalem was not a large consumer of scenarios that day when D. W. Griffith appeared with his manuscript of "La Tosca."

But Marion talked with the actor-author and suggested that down at 11 East 14th street Biograph was working a considerable company and using many stories.

Over there Griffith met Wallace McCutcheon, Sr., the director in charge.

The scenarios would be considered, and also there was a possibility that Mr. Griffith might work in some of the pictures.

He was tried out in a bit and seemed to do rather well.

Soon Griffith was working rather frequently in Biograph's pictures, and Arthur Marvin, a cameraman, observed that this rather quiet young actor seemed to have ideas that set him just a shade apart from the miscellaneous dramatic flotsam of the studio's shifting casts.

RATHER close to this time another young man with a handful of destiny took a ride up the Third Avenue "L" to the Edison studio in the Bronx. He was known, but very slightly known, as Mack Sennett, a bit of a chorus man, spear bearer, and light comedian with a pleasant voice and a naturally whimsical manner. He got a part in one of those early and forgotten Edison dramas, played a few days and came downtown again and also went in the imposing door of the brownstone mansion at 11 East 14th street. He, too, joined Biograph.

But while the screen was thus gathering authors, players and directors in preparation for the great days to come, the commercial path of the industry was torn with dissensions, litigations and wars as remarkable in their own dramatic way as any story the camera has ever recorded.

Actors and stories, which were and are all of the motion picture to the great screen public, were after all but a part, a minor part at that, of the industry in the period under consideration. The greatest dramas of the day were enacted in directors' meetings, lawyers' offices, court rooms and gun fights of employed gangsters battling for picture factions in the dark streets of New York. Something of this phase of the desperado career of the motion picture will be set forth in the next chapter. The chieftains of the picture tribes had seen the glint of gold and there were battling for possession of the promised land.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

### Film Thefts

THE theft of films has been a serious evil in the motion picture industry.

Film thieves, pilfering pictures from theaters, or while they were in transportation, have been selling them in Mexico, South America and Europe.

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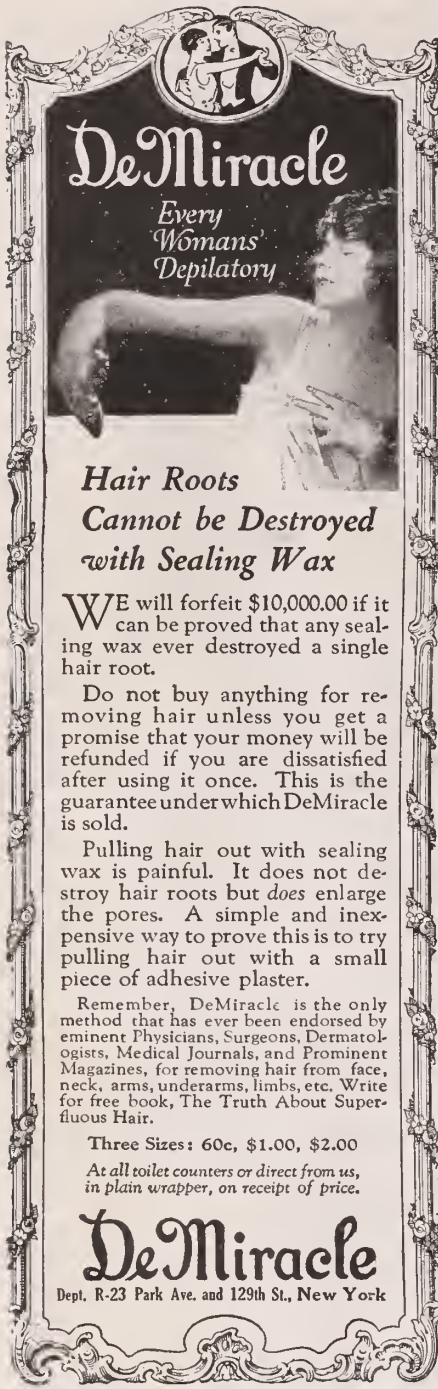
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**My Life Story**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

the Royal Academy of Agriculture and study to be a scientific farmer. Italy needed scientific farmers far more than she needed soldiers or sailors. And hadn't my most distinguished ancestors tilled the soil of their estates? Perhaps I might become a great landed proprietor and re-create the legendary glories of the family. That mother of mine, she knew how to reach my heart and touch the strings of inspiration.

Once again I started forth to school, this time with a high and firm resolve. I would succeed, as my father had commanded, for *Madre e Italia*.

Although I was then entering the love-sick period of life when a man is liable to play the fool, I feel some satisfaction in the success I really did achieve at the agricultural school from which I was graduated with the highest honors of my class. It gave my mother happiness.

AS I say, I was in the moon-calf period of youth. The Royal Academy is situated in Santa Ilario Ligure, a dot of a village on the mountains above the Mediterranean near Genoa. The only girl we students ever saw was the daughter of the dormitory cook. She lived above the stables. She was not a romantic vision to rave over, yet such is the fine frenzy of youth that the lowliest stable-maid may appear the loveliest queen. We all tried to get assigned to stable detail in the hope of flirting with her. One day I was favored with the choice occupation, and naturally I tried to make the most of my opportunity. In tones low and sweet I warbled a Neapolitan love ballad until she appeared at the casement window above the stable doors. A veritable Audrey, buxom and blushing, she giggled down at me, as I leaned gracefully on a pitchfork, passionate gaze turned upward. But this melting scene between the barnyard Juliet and her pitchfork Romeo was rudely shattered. A hound of a teacher, lacking in fine sensibilities, pounced out from behind a tree and utterly ruined my pose by yanking the pitchfork away.

That ended the affair for the day. But I was determined my sweet stable nymph should not be torn from me. When night came with its tender Italian moon and passionate zephyrs sighing lyrically out of the sea, I sat on the edge of my bed until all lights of the house were out. Then I removed my shoes and socks, climbed cautiously out of the window, over a stone ledge to the great stone gate and slid gently to the ground. I crossed the short space to the stables and took up my former position under her window, whistling softly the refrain with which I had lured her forth before. Tenderly and with feeling I whistled. Suddenly I was terrified by the most fearful commotion that ever shocked a lover's ears.

It sounded as though some giant, fiendishly enraged, was trying to burst through the stable doors and get at me. In panic I bounded over the sharp stones and climbed with bleeding feet back into my room. The next morning I learned that a new-born calf had nearly kicked the barn down.

Fate was cruel in my amours. I was always in love. Young Italians always are. In Italy love thrills everything—it is in the sensuous perfumed breezes, the colors of heaven and sea, in the ruby glances of Chianti, and the moonlight floating downward like a Titian lady's hair.

If the Italian is the most passionate lover in the world it may be because he is the most restrained. Rigid convention denies him all contact with the lovelier girls, who never are free from chaperons. His ardor is inflamed by the imagination, prompted by languishing

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glances and stealthily exchanged notes. An American may speak love with his lips, the Italian must say it with his eyes. The most passionate lover, perhaps, yet the most formal. Where the man in a less conventional clime might vent his emotion by holding hands or stealing a kiss now and then, the young Italian must pour forth his passion in poetry. I used to spend hours copying passages from Tasso and Ariosto. Tassa is a particularly rich mine, for that medieval poet was madly in love with the Duchess D'Este. The melancholy of his songs just suits the Italian lover. To be in love is to be sad. The melancholy Dane is the life of the party compared to an Italian in love. I was ever in the most languishing postures. . . . I might well have served as the horrible example of *Richard III's* soliloquy—"Sighing like furnace with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow." In this period of poetical hysteria I compared the fair ones to sunsets that flame out of heaven, the flowers that dance at the feet of Greek temples, the little clouds kissed silver by a loving moon. My language was comparable only to that of the pioneer subtitle writers.

In such a mood it was little wonder that Paris called. Regardless of obligations to family I rushed off to that courtesan of cities and for several months played among the smiles and jewels of her boulevards. I was a little vain of my social successes—until my money was gone. Then vanity was handed the truth. I pleaded for money from home, dashed away to Monte Carlo to retrieve my fortunes and a few weeks later enacted that perennial tragedy, *The Return of the Prodigal*.

Certainly I had done nothing thus far to win me the title of *Pride of the Family*. The honors I achieved at the agricultural academy had been offset by my escapades later. My family, including my uncle who had taken care of my father's estate, met in solemn conclave.

Their decision was that I had better be shipped to America. "If he's going to turn out a criminal," observed my uncle, "it is better he do so in America where he will not disgrace us."

The prospect of adventure in America pleased me so much that I didn't bother resenting the aspersions on my character. I agreed that Italy didn't offer much of any opportunity for criminals. And so my mother got together about \$4,000, all that she could spare, and gave it to me.

IT was the memorable morning of December 9th, 1913, as they would say in history, that I set sail on a boat of the Hamburg-American line, arriving at New York on December 23rd.

Before I even reached these shores I was indebted to America. An American saved my life. It was during a high storm at sea, when foolishly I had stood up on the bow, supporting myself securely, so I thought, by grasping one of those metal ropes. Suddenly I felt a great weight crush down upon my shoulders and pull me backward. A moment later a wave leaped over the bow. The weight I had felt on my shoulders was the hands of an American, who saw the wave coming and knew that it could easily sweep me away.

This act which saved my life was in line with my beliefs concerning Americans and America. For Italians cherish a greater love and gratitude for America than America really knows.

The thousands who have come over here and make money never forget you, even though they return home.

So I approached America, "flaming like a god," as Rupert Brooke says, and entered the golden city of the world, New York, where I was to go through the test of suffering and struggle that either makes or unmakes a man.

[ TO BE CONTINUED ]

# Why My Husband Calls Me "The Best-dressed Woman in Town"

*How I solved the clothes problem in our family and found an easy, fascinating way to earn money at home. A personal narrative.*

By MARY ELIZABETH RAWLINGS

**A** LITTLE while ago, my husband and I woke up to the fact that we were getting nowhere on his salary. At the end of each year we found we had saved nothing—absolutely nothing.

We could not afford amusements and we were drifting into a dry, monotonous existence.

We managed to keep out of debt only by going without many of the things we wanted and really needed—particularly in the way of clothes.

The thing that hurt and discouraged me most was that I discovered that my husband was ashamed to go any place with me because I had no pretty clothes to wear.

Then one night, as if in answer to my prayers and heartaches, a wonderful thing happened. I had gone to my room so that no one would know how terribly unhappy I felt.

After a while, just to divert my thoughts, I opened a magazine and my glance fell on a story that attracted me. It told of a woman, just like myself, who had won happiness, solved her clothes problem and found an easy, fascinating way to earn money at home.

Almost wild with hope I read every word of the story. It seemed so real—so convincing—that I wrote that very night for full information.

In just a few days a beautiful book arrived, telling all about the Woman's Institute and the new method it has developed by which any woman or girl can easily and quickly learn at home, in spare time, to make becoming clothes at merely the cost of materials.

I made up my mind that if other women could do it, I could do it, too. So I enrolled for a course in dressmaking.

**W**HEN my first lesson came, I seized it as eagerly as one would a love-letter and ran up to my room to devour its contents undisturbed. What a delightful way to study!

The lessons are written in language that even a child could understand, and every step is not only fully explained in words, but also by pictures. There are hundreds of actual photographs which show you exactly what to do. You can easily imagine what a big help that is.

From the very beginning you work on practical garments for yourself. I think that is one of the finest things about the Institute's course. You start right in. There are no tedious preliminaries.

Why, one of the first things I did was to make three unusually attractive day-dresses.

Then one day, in a shop window, I saw a beautiful printed georgette crepe dress, combined with val lace. I wanted it very badly, but the price ticket was marked \$48 and, of course, I couldn't afford that. But I knew I could copy it!

So I purchased all the necessary materials and made myself the most wonderful dress I had ever had for only \$24.50. I had saved nearly \$25. Best of all, the dress fitted me far better than if I had purchased it ready-made.

**I** DON'T think I shall ever forget the look on my husband's face when I stood before him in my first dress. "Mary," he said, "where in the world did you get that dress? Why, it is the most becoming one you have ever had. It makes you look ten years younger."

Soon the neighbors began noticing my clothes and asking me who made them. When I told them that I made them all myself, they were just as surprised as my husband was.

Then a happy thought came to me. If I could make such attractive and becoming clothes for myself, at such great savings, why not make them for other people, and thus add to the family income? It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could, so I let it be known that I would welcome outside sewing.

The first garments I made were three blouses, one skirt and two camisoles for my sister-in-law.

Then one of my neighbors asked me to make over a wrap for her. It was about a day's work and I charged her \$5.50. Everybody thought it was a new wrap. When she told them it was a two-year-old one that I had made over, it seemed as if every one in town wanted me to do their sewing.

That very first month I made \$61. In addition to remodeling the wrap, I made a silk blouse, three one-piece percale dresses, a baby



petticoat and baby dress, a tinted voile dress with decorative stitching, and two other very dainty afternoon dresses.

During the last seven months I earned \$384, in addition to making all of my own and my children's clothes. There was never a time when I did not have more work than I could do.

To-day I have a bank account of my own and the little luxuries and comforts we always wanted. Best of all, my husband has fallen in love with me all over again. He often says that I am "the best-dressed woman in town."

**W**OULDNT you, too, like to have prettier, more becoming clothes for yourself and your family for less than half what they now cost you? You can!

Mrs. Rawlings is just one of more than 150,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, who have proved by the clothes they have made and the dollars they have saved, that you can easily learn at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.

It makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or little time to the course as you desire and just whenever it is convenient.

## Send for This Handsome Booklet "Dressmaking Made Easy"

IT tells all about the Woman's Institute. It describes the courses in detail and explains how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession. Send in the convenient coupon to-day, and a copy of this handsome booklet will come to you absolutely free by return mail.

----- TEAR OUT HERE -----

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Dept. 17-P, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your 64-page booklet, "Dressmaking Made Easy." I am most interested in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:—

- How to Make My Own Clothes
- How to Make Children's Clothes
- How to Earn Money as a Dressmaker
- How to Plan and Design Becoming Clothes
- How to Make My Own Hats
- How to Earn Money as a Milliner

Name.....  
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

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LOS ANGELES



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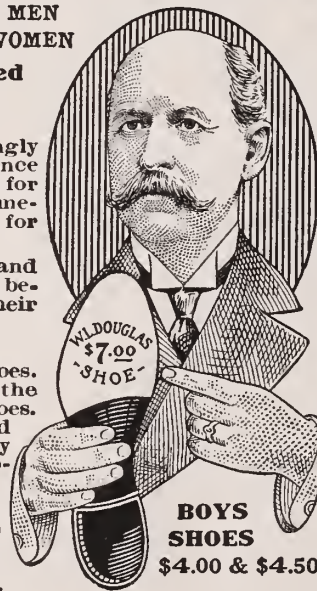
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TRADE MARK REG.

# BATHASWEET

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## Five Hundred Nights

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

his first audience, although today his name to a play will bring people half across a continent to see it. David Wistard beside me sat crushing his handkerchief between his palms, a great light on his face.

"Strong stuff," was all I could say. "Written for her by a master."  
"For her," said Wistard, "and for no one else."

"In the blood of his heart," I said, patting myself on the back for a neat phrase and figuring just where I would use it.

"That too," said Wistard and let his own heart get into his eyes as the curtain brought us Draven again—poor, beaten Anna Glynn.

I THINK now, looking back, that seeing her then I should have been able to guess at what was to come. That from the bowed shoulders of Anna Glynn, the crushed soul of her in the somber eyes, the dead, defeated mask of Anna Glynn's face, some inkling should have seeped forth of what the future had in store for a woman who lived Anna Glynn—and lived her long. But nothing came to me—nothing—certainly not when Royalla Draven, a little white, for triumph takes its toll, lifted her champagne before us that night while her apartment rang with the shouts of victory.

"Draven! . . . Draven! . . . Draven!"  
We roared it with our voices, we hammered it with Draven's silver on the table, we waved it with napkins and handkerchiefs. When not on his vulture quest you will find a dramatic critic is quite human.

"Royalla Draven

Is an actress from heaven,"

pipled up Barker who writes vile verse at times, and we whooped out that idiotic jingle until we were hoarse, beating time with the bottoms of our glasses. Then Barker became ecstatic once more:

"Wyndham Dane

Has arisen to fame."

We sang and shouted that until somebody remembered that we didn't know who Wyndham Dane was, where he was, or what he was—outside of being New York's newest author. We pestered Herman Kahn but he grinned, we asked Draven and she—well, she smiled. I asked David Wistard and he was too busy arranging the white carnation Royalla's fingers had just put into the lapel of his dinner coat. So we let it go at that, minded to get it from the press agents whose business it is to see such things get into print.

Royalla Draven was speaking and we fell silent. "Out of suffering—happiness," she quoted—Anna Glynn again. "Friends of mine, I have suffered tonight as I never thought I could suffer before. But I am happy now."

"Happy now, happy now," raved Barker.

"Every actress knows when she has found her one part as I have found mine. It is Anna Glynn, written for me by a man who put his all into it as I am putting my all into it. The thoughts, the actions of Anna Glynn have been mine and they shall be mine so long as I am allowed to play the part. Friends of mine, I have really come into my own. To Anna Glynn!"

Her hands flashed up her glass. It was a tableau. There was Royalla Draven, white, statuesque, rigid as marble, at her right David Wistard, every one of us envying him his luck, the shouting mob of us on our feet for the toast. I wish to God I had never drunk it.

"And to Wyndham Dane who made her!"

And in one voice we cried:

"Out of suffering—happiness!" It was as pat as a play. Our shoes may sometimes be rusty but our sense of fitness is always polished.

That winter I remember, new shows opened along Broadway like corn popping in a pan. David Wistard I saw only occasionally for months; he looked a little thin and drawn but

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And its delicate fragrance—

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his column was as rapier-keen as ever. Of Royalla Draven I saw practically nothing; the current of our lives had drifted apart for the time being although sure to meet later on. Anna Glynn and "White Ashes" had by that time become as much a fixture on Broadway as the Times Building.

They would soon be house—or rather, it being New York, apartment-hunting, for the wedding was set for the spring. And then as March came in, roaring through the parks, Shupe whispered to me. I found Wistard in his cubbyhole of an office at the Star, haggard-faced over a piled desk.

"It's true, God help me, it's true," he said. "But I swear there is no cause. Look," from the drawer at his side he plucked a photograph, the duplicate of the one that stood, silver-framed, day and night in his rooms—"Is it credible that a woman like that could ever cease to love?"

Royalla Draven photographed always in living beauty but she must have posed again and again and yet again to get that look in her eyes for David Wistard.

"But it is only postponed."  
"Indefinitely, Roberts. She will give no reason to me, she will not even let me see her. Only a letter asking me not to try to swerve her in this—she begs me not to. If ever I read tears in a woman's handwriting they are in hers and she will not let me come to her. I have been refused at her apartment five times in as many days."

"She plays Anna Glynn every night."  
"And plays it, Roberts, like the living soul of that beaten woman."

"Sometimes," was the banal thing I said, "a woman can't give up her art."

"She was not to have. She is too great for the stage to lose. It cannot lose her, that would be tragedy." His next words told me just what friendship was ours. "She is my life. I cannot let her go."

I suppose I said what men usually say in such moments, something foolishly mumbled, but a handclasp with it. Perhaps Royalla was over-strained; had magnified a slight illness into a serious ailment. But it was Wistard who looked over-strained, torn and racked.

I knew he had been half killing himself over work of some kind, that and the mystery of Royalla was being too much.

A PERPETUAL pass to the theater is in some measure a compensation for a spindling salary, that is, if you like the theater. Some dramatic critics don't, and it gets into their work. My seat at "White Ashes" that week was one of the best, so close to the stage that never a shade of expression on Royalla Draven's face would be missed. You have already guessed why I went there; the cold eye of a third person can often probe deeply and there was bitter need of bringing back his hope to David Wistard.

You know already what I saw—perfection. There may have been in the earlier nights of Anna Glynn a little unsmoothness, a little vague awkwardness in the finer shadings of the part—there was none that night. The voice that drove into unforgotten chambers of the mind, the face that was a thing to haunt forever—the beaten woman, as Wistard called her, Anna Glynn. There was the same dreary droop of the head, the fluttering of the wan hands, and the eyes—they were terrible. They went bleakly down into the shadows and saw there unfit things. Royalla Draven had long since gone beyond Art. She had transcended it and gave her house a smashing segment out of life. Anna Glynn in Herman Kahn's theater was really a living woman. But that was all that looking upon Royalla Draven told me.

In the intermission after the third act my card came back to me from her dressing room with a single line of her handwriting on it. "My friend, I cannot see you tonight." Not much of a message to take back to David Wistard, tormented in his cubbyhole; not



## He asked to meet her

AT EVERY gathering, you will find some girl that every man wants to meet.

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much of a message to take anywhere, for Broadway knew me as his best friend.

Her motor with its liveried chauffeur stood in the stage door alley waiting to bear Royalla Draven home, for, a creature of splendor, she spent money like water and had I know not how many pensioners, some honest but unfortunate, others dishonest and fortunate in that Royalla gave unquestioningly of whatever she had. I know, for Shupe told me, that her bank account was almost always overdrawn.

I thought of that and of other things as I stood in the shadows of the alley not far from the red globe, waiting for Royalla Draven to appear. The alley was murk-splotched and drab, not at all the motor-crowded, swain-packed space that gave before the stage door of the Frolics half a block away where bright young faces, framed in feathered wraps and furs, came tossing, laughing out into the night. There are few to wait around the stage door of the legitimate and no one was waiting around it that night except Draven's chauffeur, myself and—I saw him in time—David Wistard.

He came in from the street not with the long easy stride that had been his the night of our walk back from his first meeting with Royalla, but stepping quickly with a sharp, nervous tension in his footsteps. Although he passed within a yard of me, he did not see me; his eyes were turned inward upon himself. His face was ember gray. It was paper white when the stage door flung open and he met Royalla Draven on the threshold.

"Royalla!"  
"No, no, David, no!"  
The oblong of golden light that had flooded the alley vanished with the closing of the door behind Royalla. From his seat on the cushions at the wheel Royalla's chauffeur stared ahead of him at a blank wall, incurious as to what these two might be about. It was his business to press certain plugs, handle certain levers and obey the traffic regulations of New York. His employer's loves, hates or other emotions would not be any of his affair.

WHEN David Wistard spoke again there was an infinite yearning in his voice.

"My girl." That was all he said.  
"No," said Royalla brokenly and I saw as I had seen before that night the febrile fluttering of her hands. Something electric was passing between them; they were reading each other's thoughts with hardly a word passing their lips. When two people have gone to the depths of each other's beings in the miracle of love I suppose they can do that.

"For my sake, Royalla!"  
"For your sake, David, no!" Strong, ringing—then came a pitiful weakness. "May I go to my car? It is waiting."  
"You may," said Wistard steadily, "when you have told me that you love me."

The man was blind. I could see it in her face from fifteen feet away but it was not the love he was looking for. There was no soaring ecstasy about it such as I had once seen; it was the dumb, gnawing kind that is agony to endure. This was immolation.

His hand crept to her arm and at the touch she found voice.

"That was long ago. Long ago. Don't torture me—please, David."

"Royalla!"  
"I can't. I—I can't. Oh, David, my dear."

He looked at her and I thought she would break down. Again that strange wordlessness went out between them. They had said little an alien ear could build upon but I knew that Royalla Draven was breaking with Wistard, spending all the strength within her to press back upon his lips and keep unuttered the words that were tumbling to them.

She passed by him to the door of her motor and as automatically courteous as though he were sending her off for a brief hour's spin Wistard opened it for her and bared his

head. Royalla's hand caught the door from within and closed it; I think then that Royalla leaned back against the cushions, her face white in the dark, her splendid eyes filmed with pain.

"Good-bye, David." The words were so low that they scarcely carried to me and Royalla's motor was gone into the shining traffic of Broadway. The dawn was old when Wistard reached his rooms. There are many streets in New York and scores of them had heard his footsteps crunching their pavements before sleep came.

Spring passed, summer, the dog days found a dusty, arid Broadway with ourselves condemned to write about maudlin roof shows if we wanted to write anything at all. Only "White Ashes" held its own through August's heat, and September's tang that got into the theatrical blood and wrote new names and new plays glittering into the dark of Broadway found it celebrating its 400th anniversary. But there was no such glorious affair as that which had marked its premiere, away back in the rose-colored past. Royalla Draven sent word to us that she could attend no gathering; David Wistard was away in the Vermont hills somewhere on an indefinite leave of absence from his littered niche at the Star. All Broadway knew the cause. Barker, who passed through his hamlet on a fishing trip, came back with the news that Wistard was working madly over something or other and looking gaunt as a stork. I wrote him and got no reply.

David Wistard had gone straight to Herman Kahn the next day.

"Drafen," said Herman, all excitement as usual, "is a great actress, great actress. There is nothing wrong with Drafen, Dafid, nothing wrong, Dafid. Drafen can have anything she wants in my shop. Look, here is her new contract, ready to be signed up. Five thousand more she gets from me and glad, glad to give it to her. Just so soon as Wyndham Dane gets his new play done for Drafen we rehearse it and we put it on. Bang! Broadway, you get another shock. We get all new automobiles."

Kind old Herman, it never occurred to him that Wistard's questioning was done with a motive. "A little bit pale, Drafen. A good girl, Dafid, who works hard, hard all the time. A good wife, hey, Dafid? You must treat her well, like I do mine, with diamonds and many flowers on her birthday."

So Wistard went home to Vermont and there he told his mother. When he had finished it all she said to him, she told Barker:

"But you will go back to New York—sometime?"

"Yes," said David, "my work will go on. She hasn't yet had quite all there is in me to give her."

ROYALLA DRAVEN I saw twice that summer. Once from a motor on Fifth Avenue a pale, strained face I hardly recognized looked into mine. The second time I met her face to face in the lobby of the Ten Eyck.

"David," I said bluntly, too bluntly I am afraid, "is in the Vermont hills. Looking badly and working himself old."

"I know," said Royalla. Both her hands closed suddenly on her bag. "We all look badly these days."

She switched the conversation to shop. I was thoroughly fed up on legs and roofs. "At least Wyndham Dane can be counted on to give us a piece with some meat in it. You open in it soon?"

"Quite soon."  
"But Anna Glynn will be immortal. Royalla! . . . You're ill!"

"I think so," she whispered. She was on the cushions of a lounge and I was fanning her, ineffectually, with a new felt hat, despatching bellboys for ice water. I had thought that she would faint in the crowd. But she pulled herself together and with a wan smile dismissed me at the door.

"Sometime, come and see me. When I let

you know. I always like to see David's friends."

I knew then as I know now that Royalla Draven had never ceased to love him. I wanted to tell her to her white, bleak face that she was killing both herself and him, that he would give his soul to have her, but I only gulped and boggled and then it was too late.

He came back from Vermont in the late autumn to find Broadway buzzing with disquieting rumors. Be sure that Shupe broke the news to him first.

You know the way they rehearse on Broadway for a second play while the first is still on the boards? Herman Kahn, whose fortunes were founded on his uncanny intuition for the run of a piece, was closing "White Ashes" the middle of December and opening the next night in the same house with Royalla Draven in Wyndham Dane's new drama.

"It was a good one, 'White Ashes,'" he said. "The public they liked it, I liked it, my wife she liked it. We shall make it a play to be remembered a longish time by shutting her up while she still goes. Five hundred nights and out go the lights—Drafen in a new one. Here is a cigar."

"Then why isn't Draven at rehearsals?" asked Barker pointblank. "Every actor on Broadway knows her understudy is taking her part and the whole company wants to know why she isn't rehearsing with them."

We were allowed into Herman's confidence with a heavy wink. "Do not put it in your papers, boys. Drafen is showing a liddle bit temperament, just a liddle bit. She studies her part so hard at home but rehearse—no, no, no. Not until the company is A-1, lines and bizness. Then she will come on and knock us dead as mice.

"But remember, not a piece in the paper about it. I do not want all my stars thinking they can bamboozle old Herman. Drafen is Drafen and she can have all she wants and more. She is a good girl and works hard."

I HAD it on a closer authority than Herman that Draven was working hard. From Royalla since the Ten Eyck there had been nothing but the silence of isolation, but her maid would talk if money did.

"She sits most of the time by the window, sir, when she isn't studying," she said, holding onto the door as though fearful I would insist on breaking into the apartment. "Sometimes in the night I think I hear her cry out. I haven't let anyone in, sir, in months. No, she doesn't go out any more, only to the theater. No, sir, she doesn't write to anyone."

I knew that. Between her and David Wistard the invisible barrier was complete. The maid was stupid and could tell no more.

So slowly the rumors of a broken contract died, or rather were overwhelmed by newer and more sensational ones, despite the fact that Anna Glynn still chained her audiences to their seats three solid hours an evening, drawing on to the climactic 500th night. Wistard heard them unmoved. He wore the air of a man who has completed a big job of work and is resting. Of Royalla Draven he talked to me incessantly. When we love on Broadway, we love.

"A woman of fire, Roberts. She gets into your soul and makes it too big for your body. She puts flame instead of blood into your veins. The playwright who couldn't create a masterpiece for her ought to be burned alive on a pile of his own rejection slips. To write the truth about her is a great and pleasant thing."

"Then," I said purposefully, "come and see whether our friend is a playwright or a carpenter in his next. Royalla has sent word she will rehearse with the company in a few more days. You can write the truth about her then, too, if you like."

"I would go a good deal farther than to Broadway and Forty-fifth Street to see her again," said David Wistard, looking out from the windows onto a barren square, where withered leaves still clung to branches in the dying year.

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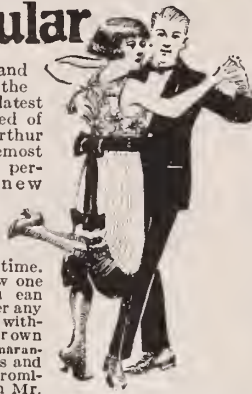
1. Make your drawing of girl exactly 5 inches high, on paper 3½ inches wide by 7 inches high.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age, and occupation on the back of your drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by February 15th, 1923. Drawings will be judged and prizes awarded by Faculty members of the Federal School, Inc. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to



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A few derelicts were huddled on the benches, tortured by whipping winds.

"She is everything," he said a moment later as though to himself and knocked his burnt pipe into his hand. Flaky, crumbling they rested in the cup of his palm.

"White ashes," he said, staring at them. "A fool there was."

I don't believe any of us were missing that afternoon when Herman Kahn came bustling down the aisle to himself give the orchestra its cue. Dramatic critics all, seated in a row in a house of loneliness, waiting for a curtain to rise. The peculiar, cemeterial atmosphere of an empty theater hedged us in; the backs of the hundreds of vacant seats looked like ordered rows of tombstones.

It was Barker who made the explanation, almost in a hushed voice. "Dress rehearsal for the first time. Draven insisted on the orchestra and the full set. Wouldn't go on without them. I suppose she wants to make it as real as possible but it's costing old Herman a pretty penny."

Shupe, picking his teeth elegantly a few seats away, yawned. "I could have gone to the Frolics matinee. Rehearsals are punk stuff."

Herman came waddling back shortly and placed himself behind Wistard and myself. "Drafen," he bubbled, "in a minnit, in a minnit." The curtain had gone up on a Louis Quinze drawing room; it took just three minutes of stage conversation to suggest that Wyndham Dane had written his new play with a pen dipped in liquid dynamite.

Do you remember that on the first night of "White Ashes" David Wistard sat beside me gripping the arms of his chair with the grip of death? It was the same again, only now I saw the little fine dew on his forehead, the lines that cut suddenly out about the mouth. Then I realized. The man was to see again in the short space of moments the woman whose beauty was sun and moon and stars to him and whom he had not seen in six long-drawn months. Their first meeting in the golden blaze of Herman's soirée . . . the proud, ringing toast of Royalla . . . the confining of their romance in the dingy stage door alley, all these came to me.

Royalla had broken with Wistard but she loved him. He loved her. What in God's name was the reason?

"In another five seconds you will see her in that door," said Wistard clearly. "Proud, lovely, afire with life. Playing the part of Gloria Merrideane, the most beautiful woman in New York, coming to meet the man she loves."

Debonair and groomed to perfection Draven's leading man was alone on the stage, looking, as we all looked, towards the door, back center. I did not even think to ask Wistard how he knew that Royalla's entrance was near; I had caught the truth beneath his words. It was not to meet a stage lover that, in his eyes, Royalla was coming. It was to meet David Wistard.

And she came. "God! It is Anna Glynn!"

The hands that reached out horribly fluttering, the poor, defeated head, the dull, aching eyes, told that. Royalla Draven in a Paret tea gown of foamy gray; Royalla Draven in a Louis Quinze drawing room set was Anna Glynn, striving pitifully to be Gloria Merrideane but being only Anna Glynn.

She heard the cry that horror wrenched from

Wistard and, I think, from all of us, except Shupe. From the wings the rest of the company came piling onto the stage; if it had been anything but a rehearsal they would have cleared the theater inside of half a minute. Looking from Royalla Draven to David Wistard I wished they would.

It is not decent to have outsiders look on dead faces.

Herman with his insight spoke the thought that would probably have come to me only I was not thinking. I was standing up, clutching David Wistard, wondering how a man could suffer as he was suffering and live.

"Four hundred and seventy nights, seventy nights, Drafen has played Anna Glynn. She is Anna Glynn, Anna Glynn now for good and all. Oh, Drafen, Drafen!"

"Success was failure," husked Barker. "She's a has-been," said Shupe and cackled. "It'll be Wistard's job to hound her."

"Get out of my theater, quick," roared Herman's voice. "Stay out always."

The footlights in their merciless publicity gave us Royalla Draven, beaten and bowed and suffering, alone in the center of the stage. She knew; we all knew she knew. The months of the horror that must have been hers as she felt the shackles of Anna Glynn binding closer and closer upon her; the weeks of hopeless study of her new part, not daring to face her friends of the company with it; the final desperate effort to wrench herself out of Anna Glynn with the thrill of a full orchestra, the glitter of footlights and a stage set for a star's entrance. At last I knew why, at the stage door, she had sent David Wistard away; her love for him had been too fine to link him with Anna Glynn. Nor could she bear to have him learn the truth, knowing what he would have to do with it.

Their eyes met across the footlights, met and clung and told everything and were utterly without hope. Why, knowing what she did, didn't Royalla Draven give up the part of Anna Glynn? Ask of anyone who is actor-born and actor-bred; that kind, knowing they were giving a living being to the world, even though it were an Anna Glynn, would give it to the death—love, happiness, life itself beside. There is consecration on the stage as well as in the church, on the word of a newspaperman.

THEN very quietly David Wistard went up onto the stage and took Royalla Draven in his arms before us all. I think as he came near and she saw his eyes she swayed to him. Again no words passed between them; other finer things than lips were calling each to each. Royalla . . . Royalla . . . of all her hours this was her hour of mortal hurt. There was no thought that others were looking on; neither saw the abashed, swift trooping to the wings that left the stage to them.

They were alone with the footlights' garish blaze upon them, the arms of David Wistard about Royalla, his eyes searching her soul, when a voice broke in upon them, harsh, discordant with recollection. Barker told me later it was mine.

"It was Wyndham Dane made Anna Glynn. I hope God curses him!"

Over Royalla's head David Wistard looked straight down upon me and his face I cannot forget.

"You have your wish. I am Wyndham Dane. I made Anna Glynn."

I have never known whose was the kind hand that sent the curtain down with a rush.

## "My Life Story"

By  
**Rodolph Valentino**  
Begins in this issue

The true account of an extraordinary career, as romantic as any the famous star has ever enacted on the screen—on page 31.

# The Hottentot

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

like a man who was afraid to get on a horse."  
 "But—but suppose it was a chap who'd met with a frightful accident or something of the sort."

"Lost his nerve, you mean, after a fall? But if he were the right sort, he'd never give up riding. Imagine going through life with horses, afraid of them."

"Yes—just imagine. But," pursued Sam, "suppose this—it happened to a fellow I knew. He was riding one day, when suddenly a horse shot by with a child on its back. The horse was running away, and the man knew the road ended in a deep drop. He went after the child, managed to get hold of her and lift her out of the saddle and drop her in the road. There was only a moment's time to stop his own horse. Not time enough. He wasn't killed; but after he recovered, he had no more use for horses. He lost his nerve."

"But he ought never to have let it get the best of him," cried Peggy. "He should jump right on a horse, any horse, every horse, and keep on doing it until he got his nerve back!"

Sam studied her. She was very lovely. And she had courage. If that had happened

# The Hottentot

**NARRATED**, by permission, from the First National photoplay produced by Thomas H. Ince, from the play by Victor Mapes and William Collier. Directed by James Horne and Del Andrews with the following cast:

- Sam Harrington... Douglas McLean
- Peggy Fairfax... Madge Bellamy
- Swift... Raymond Hatton
- Mrs. Carol Chadwick... Lila Leslie
- Major Reggie Townsend...  
..... Dwight Crittenden
- Oliver Gilford... Martin Best
- May Gilford... Truly Shattuck
- Larry Crawford... Stanhope Wheatcroft

to her, she would "jump right on a horse, any horse, every horse, and keep on doing it until she got her nerve back." She was made of that kind of stuff. Sam didn't stop to consider just how he was going to go about it, but he made a vague resolve to do something—make good—so she'd be proud of him—be worthy of her—and all that sort of thing.

Bountiful was found early the next morning. A stableman brought the news that Miss Peggy's horse had been discovered in the winter stables, but that, alas, Bountiful was in no condition to run a race. She had indulged too freely in apples and fresh water. She was no longer the safe, sure jumper, the fast Bountiful of yore. She would not race that day.

Peggy's colors would not fly, but she went to the course with the others. Larry Crawford was to ride Cannon Ball; and he wanted to see her, and talk to her, he said, after he had won. His barbed allusion to "the great Sam Harrington" was still rankling when Sam himself appeared. A strange Sam, attired as a jockey; Sam, wearing her colors. The day grew perceptibly brighter.

"Miss Fairfax—please," said Sam. "Come over here. I want to tell you something."

Peggy had surprised herself by being glad to see him, by the discovery that she would have been just as glad if he hadn't worn a jockey's uniform.

"This is the toughest thing I've ever had

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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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

to do," said Sam, "in all my life. I'm not the fellow you think I am at all. When I came here I didn't know you liked horses, and when I did find it out I was so much in love with you that I didn't have the nerve to tell you the truth. I gave you my word I would ride Bountiful, and then I didn't have the nerve to go through with it. I've had a yellow streak that I'm going to get rid of right now. I'm going to ride this race. I'm going to ride your horse, and in your colors."

"Not Bountiful?"  
"No. The Hottentot."  
"But the Hottentot isn't my horse."  
"He is now. I've bought him. I've given him to you and I'm going to ride him. I'm either going to make you look up at me and say, 'Good boy, Sam,' or look down at me and say, 'Doesn't he look natural?'"  
"I can't let you take this risk for me."  
"But don't you see," Sam was very much in earnest. "It's the only way I can make good? You've guessed it—I was the man who had the nerve knocked out of him. But now—I'm going to jump right on a horse, any horse, every horse, until I get my nerve back again. If I don't get it back on the Hottentot, I don't want it. It's no good."

THE bugle—and Sam was gone. Then long, long minutes when Peggy Fairfax hated horses; wished she had never seen a horse; hoped never to see another one. Didn't care whether her colors won or lost; hated the Hottentot; hated steeplechases—What if something should happen to him? It would be all her fault. She hid her head in her arms. But she couldn't help hearing Carol Chadwick's excited chatter; Major Townsend's ferocious cheers; the Gilfords' noisy enthusiasm—and a far-away din.

"The Hottentot refused the first jump, and Harrington's just managed to stay on."  
"Look at them go at the pickets. That's pretty jumping."  
"It's three miles, isn't it, the course? With twelve jumps—"  
"Larry's getting his horse under control now."

"What's become of the Hottentot?"  
"He finally did get over the first jump, about forty lengths behind. He's out of it, but he's going along all right now."  
"Cannon Ball's moved up a length."  
"Onyx refused the board fence and Billy went over alone."

"Look at the Hottentot, will you? When he wants to, he certainly can go. He's coming like an express train. Twenty lengths behind; hasn't a look-in; but he's going just the same."  
"Who's leading?"  
"Cannon Ball. Challenge second. The tail-ender's coming up there. Look at that devil go!"

"The Hottentot! He's going like greased lightning. Gaining on them fast. He caught up with Wayward; he's by him."  
"Look at Cannon Ball."  
"Hottentot's coming up to Challenge—he's overtaking him—he's passed him!"  
"He's overhauling Cannon Ball. He's got him—oh, you Hottentot!"

"There's only the water jump left. Look at him take that! A race—a race!"  
"The Hottentot wins!"

Peggy, half-laughing, half-crying, groped for the cup which Sam held out to her. It was tied with her colors.  
"You've won the race," she quavered.  
"Yes—it was a miracle, but the Hottentot made it. He's some horse."

"I—I don't know what to say," whispered Peggy.  
"You know what you said you'd say," said Sam, bending over her.  
"Sam!"  
"Peggy!"

But though his steeple chase victory had won him a bride Sam wanted no horses on the honeymoon. And so they spent it differently—studying love and navigation together.

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

INDIA.—Wonder where this story that the Talmadges are English and played on the British stage originated? All three girls were born in this country and never saw England until they were full-fledged stars and could afford the luxury of travel. Norma and Constance are abroad now but Natalie is in New York with her husband and baby. Address the Keatons at the Hotel Ambassador, Manhattan, if you're in a hurry to get in touch with them.

ANN, FLAPPER.—Some are bobbed—and some aren't. Blanche Sweet bobbed her hair and May McAvoy refused to bob hers. You'd think it would be the other way around. Cecil deMille is said to have offered May the leading rôle in his new production, which is about flappers, with the condition that May clip her abundant tresses. May refused. Imagine! DeMille selects personally the players for his pictures; but Lou Goodstadt is general casting director for Lasky. Ned Hay casts for the eastern Paramount studio.

A. C. L., VICTORIA, B. C.—These films whose locale is Ireland and the Continent would mean much more to me if the automobile licenses weren't marked Rhode Island or New Jersey. I am not particular, either, about dates; but I don't like to see my Christian martyrettes skipping around in the latest French sandals. Alice Terry is Mrs. Rex Ingram; she appears in her husband's pictures, the latest of which is "The Passion Vine," manufactured in the West Indies.

CHRISTINE.—The clever, the caustic, the cryptic Christine! It isn't right for a girl as optically pleasing as you are—from your snapshot—to be clever too. Are you sure you didn't snap your younger sister by mistake? I am aware this is not chivalrous; in fact, Christine, it is no thought of mine. The henna-haired one made me put it in. Whenever you read anything you don't like in this department, you will know that it emanated not from my typewriter, but from the busy brain of my super-stenographer. She has to do something here in the office, you see; so she thinks. Billie Burke has a new play by Booth Tarkington, "Rose Briar." She's not in pictures any more.

SWEET SIXTEEN—Bill Russell's real name is William Lerche. He is thirty-seven. Helen Ferguson is often mentioned as the prospective Mrs. Russell. Monte Blue is thirty two. We seem to be busting into verse. Blue is his right name. Creighton Hale has been married and divorced. He was born in Cork, Ireland. Doesn't he look it? The year was 1892.

D. F., ELIZABETH, N. J.—Jack Pickford was married to Olive Thomas in November of 1917. He married Marilyn Miller on Sunday, July 28, 1922, at the home of his sister Mary. Miss Miller's first husband, Frank Carter, was killed in an automobile accident. Mrs. Earle Williams was Miss Florine Walz.

BLOSSOM, BOSTON.—At last—an argument! It is indeed a weighty question you have raised. I was, you allege, in error when I declared that candy wrapped in shiny silver foil is the best. You maintain it is so bad they have to decorate it; that the tin-foil is simply a lure to the curious. I should like to hear from my other readers on this subject. I should like to hear from my other readers in the form of candy wrapped in tin-foil, so that I should really be able to judge whether it is, or is not, the superlative confections which are so wrapped. Meanwhile, permit me to say that Bebe Daniels is twenty-one years old and unmarried

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]

# How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B—, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up, and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile—" "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B—, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose—. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B—'s Maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B— in the privacy of her home!

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.

ATTENTION to your personal appearance is nowadays essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must "look your best" at all times.



Your nose may be a hump, a hook, a pug, flat, long, pointed, broken, but the appliance of M. Trilety can correct it. His latest and newest nose shaper, "TRADOS," Mode 25, U. S. Patent, corrects now all ill-shaped noses, without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Model 25 is the latest in nose shapers and surpasses all his previous Models and other Nose Shaper Patents by a large margin. It has six adjustable pressure regulators, is made of light polished metal, is firm and fits every nose comfortably. The inside is upholstered with a fine chamois and no metal parts come in contact with the skin. Being worn at night, it does not interfere with your daily work. Thousands of unsolicited Testimonials are in his possession, and his fifteen years of studying and manufacturing nose shapers is at your disposal, which guarantees you entire satisfaction and a perfectly shaped nose.

CLIP the coupon below, insert your name and address plainly, and send it today to M. Trilety, Binghamton, N. Y., for the free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied, is his guaranty.

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Dear Sir: Please send me without obligation your booklet which tells how to correct ill-shaped noses.

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State.....

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Just before bedtime smooth this fragrant cream upon your skin. Next morning note how imperfections already have begun to vanish. You will be amazed.



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Science has made an amazing new discovery that clears and whitens the skin almost overnight. Freckles, blackheads, redness, roughness, sallowness, and "muddy" complexion give way to smoothness, softness and whiteness.

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There is hidden beauty in your skin. Dust, wind, and clogged pores may have blemished it. But underneath—just waiting to be brought out—is a clear, vividly beautiful complexion. But one application of this truly marvelous cream and the very next morning you will be astonished at the almost magical clearing and whitening that has taken place—the hidden beauty is brought out in this amazingly short time. Your skin assumes a new beauty—clear and white—that everyone envies and admires.

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So wonderful—so quick—are the results of this new scientific cream that we guarantee it! Send for a jar today. Right now! Use it for only five nights. Then if you are not pleased and surprised at the transformation, your \$1.00 will instantly be refunded.

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The coupon below and \$1.00 will bring you a full-sized jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. Don't be without the natural, radiant beauty that lies hidden in your skin. Clip and mail the coupon before this publication leaves your hands.

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Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for which please send me one jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. It is understood that if for any reason I am dissatisfied my money will be refunded.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER"—METRO—Directed by Clarence C. Badger. Adapted by Bernard McConville from the story by Charles Felton Pidgin. Photographed by Rudolph Borgquist. The cast: *Quincy Adams Sawyer*, John Bowers; *Alice Pettengill*, Blanche Sweet; *Obadiah Strout*, Lon Chaney; *Lindy Putnam*, Barbara La Marr; *Abner Stiles*, Elmo Lincoln; *Mandy Skinner*, Louise Fazenda; *Nathaniel Sawyer*, Joseph Dowling; *Mrs. Putnam*, Claire McDowell; *Deacon Pettengill*, Edward Connelly; *Betsy Ann Ross*, June Elvidge; *Hiram Maxwell*, Victor Potel; *Samanthy*, Gale Henry; *Ben Bates*, Hank Mann; *Mrs. Sawyer*, Kate Lester; *Bob Wood*, Billy Farney; *Cobb Twins*, Taylor Graves and Harry Depp.

"FORSAKING ALL OTHERS"—UNIVERSAL—Directed by Emile Chautard. Story by Mary Lerner, popular novelist; scenario by Doris Schroeder. Photographed by Charles Stumar. The cast: *Penelope Mason*, Colleen Moore; *Oliver Newell*, Cullen Landis; *Mrs. Newell*, May Wallace; *Dr. Mason*, Sam Degrasse; *Enid Morton*, June Elvidge; *Mr. Morton*, David Torrence; *Cyrus K. Wharton*, Melbourne McDowell; *Mrs. Wharton*, Elinor Hancock; *May Wharton*, Lucille Ricksen.

"THE TOLL OF THE SEA"—METRO—Story by Frances Marion. Directed by Chester M. Franklin. Photographic direction by J. A. Ball. The cast: *Lotus Flower*, Anna May Wong; *Allen Carver*, Kenneth Harlan; *Barbara Carver*, Beatrice Bentley; *Little Allen*, Baby Moran; *Gossips*, Etta Lee and Ming Young.

"THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS"—METRO—An adaptation of Bertha M. Clay's immortal love story. Adapted by Hope Loring. Edited by Eve Unsell. Photographed by Karl Struss. The cast: *Alan Randolph*, Kenneth Harlan; *Rosita Mendez*, Spain's favorite prima donna, Estelle Taylor; *Barnes Ramsey*, his lawyer and closest friend, Arthur Hull; *Violet Beaton*, Randolph's fiancée, Edith Roberts; *Colonel Beaton*, her father, Carl Stockdale; *Pio Guerra*, Rosita's manager, John Cossar; *Fallie*, Rosita's maid, Evelyn Selbie.

"SINGED WINGS"—PARAMOUNT—Producer, Penrhyn Stanlaws. Author, Katherine Newlin Burt. Scenarist, E. A. Bingham. Cameraman, Paul Perry. Directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws. The cast: *Bonita della Guardia*, a dancer, Bebe Daniels; *Peter Gordon*, Conrad Nagel; *Bliss Gordon*, his uncle, Adolphe Menjou; *Don Jose della Guardia*, Bonita's grandfather, Robert Brower; *Emilio*, a clown, Ernest Torrence; *Eve Gordon*, Bliss' wife, Mable Trunelle.

"THE ALTAR STAIRS"—UNIVERSAL—Directed by Lambert Hillyer. Novel by G. B. Lancaster; Scenario by George Randolph Chester. Photographed by Dwight Warren. Locale, South Seas. The cast: *Rod McLean*, Frank Mayo; *Joie Malet*, Louise Lorraine; *Tony Heritage*, Lawrence Hughes; *Capt. Jean Malet*, J. J. Lanoe; *Blundell*, Harry de Vere; *John Strickland*, Hugh Thompson; *Hugo*, Boris Karloff; *Parcete*, Dagmar Godowsky; *Tulli*, Nick de Ruiz.

"WHAT FOOLS MEN ARE"—PYRAMID—Director, George Terwilliger. Author, Eugene Walters. Cameraman, Rudy Mariner. The cast: *Peggy Kendrick*, Faire Binney; *Kate Claybourne*, sister, Florence Billings; *Bartley C. Claybourne*, husband, Huntley

Gordon; *Ola*, the maid, Lucy Fox; *Ralph Demarest*, Joseph Striker; *Horace Demarest*, father, Barney Sherry; *Thomas*, *Horace Demarest's lawyer*, Templar Saxe; *O'Malley*, Harry Clay Blaney.

"THELMA"—FILM BOOKING—The author, Marie Corelli. The adapter, Thomas Dixon, Jr. Director, Chester Bennett. Producer, Chester Bennett. Photographed by Jack Mackenzie. The cast: *Thelma*, Jane Novak; *Britta*, Barbara Tennant; *Lady Clara*, June Elvidge; *Olaf*, Bert Sprotte; *Philip*, Vernon Steel; *Lenox*, Wedgewood Nowell; *Lorimer Peter Burke*; *Lovissa*, Gordon Mullen; *Sigurd*, Jack Rollins; *Dyceworthy*, Harvey Clark; *Neville*, Harry Lounsdale; *Little Thelma*, Virginia Novak.

"THE SUPER-SEX"—A Frank R. Adams' production, distributed by AMERICAN RELEASING CORP.—Story by Frank R. Adams. Scenario and direction by Lambert Hillyer. Photographed by John S. Stumar. The cast: *Miles Brewster Higgins*, Robert Gordon; *Irene Hayes*, Charlotte Pierce; *Mr. Higgins*, Tully Marshall; *Mrs. Higgins*, Lydia Knott; *Grandma Brewster*, Gertrude Claire; *Cousin Roy*, Albert MacQuarrie; *J. Gordon Davis*, Louis Natheaux; *Mr. Hayes*, George Bunny; *Mrs. Hayes*, Evelyn Burns.]

"RIDIN' WILD"—UNIVERSAL—Directed by Nat Ross. Story and Scenario by Roy Myers. Photographed by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Cyril Henderson*, Ed. (Hoot) Gibson; *Grace Nolan*, Edna Murphy; *Art Jordan*, Wade Boetler; *George Berge*, Jack Walter; *Andrew McBride*, O. Hoffman; *Sheriff Nolan*, William Taylor; *Alfred Clark*, Bert Wilson; *Mrs. Henderson*, Gertrude Clair; *John Henderson*, Wm. Welsh.

"THE MARRIAGE CHANCE"—AMERICAN RELEASING—Written and directed by Hampton Del Ruth. Photographed by Del Clawson. The cast: *Eleanor Douglas*, Alta Allen; *William Bradley*, Milton Sills; *Dr. Paul Graydon*, Henry B. Walthall; *Timothy Lamb*, Tully Marshall; *Mary Douglas*, Irene Rich; *The Mute*, Mitchell Lewis; *Martha Douglas*, Laura La Varnie; *Uncle Remus*, Nick Cogley.

"AN OLD SEA DOG"—PATHE—Directed by Charles Parrott. The cast: *The Old Sea Dog*, "Snub" Pollard; *The Heiress*, Marie Mosquini; *The Captain*, Noah Young.

"BOW WOW"—FIRST NATIONAL—Directed by Fred Jackman. A Mack Sennett Production. The cast: *The Girl*, Louise Fazenda; *The Boy*, John Henry, Jr.; *The Hired Man*, George Cooper; *The City Chap*, Andy Clyde; *The Father*, John Rand; *The Dog*, Teddy; *The Cat*, Pepper.

"WHEN THE DESERT CALLS"—PYRAMID-AMERICAN RELEASING CORP.—Directed by Ray C. Smallwood. Story by Donald McGibeny. Adaptation by Peter Milne and Georgette Duchesne. Assistant Director and Editor, George McGuire. Photographed by Michael Joyce. Art Director, Ben Carre. The cast: *Louise Caldwell*, Violet Heming; *Eldred Caldwell*, Robert Frazer; *Richard Manners*, Sheldon Lewis; *George Stevenson*, Robert Frazer; *Dr. Thorpe*, Huntley Gordon; *Lieut.-Col. Potter*, J. Barney Sherry; *Frank Warren*, U. S. Consul, David Wall; *"The White Angel"*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Nazim*, Nicholas Thompson; *A British Tommy*, Tammany Young. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]



*At four years of age Jackie Coogan made twenty-five dollars a week by toddling out on the stage and doing an imitation*

## The Kid Who Earned a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

to hang around the theater, to stand in stage entrances, to sit on the knees of stage doormen and pick up the talk and the viewpoint of vaudeville. He had begun to acquire a love of acting, and the thrill of imitation. Without any thought of the future, he began to do bits of business. Just to amuse the folks on the bill, he would do imitations of this one and that one.

One night in San Francisco, little Jackie was standing in the wings watching the eccentric dance with which his father and Annette Kellerman closed the act. It went big—so big that they took curtain call after curtain call and finally, in sheer exuberance of success, Jack Coogan pulled the youngster onto the stage to take a bow.

Even then it might have meant nothing. But something crept from the tiny, appealing figure to the vast audience. They refused to leave their seats. They applauded madly. Jackie made a bow. And finally began one of his imitations—quite unconsciously, just to please these people as he had pleased stage-handers and acrobats. Finished up with a little scene his dad had taught him—David Warfield's great speech from 'The Music Master.'

It brought down the house. Miss Kellerman decided it was a great addition to the act and offered to pay the Coogans twenty-five dollars extra to keep the bit in.

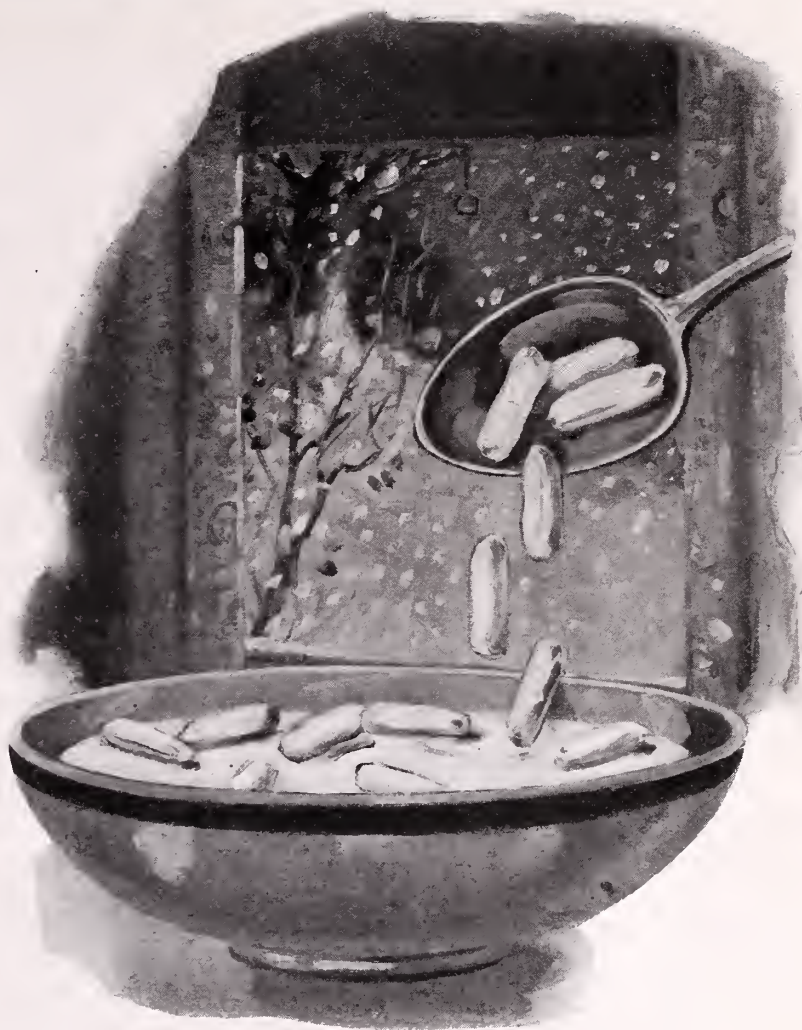
A day later they opened in Los Angeles. In an aisle seat in the front row sat Charlie Chaplin and Sid Grauman, owner of the biggest motion picture theaters in the west.

Jackie Coogan came on, toddling his four-year-old way across the stage. Instantly Charlie Chaplin was all attention. He watched every movement, every gesture, every expression.

Then and there, the inspiration for "The Kid" was born.

For some time Chaplin had been cherishing in the back of his head a vague idea that he wanted to do a story with a child. Now he was sure of it. Sid Grauman knew the Coogans. He arranged a meeting. Chaplin offered them a contract for the services of Jackie during the production of the picture.

Coogan senior refused. They were doing pretty well. He was getting the biggest salary he'd ever gotten in his life. It didn't much more than cover expenses but they were all together. It was a start up. He didn't



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In their texture—  
Like nut-meats in their taste

Puffed Grains—grains puffed to bubbles—are the most enticing grain foods in existence.

Thin, crisp, toasted — as flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts. They are food confections.

The grains are puffed to 8 times normal size.

### But a scientist's creation

But remember this. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice were invented by Prof. Anderson. And his object was to make whole grains wholly digestible.

The grains are fascinating tidbits, but they mean far more than that. Every food cell is exploded—over 125 million in every kernel.

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know anything about the movie game. He couldn't afford to take a chance.

But Chaplin convinced him that he could. That he would be gambling for enormous stakes, and that if he won he would have something beyond anything years in vaudeville could bring him.

The Coogans decided to stay. Jackie moved onto the Chaplin lot, onto the screen and into Charlie's heart.

His dad got himself a job with Al. St. John. Today Jackie Coogan stands in a position where at the end of his present First National contract, he will have earned a million dollars clear.

Jackie's money has all been invested for him. A few months ago his parents voluntarily applied for the superior court of Los Angeles to be appointed a joint guardian of Jackie's earnings. Now an accounting of every penny he earns must be made to the court once a month and no expenditures nor investments can be made without official sanction. When Jackie Coogan is of age, he will find his enormous fortune intact. It is invested largely in Hollywood business property—already income-bearing—in Los Angeles real estate and in municipal and state road bonds.

In the meantime Father Coogan has made a small fortune himself. His shrewd theatrical training stood him in good stead. He has two cheap motion picture companies, one comedy and one western. He bought California oil land and he is the business manager of Jackie Coogan productions. He wrote the stories for "Trouble," "My Boy" and the latest production.

So you see, it's all exactly like a fairy tale, isn't it?

And the little Prince Charming lives in a beautiful palace in Hollywood, and rides in a Rolls-Royce chariot, and I know everybody in the world hopes he'll be happy ever after.

**He Danced His Way Into Pictures**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

Ballet school. At eighteen he made his debut in the old Imperial theater of St. Petersburg. One of the first famous Russian dancers to bring his art to America with his creations of "Scheherazade," "Antar" and "The Legend of the Tartar."

When not a figure in his own rhythmic canvases on the stage he painted pictures which now hang in museums abroad.

From his world tours he came forth a thorough internationalist, speaking German, Italian, Spanish, Arabic and Chinese. Understanding, too, the art and beauty of these peoples whose language he spoke.

An Imperial dancer, a court favorite, and yet—a child-like sort of fellow, a typical naive and likable Russian.

His life is as vivid a romance as he ever conceived for a ballet.

Nine years ago he married his ballet partner, Maria Baldini, a slim, blond, lithesome dancer. Sorrow came as a sequel to their marriage.

The war took everything that they had, even threatening their love by enforcing separation.

Then came the American chapter with fame and fortune, and the reunion of Theodore and Maria in Hollywood, with their eight-year-old daughter as the star of the house—a house filled with art treasures that are like fragmentary glimpses of all the lands through which the Kosloffs have passed.

A practical and industrious Pierrot is Theodore. You have seen his work on the screen in "Fool's Paradise," "The Green Temptation" and "To Have and To Hold." His screen work started as just a side-line to his great Hollywood ballet school, which enrolls most of the stars of the film world, but now, as you see, it threatens to leave the school as a side line.



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—and know that your lashes will be dark, glistening to the very end of the dance. Just use Liquid Lashlux. Easily applied with the glass rod attached to the stopper; beads your lashes and makes them appear longer and darker. Harmless, waterproof, it is unaffected by perspiration, swimming or even tears. At night apply colorless Cream Lashlux to nourish the lashes and promote their growth.

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114]

**"ANNA ASCENDS"** — PARAMOUNT — Directed by Victor Fleming. From the play by Harry Chapman Ford. Scenario by Margaret Turnbull. Photographed by Gilbert Warrenton. The cast: *Anna Ayob*, Alice Brady; *Howard Fisk*, Robert Ellis; *The Baron*, David Powell; *Countess Rostoff*, Nita Naldi; *Count Rostoff*, Charles Gerrard; *Siad Coury*, Edward Durand; *Bessie Fisk*, Florence Dixon; *Miss Fisk*, Grace Griswold; *Mr. Fisk*, Frederick Burton.

**"BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN"** — GOLDWYN — By Peter B. Kyne. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. Photographed by John J. Mescall. The cast: *Newton Craddock*, Pat O'Malley; *Millie Craddock*, Helene Chadwick; *Thomas Kirtland*, Norman Kerry; *Dorothy Kirtland*, Claire Windsor; *Mrs. Bulger*, Mae Busch.

**"LOVE IN THE DARK"** — METRO — Adapted by J. G. Hawks from a story by John Moroso. Photographed by John Arnold. Art director, J. J. Hughes. The cast: *Mary Duffy*, Viola Dana; *Tim O'Brien*, Cullen Landis; *Mrs. O'Brien*, Arline Pretty; *"Red" O'Brien*, Bruce Guerin; *Dr. Horton*, Edward Connelly; *Mrs. Horton*, Margaret Mann; *Robert Horton*, John Harron; *Jimmy Watson*, Charles West.

**"THE JILT"** — UNIVERSAL — Directed by Irving Cummings. Story by R. Ramsey. Scenario by Arthur Statter. Photographed by William Marshall. The cast: *Rose Trenton*, Marguerite De la Motte; *"Sandy" Sanderson*, Ralph Graves; *George Prothero*, Matt Moore; *His Secretary*, Ben Hewlett; *Rose's Father*, Harry De Vere; *Her Mother*, Eleanor Hancock.

**"A BLIND BARGAIN"** — GOLDWYN — Director, Wallace Worsley. Story by Barry Pain. Continuity, J. G. Hawks. Asst. Director, James Dugan. Cameraman, Norbert Brodin. Art Director, Cedric Gibbons. Editorial Credit, Paul Bern. The cast: *Dr. Lamb and Hunchback*, Lon Chaney; *Robert*, Raymond McKee; *Angela*, Jacqueline Logan; *Mrs. Lamb*, Fontaine LaRue; *Mrs. Sandell*, Virginia True Boardman; *Bessie*, Aggie Herring; *Angela's Mother*, Virginia Madison.

**"THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR"** — PARAMOUNT — Director, Frank Borzage. Author, Peter B. Kyne. Scenarists, Grant Carpenter and John Lynch. Cameraman, Chester A. Lyons. The cast: *Don Mike*, Forrest Stanley; *Kay Parker*, Marjorie Daw; *Pablo*, Tote De Crow; *Father Dominic*, James Barrow; *Don Miguel*, Joseph Dowling; *John Parker*, Alfred Allen; *Conway*, George Nicholls; *Okada*, Warner Oland; *Mrs. Parker*, Mrs. Jessie Hebbard; *Buller*, Percy Williams; *Caroline*, Mrs. George Hernandez; *Lostole*, Edward Brady; *Mrs. Supaldio*, Carmen Arscella; *Nogi*, Eagle Eye; *Alexandria*, Most Mattoe.

**"EBB TIDE"** — PARAMOUNT — Director, George Melford. Author — From the story by Robert Louis Stevenson, adapted by Lloyd Osbourne. Scenarist, Waldemar Young. Cameraman, Bert Glennon. The cast: *Ruth Atwater*, Lila Lee; *Robert Herrick*, James Kirkwood; *J. L. Huish*, Raymond Hatton; *Captain Davis*, George Fawcett; *Richard Atwater*, Noah Beery; *Teihura*, Jacqueline Logan; *Islanders, seamen, natives, etc.*

**"WHEN LOVE COMES"** — F. B. O. — Director, William A. Seiter. Story by Ray Carroll. A Ray Carroll production. The cast: *Jane Coleridge*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Peter Jamison*, Harrison Ford; *Aunt Susie Coleridge*, Fannie Midgley; *Marie Jamison*, Claire Dubray; *Jim Mathews*, Joseph Bell; *Rufus Terrence*, Gilbert Clayton; *The Coleridge Twins*, Buddy Messenger and Molly Gordon; *David Coleridge*, J. Barrows; *Ruth*, Fay MacKenzie.

**"A DAUGHTER OF LUXURY"** — PARAMOUNT — Director, Paul Powell. Authors, Leonard Merrick and Michael Morton. Adaptor, Beulah Marie Dix. Cameraman, Bert Baldrige. The cast: *Mary Fenton*, Agnes Ayres; *Blake Walford*, Tom Gallery; *Ellen Marsh*, Edith Yorke; *Bill Marsh*, Howard Ralston; *Loftus Walford*, Edward Martindel; *Mrs. Walford*, Sylvia Ashton; *Red Conroy*, Clarence Burton; *Mary Cosgrove*, ZaSu Pitts; *Charlie Owen*, Robert Schable; *Winnie*, Bernice Frank; *Genevieve Fowler*, Dorothy Gordon; *Nancy*, Muriel McCormic.

**"OUTCAST"** — PARAMOUNT — Director, Chet Withey. Author, Hubert Henry Davis. Scenarist, Josephine Lovett. The cast: *Miriam*, Elsie Ferguson; *Geoffrey Sherwood*, David Powell; *Tony Hewlitt*, William David; *Valentine Moreland*, Mary MacLaren; *John Moreland*, Charles Wellesley; *Nellie Essex*, Teddy Sampson; *De Valle*, William Powell.

**"THE STREETS OF NEW YORK"** — ARROW — Directed by Burton King. The cast: *Paul Fairweather*, Edward Earle; *Mrs. Fairweather*, Kate Blancke; *Sally Ann*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Gideon Bloodgood*, Anders Randolph; *Lucy Bloodgood*, Barbara Castleton; *Badger*, Leslie King.

**"THE EDUCATOR"** — EDUCATIONAL — Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Story by Archie Mayo. Edited by Arthur Roberts. Art Director, Jack Froelich. Photographed by Park J. Pies. The cast: *The old teacher*, F. B. Phillips; *A little traveler*, Josephine Adair; *The school board*, Orral Humphrey; *The Girl*, Ruth Hiatt; *The Rival*, Otto Fries; *The New Teacher*, Lloyd Hamilton.

**"THE HOTTENTOT"** — FIRST NATIONAL — Directed by James W. Horne and Del Andrews, under the personal supervision of Mr. Ince. Distributed by Associated First National Pictures, Inc. The cast: *Sam Harrington*, Douglas MacLean; *Peggy Fairfax*, Madge Bellamy; *Mrs. Carol Chadwick*, Lila Leslie; *Ollie Gilford*, Martin Best; *Mrs. May Gilford*, Stanhope Wheatcroft; *Swift*, Raymond Hatton; *Major Reggie Townsend*, Dwight Crittenden; *Perkins*, Harry Booker; *McKesson*, Bert Lindley.

**"MINNIE"** — FIRST NATIONAL — Directed by Marshall Neilan and Frank Urson. Photographed by David Kesson and Karl Struss. A First National (T. M.) Attraction. The cast: *Minnie*, Leatrice Joy; *Newspaper Man*, Matt Moore; *Minnie's real father*, George Barnum; *Stepmother*, Josephine Crowell; *Step-sister*, Helen Lynch; *Chewing gum salesman*, Raymond Griffith; *Young doctor who helps Matt and Leatrice*, Dick Wayne; *Boarding house janitor*, Tom Wilson; *Local "cut-up"*, George Dromgold.

**"THIRTY DAYS"** — PARAMOUNT — Directed by James Cruze. Scenario by Walter Woods. Photographed by Carl Brown. The cast: *John Floyd*, Wallace Reid; *Lucille Ledyard*, Wanda Hawley; *Judge Hooker*, Charles Ogle; *Huntley Palmer*, Cyril Chadwick; *Palenta*, Herschell Mayall; *Mrs. Floyd*, Helen Dunbar; *Carlotta*, Carmen Phillips; *Warden*, Kala Pasha.

**"ONE WONDERFUL NIGHT"** — UNIVERSAL — Directed by Stuart Paton. Story by Louis Tracy. Scenario by George C. Hull. Photography by G. W. Warren. The cast: *John D. Curtis*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Hermoine Fane*, Lillian Rich; *The Maid*, Dale Fuller; *Z. F. Fane*, Sidney De Grey; *Chief of Detectives*, Joseph W. Girard; *Jean De Curtis*, Jean De Briac; *Anatole*, Amelio Mendez; *Juggins*, Sidney Bracey; *Minister*, Spottiswoode Aitken.

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[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]

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**Why-Do-They Do-It**

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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



**THE IMMACULATE BROTHERHOOD**

**THREE** heroes I have seen recently emerged intact and immaculate after encounters which would surely have mussed the hair of ordinary men.

In "The Masquerader," when John Chilcolle is discovered in his library by the faithful Brock, lying on the floor, dead to the world, and is lifted bodily with the assistance of Blessington, he still has in one hand his cane and in the other an immaculate silk hat.

In "The Fighting Guide," when William Duncan jumped from his horse to the villain's horse, he still had his monocle in his eye after he got up.

And finally, in "Giants of the open," Roy Stewart is attacked by five men and rolled in the dust of a mountain road. He is then put face down on a dirty wet log. When he is rescued by the heroine and her father his light suit is spotless.

G. T. B., Washington, D. C.

**WHAT'S A LITTLE GEOGRAPHY ANYWAY?**

**WALLY REID'S** "Across the Continent" was good entertainment, but it lacked knowledge of geography. Between St. Louis and Kansas City the racers appear in a scene showing snow-capped mountains on the background. A little later sub-titles indicate a transportation impossibility—that of the "Overland Limited" passing through Wichita and Dodge City. The railroads just don't run that way.

W. E. TAYLOR, Topeka, Kansas.

**PROBABLY BOTH**

**IN** "Wild Honey," the remote country house to which the villain carried Priscilla Dean was guiltless of wires in all exterior "shots"; yet all interior views showed electric push buttons. Was this an indication of optimism on the part of the owner of the building, or an oversight on the part of the director?

J. B. H., Reno, Nevada.

**A VERY FEMINE MINUTE**

**I** CAUGHT this in Anita Stewart's "A Question of Honor." Morse comes to Shannon's cottage while Anne is there, and she gives him one minute to leave. The close-up of the clock, which is five minutes past one, shows that the minute is up. In the following scene Morse rushes out the door and it is one thirty by the clock.

CARMEN MORRILL, Philadelphia, Pa.

**THE CONTRADICTIONARY CAMELLIAS**

**WHY**, in "Camille," does the heroine say, "I am like the camellias that I wear. Very beautiful, but at the slightest touch they fade or break" (or words to that effect) and then later on throw a bouquet of the aforementioned flowers across the room to her sister, who puts them on? They are apparently none the worse for the experience.

E. P. C., Portland, Maine.

**IT MADE A PRETTY PICTURE**

**IN** "The Old Homestead," after Reuben is taken away by the deputy sheriff, Uncle Josh and the two women leave the kerosene lamp burning dimly in the lower hall and go upstairs carrying candles. Later, when Reuben escapes and looks back at the old homestead, he sees a house lighted up with unusual brilliancy both

upstairs' and down, especially up. Those candles must be more efficient than electric bulbs.

THOMAS A. FITZGERALD, Lawrence, Kansas.

**SOUNDS REASONABLE**

**IN** Zane Grey's "Wildfire," the horse which plays the title role has a small patch of white on his nose when Claire Adams mounts him before the \$5,000 Free-for-all. During the race, the small white patch had spread over "Wildfire's" left eye and down his nose. Do you suppose he blanched with fear that he wouldn't win the race, or something like that?

MRS. D. M. JOHNSON, Newark, N. J.

**AN INDISPENSABLE PROP**

**WHEN** Richard Dix proposes to Colleen Moore in "The Wall Flower," Colleen drops her fan and rushes up stairs. When she enters the room she speaks to Miss Pamela and nonchalantly waves a fan.

B. J., New York City.

**STILL, IF YOU BELIEVE IT—**

**IN** Thomas Meighan's picture, "If You Believe It, It's So," they must have had a most accomplished glazier at work. When Pauline Stark's uncle is thrown out of the saloon, Tom goes in and fights the bar-tender. During the fight, Tom breaks a mirror. In the next scene the mirror is intact.

In the same film, the stenographer in the insurance agent's office wrote for a whole ten minutes on her typewriter and never once used the spacer. I would like to see the letter she wrote. Must have read "If you believe it's so etc."

TOMMY VICKERS, Atlanta, Georgia.

**MANY REPORTED THIS**

**SEEMS** to me the director could have had a more finished performer for the name part in "The Fast Mail." It looked like an accommodation train. And when Walter West's car smashes into a wagon you can see that the headlights are bent and broken, yet when he drives to the hotel in Vicksburg the car is in perfect condition.

HOMER SCHNEIDER, Philadelphia, Pa.

**SOMETHING WILL BE DONE ABOUT IT AT ONCE**

**I** DON'T see why directors don't instruct their actors in languages. Or at least not permit French characters to speak English. They should remember that there are lip-readers in the audiences. For instance, in "Monte Cristo," why did Princess Haydee have to have an interpreter? As the picture fades out in the court scene she tells the interpreter in English "I am Princess Haydee," and as the picture fades in after she has finished her story she says, "—left by my father's sword."

MRS. J. T. L., Fort Worth, Texas.

**VULGARLY, TOO MUCH BULL**

**I** THOUGHT "Blood and Sand" a good picture, but there was just a little too much bull in my estimation. I noticed that while Gallardo was in the arena, teasing the bull, he turned and looked up at the boxes, then resumed his bull fighting. It must have been a union bull. Either the six o'clock or the lunch whistle blew and he just knocked off.

JIM STEWART, Tampa, Florida.

## Close-Ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]  
to note the resemblance. The director grew very bold, if not lese majeste, until the outraged producer cried out:

"Hold. Do you realize to whom you are speaking? Do you realize you are arguing with a man who has made more good pictures than any other in the business? A man who has stood for progress in the art. A man —"

"I can't help it," wailed the director. "I'd say the same things to the Lord himself."

"Well," said the producer after ponderous reflection. "I guess that's fair enough."



JACK HOLT

What's a judge worth? This is a title inspired for a scenario based upon a recent court tilt between Famous Players-Lasky and Rodolph Valentino. The emotional climax of the tilt occurred when the Famous Players-Lasky attorney cried out, "Why, your honor, this man may enjoy a larger income under the contract than nine Supreme Court judges."

But here the drama weakened. The lawyer might have brought down the bench had he continued with the line, "Why, your honor, Adolph Zukor may enjoy an income that would buy and sell the supreme court and congress."

It makes interesting figuring. For instance: Valentino not only may make more than nine supreme court judges, he actually may make more than any three writers on the staff of this magazine and we're all up in arms about it.

Gloria Swanson may make more than the President of the United States, which isn't saying, of course, that Gloria wouldn't make a better president if given the chance.

Mary Miles Minter makes more per week than a hundred clergymen. (This is going to cause a scandal.) Mary Pickford may make almost as much as a revenue officer.

Charlie Chaplin in one week makes almost a tenth as much as Dempsey did in one day.

Will Hays as evangelist of Hollywood makes more than the twelve apostles, twenty bishops and a hundred fellow postmen.



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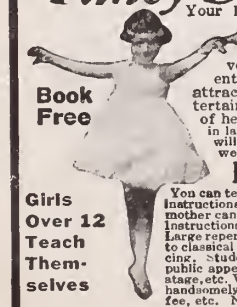
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## Casts of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117]

**"PEG O' MY HEART"**—METRO.—By J. Hartley Manners. Adapted for the screen by Mary O'Hara. Directed by King Vidor. Photographed by George Barnes. The cast: Margaret O'Connell (Peg), Laurette Taylor; Sir Gerald (Jerry), Mahlon Hamilton; Jim O'Connell, Russell Simpson; Ethel Chichester, Ethel Grey Terry; Brent Christopher, Nigel Barrie; Hawks, Lionel Belmore; Mrs. Chichester, Vera Lewis; Mrs. Jim O'Connell, Sidna Beth Ivins; Alaric Chichester, D. R. O. Hatswell; Margaret O'Connell (Peg), as a child, Aileen O'Malley; Butler, Fred Huntly.

**"THE WEAK END PARTY"**—METRO.—It is impossible to get the names of the technical staff or the cast of this picture. Stan Laurel plays the lead.

**"DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS"**—ELMER CLIFTON PRODUCTION.—Directed by Elmer Clifton. Scenario by John L. E. Pell. Photography by Alexander G. Penrod. The cast: Charles W. Morgan, William Walcott; Henry Morgan, William Cavanaugh; "Scuff" Smith, Leigh R. Smith; Patience Morgan, Marguerite Courtot; Patience Morgan (as a child), Elizabeth Foley; Thomas Allen Dexter, Raymond McKee; Thomas Allen Dexter (as a child), Thomas White; Judy Peggs, Juliette Courtot; Nahoma, Clarice Vance; The Town Crier, Curtis Pierce; "Henny" Clark, Ada Laycock; "Dot" Morgan, Clara Bow; "Jimmie," James Turfler; Jake Finner, Patrick Hartigan; Samuel Siggs, J. Thornton Baston; Captain of the "Charles W. Morgan," Capt. Jas. A. Tilton.

## Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113]

**BETTY**.—Please call me Betty, you ask. In such a sweet way you ask that. How can I refuse you? Well, we have screen stars in America and you haven't so many in England—that's true. On the other hand—but perhaps we'd better not talk about that. It is best to bury the past. Really, I enjoyed your letter and hope you'll write again.

**MARY FRANCES, TEXAS**.—You want to know how to write to Wallace Reid. Address him care Lasky, follow the dictates of your heart and you may get a picture. But don't write him all those sweet things you wrote me. Wally doesn't like to be idolized. He's married to Dorothy Davenport. His son's name is William Wallace, Jr.; but they call him Bill.

**LITTLE NELL**.—You can plead very charmingly; and when you tell me you'd like me much better if you knew my name I am tempted to tell you. But I am very strong-minded, and resist the temptation successfully. No, Little Nell—I shall be obliged to worry along without your home-made candy. And I love home-made candy. It's been so long since I've had any but the Broadway variety which claims to be home-made but certainly never saw a real kitchen.

**ROSE, CLEBURNE, TEXAS**.—The lachrymal glands of future generations will be overdeveloped if producers don't stop showering us with these mother-and-father films. I don't know why it is assumed that all screen mothers must be bent and gray. Some grandmothers I have known are considerably younger than the celluloid depictees of motherhood. "Blood and Sand" has already been released generally. You'll see it soon. Nita Naldi and Lila Lee play *Dona Sol* and *Carmen*, the bad and the good loves in *Juan Gallardo's* life. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]

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## Here's What Rich Stars Do With Their Money

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

of which is \$50,000. Besides, this, Chaplin owns considerable real estate, including his mother's elaborate home and much property at Venice Beach, near Los Angeles. A large amount of working capital goes into the financing of his own pictures.

Cecil de Mille is first of all a heavy owner of Famous Players-Lasky stock. He is vice president and a big stockholder in the newly organized Federal Trust and Savings Bank of Hollywood; a director and stockholder in the Commercial National Bank of Los Angeles and a heavy holder in a syndicate subdividing a big tract of land in the Big Bear Valley, north of Los Angeles. He is actively interested in a syndicate owning fourteen oil wells at Tulsa, Oklahoma, owns his home in Laughlin Park, Hollywood, surrounded by seventeen acres. This is valued at \$500,000. Mr. de Mille also holds stocks and bonds in many corporations, has a private mountain ranch, Paradise, of 240 acres, and a 107-ton schooner yacht, the *Seaward*.

AWAY up in the plutocratic class is Harold Lloyd. He holds a lot of Liberty and railroad bonds, owns a Los Angeles house worth \$40,000 and is also the possessor of large real estate holdings in Los Angeles. He has invested heavily and is a director in the real estate company handling the Carthay Center tract on Wilshire Boulevard, just beyond fashionable Windsor Square. The corporation owns several hundred acres now being developed and sold for home sites. Mr. Lloyd also owns stock in the Hal Roche company producing his comedies.

Mary Miles Minter can leave pictures tomorrow without worrying unnecessarily about the future. Guided by her mother, she has saved almost every cent she has ever earned. She owns three Los Angeles residences. One of these, her lavish Wilshire Boulevard home, originally valued at \$150,000, is now being remodelled at a cost of \$100,000, into a model apartment house. This is located in the heart of Los Angeles' fashionable district, within a block of the Ambassador Hotel. Miss Minter's holdings in gold notes, first mortgages and bonds are estimated at \$750,000.

Anita Stewart is another star who never need make another motion picture unless she cares to. "I have been saving carefully since I was fourteen, starting at Vitagraph," Miss Stewart told us. She owns a \$125,000 house in Los Angeles which brings her a rental of over \$1,000 a month. She owns 4,000 acres of rich oil land. She has a large amount of first mortgages and other realty holdings in California. Her jewels total a fabulous amount of money. She has a great quantity of Liberty bonds. During the world war drive she was the largest buyer of Liberty bonds in her home town, Bayshore, Long Island, purchasing \$100,000 in bonds at one time. Miss Stewart still retains a large interest in her productions, which continue to play steadily.

Coupled with the wealth of her husband, Joseph Schenck, Norma Talmadge is easily one of the wealthiest women in motion pictures—if actually not the richest. Norma has over a million dollars in bonds and stocks. She owns a great deal of real estate. She finances many film productions in which she herself is now connected, as, for instance, the recent color film, "The Toll of the Sea." She backs the manufacture of Jackie Coogan kiddie cars. One of her most successful investments is a half interest in Irving Berlin's Music Box Revue. Last season The Music Box Revue played to an average weekly business of over \$30,000.

Constance Talmadge's savings are said to amount to about a half million.



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Lillian and Dorothy Gish have each saved \$200,000, so invested that they draw \$300 weekly in interest. They have also saved \$150,000, which is deposited in their mother's name. Here may be noted one of the odd idiosyncrasies of players. Lillian is the proprietor of a tiny restaurant in San Pedro, Cal.

Lillian's restaurant may seem an odd investment for one so ethereal and spirituelle. But consider the robust William Russell, who is the vice president and largest owner of Hepper's beauty parlor in Los Angeles! Russell also owns a block of stores on Western Avenue, between Hollywood and Los Angeles. And, to continue our list of odd investments, let us whisper of the California Laundry, on Vine street in Hollywood; largely owned by Mary Miles Minter.

AN interesting commentary upon wealth and screendom comes in enumerating the miscellaneous holdings of David Wark Griffith, who, after all, has been the pathfinder of the photoplay. "I own a fourteen-acre lemon ranch in the San Fernando Valley," Mr. Griffith told us. "No lemons have ever grown upon it since I bought the place. And I own a velour hat, pretty well worn, three suits of clothes and a watch. Can't think of anything else. Be sure to mention that the hat is worn."

All of which is the truth. Griffith has always turned every cent he has ever made back into his productions. He is actually poorer than most of the screen salesmen who sell his products in the small towns. Indeed, his single bit of property, the lemon ranch, has upon it only a broken down shack. His Mamaronek, N. Y., studio is the property of a stock company.

Thomas H. Ince is well up among the celluloid wealthy. He is the sole owner of his Culver City studio, appraised by the city at \$400,000. His Hollywood home is worth \$75,000 and this year he put \$300,000 into his 22-acre Beverly Hills estate, the land of which is worth \$50,000. This will probably be the finest private home estate in Southern California. Mr. Ince has a large amount of industrial bonds and a huge sum tied up in productions.

Mack Sennett owns his studio, which, with its acreage, is valued at \$350,000. There is an additional half million in equipment. Mr. Sennett also owns considerable real estate in Beverly Hills and Griffith Park, Hollywood, besides his own home in Los Angeles.

Mme. Nazimova owns two homes, one in Hollywood and the other at Port Chester, New York. These total close to \$200,000. She also owns some real estate in Los Angeles. She has an unusual library of first editions and a remarkable collection of rugs. Into her production of "Salome," the Russian actress put \$105,000 in cash and \$75,000 in salary. The fact that this production was held up for months involved Nazimova's savings, coupled with her considerable loss on "A Doll's House."

Jackie Coogan is easily earning the largest salary of any boy in the world. Indeed, he has made a record never before achieved in the history of the universe. Jackie's home in the Wilshire district is valued at \$80,000 and is in his own name, as are his extensive municipal, state, road bonds and his Los Angeles real estate purchases. Jackie, too, has the world's largest holdings in kiddie cars, practically enough to fill a real garage.

Ruth Roland is one of the wealthiest of stars. "Back in the old days at Kalem, when I was earning \$25 a week, I saved up and purchased a half-carat diamond ring. That was my first saving. Then I bought a \$1,000 lot near Brentwood." Since then Miss Roland has dabbled strenuously in real estate. Recently she paid \$350,000 cash for property on Wilshire Boulevard. Miss Roland owns a number of apartments and flat buildings, as well as other real estate in Los Angeles, besides a



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large quantity of bonds and stocks. Her home on Wilshire Boulevard is valued at \$100,000.

Jack Holt has laid aside a considerable amount of money, much of which is invested in fine racing and jumping horses, polo ponies and dogs. His Hollywood home is worth \$45,000 and he owns other Hollywood real estate and some city bonds.

Agnes Ayres owns a business block on Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Wanda Hawley, or rather her husband, Burton Hawley, owns a garage in Hollywood. Harry Carey has a 25,000-acre stock ranch at Newhall, Cal. This is one of the model breeding farms of the west and Carey raises Angora goats, pure bred cows and fine draft horses. The ranch is two hours drive from Hollywood.

Theodore Kosloff is the director of a dancing school in Los Angeles. Conrad Nagel has a 300-acre melon ranch in the San Bernardino valley, where he raises Casaba and honey dew melons.

Conrad Nagel, by the way, is just now holding his breath with anticipation. Oil has been struck in his neighborhood and Conrad is hoping!

Mme. Olga Petrova has earned a great deal of money in pictures and vaudeville and, being a very good business woman, she saved most of it. With her husband, Dr. John Stewart, she owns her elaborate home at Great Neck, L. I. When she married Dr. Stewart she made an unusual matrimonial arrangement, by which she divides all expenses with her husband, who is a well known New York surgeon.

REX Ingram is said to have made nearly a half million in the past year. He, too, has an unusual arrangement with his wife, Alice Terry. He pays all expenses of his home, while Miss Terry deposits every cent of her salary, now something like \$500 a week.

Antonio Moreno invested several hundred thousand dollars in the Mexican petroleum oil fields. Tony's stock took a bad slump and, for a time, the romantic Spaniard faced bankruptcy. Then things took a turn and Moreno is again able to smile.

Gloria Swanson has practically paid for a \$90,000 California residence. Mabel Normand's savings consist of a half million in jewels. Recently she purchased a home for her parents on Staten Island. Priscilla Dean owns a Beverly Hills house that is valued at \$85,000.

William Farnum's wealth is prodigious. His fortune is invested in real estate in California and the East and amounts to about a million. His private estate is located at Sag Harbor, Long Island. Mr. Farnum's hobby is boating and he owns seven boats, ranging from a yacht to a motor launch.

Pearl White's savings consist largely of \$100,000 in Liberty Bonds. "I began buying bonds only recently," says Miss White. "Until then I spent my money in jewels, cars and antiques. Now I'm saving as hard as I can."

Bill Hart has a \$60,000 Hollywood house and a ranch at Newhall, California, near Carey's property. He also owns some valuable property in Connecticut.

Louise Fazenda owns considerable California real estate and has some valuable oil holdings.

With which we arrive at the end of our list of film plutocrats. Wallace Reid may be mentioned in passing as having dashed debonairly through a merry career without saving much of anything.

And Rodolph Valentino's recent troubles with Famous Players-Lasky came just at the moment he was to first cash in on his remarkable vogue.

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A large dog attended a motion picture theater at Ann Arbor the other night, and lay on the floor watching the show quietly and intelligently, not once reading a caption aloud.—*Detroit News.*

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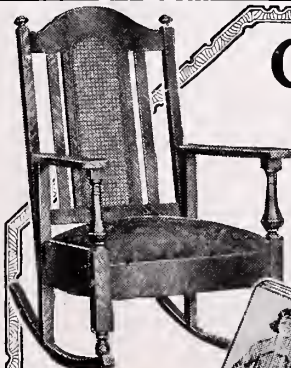


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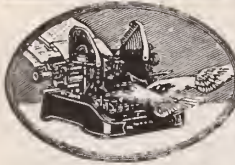
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**The Loves of Charlie Chaplin**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Charlie wasn't so famous nor so rich in the old days when the whole world knew he and Edna Purviance were sweethearts. The beautiful blonde is the only leading woman Chaplin has ever had on the screen, and in those days everyone expected to hear that she had become his leading lady for life. She lived at the Alexandria Hotel, and in her pleasant little sitting room Charlie spent most of his evenings.

Then—work began to absorb Charlie. Edna surprisingly decided on a society career for herself. The first thing everyone knew, Edna was dividing her time between a handsome, muchly decorated French aviator and a leading polo player, and Charlie was seen nightly at cafes in company with 17-year-old Mildred Harris.

Incense is sweet to every man, and slim, childish Mildred burned hers recklessly at Chaplin's altar. It was her first romance and her lovely girlhood—and a clever mother—brought Chaplin to the altar.

The story of Chaplin's marriage to Mildred Harris, their complete incompatibility, the death of their 3-day-old son, and their divorce are matters too well known to dwell upon.

The judge had hardly signed the decree when Charlie's career as a great lover began.

Pert, pretty, daring little May Collins arrived in Hollywood from the New York stage and Charlie met her.

With Max Eastman, the Socialist leader and editor, and Florence Deshon, a brilliant young character actress, Chaplin and May Collins made a foursome that became familiar to every Boulevardier. May Collins and Miss Deshon had a charming Hollywood bungalow and it became the meeting place for a group of ardent young Socialists, intellectuals and artists of all kinds.

It was an atmosphere that Charlie loved. In that setting the bright, witty, fresh personality of little May Collins was an added filipe. Their intimacy grew. Their engagement was rumored. Miss Collins first denied, then admitted.

But they were never engaged. Friends have whispered in strictest secrecy that Charlie permitted the announcement to go unchallenged only because of the amount of professional good it would do Miss Collins. And his interest and liking for the youngster were strong enough for that.

Until—stately, cool, beautiful Claire Windsor appeared on the scene.

AT that time, Charlie Chaplin and Samuel Goldwyn had become great chums. Claire had gone from the hands of Lois Weber to be a Goldwyn find. Naturally, Claire and Charlie met.

Charlie is reported to have said to a close friend that Claire was the most restful woman he ever knew. At any rate, he found her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. He adored her small son. The scene shifted from Socialistic headquarters to the splendid mansion that Samuel Goldwyn occupied on the ocean front at Santa Monica. It was summertime. Claire, with a fluffy parasol, strolled the sands beside Charlie, and they danced the night away at the Coconut Grove.

Then, something happened. Long afterwards, Charlie told a friend that the thing which ended his adoration of Claire Windsor was an ill-advised publicity stunt. Claire fell from her horse in the mountains and was supposedly lost. Charlie dashed about, offering rewards, leading posses and actually terribly upset. Only, it is rumored, to suspect in the end it was all a publicity frame-up.

Also, May Collins and Claire Windsor were in a most lady-like manner causing him considerable unpleasantness.

Charlie decided suddenly to go abroad. When he returned he brought Claire a beautiful ermine coat and asked her to meet him at the train.

But he called on May Collins that same evening and presented her with a luxurious set of silver fox.

And that, apparently, was that. He was never seen with either of them afterwards.

Claire Sheridan, famous English sculptor and author, arrived in Hollywood about then. A woman of brilliant mind, great artistic achievement and high social position, she lighted an instant flame of intense admiration in Charlie. She wanted to make a head of him and during the sittings, a romantic friendship developed.

Chaperoned by Clare Sheridan's nine-year old youngster, the two artists went on a camping trip in the Hollywood mountains. A staff from the Chaplin studio cleared an ideal mountain spot and erected tents. And there for several days Chaplin and the brilliant English woman picnicked and exchanged ideas.

In her latest book, Mrs. Sheridan devoted many pages to the charm and genius of Charlie Chaplin. But she returned to England and the rumored engagement was denied.

THERE is a saying along the Boulevard that every man in Hollywood has been in love with Lila Lee sometime.

Charlie's turn came shortly after that.

He brought Lila, blushing in bridal white, to the Writer's banquet for Mary and Doug. When he previewed a picture, Lila sat in the place of honor. He took her mother for afternoon drives.

"There's just one girl in Hollywood who could really marry Charlie Chaplin if she wanted to, and that's Lila Lee," said a close friend of Charlie's. To no one, had Charlie ever shown the marks of respect, of recognition and public devotion that he showed to Lila.

But apparently this sweet flush of youthful regard—for Charlie used to look like a boy when you saw him in attendance on Lila—drifted into a deep and sincere friendship, which endures still but is not the marrying kind of thing.

For a brief, oh a very brief space, Anna Q. Nilsson filled Charlie's heart. It was one of those skyrocket things and its violence was in proportion to its swift flight. But it teetered on the verge of a love at first sight elopement.

And—Peggy Hopkins Joyce arrived in Hollywood from Paris.

As Elinor Glyn has said, there are many sides to love. In Peggy, Charlie found the greatest sex-lure he had ever encountered. She swept him off his feet. He was in the throes of one of those passions that have changed the map of the world.

The colony had a chance to see them every Friday night at the American Legion arena, where they sat with heads touching, lost in each other. They dined together every evening. They made trips to Catalina, drove about the country.

Just what happened, probably not even Charlie knew. Mary Pickford Fairbanks, it is understood, refused to receive Peggy Joyce. The world-famous vamp was peeved. She tried to force the issue. Charlie couldn't help her. In a huff, Peggy got on a train and started back to Paris.

Charlie was frantic. He talked wildly of following her. She long-distanced him from New York. He started to pack.

Business interfered. And—the dramatic story that Charlie is directing, as Edna Purviance's first starring vehicle, is the story of Peggy Joyce's life.

The love of Charlie Chaplin for Pola wasn't a first-sight affair by any means. They met in Berlin without either of them feeling the divine spark. Pola had been in Hollywood some time before Charlie became enamoured.

But gradually, it became understood that Charlie was to act as Pola's escort. Pola

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showed odd little flashes of jealousy at parties. The picture of Pola's exotic loveliness beside Charlie in his big car was no longer startling.

"She's the most wonderful woman I ever met," says Charlie. "She has everything. Such intelligence! Such coloring! Such beauty! Such fineness!"

But it gives you a real heart throb to remember Hettie Kelly, and a boy of twenty who stood bare-headed in the rain waiting to see her sleek, fair head and her gentle blue eyes get off a London tram, and who walked with her down an English country lane.

No wonder Charlie went back to that corner, and watched a tramcar, and dreamed of little Hettie—little Hettie Kelly, his first sweetheart and his ideal. And no wonder he slipped away to the little grave and laid a just simple bunch of violets on the white cross that bears her name.

## Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120]

**R. GUEVARAS.**—Thank you for the pretty postcard of the sunset in Manila. It's much more colorful than the sunsets here. It looks just like a background for a subtitle. Mae Giraci took the part of the *sheik's daughter*, the same rôle that was played by Manilla Martan five years later, in "The Son of Tarzan." You may address Mae care the National Film Corporation, 116 Lodi Street, Hollywood. Lucy Dorain is a European actress, and I haven't her address. As for Eugenia Gilbert, I have no record of her at all. I am sorry. Miss Martan has been making personal appearances with "Tarzan" but I doubt if she will go to Manila. Sorry again.

**MARY SMITH.**—Jes' plain Mary Smith. But you have a heart of gold, I am sure. Tell me you have a heart of gold. Here, Mary, are your heights: Marie Prevost, Bebe Daniels, five feet four; Mildred Davis, Betty Compson, five feet two; Irene Castle, five feet seven.

**G. H. F., TOLEDO.**—Of course I have nothing against you. If I ever did, I've entirely forgotten what it was. I don't harbor grudges, anyway. I'm too absent minded. I may have enemies but I don't know them when I see them. Alfred Whitman is still in pictures. His latest appearance was in "The Best Man." Howard Hickman is an entirely different person. He's the husband of Bessie Barriscale and is engaged right now in writing stage vehicles for his blonde wife.

**Clementina.**—June Caprice's last picture was as George Seitz's co-star in "The Sky Ranger." June is married now and has retired, temporarily at least, from the screen. Seitz is not acting now; he's directing Pearl White in her new serial, tentatively titled "Plunder." Yes, Seitz is married. "God's Gold" is Neal Hart's most recent picture. Marie Prevost is American, of French descent. She is twenty-three years old. Address Annette Kellerman, 498 West End Avenue, Manhattan.

**DOROTHY ALGUIRE.**—You want to see Ramsey Wallace more often. Write to him and tell him about it. He is not married, so you can do so without fearing that the eye of a heartless wife will read your letter. No one will read it but Ramsey except—perhaps—an equally heartless secretary. Wallace has never been on the stage.

**VIOLA.**—William Duncan and Edith Johnson are married. I know Duncan was married before, but I didn't know Miss Johnson was. In fact, I am reasonably sure you're mistaken about that. They are making five reel melodramas for Vitagraph. Ruth Roland is twenty-eight years old; she is a serial star for Pathe. Not married now. June Caprice is twenty-two.



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JUANITA.—I am seldom inspired. But when I see that name—Juanita—I want to sing. My voice is, at best, a feeble one; yet when I essay Juanita it is almost melodious. My stenographer goes out to lunch, tea, and dinner, and the office force threatens to leave in a body; so I have to stop. But someday you shall come to call upon me and I shall sing Juanita. And it will be your fault. Rex Ingram was married to Doris Pawn. They were divorced and Alice Terry is the present Mrs. Ingram.

THELMA M., CANTON, OHIO.—Ramon Navarro—accent on the first syllable of the last name—is only twenty-one or thereabouts. He is Spanish, but he was born in Mexico. Ramon is not married. You can see him in "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Trifling Women" and "The Passion Vine." Address him care Metro.

MARY MCF.—It isn't true that Monte Blue is engaged, because he is already married. I suppose I could have been cruel and have assured you only that he isn't engaged; but I am kind by nature and this job hasn't altogether spoiled my lovely, lovely disposition. In the cast of Ballin's "Vanity Fair," are Harrison Ford, George Walsh, Hobart Bosworth, Earle Fox, and Eleanor Boardman; and Mabel Ballin will play *Becky Sharp*. Vitagraph made the Thackeray classic years ago, with Rose Tapley.

THE YOUNG DIANA.—You do not aspire to be a Mary Pickford; only a Louise Fazenda. Why that "only"? It wouldn't be easy to be a Fazenda either. Just saw some stills of Louise as a vamp in "The Beautiful and Damned," the Warner Brothers' picturization of Scott Fitzgerald's novel with Marie Prevost. Louise with a backless gown and a wicked look startled me. Bert Lytell opposite Betty Compson in "To Have and To Hold."

FRANCES CORINNE.—You were called, originally, only Frances; then you saw Corinne Griffith and gave yourself a second name. I can understand that. Corinne has, alas, left Manhattan for California. She gave her marmoset to the zoo. She offered it to me first but unfortunately there is no place in my humble quarters for such a highborn marmoset as Corinne's. I say quarters because it sounds better, don't you think? I confess to an ambition, hitherto darkly secret. I wish to live someday in those "Mansions" they have in London. I suspect they are just apartments; but I love the letter heads.

BUNK.—I won't argue with a customer. Your admiration for Pauline Garon is, however, understandable. That young blonde is bobbed. She went to California to make pictures there, her first being Cecil de Mille's "Adam's Rib." Paramount wished her to sign a five year contract but she turned it down because she didn't want to tie up her talents for such a long period—or so I have heard. Pauline isn't married.

GAY.—Doris Rankin, Mrs. Lionel Barrymore in real life, is not making pictures now. She is a member of Ethel Barrymore's supporting cast in a play by Hauptmann, "Rose Bernd," in which Miss Barrymore is now appearing. The Lionel Barrymores have no children. John and his wife, Michael Strange, have one, a son.

JEAN, WILMETTE, ILL.—No, no—if someone referred to Charlie's leading lady as "La Purviance" it was just as a mark of distinction. Miss Purviance's name is Edna. In connection with Edna the supposedly French phrase of "Oo la la" would not be amiss. She is beautiful and a good actress. She is now a star, as a reward for her work in all the Chaplin comedies; and Charlie himself is directing her first picture, which will be released through United Artists.

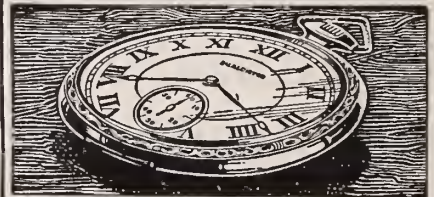


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**VIRGINIA.**—I'm afraid you didn't meet Dick Barthelmess at that party in Los Angeles because Dick has been in New York for the past year. Someone, my child, has been spoofing you. Enid Bennett, whose eyes are, you aver, the most luminous of any celluloid celebrity's, is in private life Mrs. Fred Niblo and lives in Beverly Hills. The Niblos have a baby daughter.

**JANUARY.**—Are all the people in pictures as handsome off the screen as they are on? Yes; yes indeed. With the possible exception of Ben Turpin. Jack Pickford is married to Marilyn Miller; you're right. You get all the news first-hand, don't you, January? Wish I had your snappy system. Mary Hay is not in pictures. She is a dancer.

**MRS. C. R. POSTERN, PITTSBURGH.**—You pronounce it Val-en-teen-o, with the third syllable accented. You were most kind to consult my preference in ink and paper and I appreciate it. Your stationery is easy on my eyes and your writing just difficult enough to decipher to be interesting. Now that you have received the royal approval you may write often. And wouldn't the joke be on me if you didn't care to?

**MARIE S., PHILADELPHIA.**—So you have so many pictures of Ruddy you don't know what to do with them. I suppose you wouldn't part with them for the world. I know of several young ladies who would be glad to oblige you by taking some off your hands—or your walls and dressing table. Maurice "Lefty" Flynn was in "The Woman Who Walked Alone," with Dorothy Dalton. He was one of the swains who stepped out with the heroine. That "Woman Who Walked Alone" wasn't well titled. Richard Barthelmess, Inspiration.

**FREEDA, CHICAGO.**—"Hungry Hearts" was released October 22, so you have probably seen it by now. In case you haven't, the leading rôles are played by Helen Ferguson, Bryant Washburn and Rose Rosanova. It was made at the Goldwyn studios in Culver City and Julien Josephson made the scenario for it. Josephson wrote the best of the Charlie Ray country-boy dramas for Ince.

**MOVIE MAD.**—You don't annoy me in the least. Why should you? Why these elaborate apologies for helping me to earn my salary? Conrad Nagel is his real name; don't spell it Nagle. His wife is Ruth Helms, a former Chicago girl who was never on the stage. They have a baby girl. Gloria Swanson has been married and divorced twice. Once to Wallace Beery and the second time to Herbert K. Sornborn. Gloria does not wear a wig in pictures. Those bewildering coiffures are the work of Hattie, the chocolate-colored hairdresser of the Lasky lot. Hattie dressed Valentino's hair for "Blood and Sand"; she performs wonders with the tresses of Agnes Ayres, Wanda Hawley, and Bebe Daniels.

**MAY G.**—Creighton Hale has been married and divorced; which is as good as saying that he isn't married. You want him to be starred. I think he is one of the Griffith stock company but he is not among those present in "One Exciting Night." The new Griffith drama is a thriller of "The Bat" variety. Carol Dempster will be the heroine of the Griffith pictures in the future.

**LUCILLE.**—Your allusion to the happy married life of the Marc McDermotts was all right—in its way. It so happens, however, that Mijam has been suing Marc for separation. Here's the cast of "The Spanish Jade": *Gil Perez*—David Powell; *Don Luis Ramonez de Alavia*—Marc McDermott; *Esteban*—Charles de Rochefort; *Manuela*—Evelyn Brant; *Manuela's step father*—Lionel D'Aragon; *Tornillo*—Frank Stanmore; *Esteban's spy*—Roy Byford; *Oswald Manvers*—Harry Ham.

This seems to be a Spanish month, doesn't it? And speaking of Spain—did you ever hear of a Castilian cast that didn't boast an *Esteban*?

**ANNE, READING.**—Or Anne writing. Mostly writing. Jack MacLean is not related to Douglas. Mae Murray's hair is bobbed and very blonde. Mae is now in California with her husband, Robert Leonard, making "Coronation" for Metro. With queens so passé I'm surprised at Mae making a picture about the crowning of one. "Broadway Rose" and "Peacock Alley" were the first two Murray-Leonard productions for their own unit.

**MINETTE, MANHATTAN.**—At this late date you are wondering if Rodolph Valentino is really handsome! What difference does it make? You musn't expect me to get excited about it, anyway. Wanda Hawley supports Rodolph in "The Young Rajah." Wanda is married to J. Burton Hawley, a Los Angeles automobile man. Betty Ross Clarke is on the stage now. She is very happily married to a business man.

**IRENE, SYRACUSE.**—You don't have to change your name when you "join the movies" unless you care to. The chief reason for name-changing is unpronounceable or long names which would be hard to adapt to publicity and advertising purposes. I believe Ruth Roland has been injured several times during the course of her strenuous career making serials, but never very seriously, although the last accident she had while doing a stunt put her in the hospital for several weeks. But what's a little thing like that to a serial star? Ruth isn't married.

**K. R., HARTFORD.**—Alice Brady is divorced from James Crane, the actor. They have a small son, Donald. Miss Brady's latest picture for Paramount is "Anna Ascends"; and she's making a new one called "The Leopardess." I saw her as *Anna* on the stage, and she was an interesting character. Grace George is Alice's step-mother. Her own mother died some years ago.

**DEAR ME.**—So you think the million dollars spent on "Foolish Wives" must have been invested mostly in caviar. Miss Du Pont, or Marguerite Armstrong, is not making any pictures at present; but she has not definitely retired, to my knowledge. She was formerly a model. The von Stroheims have a baby son. Mrs. von Stroheim is a non-professional, but she appeared as the young bride in "Blind Husbands."

**JAMES A. B.**—Lon Chaney would be flattered. You really believe him to be a legless man? That was just his clever makeup for "The Penalty." Chaney is the screen's champion crook—and one of the most popular members of the screen colony in private life. He never steals anybody's scenes. Address him at Universal City.

**IDA, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.**—There are few rules for this department. Most of them appear at the head of the first page. There's another: no puns in your nom-de-plume. I don't like to be severe, but you punsters will just have to spring your merry little quips somewhere else. Pola Negri is Polish. She is in America now, playing "Bella Donna" for Paramount. Conrad Nagel is playing opposite her. Nagel always was lucky. Mae Murray's new pictures are "Broadway Rose" and "Coronation."

**S. R., CLEVELAND.**—I would have to be hit on the head, like Newton, before I'd discover anything. Hard knocks do some good sometimes. Joseph Swickard was the father *Marcello Desnoyers*, and Pomeroy Cannon the grandfather, *Madariaga*, in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Harrison Ford is thirty-one; Mae Murray twenty-seven; Mary Pickford twenty-nine.

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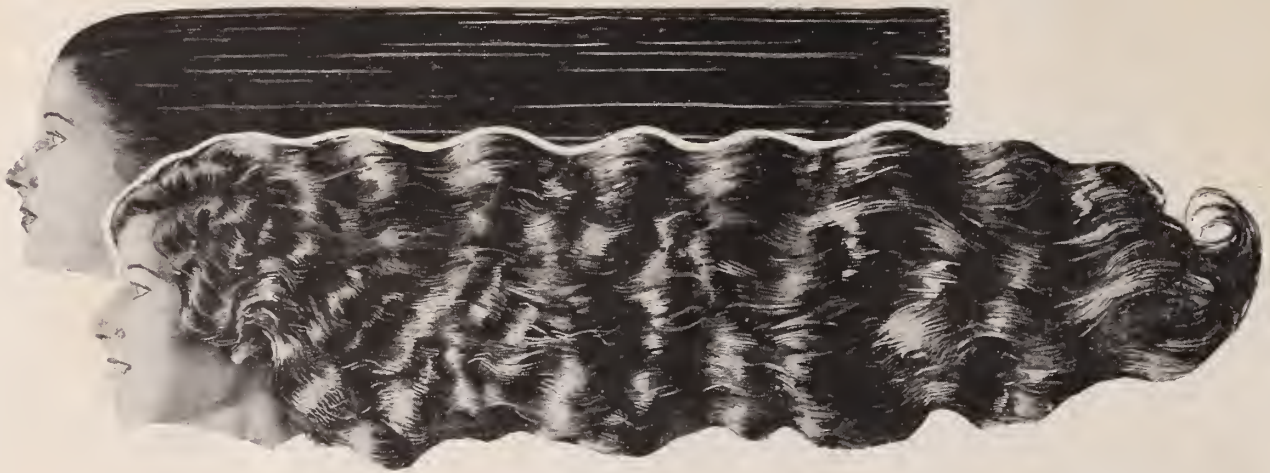
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