

PICTURE-PLAY^{OK} MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER
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of the Screen

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&
ANN BROCKMAN

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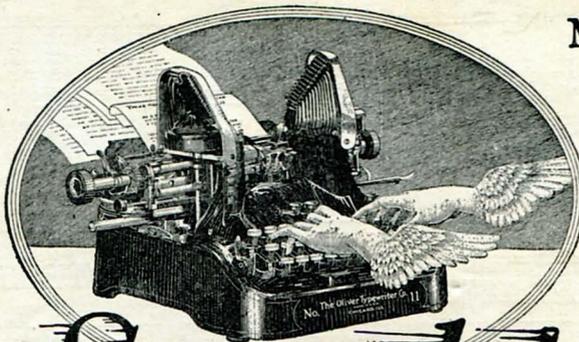
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. ORMOND G. SMITH, President; GEORGE C. SMITH, Treasurer; GEORGE C. SMITH, JR., Secretary. Copyright, 1922, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1922, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. All Rights Reserved. Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this magazine either wholly or in part. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, \$2.36. Foreign, \$2.72.

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Scenario by Elmer Harris and Percy Heath. Based on the play by Ann Nichols. Cast includes David Powell, Walter Hiers and Harrison Ford.

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION presents
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with ALMA RUBENS
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with Dorothy Dalton, David Powell & Mitchell Lewis
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Jesse L. Lasky Presents a Peter B. Kynne Special
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Jesse L. Lasky Presents
Cecil B. De Mille's Production
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A single artist can produce a masterpiece in painting, in sculpture, in architecture.

A small company can stage a great play in the theatre. A poor man can write and have published an undying work of literature.

But in the art of the motion picture, \$100,000 is as \$10 in any other art. There can be no success without the power of intricate organization, organization so highly developed that it can command the services of acknowledged genius, and this must be backed by the money power that means absolute freedom of scope in producing motion pictures that will satisfy the discriminating public of today.

Such an organization is Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, producers of Paramount Pictures.

Independent effort, diffusion of power, scattered attempts to win public approval, can never match the work of an organization that holds to the ideals that have been and continue to be the inspiration of Paramount.

That's why "if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY

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What Every Extra Knows

ABOUT getting into the movies—about staying there—and making good, has never been told. And the extra in her hours of waiting about the studios and her determined sieges at the door of the casting directors comes to know much of studio diplomacy and studio demands.

Dorothea Knox is exceptionally fitted to tell the extras' story. She has been working in the studios for four years, and in all that time she has been reflecting on the problems an untrained girl has to face when she enters pictures. And she is capable of telling her story graphically, for before she went into pictures she was a writer by profession.

Her career in pictures, she says, is typical. The first two years she had a high record for blunders, mistakes, and hard luck. But she refused to consider her limitations and forced herself on casting directors until they gave her a chance. Since then she has played everything from nuns to cabaret vampires and doubled for stars. There have been many failures, many disappointments in her career that might have been avoided

had she known when she started the things that she knows now.

Other girls can avoid her mistakes by reading her story, the first installment of which appears in next month's PICTURE-PLAY. This series will be particularly interesting to people who want to go into the movies, but it is an engrossing narrative for every one.

It speaks with authority on the questions that trouble people who want to go into pictures but are unfamiliar with the routine of the studios. It tells concisely just what sort of people are best fitted for the work. That is partly a matter of appearance—but more a matter of grit and pleasant disposition, and Dorothea Knox tells just why this is true. She tells what preparation people should have for a career in the movies—what they should know about make-up—and what they should own in the way of costumes. No one who had not herself surmounted the many dif-

ficulties of getting into motion pictures and rising from the ranks of extras to dramatic rôles could give such a complete exposition of the factors involved.



Dorothea Knox photographs so well that it is hard to believe that she struggled along as an extra for a long time.

Elinor Glyn Says: "I consider 'What Every Extra Knows,' by Dorothea Knox, a very practical treatise. It should save many poor little girls from trying to enter a profession for which they are not fitted and prevent those who are eligible from making needless mistakes."

Win \$5,000



19 year old Samie Ross, Hackensack, N. J., who won \$5,000 in last Reeper Contest.



Mrs. B. R. Young of Girard, Pa., is another winner of a \$5,000 contest prize.



Pay to the order of - Samie Ross
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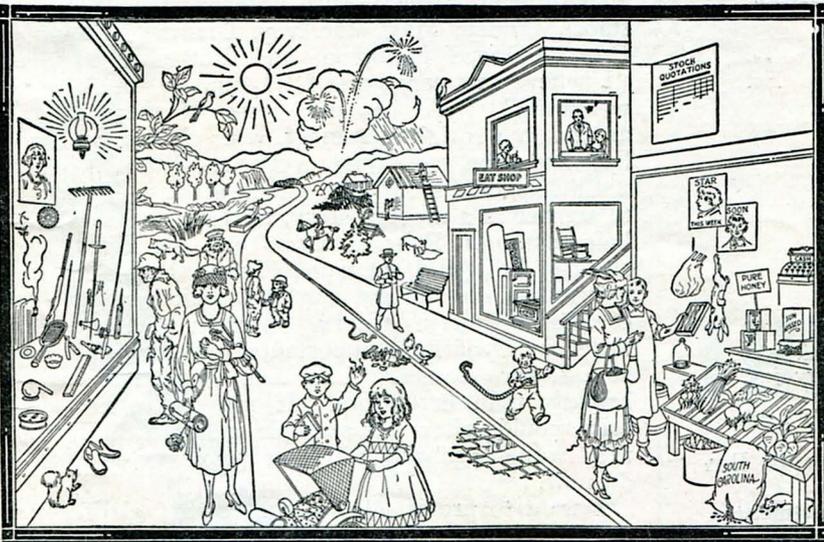
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Each Won \$5,000 Will you win this time?



Can You Find More Than 15 or 20 Words in This Picture Beginning with Letter "R"?

There is Road, Rake, Rope. How many more can you find? Write them down and send them in as soon as possible. See how easy it is! Everything is in plain sight. No need to turn the picture upside down.

Costs Nothing to Try!

Just send in your list of "R" words. If the judges decide your list is the largest which correctly names the visible objects beginning with "R", they will award you first prize. If your list is the second best list, they will award you second prize, etc. Get started RIGHT NOW!

Win the \$5,000 Prize!

- You do not have to buy any Vimogen Yeast Tablets to enter this contest and win a prize.
- If the judges decide your list of "R" words is best and you have not ordered any, you will win first prize **\$50**
(See column 1 of prize list)
- If you send in an order for one \$1 package, and your list is awarded first prize, you win **\$750**
(See 2nd column of prize list)
- If you order two \$1 packages and your list wins first prize, you get **\$1,500**
(See 3rd column of prize list)
- And if you order five \$1 packages, and you are awarded first prize, you get **\$5,000**
(See 4th column of prize list)

Big Picture FREE On Request

\$11,500 in Prizes	If no Reeper's Yeast Tablets are ordered	If one Reeper's Yeast Tablets are ordered	If two Reeper's Yeast Tablets are ordered	If five Reeper's Yeast Tablets are ordered
1st prize	\$50	\$750	\$1,500	\$5,000
2nd prize	35	375	750	2,500
3rd prize	25	200	400	1,250
4th prize	25	125	250	600
5th prize	25	75	150	400
6th to 55th prizes, each 2		2	4	25
56th to 105th prizes, each 1		2	4	15

No goods bought in this contest are subjected to exchange, refund or approval.

And besides there are 104 other big cash prizes. Second prize in column 4 is \$2,500. Third prize \$1,250, etc. Just think of it - 105 chances for you to win.

\$600 Extra for Promptness The last day for mailing your solution to win any of the above prizes is November 15, 1922. But for every day ahead of that date that your order for goods is received, a special extra prize of \$10 for each day will be added to any first prize you win. You can send your order today. Then any time before November 15 you can qualify this order by sending in your solution. \$600 extra is to be awarded in this manner for promptness. Try to get this extra \$600. In case of ties, duplicate amounts will also be awarded.

Win All You Can! Be sure to send your order for \$5 worth of Yeast Tablets if you wish to qualify your list of words for the \$5,000 first prize and the other prizes in the 4th column of the prize list. Don't delay sending in your order. Get the extra prize for promptness. Send your order today.

Yeast Tablets!

The greatest of all yeast products. Something entirely new. A wonderful scientific tablet that embodies all three natural vitamins. Enables your body to derive proper nourishment from the food you eat. Helps build up vitality, strength, endurance. Most all people are undernourished, though many don't know it. Try this scientific way to bring back the springy step, the buoyant freshness of youth, or the youthful natural complexion

that all women long for. Think how wonderful life would be without that continual "tired feeling", with plenty of energy to work hard and play hard. Take this opportunity - find out what Reeper's Vimogen will do for you.

Start Today - Now! Send today for Reeper's Yeast Tablets and qualify also for the biggest prizes. \$50 or \$5,000 which do you want?

FREE

Everyone sending for a large size picture will receive, fully prepaid, a package of a world famous, exquisitely scented, high priced Complexion Powder. Send for your free package today sure.

E. J. Reeper, Dept. 1756 9th and Spruce Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

- OBSERVE THESE RULES**
- 1-Any one excepting our employees and their relatives may enter this contest. There is no entrance fee of any kind.
 - 2-All word lists must be received through the mail by E. J. Reeper, 9th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., and envelopes must be postmarked by post office closing time, November 15, 1922.
 - 3-Contestants who have sent lists or orders before November 15th will be qualified for the higher prizes provided orders for Yeast are received through the mail, postmarked on or before November 30th.
 - 4-Only English words will be counted. Obscure, hyphenated or compound words will not be counted. Only the singular or plural of a word will be used, but both singular and plural will not count. Each article or object can be given only one name. Single words made up of two separate words or objects, such as teaspoon, teapot, or teacup will not count. Webster's International Dictionary will be the final authority. Where several synonyms are equally applicable to an object shown in the picture, a person submitting any one of such synonyms will be given credit for one word only.
 - 5-The largest list of words which correctly name visible objects beginning with the letter "R" will receive first prize, and so on down the list of 105 prizes. The winning list will be made up from among the words submitted by the contestants, and not controlled by any predetermined list of words selected by the judges as being the "correct" or "master" list.
 - 6-For each wrong word a percentage will be deducted from the total number of correct words.
 - 7-Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one household or any one group.
 - 8-If a contestant sends us more than one list under an assumed name or pre-married name, then all lists of such contestant will be disqualified.
 - 9-You must use only one side of paper. You must number each page and object in a consecutive rotation. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. It will aid the judges materially if you will arrange your words alphabetically, and if you will use paper size about 6 in. by 9 in. Failure to do so, however, will not count against you, nor will neatness or handwriting affect your score. Typewrite your list, if possible. An enlarged picture will be furnished free upon request.
 - 10-The final decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection whatever with the E. J. Reeper Company. They will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest. Each participant entering this contest agrees to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive, without argument or question. All answers will receive full consideration, whether or not merchandise is purchased. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded, the list winning first prize and the names of the prize winners will be published, and a copy of such list and prize winners' names and addresses will be sent upon request to any participant who sends us a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
 - 11-An additional prize of not over \$600 for promptness, as specified above, will be awarded.
 - 12-In case of ties for any prize offered, each tying contestant will receive full amount of the prize so tied for.

WHAT THE FANS THINK



From a Country Boy.

AS a movie fan I am, naturally, a reader of your magazine, and I note your fairness in printing both sides of every question that arises. That gives me courage to submit the following doggerel:

TO DIRECTORS OF RURAL PICTURES.

From the village I come to you
With my pen point shod with fire
And the words I say to you
Free a long-suppressed desire.

We dislike the type of youth
You directors oft portray
As a country lad—uncouth,
Redolent of new-mown hay.

This is what stirs up our ire—
The loose-hung jaw—the silly smile
That—rather than the “hick” attire,
It’s true enough, we *do* lack style,

But we don’t lack brains, and we love fair play,
And we’re sick to death of your “country jay.”
And I hope this verse—though it isn’t art—
Will be printed and touch some director’s heart.

Santa Rosa, California.

A COUNTRY BOY.

Another Player Who Reads This Department.

Won’t you please assure the person who asked you if any players read the “What the Fans Think” department that I do? Once in a letter in that department some one criticized me for pouting too much, and I was so impressed by their taking the trouble to write to you about it that I relied on their judgment and made myself get rid of this unnatural mannerism.

I love to read the comments in this department because I feel that they are sincere. COLLEEN MOORE.

Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Two Overworked Words.

There are two words, used in connection with actresses, which are so overworked that I must offer a protest.

The first one is “beautiful” and the second one is “star.”

It seems to me that when one speaks of a woman as beautiful, she should be *above the average in appearance*, not like ordinary women one sees everywhere—but unusually vivid and lovely.

I have seen several so-called beautiful actresses, among them Martha Mansfield, June Elvidge, Bebe Daniels, Clara Kimball Young, Olga Petrova, and Hope Hampton. All of them are pretty but not beautiful. They are just everyday pretty girls—except one. To me, she is very beautiful. I refer to Petrova. The word can be applied to her fairly. She also has intelligence which makes her all the more beautiful. So much for that word; now for the other.

It seems to me that after a player begins to get a little recognition she or he immediately is hailed as a STAR! Some appear as leading players in only one picture and then some producer thrusts them on us as stars. Often they do not know even the first points of acting. For instance, why star Eva Novak, Miss Dupont, Marion Davies, Alice Calhoun, Jean Paige, Constance Binney, May MacAvoy, Gladys Walton, Marie Prevost, Hope Hampton, and Katherine McDonald? (I believe she stars herself. I suppose we all would if we could.) To be sure, some of them can dance around in a sprightly manner, wear clothes, pucker their lips, and even raise their eyebrows—but *is this acting?*

Lillian Gish is our best screen actress. I should like to see her in a modern story, modern clothes and a nice hairdress. If Priscilla Dean had the right kind of stories, she would act wonderfully. Betty Compson is lost unless she can get stories to suit her type—and a director of merit. Gloria Swanson is a figurehead—the story is of little importance with her—but I enjoy seeing her clothes. Lila Lee is glimmering more brightly than heretofore. If some of these so-called stars would follow her example and start all over again, they would probably fill their places better than they do now.

I want to protest also at the country girl’s portrayal on the screen. Some of them must keep hairdressers in their homes. And they walk and act and look as if they had just stepped out of a Fifth Avenue drawing-room. When an actress wants to look like a country girl, she just dons a little gingham dress and behold; we have a little uneducated country girl. G. K. T.

Houston, Texas.

By All Means Write Again.

Please may I express my opinion regarding a few of the players? I have been a fan for a number of years, and since the time when the manager of our little picture show would walk out front and announce that the following evening there would be a Biograph picture with “Little Mary” in it, she has been my ideal. I think she is the sweetest personality and character of the screen. Her *Dearest* in “Fauntleroy” will live forever. That is my idea of the real Mary.

I do not like this appeal for new faces. Do they think that any one can take the place of our old favorites such as Alice Joyce, Clara Kimball Young, Norma and Constance Talmadge, et cetera? Old friends are best. This has been tried before and with what results? But what is wrong with Anita Stewart? The last picture I saw her in was “Her Mad Bargain”—and it certainly was. I have followed her closely for years and I, for one, do not think she has done anything worth while since she left Vitagraph.

The Gishes also are great favorites of mine. Lillian’s

Continued on page 10

\$1,500 for a plot

Can YOU Write a Scenario?

Just a few years ago an author was glad to get \$15 for a motion picture scenario.

Today the average price paid for a plot synopsis is \$1500.

Producers are begging for stories. Leaders in the film industry are encouraging new screen writers. The handful of photodramatists writing today cannot fill the demand. Without stories, the photoplay industry cannot exist. The producers *cannot get* enough good scenarios.

Not Skilled Writers—Just Ordinary Men and Women

The successful novelist or short story writer has definitely failed in the motion picture field. Newly trained photodramatists have written and conceived the plots that have been developed into the most successful feature photoplays. For the most part the men and women who are supplying the stories were, just a few years ago, farmers, teachers, clerks, housewives, office employees.

You do not need literary ability. The producers do not want fine writing. They want plots—strong, dramatic plots, written in simple synopsis form.

But this does not mean that anyone can sit down and dash off a scenario. Scenarios must contain sound dramatic material, they must be developed along the principles of photoplay construction, and they must be written in the language of the studios. This is merely technical matter. Anyone can master it.

The Fox Plan Will Show You How

The Fox Photoplay Institute is devoted exclusively to training photodramatists. Its method is unique and original.

We cannot tell you now whether you possess the ability to create photoplay plots. *No test or analysis* could determine that at this time, for your sense of dramatic perception is undeveloped, your conception of plot formation is crude and unformed. But Fox instructors watch you as you develop and direct your ability along the right channels of photoplay creation.

Send for Free Book

In a beautifully illustrated, 32-page book, the Fox Plan is completely outlined for you. It tells all about your opportunities as a scenario writer. It tells about the great Fox Photoplay Institute backed by motion picture leaders. It shows you what kind of ideas the producers want and how to prepare them for screen use. This book is FREE if you are interested in photoplay writing. Send the coupon today.



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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.

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has produced a most unusual picture—a picture of the lumber camps of the great North West—filled with thrills and heart throbs. Did you read this thrilling story of Peter B. Kyne in the Saturday Evening Post? If you did you won't miss the picture. Whether you have read the story or not you have a real treat in store for you. It's coming soon. Watch for it. There is an unusually strong cast headed by the beautiful

Miriam Cooper



"Kindred of the Dust"

Watch for the First National trademark on the screen at your theatre. It is the sign of clean, wholesome and entertaining pictures. You can always depend on



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Federal School of Commercial Designing,
1151 Federal Schools Bldg.,
Minneapolis, Minn.



\$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.

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A STORY of tremendous interest to every motion-picture fan, a glimpse of the greatest emotional actress on the screen, through the eyes of Mary Pickford, her dearest friend. Stage children together, poor but happy—pioneers in the motion-picture business—modern princesses with wealth and world adulation—that has been their story.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

Anna Moore will never be forgotten. I was somewhat disappointed in the "Orphans of the Storm." I think Dorothy deserves as much praise as Lillian in this picture. Let us have more of them.

Why is it that people rave so over Agnes Ayres? She is so unreal, and to me she has no depth. She is beautiful and that is all that can be said of her.

Wanda Hawley, to my mind, is nil. Outside of her dimples she has nothing. What foolish, namby-pamby plays she appears in!

Little Madge Bellamy is a comer. She can act and has great beauty, too.

Gloria Swanson is—Gloria Swanson, also Elinor Glyn and De Mille. Without them where would she be? She is glorious—but who made her so? She reminds me of a Persian kitten "perfumed and fair." Nevertheless, I always break my neck to go and see her whenever she is here. Why doesn't she do "Three Weeks?" She is a typical Elinor Glyn heroine.

Now for the men. Keep Valentino where he belongs. His is a rare and magnetic personality. Let it shine in its proper setting. Don't make of him a modern hero. We want romance and we want this new hero in romantic and foreign settings. I sincerely hope so much success and admiration will not turn his head. Lewis Stone is supreme.

I can't say much for Wallie Reid. Tommy Meighan is wonderful, sincere, and human.

But I think Lloyd Hughes is the one best bet.

What has become of Henry Walthall? What a shame that this sterling actor is kept so much in the background.

I am glad that dear old Bill Hart is so happy, and I sincerely hope it will be a boy.

I wish we could have more of Chaplin. I am afraid the throne is toppling a little and that Buster Keaton will one day rule supreme. However, after Charlie's trip to Europe he may now wake up and show them who is who. I hope so, anyway.

Some day I may write again, if I may, and then I want to express myself on the pictures that are being released. If they would give us more like "The Ten Dollar Raise," and cut out some of the stars, the public would be much better satisfied. People now go to see a good, interesting story, and not to watch one person alone through six reels.

GLADYS DILLON.
616 Twenty-first Street, Denver, Colo.

An Impulse Obeyed.

Every time I read this department it makes me itch for my pen. This time it was uncontrollable.

One writer may be right about the movies taking too many leading ladies from the chorus, but perhaps he'll agree with me when I say that no mistake was made in picking Jacqueline Logan. The hero in "Molly-O" showed he was almost human—his one fault being choosing Mabel when he could have had Jacqueline.

Another letter asks who the public is that is demanding Gloria Swanson. I am one millionth, or a smaller part, of that public. In "Under the Lash" Gloria acted as well in gingham, or whatever it was, as she did in silks and satins. And she can act.

Yet another fan speaks of old favorites. Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin ap-

pear so seldom that I go only as a matter of duty. However, I make up for this by my mad rush to see Doug Fairbanks and Kathlyn Williams.

I scan every corner of PICTURE-PLAY for pictures and mention of Wanda Hawley. She combines acting ability with charm and beauty. I think hers is a sad case of stories with no attraction. I was pleased almost to the point of tears when I read everybody's opinion that Wanda carried off acting honors in "The Affairs of Anatol." I'm not magnifying the tribute, but it was a mention. I think she is one of the best actresses on the screen and the best-looking one.

Medals should be struck for Lois Weber for her productions and discovery of Claire Windsor; William Fox for bringing out Harry Myers; Ben Turpin on general principles; Rex Ingram for some of his productions and for the discovery of Alice Terry; Universal for starring Marie Prevost, and for giving Von Stroheim a place to produce his pictures, but for nothing else; and Cecil De Mille for bringing Kosloff into prominence, and for a few of his productions.

After seeing "The Four Horsemen" and "Uncharted Seas" I settled back and laughed at admirers of Valentino. I didn't see "The Sheik" or "Moran of the Lady Letty." But when "The Conquering Power" came along one of my friends persuaded me to go, and now I am one of Rodolph's admirers.

Valentino and Wallie Reid are now at the head of my list of men stars. They are neck and neck. Harry Myers is up near the top.

I kept passing up May MacAvoy's first pictures and saw her one night when she was the feature and I went to see the comedy. She is now among the first in my list, somewhere near Wanda.

PICTURE-PLAY has a wonderful battery of writers. The best of them all, in my opinion, is Agnes Smith. When she reviewed pictures I always agreed with her. I wish she'd write interviews. I must criticize the selection of coming stars, made by the California press agents, which she ran in her "News Reel," which she probably wants us to do. From it should be dropped the names of Helen Ferguson, Louise Lorraine, Mary Philbin, Kathryn McGuire, and Maryon Aye. That leaves the list rather depleted. She should have included Harry Myers. This is my opinion, but if Agnes Smith disagrees, I'll admit she must be right. That shows how I value her opinion. Other splendid writers on your staff are Helen Christine Bennett, Malcolm Oettinger, and Grace Kingsley. These are the ones I like best, but the others are all very good.

A FAN.
122 Pleasant Street, Boulder, Colo.

From Another Agnes Ayres Adorer.

Oh, this blessed department, where we can all unburden our love troubles! Will you please print this exactly as it is, and, yes, you may print my name and address.

Hearken to this, "Agnes Ayres Adorer" of the June issue of PICTURE-PLAY. You and I must have been bitten by the same bug, for I, too, am in love with one of my own sex, that beautiful, bewitching bundle of loveliness called Agnes Ayres.

I, too know some people who say they do not care for her, but I think they should consult a brain specialist, for there isn't a more wonderful actress on the screen than Agnes Ayres. Occasionally she gets a bad story, but even then she

always manages to act her part well, and no one—not even that superb actress, Gloria Swanson—can wear clothes better than Agnes Ayres.

I've never missed one of her pictures since she first came into the limelight, and I don't intend to if I have to go in the ambulance. I'm eighteen and I've never been in love before, and it's—terrible—to think that I've fallen in love with a girl!

MISS BEBE PIERCE.

408 Ross Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

More About Old Favorites.

Three cheers for Mrs. M. Lorenza Stevens, of Venice, California, who takes a stand in favor of the old favorites among the movie stars in the May issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE! Though I don't agree with her in her opinion of King Baggot being the best actor on the screen, still I will say he has forgotten a whole lot more than some of these new male stars will ever know when it comes to registering emotions.

And Flora Finch! The welcome news that she was back in a Talmadge picture certainly pleased many in this city, as she is a great favorite here. I am a member of a woman's society with three hundred members in it, and you should hear them discuss the movies. They are practically all movie fans. Let us have some of the old favorites in some good plays and I'll guarantee the box offices will prove whether the public likes the old stars or not!

ANNA F. CECIL.

509 East Ayer Street, Ironwood, Mich.

A Plea for Simple Presentation.

I think the real story lover—the *real fan*—would just as soon go to pictures in a big, plain barn quite lacking in velvet draperies and artistic prologues, if there were comfortable seats on good elevation and a good screen. We want the story—not the trimmings. We pay so much extra for the trimmings that it is cutting us off from seeing as many plays as we would like to see. But perhaps we are a minority—perhaps the greater number love the beauty of the building, the uniformed ushers, the elaborate prologues—so *we* are just enjoying the luxury of "speaking out" without much hope of it appealing to exhibitors.

I think the day will come, however, when the real story lovers—drama lovers—will have a theater of their own in every large town or city, where they can see the best plays with no stupid comedy thrown in to please the children—and subnormal adults; where they will be able to see a good picture for a moderate price, moderate enough to allow them to go every night if they so wish and where attention will be focused on the picture—not on the prologue or the orchestra or the woodwork, though these are very prominent at this particular moment.

JOY O'HARA.

Box 343, Santa Rosa, Cal.

A Ray Fan's Complaint.

Please, please ask Charles Ray to go back to acting and forget all about being a director. "The Barnstormer" was terrible. As an actor of juvenile parts Ray is *all right and can't be beat*, but, oh, Charles, do page Von Stroheim, Griffith, De Mille or Dwan for the other end of the megaphone.

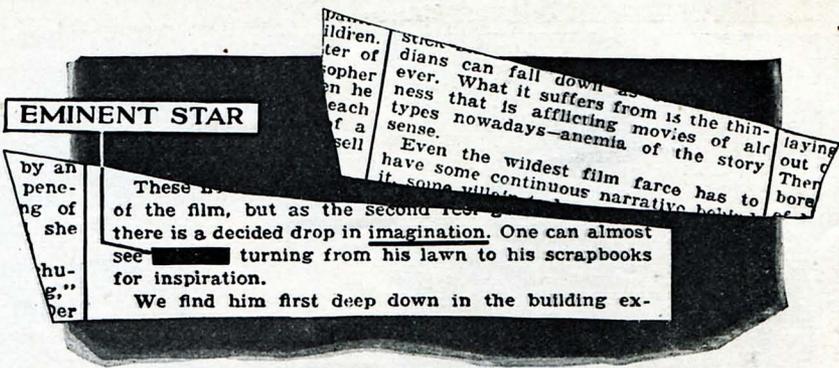
A RAY FAN.

Coolidge Corner, Mass.

Colleen's First Appearance.

We read so much about Colleen Moore lately. I thought it not out of the way to tell of her first appearance, which took

Continued on page 104



This is why we search the Nation for Imagination

If you possess the gift, the screen needs you and will pay from \$500 to \$2,000 for your stories. Will you accept a free test of your imagination?

THE WHOLE STORY of the motion picture industry's supreme crisis is told in the newspaper clippings reproduced above. They refer to the newest picture of one of the greatest stars of the screen.

Talent costing millions—a fortune invested in the production. And a disappointment to the public!

And now the producers realize that the whole future of the industry hangs in the balance. To the Palmer Photoplay Corporation they have said: "Search the nation for Imagination. Train it to create stories for the screen."

A \$10,000 Discovery

Wonderful results are rewarding this search. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation discovered Imagination in Miss Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Florida, and trained it to create scenarios. Miss Kimball won the first prize of \$10,000 in the Chicago Daily News Scenario contest. Eight other Palmer students won prizes in that greatest of contests, in which 30,000 scenarios were entered. Three Palmer students won all the prizes in the J. Parker Reade, jr., scenario contest in which 10,000 competed.

And the search for Imagination goes on. This advertisement offers you the free questionnaire test with which we discover such Imagination as lay hidden in a Florida village until we found and trained Miss Kimball.

What is Imagination? The power of making mental images. It is the inspiration back of every big thing ever done. And it is the very essence of motion pictures, because the screen is merely an image of life.

The Imagination of a handful of men equipped the industry mechanically. Their creative task is completed. But the Imagination of thousands is necessary to keep the industry operating. New pictures—and yet more pictures—is the cry of the theatres and the public.

Is it any wonder that producers are seeking everywhere the original story—the scenario written expressly for the screen with the screen's wide latitude and its limitations in view?

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, the industry's accredited agent for recruiting new scenario talent for the screen, is discovering hidden ability in all walks of life, and through its training course in screen technique is de-

veloping scenarists whose work is eagerly sought by producers.

Will you take this free test?

By a remarkable psychological questionnaire test, which is sent free to any serious man or woman who clips the coupon on this page, natural aptitude for screen writing is discovered. It is a searching, scientifically exact analysis of the Imagination. Through it scores of men and women have had opened to them the fascinating and well-paid profession of photoplay authorship.

Persons who do not meet the test are frankly and confidentially told so. Those who do indicate the natural gifts required for screen writing may, if they so elect, enter upon the Palmer home training course. This course equips them in every detail to turn those talents to large profit. The Palmer Course is actively inspirational to the imaginative mind; it stirs the dramatic instinct to vigorous expression. So stimulating are the forces brought into play for screen dramatization, that the Palmer Course has become a recognized aid of incalculable value for men and women in every walk of life when the ability to visualize developments is an asset. Primarily, however, it is for the screen.

\$500 to \$2000 for a Single Story

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which exists primarily to sell photoplays to producers, must train new writers in order to obtain stories to sell. The producers are now paying from \$500 to \$2000 for original stories by new writers.

Above are the simple, sincere facts. This advertisement is just a part of the Corporation's search for talent worth developing. It is not an unconditional offer to train you for screen writing; it is an offer to test you absolutely free, in your own home—to test you for the creative and imaginative faculties which you may have, but are not conscious of. When you have passed the test, if you pass it, we shall send you, without obligation, a complete explanation of the Palmer course and service, its possibilities, its brilliant success in developing screen writers, and an interesting inside story of the needs of the motion picture industry today.

Will you give an evening to this fascinating questionnaire? Just clip the coupon—and clip it now, before you forget.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation
Department of Education, Y-9
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.



PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

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This dainty pink Swiss and organdy dress was compared with the original materials after 8 washings with Ivory Flakes, "the colors are identical", said its owner. Dress and owner's letter on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.



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And your generation says,
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FOR WOMEN who have gone through agonies of doubt before washing their new silk or woolen garments, what a relief it always is when they begin to use—

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Yes! Just the same Ivory Soap that has comforted the faces and hands of two generations.

But, now see Ivory's new convenient form for quick washbowl laundering.

Delicate flakes—Ivory Flakes—as thin as the petal of a flower, for instant suds.

What propitious news for the dainty garments which are usually so timid about soap and water!

What sure protection for the filmy georgette blouses and precious lace collars you now have, and for all those you hope to have!

Of course, Ivory Flakes is excellent for the hardier clothes (it is inexpensive); but it has a generous margin of safety for your *finest* things.

It is the same Ivory *which invites use on your face*.

That is the real test of fine soap—and worth remembering.

We should like to have your fine garments experience this protection without charge. The directions at the left will tell you how you may obtain a free sample of Ivory Flakes, and a booklet of its many uses.

You may buy Ivory Flakes in full-size packages at grocery and department stores.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty clothes last longer

Baby Peggy Sets the Pace

The three-year-old Century Comedy star runs through current film fashions so fast that she has to start new ones.

By Edna Foley

TAKE it from Baby Peggy, a girl has to keep up with current film fashions, if she is to keep her position in the front rank of stars. So she goes in for propaganda and defies an unpopular law as shown in the lower left-hand corner. Just below you see her as *Cinderella*, her contribution to the movement to bring old classics to the screen. And in the lower right-hand corner she is standing them up with her vocalizing. Apparently she has heard, even if you haven't, that Hope Hampton and Betty Blythe are

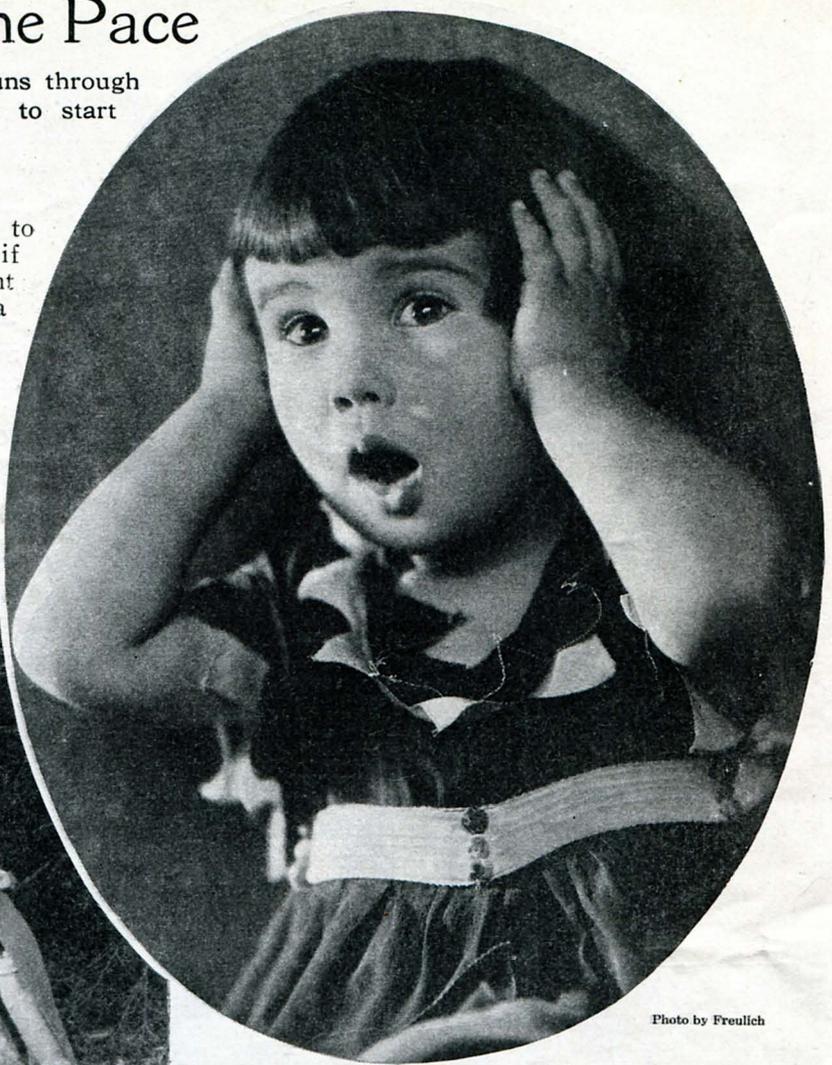


Photo by Freulich



going in for operatic stuff in their recent pictures, and she intends to prove that she can do it, too. So, having run through most of the current film fashions, she's very busy devising some of her own. They'll be well worth seeing.



What Do You

An examination of some of the popular

By Gordon

A YEAR or so ago, while reading the letters from the fans, printed in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, I noticed that the majority of these letters touched, in one way or another, upon what the writers considered good or bad acting.

One of Nazimova's chief charms, to most of her admirers, is her versatility.

Photo by Hoover Art Co.

A great divergence of opinion was expressed in these comments. The question was approached from almost as many points of view as there were writers. But the thing that struck me most forcibly was that so many of the fans were thinking about this question, and that though many of them seemed to be groping blindly they were gradually formulating ideas and opinions on the subject.

A few years ago, in the days when "a movie was a movie," and no one took any of them very seriously, such discussion could not have taken place. The whole artistic level, if such a phrase can be applied at all to the films of the early days of the industry, was so low that only seldom did an actor have an opportunity to do any really fine work. The pioneer producers of pictures, handicapped in many ways, and catering to audiences that were far from discriminating, began by striving mainly to present the popular conception of beauty, rather than by bringing any high standard of acting. They brought to the screen the fairest specimens of masculinity and femininity they could find. They internationalized physical beauty, talked about it—advertised it. They set up idol worship in the flesh—and, parenthetically, it might be said that they have suffered from it ever since.

At first, the movie-loving public swallowed everything that was thrown upon the screen. Beauty contests were started all over the country because the producers were afraid that some specimens of pulchritude were hiding out on them somewhere.

"Give us the beauties," said the producers, "and we'll give you them back again plus whatever amount of acting our high-priced directors can pound into them."

But now the fans are raring up on their hind legs and demanding that acting be the result of the actor's understanding, not a concept superimposed by a director. They have not yet come to a definite agreement as to just what acting is, but they are agitating the question, which is the best way of trying to decide it. And now, after several months of investigation, which included interviews with persons engaged in all branches of picture making as well as many talks with fans and the perusal of hundreds



Priscilla Dean appeals largely through her dash and animation.

There is the greatest difference of opinion among the fans as to whether Gloria Swanson can act or whether she is merely a manikin.



Call Acting?

ideas of what screen acting should consist.

Gassaway

of fan letters, I have set for myself the task of trying to lay down what seems to be, at present, the popular idea of what acting consists.

First of all I have found that there are two distinct sides to the question of what constitutes acting: the side in front of, and the side behind, the screen. In other words, the popular and the professional. And since neither side of the question can be satisfactorily answered without touching on the other I am going to begin by giving some examples from the actors' point of view, and I shall offer, as Exhibits A and B, the two who just now are the most-discussed persons on the screen.

Katherine MacDonald is generally regarded as having more looks than real acting ability.

Photo by C. Heighton Monroe

Rodolph Valentino did not like his work in "The Sheik;" he did not like his rôle in "Beyond the Rocks," with Gloria Swanson; he did not like to play the part of the sailor in "Moran of the Lady Letty." He did not feel that he gave us his best work in any of these. He *did* like *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen," and he thoroughly enjoyed the *Toreador* in the forthcoming "Blood and Sand." Obviously, he feels that he should attempt only rôles suited to his type and temperament.

On the other hand, Wallace Reid does not like the pictures in which he is just "Wallie Reid." This applies to all the auto-racing pictures. He was not even happy in "Across the Continent." But he enjoyed playing *Peter Ibbetson* in "Forever;" he enjoyed his rôle in "Carmen" with Geraldine Farrar; he enjoyed two Kanuck parts he played in the dim past when he was just starting to be famous, and he enjoyed "Joan the Woman." His chief ambition in life is to raise a beard, forget his looks, and play character parts.

Though apparently different, the ideals of both of these players are the same. The one, forced by popular demand to appear just "as himself," aches for a chance to demonstrate that he can get inside of an entirely different character. The other, forced to play rôles toward which he feels unsympathetic, is happy only when he has the chance to put the best he has to offer into his part. In other words, *each wants to act.*

Now what is the professional idea of acting?

I have talked to many of the most important and successful producers and directors of pictures, and the test of an actor I found to be pretty much the same everywhere. Perhaps this was best expressed by Miss June Mathis.

"If a player meets the conditions of his rôle naturally," she says, "as the character represented would meet them, then he is acting. A real actor can make you feel that you are witnessing a transcript from life."

That states the case in a nutshell.



Wallie Reid wishes the fans would let him play something besides "himself."

Mary Pickford's followers regard her as having all of the qualities that make for great acting.





Photo by Abb.

Norma Talmadge is generally thought to have both beauty and acting ability.

Now let us see what the people who go to see pictures say about acting. Here is a letter from London, signed by Kitty Bennett, who says: "Pauline Frederick shows us that tiger skins and peacock feathers aren't necessary in the making of a dramatic star. In my opinion she is the finest actress the screen has ever given us. She has the power to express any depth of emotion without resorting to violent gestures."

That is a fairly representative and a very intelligent opinion by a candid follower of the movies. It is just what hundreds of fans are saying about other players, only in a slightly different way.

"I think an actor's worth is to be judged by the number of entirely different rôles he can play." That is the premise upon which Rosalie Marsh, of Hartford, Connecticut, bases her remark that she "has such a high regard for Bert Lytell," and also for Viola Dana. Her letter has the virtue of having crystallized her idea of what a good actor on the screen should be—in other words, he should be *versatile*. Now we are getting at a definite idea.

Is Valentino a great actor, or not? This is a question that the fans are debating more than any other.

There is, however, sometimes a wide divergence of opinion as to whether or not a certain player is versatile. Nazimova, for example, is usually considered to have this quality in a very marked degree. "Each of her rôles is an utter stranger to the rest," writes an admirer. "It is no less than a miracle that the same person can create such different characterizations, each a living, breathing, never-to-be-forgotten individual." But another writer says, "Nazimova is great, probably the greatest of the lot. But to me she is always Nazimova. No knock intended. Suits me fine. I never miss her plays."

I don't know who wrote this, but I am quoting it verbatim for it also contains a definite rung for our ladder of final judgment: "Wallace Reid can act. If being absolutely natural, or at least seeming to be so, is one of the requisites of an actor—why, then, Mr. Reid is there a thousand ways." It is signed "A Wallace Reid Admirer" of Brookline, Massachusetts. Here is a corollary statement by another writer who says, "'The Miracle Man' impressed me more than any other picture I ever saw, though, oddly enough, none of my favorite stars were in it. But in this picture every player fitted his or her part to such perfection that I felt I was living the story with them."

This quality of apparently living the rôle enacted has inspired several fans to comment on it in connection with one or another favorite. To quote another example: "Then my star—Mary Pickford, in 'Stella Maris'—faultlessly beautiful—faultlessly ugly—faultlessly *being*, not acting—both the exquisite child of a refined home and the uncouth child of the slums."

Artificiality is condemned by a good many, as in this letter from Emily E. O'Brien, of Savannah, Georgia, who writes: Gloria Swanson's gowns were beautiful indeed, but she didn't act naturally. Every emotion seemed to be studied, and it seemed as though if she laughed she would break." As you know, the Gloria Swanson fans challenge this charge of artificiality.

However, being natural seems to be the greatest demand made by many of the picture fans upon the actors. As one fan expresses it, "After I've seen a motion picture that was all tricked up with De Mille bathtubs and decorations, I like to go to a Charlie Ray picture and get a glimpse of a real human being." An admirer of Monte Blue stresses another quality when he refers to Monte's "remarkable *appeal to the emotions*." And time after time there recurs in fan letters this criticism: "So and so can't act; he just makes faces."



The average audience is quick to detect and resent posing on the part of a player. There is scarcely a person today who has not at some time or other taken part in a theatrical performance. Perhaps it was in "Pinafore" many years ago at the town hall or perhaps it was in "The Man From Home" more recently in the high-school auditorium, but from this brief experience the individual has gained some idea of the difficulties of portraying a character other than his own. But the difficulties of portraying one's own character on the stage or screen are just as great.

I know a group of young persons who have formed a theatrical club. These young persons are all engaged in business of some sort. Some of the men are bank clerks; many of the girls are stenographers and secretaries. Recently they staged a modern play dealing with business situations, and the clerks found themselves cast as clerks and the secretaries as secretaries. It seemed to be an ideal arrangement. But the professional coach who was brought from the city to direct the rehearsals nearly ruined his otherwise faultless disposition trying to



Lillian Gish comes the nearest of any actress to being universally esteemed a great screen actress. Especially does she meet the demand that the player appeal to the emotions.



get the clerks to clerk and the secretaries to secretary—on the stage! They simply could not be natural. Each member of this dramatic club now prefers costume plays!

It seems a safe bet that any of the members of this club, and of countless similar clubs throughout the country, would recognize and appreciate at once the art which conceals art in just being natural on the screen.

To return to Wallace Reid and Rodolph Valentino, they seem to be typical examples of personal exploitation which seems to be what a great many fans demand. For the most part, the public has *not* required them to act, if acting can be taken at the dictionary term for it, which is "the delineation of character." Rather, the public has cried to them—"Be yourself! Do *your* stuff!" The fans do not want to see Wallace Reid in a character part, that is, as an old man or a country lout or a negro comedian. Nor do they want to see Rudy Valentino as a bewhiskered centenarian or in any other rôle that would detract from his pleasing personal appearance. Many are now demanding that he be given only parts in which he can be the fiery Latin lover. Perhaps these are the fans who insist that Bill Hart should stick to his wild-West-gunner parts, that Charlie Ray should be ever the country boob, that Mary Pickford should not depart from the *Polly*-

Bert Lytell has been praised by many of his followers for his ability to appear convincingly in many varied rôles.

Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

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Photo copyright by Evans

Bobbing her hair takes years from a woman's life, Marie Prevost maintains.

WHY did I bob my hair?" Marie Prevost asked. "For the same reason that most women do most things. Just because I wanted to!" "Only—unlike many women, I had a lot of good reasons for doing it." "In the first place, it combines beauty, comfort, and time saving. Aren't those three perfectly justifiable reasons for doing anything?"

this year.

"Bobbing one's hair takes years from a woman's life. Also it saves her almost as much wasted time and effort. Figure half an hour a day for sixty or seventy years and see if it doesn't.

"Why we should be considered absurd, vain, Greenwich Village, when all we want is simplicity and comfort, I can't for the life of me see."

Capillary At Distractions

By May

"And yet I understand that it's being said that we do it only because we are light-headed, frivolous, eccentric! It's too absurd.

"I used to have no end of bother with my hair. It's horridly curly and it simply never would 'stay put.' Now it really doesn't matter whether it gets temperamental or not, because short hair can't go far wrong. Or wrong far!

"For a long time my life was just one disappointing, thoroughly defeated bathing cap after another, and though I've evolved from the Tadpole-Fish family, I shall always have one secret sorrow. It is that I didn't 'bob' long, long ago.

"As a matter of fact, I consider long hair quite antediluvian. To be sure, in the good old days when men approved of clubs for ladies, far more than did the ladies themselves, it seems to have had quite a drag. It used to come in handy for their wooing bees. While now, according to our clever literary psychologists, the female of the species does her own wooing, so that almost its last vestige of utility is gone.

"And my goodness! That's old stuff, too, about hair being a woman's crowning glory. It seems to be a closed season for crowns abroad—they're scarcely being worn at all

WALLACE REID

Billowing sails under a viking's hand;
Night—and the wink of the man in the moon;
Apollo in flannels at a boat race;
Mistletoe and soft music;
Lohengrin playing jazz on the ukulele;
A Knight of the Round Table.

BETTY COMPSON

Prisms in sunlight;
Cool lemon juice on a hot afternoon;
Edelweiss transplanted in a valley;
Passion flowers against
The dull beating of a heart;
The soft sigh of a lilac tree rubbing
On the windowpane;
Polished nails at the Ritz;
And the love note of a dove
At evening.

Impressions

MAY MacAVOY

Twinflowers carpeting a floor of pine trees;
A tapestry woven of dreams;
Gossamers spun on cowslips;
A coquette playing on a spinet in the shadows;
Initials on a birch tree;
Fudge in a chafing dish;
And the allurements of perversity.

NORMA TALMADGE

A silver maple blowing in the wind;
The hushed expectancy which heralds the dawn;
The breast of a robin;
Dame Fashion's daughter on Fifth Avenue;
Spices and myrrh
And the sensuous shuffling of silken-shod feet;
The elusive fragrance of wild cherry blossoms.

tractions and

The old question of to bob or not to bob is answered by Marie Prevost and Mabel Julienne Scott.

Ridgway

TO bob—or not to bob! That is the question that seems to be setting our feminine world by the ears—if any one would admit to such indiscretions as ears nowadays," says Mabel Julienne Scott.

"Bobbing is like matrimony. All those who have done it, are urging their friends to go and do likewise, but the rest of us aren't so keen about it.

"Long hair is essentially feminine. It imparts a certain tenderness, charm, that no impudent bob cut could possibly do.

"Hair may express many emotions, or at least aid in their expression. There is the elaborate coiffure of the society woman, the smoothly dressed locks of the quiet, conservative home woman, the loose-flowing hair of the troubled woman, the severe braids of the convent-bred girl.

"I'd be shorn of my strength—my dramatic strength—if some barber inveigled me into being sheared.

"I don't want to be considered old-fashioned. I like futurist paintings and vorticist art and free verse, but when it comes to amputating my hair I feel quite early Victorian.

"And bobbed hair hasn't even the virtue of novelty; see any of the mummies salvaged from early Egypt, or their prototypes carved in antiquated stone.

"The woman of a generation ago who wore short hair was considered distinctly masculine, highbrow! Now abbreviated hair seems to accompany abbreviated skirts, though as skirts are getting longer—they couldn't very well get shorter—who knows how long hair will stay short? The style very likely will change back before very long.



Photo by Kucker

Long hair imparts a certain tenderness and charm, according to Mabel Julienne Scott, that no impudent bobbed cut could possibly do.

"Bobbed hair is entirely too cheerful, sophisticated, carefree, for the line of serious emotional rôles I play, so, naturally, I shall avoid it. Even if the boyish cut has come to stay, I mean to cling to my hair as long as it will cling to me. It may be that, years hence, little children will cry out to their bobbed grandmothers, 'Oh, granny—what has that lady got on her head?'

"As for me, I hope it will be my hair!"

OF STARS YOU KNOW

By Doris Kenyon

KATHERINE MacDONALD

An ice pond sparkling in the sun;
The white crest of a wave before it breaks;
Scarlet berries in a vase in the firelight;
The fragrance of a rose caught
In a golden jar;
The charm of frankness with the common sense
To deceive simpletons.

LILLIAN GISH

Solitude in the cool gardens of a soul;
Mist on a mountain before rain;
Frost pictures on a windowpane;
Debussy imprisoning a thought
In a note of music;
The hooded nun of the forest—the white violet—
And the witchery of peace.

HAROLD LLOYD

Arpeggios on a piano;
Puck full of cocktails;
A frog sitting on a lily pad
Winking at a dragon fly;
The school dunce graduating
With honors.

CHARLES CHAPLIN

The sweep of fresh sea air;
The loneliness of crowds;
Rachmaninoff in a holiday mood;
An eagle watching from snow-capped peaks
The moles in the valley below;
A king strolling in a beggar's garb;
A face of sorrow behind the mask of Comus;
Captor of the to-morrow which never comes.

Everybody's

Great triumphs are predicted for her—and credit for them to almost

By Helen



Colleen Moore's is an evanescent, many-sided personality. She is equally appealing in old overalls or fancy costume.

A LOT of people have said, "I wish Colleen Moore wouldn't affect this Irish stuff," and when I charged her with it she just said, "Mamma's the one who affected the Irish stuff. You see, she liked papa so well she married him, and here I am, and I can't help being Irish."

"And besides," Colleen added, knocking her own first-class defense over with one blow, "my friends like it."

There you have Colleen. But there you haven't, for that is a sample only of the surface smartness that she indulges in occasionally. Hers is the most elusive, evanescent, and many-sided personality imaginable. I know, for I started to interview her a year and a half ago, and I am still discovering new things about her. In the course of that time she has become my closest friend, so I'll admit from the start that I am prejudiced. I am still puzzled by her sudden impulses, her fleeting moods—but above all I am immeasurably drawn by her unflinching sweetness.

If the rhapsodic days of raving interviews only were not past I would write one around Colleen, called either "A Maiden of Tragic Portent" or "The Soul of Smiles." It wouldn't matter much which of those I picked, because there is ample basis for either, and they would both give opportunities to tell of the eerie quality that is the most striking aspect of Colleen. It is that same mysterious quality that Irish poets have that makes you smile and cry at the same time. But souls are not being worn on interviews this season; let us get down to height and weight and beaus and those other things The Oracle is always being asked about.

When you speak of Colleen's weight, you've struck one of the outstanding features of her career. Ask any of the old Fine Arts directors who knew her as a lanky twelve-year-old. He'll tell you that she had one of those fragile, wistful, starved figures that Lillian Gish made famous and that all of the directors liked to contrast against rugged landscapes. Ask Colleen how she got ready for her part in "The Lotus Eaters." She

will tell you it was a matter of putting on ten pounds. Consider her present story, "The Bitterness of Sweets"—a Goldwyn-Rupert Hughes special production. In it she starts out weighing ninety pounds and she finishes weighing one hundred and twenty.

Now to all the tragic sisterhood that is trying to get either fatter or thinner—and that includes almost every one nowadays—changing one's weight is not a matter to be considered frivolously. But Colleen accepts directors' dicta that she be a given weight in time to start work on a picture with as much composure as she does their directions as to how she is to dress the part. More composure, perhaps, for dress is a question of vital importance to Colleen.

Speaking of clothes brings one inevitably nowadays to a question of modesty—or the lack of it—and incidentally to a story of how Colleen braved a director's wrath. The picture was one of those far-away-kingdom stories where her main part was to look appealing and stand in a good strong breeze that would blow her skirts. As I sat in her dressing room one day watching her get into her costume I noticed her putting on a heavy petticoat.



Colleen

when they come she will insist on giving every one but herself.

Klumph

"Why, Colleen Moore," I protested, "were you born yesterday? Don't you know that they put girls in those Greek things for the same reasons Sennett puts them in bathing suits?"

"Uh-huh," Colleen volunteered, as she paused and deftly rouged her lips into less of a cupid's bow than Providence provided her. "I know what the idea was, but I'm fooling 'em. I sneaked a petticoat on in the first scenes, and now they'll have to let me wear it all through or the scenes won't match."

"And why," I asked, a little stupefied at that show of determination, "do you cover up the perfectly good mouth you have with a design of your own that isn't nearly so good?"

"Critics," she answered pertly. "When Harriette Underhill on the New York *Tribune* reviewed 'The Sky Pilot' she said I had the mark of Broadway on my face or something like that. At first I was mad clear through, because I'd never seen Broadway when I made that picture, but when I cooled down a little bit and realized that she meant I looked hard and sophisticated I took my face to the nearest mirror and tried to look at it impartially. It

She is expected to make a big hit in "The Bitterness of Sweets."



Photo by Evans

It isn't the talent or intelligence of Colleen Moore that attracts you to her at first; it is her unflinching sweetness.



was difficult because I've had it so long I'm prejudiced against it, but after a while I saw what she meant. My mouth really was too good to be true. Ever since then I've tried to make it a character mouth instead of just an arched one. And if Miss Underhill ever notices it and gives me a word of encouragement I'll be so happy the world probably won't hold me.

"Critics make me awfully mad sometimes when their criticisms seem unjust, but I read them, anyhow. Perhaps they've had a lot more opportunities than I have had to know books and plays and people, so, no matter how much their criticism hurts,

I'll grant they're right. I haven't time to get around and see everything they do; all I can do is plug away at the pictures I'm making and, if the critics and the public don't like the result, try again. But if they ever raved about me the way they do about Lillian Gish, honestly I believe that I couldn't make another picture. I'd be afraid to."

"You know perfectly well," I accused her, "that the critics who pan you are in the minority. I've never

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The Flapper Set in Hollywood

There's a "seventeen" crowd among the film players that makes things lively for themselves—and pretty nearly every one else.

By Grace Kingsley



No chance is overlooked when the younger set can play jokes on each other.

THERE is a younger set in Hollywood, among the film players, who are exactly like the younger set in your own neighborhood. They may be stars who draw down salaries in three figures a week, but when it comes to the adolescent point of view, they are just like your own seventeen-year-old boy or girl. They are just as full of the love of romance, of mystery, of the spirit of adventure, of hero worship, as the ones you know. And their reactions and doings are quite as naïve as though they lived in some out-of-the-way village instead of being worshiped by fans all over the world.

"Help me out, Helen! Make Colleen jealous—do! There's a good girl! She's such a little rascal to-night! Just flirting with everybody right and left, and kidding me—*me* the man she's to marry, as though I were nobody! Know what she just told me? That if I tried to run her—yes, she used that vulgar word, 'run'—that she'd send my letters all back. And then she said, 'But, John dear, please be sure they're *yours*—be a gentleman and don't read 'em if I happen to make a mistake and send some other man's.'"

John's cup of bitterness was overflowing. How he wished that he had a mustache! It would be such a relief to pull and bite it! Never mind, he would have one soon!

"All right, John—anything to help you out!"

Helen said it wearily. Bill had promised to come to the party, but hadn't arrived, so what did anything matter? She hadn't been able to eat her ice cream. "Dead Sea fruit" was the tragic way she described it to herself. Besides she was just a little tired of trying to fix

things up between Colleen and John. They seemed always to be scrapping. But she had promised, and Helen is a girl of her word. Well she knew the value to one's character of being tried and true! And, anyway, what was left to her except to befriend lovers, she who had quarreled with Bill, and maybe lost him forever?

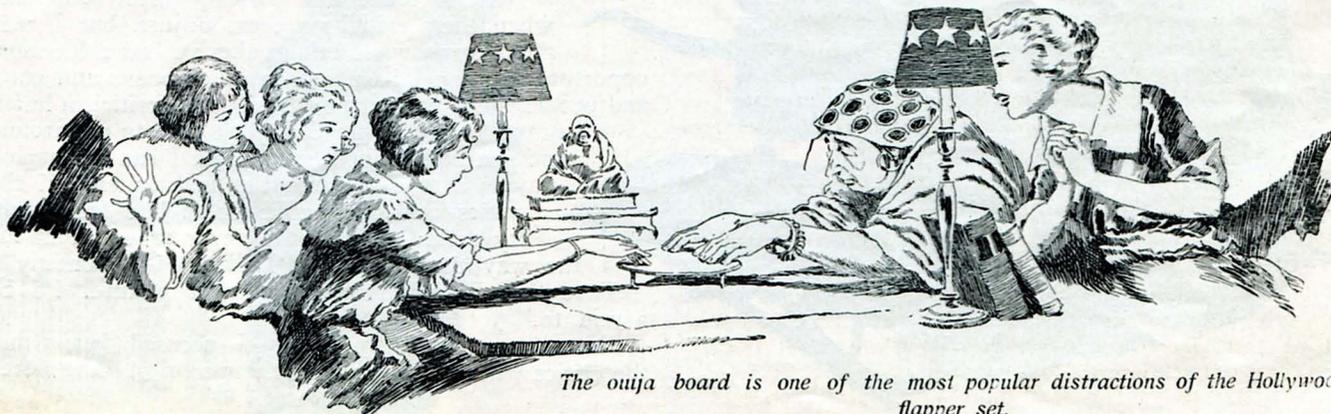
So now for this first aid to John and Colleen, who seemed just made for each other, she had often told herself in romantic moments.

But there are times when a little diplomacy is not wrong. Such a time had now arrived, she said to herself. Besides, what right had she to make her bosom friend really jealous? A plan was slowly forming in her mind. John left the room to telephone, and after a moment's deep reflection she went over and said:

"Colleen, pretend that you are fearfully jealous of me! I'm going to play up to John now! And I don't mean a thing by it; only you must do your very best acting and let on that you are awfully jealous!"

What girl could resist the temptation to play a trick like that on her sweetheart, especially when he had called it down on his own head? Not the mischievous Colleen, anyhow. She grinned and went to it. And she enjoyed herself so much in watching John's elation at his fancied triumph that she finally let him make up with her, which sent him into the seventh heaven.

John was so happy, in fact, that he almost forgot to tell Helen that Bill was on his way to the party. However, he remembered in time so that Helen had a chance to arrange things so as to look as though she were simply swamped with admirers! It never would do for her to look like a wallflower when he arrived late like that. Not that she really cared a bit for young Rollins, the football captain, or Harry Tompkins, the lawyer.



The ouija board is one of the most popular distractions of the Hollywood flapper set.

But fate was not with Helen that night. Bill, big, handsome, athletic, appeared at the door. She was talking vivaciously to young Rollins. But Harry Tompkins spotted Bill coming toward them, and hastily excused himself. And then young Rollins saw him, too. Rollins had been eating his ice cream while Helen toyed with her spoon, and giving one look of regret at his unfinished dish, he suddenly thought of a deserted partner in the other room and fled. Of course a fellow wasn't really afraid of Bill, but still there were other girls in the world besides Helen.

Helen could see that Bill was smiling inwardly at his power, and she was furious. And to make it worse, as she and Bill danced away, she saw that young Rollins sneak back and finish his ice cream! A man with no soul above ice cream! *Pah!*

But next day, which was April 1, Helen got even. She had a newspaper woman she knew telephone Bill that she had heard that Helen was engaged to a certain young millionaire, and as Bill was a friend of Helen's, would he please tell her the truth about it!

Helen was avenged. Bill got satisfactorily angry!

All of which reminds me that no day is overlooked among the Seventeen crowd of filmland on which jokes can be played on each other.

Hallowe'en is a great night for that crowd. Last Hallowe'en Johnny Harron, Marjorie Daw, Mary Philbin, George Stewart, Clara Horton, and Bebe Daniels started out for a wild evening of frolic. The joy began when, having built a straw dummy, they fastened a rope to it, dragged it over to Johnny Harron's house, set it up against the door, rapped and ran away, and let it fall over on Johnny's father when the dignified elder Harron opened the door!

Then in high glee they rushed over to George Stewart's mother's house. A watchman patrols the neighborhood, which is a select one with many beautiful homes. The revelers put a tick-tack on one of the Stewart windows. Just then the watchman hove in sight.

"Beat it!" cried George Stewart, letting force take the place of the usual elegance which characterizes his conversation; whereupon he and Mary Philbin and Clara Horton ran for their lives. They stopped breathless around the corner. But the others didn't come! There they waited ten, fifteen, twenty minutes. They felt sure their friends were arrested. Smothered sounds reached them from time to time. George said how awfully bad he felt for leading them into this trouble, and Clara said that she would bail them out if they got into jail.

Half an hour passed! Weary and chilled and a little cross, they could not wait another minute to see what was happening to their friends. They stole around the corner of the house.

There was the watchman whom they had feared, laughing and tying a tick-tack to George's mother's window! He had joined Johnny, Marjorie, and Bebe in their tricks. Traitor! The servants were in as frightened a tumult as any one could wish.

"And there we have been waiting outside while all the fun was going on!" wailed George.

Maybe the two boys in filmland who are fondest of adventure are George Stewart and Jack Pickford. Jack and George decided once not long ago that they would make a trip by aeroplane to Mexico in search of buried treasure. An old Mexican they had met on location who had the story from his grandmother knew just where it could be found. The boys set out without saying anything to anybody except that they were making a trip. Their aeroplane carried them to Catalina Island all right. They stayed there overnight. But somehow the news of their whereabouts had leaked out.

"Wireless message for you, sir!" a hotel attendant told Jack.

How the boys thrilled. The word was probably from Mexico City, where Jack knew a picture director and had written asking him to send word to him at Catalina concerning guides, et cetera.

Surely this was going to be a wild adventure!

Jack could hardly open the message, he was so excited. Then his face fell. The message was from his mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, who is a lady of swift decision and strong determination:

"That old Mexican was a fake. You boys come straight home!"

They went.

The Ouija Club is one of the most popular distractions among the flapper set in Hollywood just now. They are presided over by a certain fat gypsy girl, whose presence lends a certain air of mingled mystery and authority which is very intriguing to the youthful imagination.

A lot of girls belong to it—Madge Bellamy,

Lois Wilson, Marjorie Daw, Colleen Moore, Helen Ferguson, Clara Horton, Pauline Starke, Laura la Plante, Bessie Love, Edith Roberts, Bebe Daniels and some others.

"Oh, we just adore those ouija-board parties!" exclaimed Colleen Moore, the other day, "they're so awfully thrilling. Why, Bessie Love found out where her diamond ring was lost, the other night! We asked Ouija, and the gypsy and Bessie kept spelling on the board, 'Let me sink! Let me sink!' The gypsy meant, 'Let me think!' But it came out all right, anyhow, because that reminded Bessie. She had been pulling taffy in the kitchen before the gypsy came, and had left her ring on the shelf above the sink! So she went right out and got it!"

You didn't hold these parties, she said, under ordinary circumstances. No indeed. They had always to be held in the dark of the moon, in a room facing south, with incense and dim lights, and there must be a statue of Buddha in the room somewhere. One night Bill Russell had found out about the meeting, she said, and had substituted a Billikin for the Buddha, and the most awful things had happened. Bessie Love's car had broken down en route; Helen's cake had burned to a

An old Mexican fooled Jack Pickford and George Stewart with a story of buried treasure.



crisp while she had been talking outside the door to Bill Russell; it had begun to rain and spoiled Bebe Daniels' best hat; Virginia Faire had left her purse in a shop, and the girl had been very mean about it when she went back after it. Altogether there was no doubt that the spirits were angry!

But at the next meeting, which was held at Clara Horton's house, the most wonderful things had been found out. Bessie Love, said Ouija, was to be cast in a new picture soon—and she was, too—the very next week. Then Virginia Faire was told she was to receive a proposal from a certain well-known director—and she did! No, she wasn't engaged to him. She felt that she had so much to do in the world before she married, that her career was an awfully serious thing, and must not be tampered with by anything so banal as marriage. She wanted to put the best that was in her into her work. And besides there was a juvenile who inspired her to do her best work, and how could a person be married to one man while she felt all the while that she was receiving her real inspiration from another?

"Then at the next meeting," Colleen said, "we all felt a tremendous urge from the other world. Edith Roberts felt sure that it was the call of her father, who was killed in a wreck in South Africa, but Bessie Love said no, she was sure it was caused by her great-aunt whom she had never seen, but who had left her a diamond locket with one diamond missing, and probably she wanted to tell her where the other diamond was. We never did find out what spirit it was that made Ouija act that way, because we all got to arguing about who the spirit was. I felt sure myself that it was the spirit of Edwin Booth, wanting to tell us silly girls some great truth about acting, and I told the girls so, but he never got a chance to, because just then Helen brought in the ice cream and cake, and we had to comfort Helen on account of the burned cake. But I always felt that if Helen had put off the ice cream and cake a little while longer, we might have had a helpful communication from a great spirit. But that's just the way with Helen. She's so 'sot.' Anyway, she was going to a dance later that evening, so what did Edwin Booth mean to her?"

"I'm just sure that Clara Horton got her new car through Ouija, and that Madge Bellamy found out the true way to treat adversity, both at the same meeting. You see, Clara had been wanting a new car for ever and ever so long, but her mother didn't think she should have one. So when Clara asked Ouija about it, Ouija said, right away: 'Break it! Break it!' Of course nobody knew what that meant, and Clara was the most mystified of us all. But Clara went out that very afternoon, and something awfully strange happened to her car, which nobody could explain, but the garage man looked suspicious about it, and said it would be hard to fix, and why didn't she trade the car off while the trading was good? So of course

Clara went home and told her mother, and her mother let her trade for the new car."

Haunted houses are the particular joy of the Seventeen set. There was one up in Laurel Cañon, in Hollywood, near where Bessie Love lived, and while they never succeeded in tossing the butterfly net over the head of any ghost, still they did get a real thrill out of it at last. Going ghosting was one of the most popular pursuits. They found the supposed ghost at last! He was just an old tramp who found that a good way to keep other tramps away from the old house which he had come to consider his own was to scare 'em. But he reckoned without the kids. Wesley Barry it was who finally cornered him. But Wesley wouldn't let anybody send him to jail. He gave him five dollars, and told him to keep away.

Spiritualistic séances are another source of thrill to the Seventeens.

"Oh," exclaimed Mildred Davis, "Harold and Marie Mosquini and a lot of people went to a séance one night. It was so exciting! They put out all the lights. Harold refuses to take these things seriously. He scoffed all the time. Maybe that's why the spirits couldn't do much. I told him that spirits are very sensitive. He said they must be to get into a jam like this. He said why didn't they stay and play with the cherubs if they were so sensitive?"

"I just wouldn't listen to him, he was so mean about the poor old spirits, and neither would Marie. It got awfully exciting after a while, though. That was when the organ played soft music. Cold chills chased up and down our backs; and even Harold shivered a little—I had hold of his hand at the time—when two pale figures glided from the door in the rear—*without its opening!* Oh, of course there were curtains in front of the door, but Marie and I watched, and we know they didn't come from behind them. They trailed close to the front row where we sat.

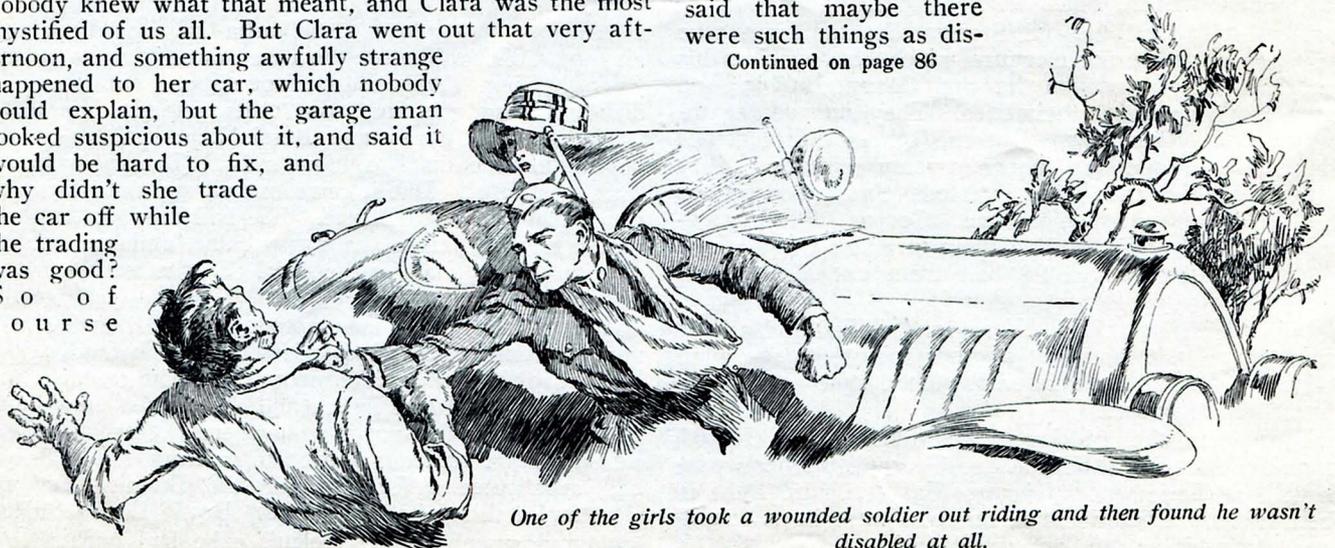
"But Harold Lloyd had to spoil it all! He whispered, 'Bootleggers' spirits! I could smell 'em!'"

"But that wasn't all! There was a little cabinet that had velvet curtains all around it. Slowly, slowly they drew the curtains back—and a face all luminous showed itself!

"Nobody could go very close to it, the medium said, because it was just a novitiate ghost or something like that—didn't know its way around very well, and was timid.

"That's when Harold got perfectly vulgar! He said he was going to see about that ghost if it was the last thing he ever did. He said that maybe there were such things as dis-

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One of the girls took a wounded soldier out riding and then found he wasn't disabled at all.

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics
concerning the Screen

Be On The Watch For These

About this time when we are all fed up with the commonplace offerings that are shown to film fans during the summer, we want to know what hope of better productions lies just ahead. If it were not for the promise of big things to come our interest in motion pictures would perhaps never survive the summer silly season.

A glimpse at the coming attractions shows a line-up that would rouse enthusiasm in the most hardened cynic. Never before have so many big stories with exceptional casts been in the making at once.

To begin with—look at what the two big favorites are doing. Douglas Fairbanks promises "Robin Hood," which in romantic splendor is said to eclipse anything ever attempted before. And Mary Pickford is refilming "Tess," a big favorite. Norma Talmadge has a fitting successor to "Smilin' Through" in "The Eternal Flame." Rodolph Valentino will be fittingly inaugurated as a star in "Blood and Sand." For those who enjoy gorgeous spectacles, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," with settings by Joseph Urban and featuring Marion Davies, and "Nero," which the Fox company made in Rome, hold out great promise. For the ultrasophisticated audience Nazimova's "Salome" is of the utmost importance, and for those of more wholesome bent "Oliver Twist," with little Jackie Coogan, promises just as much of a thrill. "Under Two Flags," with Priscilla Dean, is another big production that many will be interested in.

The star directors are not to be lightly passed over, either. Many of them are at work on pictures which sound almost as interesting as those in which the most popular stars will appear. There is "Lorna Doone," made by Maurice Tourneur, and also "The Christian," which he is making in England with Richard Dix, Mae Busch, and Phyllis Haver in the leading rôles. There is "Manslaughter," a Cecil De Mille production with the usual unusual lavish display. From his brother William comes "Nice People," sensationally successful last season as a stage play, and boasting in its cinematic version Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels. "Her Man," produced by Marshall Neilan, with Leatrice Joy and Matt Moore in the leading rôles, is supposed to have all the merits of the usual Neilan heart punchers and then some. "To Have and To Hold," directed by George Fitzmaurice, and with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell in the leading rôles, is a production of amazing beauty. Of course, no mention of star directors should ever be made without their leader, D. W. Griffith, but it is hardly safe to predict that the picture now in the making at the Griffith studios will be finished in time for fall release. "At the Grange," with Carol Dempster in the leading rôle, may prove to have such great possibilities that he will continue working on it for some time.

In addition to these—and of course there are many others of hardly less importance—there are three big events in the film world for fans to look forward to.

One is the first production of Lillian Gish's own company made under the supervision of Mr. Griffith; another, a production of "Peg o' My Heart," directed by King Vidor, and with Lurette Taylor in the title rôle; and the third, "Dear Me," which marks the return of the popular Madge Kennedy to the screen.

Look out For "Weasel" Films

Now that new productions are being made of many of the classics and old standard works not protected by copyright, it behooves every fan to follow closely what stars and companies are making the new productions, so as to avoid seeing an old version by mistake.

For every time that a big new production is made of one of these unprotected works some one always bobs up with the prints of an old picture—usually a very inferior one—based on the same story and bearing the same title, which he places in the cheaper houses on the argument that the exhibitors can get the advantage of the new production's big advertising campaign and so catch some of the unwary who do not know that they are to see an old picture until after they have paid their money.

So often has this trick been done that Douglas Fairbanks has had to resort to extreme measures to protect his followers who will want to see his forthcoming production of "Robin Hood" from the "weasel" films, as they are called. Reluctantly he has inserted his own name in the title of the picture so that it will read "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood," knowing that, if he did not do this, there probably would be dumped onto the market at the time that his magnificent and expensive production was launched, a number of cheap "Robin Hood" pictures, which a good many persons would be tricked into seeing, thinking that they were going to see Doug.

When a Censor Goes Too Far

Until recently the odds have all been against the public. What the public wanted was of little importance compared to what the censors wanted. But a censor went too far in imposing her ideas on the long-suffering public, and the result is that she is no longer a censor, but just a member of the public, and that makes us hopeful about what may happen to other high-handed censors. The story of her downfall is the first ray of humor that has come out of the censors' headquarters to brighten the lives of the fans. Here is the story.

Mrs. Evelyn Snow was the head of the Ohio Censor Board, and in all the ranks of censors it is doubtful if there could be found one who was more disliked by the film men in her State. After a picture had been reviewed and passed by one of her subordinates, and theater owners had spent lots of money advertising the picture, she reversed the decision and recalled the pic-

ture. Then Mrs. Snow achieved even greater unpopularity by stating that censors didn't need to consider the tastes of the public as seventy-five per cent of the people had the mind of a twelve-year-old child and were unfit to judge for themselves. This autocratic point of view brought her so into the limelight that the Pathé company sent a news camera man to take her pictures. She was willing. But when these pictures came out, with her remarks about the public's ability to judge for itself quoted in the subtitles, she demanded that her pictures be eliminated from the Pathé news.

Now it just happens that the regulation under which her censor board works says that it should remove only that part of films which is bad for the morals of the public. And Mrs. Snow's statements could not possibly be judged immoral, even by such a person as herself. So she exceeded her power, and public sentiment forced her dismissal. To the Pathé company, who led the fight against her and brought this signal victory for the public, the highest praise should be given.

The Observer takes the keenest delight in reflecting that Mrs. Snow is now a member of that vast public which cannot decide what it should and should not see.

The Goldwyn company has finally secured the screen right to "Ben-Hur" and work on adapting the story for the screen will proceed at once. The picture will be made in Italy, in Palestine, and at the Goldwyn studios in Culver City, California. This settles one of the most-discussed projects in the whole history of the film industry, for bidding on the screen rights of "Ben-Hur" started years ago and has been spirited ever since. D. W. Griffith was supposed to have been anxious to secure this story, but when A. L. Erlanger paid close to a million dollars for the screen rights a year ago, he made no further offers. The Goldwyn Company is said to have paid Mr. Erlanger an unprecedented amount for the screen rights and one half the dramatic rights to this sensationally popular story. Whatever they paid, they are more or less certain of getting it back with good interest, for the play—which did not circulate nearly so widely as the film will—played to twenty million paid admissions.

One of the most interesting things about motion-picture fans is that they're always surprising you. Just as one decides that he knows who the popular favorites are—judging by the billboards—and what the public wants—judging by the tremendous sums certain types of pictures earn, something happens that shows him his dope is all wrong.

Two months ago The Observer told about some revivals he had seen and some more that he would like to see. Then he asked his readers what they would like to have revived.

What do you think most of them wanted? Revivals starring Pickford? Fairbanks? Any other star? That's what The Observer expected. And what he learned was that out of the many people sufficiently interested to write in about their preferences, a great many wanted to see the old Maurice Tourneur productions revived. Here is part of a typical letter—written by Michael Solomon of Dayton, Ohio.

I don't know what the critics thought of it, because I wasn't reading movie magazines then, but to me one of the most wonderful pictures I ever saw was Maurice Tourneur's "Victory," made from the book by Joseph Conrad. Since then I have read the story three times, and I would give anything to see the picture again.

Of course, the hero and the ending were not the author's, but the other characters and the picture as a whole were wonderful. It simply transported me to the tropics! I can remember just

as though the picture had been a real experience the way Schomberg peddled gossip to his customers. And Ricardo—easily the most evil and sinister character ever seen in pictures. And Pedro—how repulsive he was. Wallace Beery, Lon Chaney, and Bull Montana were certainly fine in those parts. This picture fascinated me as no other picture ever has.

There are others I would like to see revived: "The Copperhead," "Romance," "Broken Blossoms," "Hearts of the World," and another masterpiece directed by the maker of "Victory"—"Treasure Island."

In the face of this enthusiasm, and it must be shared by many besides our correspondents, it does seem as though the owners of the Tourneur pictures should revive them.

Reformers Again

If some of the would-be reformers of motion pictures have their way, it will soon be more exciting to walk down Main Street and watch a game of rally round the mulberry bush on the village green than to go to the movies. Here is a list of the things one group has pledged itself to have eliminated from motion pictures or withhold their attendance:

Eternal triangle situations. Out go Adam, Eve, and the serpent, to say nothing of Cæsar, Cleopatra, and Antony.

Pictures of women in abbreviated skirts and waists. This looks bad for most news reels of current events.

Bandit, death, shooting, and underworld-character scenes. How then will our villains prove that they are villains?

Women and men drinking and smoking. Why not attempt to stop this in all public places first?

Films showing criminals in action. One of the most harmless productions to come under this ban would be "Oliver Twist" with little Jackie Coogan.

Now honestly, folks, how many of you would go to see a picture with all these elements eliminated?

Color Photography

After years of experiment, color photography seems at last to have reached a stage where it is practical for feature films. J. Stuart Blackton's picture, "The Great Adventure," which was made entirely in Prizma colors, has been so successful that the commodore is engaged in making a second feature picture by the same process.

Another process about to be demonstrated to the public in a new Hope Hampton film, "The Light in the Dark," has been developed by the Eastman Film Company. This one, we think, is easily the most beautiful and natural color process yet devised, and the episodes in which it is used in Miss Hampton's picture are wonderfully beautiful. There are moments in this picture when the image on the screen suggests a Wyeth or a Howard Pyle painting, so vivid and true is the exquisite coloring.

Unfortunately, the Eastman process is not yet developed to a point where it is practical for any but studio shots, since its use requires unusually strong lighting. It probably will be used by many of the producers, as it was in Miss Hampton's picture, for historical or vision episodes, for it is at the disposal of any producers who want it.

For many types of pictures black and white probably always will prevail. But we can't help hoping that some color process will be perfected which will give a perfect result, and which will be practical for any kind of scene at not too great a cost.

It is a pity that with so much money being lavished on historical-costume stories such as "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Robin Hood," and "To Have and To Hold," that they cannot be shown on the screen in all the rich colors that were characteristic of those periods and settings.

Diets for Art's Sake

Motion-picture players are of two kinds; the ones who want to get thinner and the ones who want to put on weight.

By Betty Schwartz

Proprietor of "The-Come-On-Inn," a popular haunt of the players in Hollywood.

I NEVER knew there were so many dissatisfied people in the movie world until Hattie and I came to Hollywood and opened "The-Come-On-Inn." I found it a very difficult task to feed our motion-picture stars. It seems as though every one wants either to get fat or thin. Very few want to stay just as they are.

Lunch starts, and the first customer after looking at the menu says, "I would like the regular lunch, but I cannot eat potatoes. They are too fattening." Then I tell her I will give her a lettuce salad with French dressing instead of potatoes, and, as I leave for the kitchen with the order, I hear, "Betty, be sure and bring me all rye bread and nobutter."

Then the next young lady will say, "I will have the whole lunch, lots of potatoes and a glass of milk. I just must get fat—had a good part offered me yesterday, but could not take it because I was too thin."

I always try to cheer them all. They are just like a lot of children to me, and I love every one of them. They tell me all their good fortunes and all their troubles, but most of their troubles are how to get fat or thin—mostly thin.

Going back to the little thin lady, I told her I thought she was just right. "Oh, no," she said, "they want me to wear evening gowns in this part, and my neck and arms are too thin!" So after eating all the fattening things possible she leaves feeling quite confident she has done her part for one day.

Thomas Meighan ate three pieces of pumpkin pie for lunch one day, and Lila Lee, who sat at the next table, just hated him for a minute, because she did not dare eat even one piece.

Florence Long of the Christie Comedies, ate salad two times a day without any dressing except plain vinegar. She succeeded in getting thinner and thinner until she got too thin and then tried to get fat again, but she found it harder to put on than it was to take off.

Gloria Swanson's favorite dish is chicken salad, and she eats it whenever she wants to, because she doesn't need to diet. Doris May is very dainty about her eating, and her husband, Wallace McDonald, runs a close second.

Arline Pretty eats pie, not because she wants to get fat, but because she is one of the fortunate ones who can eat pie and drink milk and enjoy them both without worrying.



Helen Ferguson pauses for a chat with Betty and Hattie, proprietors of "The-Come-On-Inn."

Helen Darling came in recently after staying away for a few weeks. "Betty," she said, "I have not been eating lunch; I have been on a diet. Don't you think I have lost at least three pounds?"

Rosemary Theby eats the same thing every day, which consists of stuffed-tomato salad, dry thin toast, and black coffee.

Rex Ingram does not get his brains from what he eats, because he does not eat enough. Of course I have heard of people living on love, and charming Alice Terry I should think is quite capable of filling that menu.

Even villains have to eat—Wallace Beery may worry about how many people he can kill in his next picture, but he certainly does not worry about getting fat or thin. He eats all I bring him and says nothing.

One young lady who wanted to get thin was on a diet of baked potatoes and milk. She had that twice a day for weeks. One day I felt sorry for her and put a little cream in her milk, but she said, "It must be creamless milk and butterless potatoes or else it does not work," so she ate just that until she was ashamed to look a potato in the eye.

Walter Hiers believes in "laugh and grow fat," so he laughs his way merrily all through lunch.

Casson Ferguson has a temperamental appetite. He always wants small portions of everything, and for dessert he has a piece of pie one inch wide with one teaspoonful of ice cream nestling alongside of it. His coffee must be strong and hot.

Cute, dainty little Josephine Hill came in to-day dressed as *Little Red Riding Hood*. She said she was disap-

A Fan's Ad Holly

She explores some of the intimate
alluring to girls—costuming, coiffur
round the

By Ethel



Ethel Sands found Gloria Swanson quite as remarkable looking off the screen as she is on and much more vivacious.

THERE are two things that fans never get tired of talking about—girl fans, at least. The first is clothes, and the second, naturally, is Gloria Swanson. I realized when I came out to California that the minute I got back home every one would ask me how the different actresses dressed, so I stared and stared at them, trying to remember every single detail about their clothes from hats to shoes. And of course I looked forward to seeing Gloria as one of the greatest thrills of all. Every one wonders, I guess, if she wears the same kind of clothes in real life that she wears on the screen.

She is such a distinctive person on the screen that

I couldn't begin to imagine what she would be like in real life. There is a mysterious something about her that makes her quite different from other people. Either you are fascinated by it, as I am, or you don't like her at all. People are awfully funny the way they argue about her. You'd think it was a matter of life and death the way the pro-Glorias and the anti-Glorias try to convert each other.

"Weird and freakish," some critics dub her style, but those are the very qualities that endear her to the rest of us fans. We like her because she is so absolutely different.

Her headdresses have always interested us particularly because we can try to imitate those. Getting anything like her gorgeous clothes is of course out of the question. But how many times after seeing some picture of hers have we fans gone home and tried till our arms ached arranging our hair like hers! I know I've spent hours at it, and I guess girls are the same everywhere. I never quite succeeded in getting the effect she gets, though, so I used to imagine how grand it would be to meet her and ask her how she managed to fix her hair that way. And, incidentally, I was dying to see if she went around in real life looking like a De Mille trade-mark.

When the great day came and I was taken to meet Miss Swanson she was in her car with a friend—a Mrs. Urson—and she invited me to hop in and go with her while she took Mrs. Urson home.

She told me they had spent the morning hunting for Mrs. Urson's husband who was directing a picture out on location somewhere. They were unable to find the company, Gloria told me, so they sat under some trees and ate their lunch.

Think of a movie player on vacation, going out to spend a day with another working company! You wouldn't think they'd do that, would you?

When we had taken Mrs. Urson home—right next door to Miss Swanson's—she surprised me by saying, "Now, would you like to see my baby?" I could hardly believe she meant it, for I knew that Miss Swanson dislikes to have her baby dragged into the limelight of publicity; but because I know you are as interested as I was in knowing what Gloria's small daughter is like, I can't resist telling you. She is the sunniest, friendliest little girl baby you ever saw, and she makes friends with you immediately. She was just getting all her

ventures in wood

angles of stardom that seem particularly ing, and all the little luxuries that sur-feminine stars.

Sands

teeth when I saw her and just able to walk. Her hair is light, and she has Gloria's blue eyes and looks very much like her celebrated mother. If some people could see Gloria Swanson with her baby as I did they would cease to think she is "an unreal sort of person."

On our way back to the studio, some girls waiting on the corner for us to pass gaped at us and finally gasped, "There's Gloria Swanson!" She thrills them, you see, even in Hollywood.

She was dressed plainly in a henna-colored suit, hat, and veil, but you couldn't help recognizing her instantly. Her eyes are very blue and turn up slightly at the corners, and she has that same odd way of smiling that she has on the screen.

As we passed through the gate into the studio, everybody that was waiting there looked at us. My, but I felt proud marching right in with Gloria Swanson. One gets used to being stared at after going around with movie celebrities for a while. I get a lot of fun out of it. I know everybody is interested only in the star and probably takes me for a maid or something, but I'm such a dyed-in-the-wool, worshipping fan that I get a great deal of pleasure out of just being near a star. I'm perfectly content to be merely background. When I'm with a movie star I have no eyes nor ears for anything else. I always think, "I may never get this chance again," so I let myself become so impressed that I never forget the occasion. In that

way it enables me to recall almost every one of my adventures from the very beginning, and I remember distinctly just what every movie player I've met was like. Now when I go to the movies they all seem like personal friends for I know just what their coloring is and how they talk and everything.

When I finally got up my nerve to ask Miss Swanson about how she does her hair she said that not only would she tell me how her hair is arranged in those odd modes, but she would have



Ethel Sands was in the height of her glory when Gloria Swanson shared everything in her dressing room with her—from negligees to curling iron.



her own special hairdresser—Hattie—fix mine in the same way!

Gloria Swanson's dressing room is set apart from the others, which are in a rambling frame building. Gloria's is a little two-room bungalow on the lot, just for

Hattie, Gloria Swanson's hairdresser, taught Ethel Sands how to arrange the Gloria Swanson band coiffure.

herself, with awnings over the windows and as completely furnished, almost, as a home. Inside it is beautifully decorated in cream and vio-

let and an expensive Victrola is included among the furnishings.

Two maids assisted me in slipping on a beautiful beaded georgette crêpe negligee that I was to wear while I was getting my hair dressed. How would you feel if you were seated before Gloria Swanson's dressing table with Gloria's maid doing your hair, and Gloria herself talking to you? Well, to me it certainly was a grand and glorious feeling!



Photo by W. F. Seely

At the photographer's Jane Novak showed her some beautiful batik robes.

"We'll fix you all up like Miss Swanson, and you can go back to-night and 'sprise all your friends," Hattie chuckled, as she loosened my hair and began to arrange it. "Y' know, Miss Swanson's famous for her hair-dresses, an' so many girls do write in an' ask how to do it, an' now you can tell 'em all."

"You see, Hattie and I experiment and think up different styles together," Miss Swanson broke in, "and then we generally give each fashion a name." But, though she has all these smart styles to choose from, for everyday wear, off screen, Miss Swanson wears her hair more simply dressed—just waved and tucked under, which gives it the appearance of being bobbed.

Hattie was proceeding to arrange mine in the "G. S. band" style, the first of her famous headdresses. She waved the front and side parts of hair and then beginning to build up the crown she took a section of hair, rolled it and spread it out like a fan, and pinned it. Next the sides were fluffed over the ears and the ends hidden under the roll. Then came the hardest part—the band. It's the way one does it, I guess. Taking the two remaining sections of back hair she brought them around across the forehead one from each side and pinned the ends securely under the opposite band. Brilliantine was applied to make it smooth and hold together better.

Before she had finished, Mrs. Chaffin came in with her arms full of the most gorgeous raiment for Gloria to try on—beautiful gowns, negligees, and boxes of shoes and slippers.

If you imagine Gloria Swanson is wearied or thrill-proof in regard to beautiful clothes, you're mistaken.

She was as enthusiastic about them as you or I would be and fairly reveled in trying them on. I noticed her undergarments were not of the frilly, ruffy sort, but simple and smooth, and that is partly responsible for her gowns always seeming to fit so well, giving that effect of her being molded or poured right into them.

Gloria Swanson is a very small woman, but her carriage gives her dignity and there certainly is no denying that she can wear clothes simply marvelously. No one can carry off those bizarre costumes quite so well as the unique Swanson.

I watched her as she tried on the most elaborate creations and she looked more stunning in each succeeding one. I could see by her expression and manner as she tried on and posed before the mirror that she really enjoyed putting on beautiful clothes. Who wouldn't?

While she was trying on the gowns Gloria would call to me to look at each one, so you can imagine the job poor Hattie had trying to fix my hair with me twisting and turning, and all the time I was trying to remember how my hair was being arranged and at the same time see everything Gloria was showing to me. It was all quite distracting.

Between gowns Gloria would come over to see how the hairdressing was getting on.

"Ah, g'wan away, now," chased Hattie. "Yo' can't help with this—g'wan back to your ole clo'es."

Gloria teased and Hattie scolded good-naturedly.

There is an unexpected vivaciousness about Gloria Swanson that surprised me. I don't know whether she's that way all the time because she told me she just felt



Ethel Chaffin, who designs the costumes for Lasky stars, showed Agnes Ayres some lovely new gowns made for her next production.

in good spirits that day. I imagine she has a tendency to moods, for although she was very sprightly the day I visited her, I thought there was a touch of wistful sadness in the expression of her blue eyes that isn't so apparent on the screen. It gives more depth and feeling to her expression and strikes out that bit of cold, artificial look the camera gives to her face.

In "Her Husband's Trade-mark" I think Gloria was mostly herself. At least that was the way she impressed me the time I met her.

Gloria assisted Hattie with putting the hair net—one of her own—over my newly built headdress, showed me how to fluff out the hair with a hair pin after the net was on and placed two little green fans at the very top. She always wears an ornament of some kind in her hair, you know.

"Now, how different she looks," exclaimed Hattie. "My, you wouldn't know it was the same girl!"

I looked in the mirror and hardly recognized myself—the headdress made me look so different.

Miss Swanson and I went out on the stages then to hunt up the photographer, who said he wanted to take another picture of us together, looking in the mirror, and you should have seen the people on the lot stare!

Imagine seeing some one walking across the big stages with Gloria, wearing Gloria's own particular headdress. Maybe they thought she was acquiring a double. I thought it was mighty nice of her to give me all those privileges and let me experience the thrills of being around with her.

I still have Gloria's hair net, and now I can show

all my friends just what color her hair is, because the net just matches the shade of her auburn hair.

Jane Novak called for me before I had talked to Miss Swanson half long enough, so I had to hurry and slip off the negligee and pull my hat over my nice new Gloria Swanson headdress and depart for more intimate glimpses of the doings of the film stars.

Miss Novak was taking me along with her while she had some photographs taken. That's another important part of being a movie star. They're kept busy posing for regular photographs almost as often as they are before the motion-picture cameras.

Miss Novak told me she had about a dozen important things to attend to that day, as she had only just learned that the company was to go on location to Big Bear the next morning, and she had only this little time to prepare. Think of having to shop for your costumes, have pictures taken, pack, and attend to all the little odd jobs that are bound to come along at such a time, all in one day!

"I suppose I won't get to sleep all night with so many things to be done," said Jane, but she said it complacently, not a bit cross or peeved. Jane isn't the complaining kind. She is a nice, quiet, gentle girl, and you couldn't help liking her. She is of the fair, ethereal type with natural pale-gold hair and dreamy sort of big, blue eyes. Unlike Gloria Swanson, Jane very seldom gets a chance to wear any beautiful, elaborate clothes in her picture plays. She has worn only two evening gowns in all the time she has appeared before the

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Two Who Found God

The author of this article has tapped a that runs through the lives of the players. she tells a gripping story of two girls' will increase your admiration—not only who, by their own efforts, have fought

By Constance



Photo by C. Heighon Monroe

ZaSu Pitts realizes now that her particular niche is in character parts—but she reached that conclusion only after cruel experiences.

IS your favorite movie star a Lady Bountiful—a Fairy Godmother? If you were part of a mob scene in one of her pictures, would she single you out to inquire your hopes, your struggles and your ambitions?

At the risk of your thinking me misanthropic, I must tell you that she would not lift a single manicured finger to help you in your career. If you are going to arrive, you will do so by your own efforts, and against every odd that can be put in your way.

Your beautiful star worked too hard for her success, and at best she has not many years to enjoy the height of her popularity. She fought every inch of the way she has gone, and will continue to fight for her supremacy as long as she

She came to Los Angeles, a pathetic figure, prepared to lay low the motion-picture world in one fell swoop.

is in the public eye. There are already hundreds of actresses watching for the first sign of her insecurity on the starry pinnacle, and she is not courting additional chance of being supplanted.

I have talked with two girls, one of them a character woman whom producers tried to make a star, and the other star material. In answer to my pointed question, each of them replied after careful thought that, though she had received every courtesy from the stars with whom she had played, she had never, during her novitiate, been given really valuable advice concerning her future.

At the instigation of her mother, ZaSu Pitts came from Santa Cruz, a little town in northern California, to lay low at one fell swoop the motion-picture world. It was a high moment in which the idea was conceived that the thin, straight-haired little hoyden could become the organdie-clad, rescued heroine of a feature picture.

But, inconceivably unknowing of the pitfalls and snares in the battlefield, ZaSu came to see and conquer. She rented a tiny downtown apartment, settled her little belongings, and sallied forth. She was soon back, a little disappointed, but nothing daunted. She wrote cheerful letters home, filled with the most optimistic phrases. On the days she was too discouraged to look for work she took her recreation on the escalator in a downtown department store. Elevators in Los Angeles' tallest buildings also afforded her a great thrill.

At last Universal saw comedy possibilities in her in a way strangely suggestive of "Merton of the Movies." Let her tell you of the test given her:

"They didn't tell me I was supposed to be a comédienne. I thought I was doing heavy dramatics. King Zaney—whose songs, 'Avalon' and 'Coral Sea' every one has heard—played the lead in what I consider the most exceptional hundred feet of film ever run through a



No Fairy mother

deep vein of intense human interest In this, the second article of a series, failures—and achievements; one which for these actresses, but for all players their way upward against adversity.

Palmer

camera. They gave me a shawl and a rag baby and said to go ahead.

"I was rocking my baby to sleep, all happy and peaceful, when in bounded King with the news that marriage irked him. He added that he was leaving me flat. I begged and implored with all the lungs I had, but he threw me aside with one grand gesture and leaped to the door, which he slammed so hard the set nearly fell down.

"By this time a discriminating audience had gathered from other stages, and I thought I had at last reached success.

"I cast myself against the door with all the abandon of an Olga Nethersole. With the part of my lungs left, I shrieked to him the usual plea: 'Remember the chee-ild!' But King was outside, too weak to remember anything.

"I was astonished when they offered me a thirty-five-dollar-a-week contract to play in comedies with Flora Finch. The thirty-five was all right, but I had thought I was an emotional actress.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

It seems incongruous now when Pauline Starke is definitely on the road to stardom and is living in luxury to hear her tell of the poverty and struggle just past.

"Well, I didn't last long. In a few weeks they told me I wasn't funny enough, and fired me on the spot. That did get under the skin. I cried on the street car, all the rest of that day, and all that night. The next morning the man who had fired me called me back at the same salary, to work by the week."

Mr. Griffith became interested in Pauline Starke because of the solemnity and grave interest with which she regarded everything around her.

With the same trustfulness and kindness of nature that made her unsuspecting on that

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Bert Got Away With It

That was a frequent comment in Bert Lytell's stock-company days. But times have changed and so has Bert.

By Barbara Little

THE stage was dimly lighted except for the exact center front where a spotlight burned its full brilliance on an Apollolike head. "I love you; I love only you; I cannot live without you," the deep, manly voice quavered as he gazed adoringly—not at the girl in the shadows at his side, but right out over the footlights. It seemed to every girl in the whole theater that he was speaking just to her. The applause was terrific.

"Bert's getting away with murder out there," the manager just off stage remarked to the character man waiting for his cue.

"Yeah," the taciturn individual admitted. "They're eating out of his hand. That boy'll never be an honest actor. He just walks out there and ruins any play by making love to the audience, but the women fall for it. Say"—and the old trouper hesitated before making the accusation—"is it true he cut out all the lines in the next piece that made him anything but a hundred-per-cent hero?"

"Sure," said the manager. "He always does. Says the audience likes him that way. And I guess he's right. He got twelve thousand letters last week, begging him to extend his engagement one more week. Can you beat it?"

The time was just a few years ago, the romantic young actor Bert Lytell, and the place Troy, New York. It might just as well have been Los Angeles, San Francisco, Rochester, Albany, Honolulu, Boston, or Portland, Maine. He was equally popular in all those places. And in all of them the wiseacres predicted that he'd never amount to anything dramatically but a lady-killer. But they were wrong, dead wrong. For he became what you know him to be, one of the most interesting character actors on the screen—and one who always sacrifices good looks, sympathy—anything, to make a character realistic.

Just when the great change came over Bert Lytell that saved him from being a ham actor and made him one of the most versatile young character delineators before the public to-day, no one knows. Maybe the movies did it; in any case the first concrete evidence we have of the reformation of the young matinée idol who couldn't make his eyes behave was "The Lone Wolf," his first motion picture. It wasn't intended that he should be a featured player in this production. He was engaged to support Hazel Dawn. But when the picture was shown, Bert Lytell was quite obviously the star. After that it looked as though his progress would be easy, for the Metro company signed him up as a star on a long contract.

And then began a series of pictures which was a series of terrible disappointments to him. For Bert was consumed by a fierce desire to do genuine character work on the screen and his employers seemed consumed by an equally fierce desire to exhibit his engaging profile. He appeared in some pretty bad pictures, but he always managed to make them interesting. "Lombardi, Ltd.,"

"Boston Blackie," any number of others brought him a huge following. "The Right of Way" struck the pace of what he is capable of doing. Many people remember that as one of the most compelling pictures they ever saw.

Recently when the Metro studio closed down for a few months, he went on a personal-appearance tour. Even in this year of many such tours it is unique, and it did more for him than any number of pictures could. He was given keys to cities, parades, receptions, flowers, and tributes of every kind—all the usual prerogatives of a popular star. But that wasn't the interesting part of

his tour. It was the little off-stage contacts he established with every one from the baggage men who handled his trunks to the big exhibitors in the town that made him well-liked.

One day, thinking himself safe from recognition, he stopped to glance at a poster advertising one of his pictures. As is the way of lithographs, it endowed him with rather pink hair, swarthy complexion, and robin's-egg-blue eyes.

"Say, Bert," a boy strolled up and addressed him chummily, "what do you let them do that to you for? I should think you could sue them for libel for making a picture of you look like that."

That is the way Bert Lytell affects people. If they know him at all he is a dear friend, not a distant idol. Those of us who have been lucky enough to interview him come away

without any material for one of those purple-plush interviews that some magazines are so fond of printing—thank goodness PICTURE-PLAY isn't one of them—but we feel that we've found a friend we'll never forget.

There is something oddly boyish about Bert; he likes to make a party of everything. Getting a good scenario, or meeting an old friend, or finishing a picture in record time, anything, in fact, is cause for celebration. The celebration may consist in the whole company filing out to the studio lunch counter and having a round of hot dogs, but Bert enters into it enthusiastically.

Unlike most members of the motion-picture profession, Bert makes no claims to spending all of his evenings quietly at home.

"Just as long as anybody's having a party, you'll find me there," he assured me when I asked him what he did after he finished his work at the studio. "I should have been a night watchman, because as long as I can find any one in town to talk to I can't give in and call it a day."

If Bert Lytell could be granted a secret wish he would probably be made a citizen of ancient Rome so that all he'd have to do would be to put on a toga and go down to the market place and talk to the boys. And if ever a man loved to talk and had a gift of rambling on easily and charmingly, that man is Bert Lytell.

In becoming an actor he hasn't lost any of that engaging charm that he had as a stock-company matinée idol. He could still get away with just being handsome if he wanted to.

Living Up to Opportunities

Few actors have lived up to their opportunities as Bert Lytell has. In spite of being hampered with mediocre stories—unskilled direction—hurried productions, he has made a big reputation as a skilled, conscientious actor.

Now in "To Have and To Hold" his real chance has come. Following that he will again have all the advantages of a Fitzmaurice special production in "Kick In."

His good fortune is the public's, for the greater opportunities he has, the more he can give to them.

Now, more than ever, you will want to know Bert Lytell. This story presents him just as he is. Laugh with him at his early peculiarities—and glory with him in his achievements to-day.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

BERT LYTELL has long struggled against the handicap of a handsome profile. Just as he tears into a heavy dramatic scene the director is likely to say, "Hold that Bert; the girls'll love it!"



Photo by Evans Studio

JULIA FAYE, one of the most earnest workers in the Lasky fold, did so well in "Saturday Night" that she was rewarded with another important rôle in "Nice People."



Photo by Freulich

EXCEPT for occasional excursions into dramatic features, pretty little Bartine Burkett romps daily through Century comedies. Her most recent one was "Ten Seconds."



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

CLAIRE WINDSOR, who brings a welcome touch of elegance to the screen, will play an important part in "Broken Chains," the Goldwyn prize picture.



Photo by Sykes

TO Wanda Hawley fell the task of trying to duplicate the popular success of "The Sheik." "Burning Sands" is the title of her desert picture.



OUT at the Hal Roach Studios, where she plays in Paul Parrott Comedies, they call Jobyna Ralston "Job" because her work calls for such patience.



Photo copyright by Evans, L. A.

HOPE HAMPTON'S next starring vehicle will be "The Light in the Dark," a story of the discovery of the Holy Grail in modern times and the miraculous cures it effects.



Photo by Maurice Goldberg

WHEN Doris Kenyon received our star interviewer something happened which had never occurred before—Miss Squier was completely swept off her feet with enthusiasm. The resulting interview on the opposite page is unique. It transmits to you the genuine pleasure of the interviewer at meeting such a charming and gifted girl.



Photo by Capitol Photo Service

Doris Kenyon has a direct, unflinching way of looking at you that makes you feel that she is earnest, purposeful, as well as charming.

Doris—Twice Over

One interview with charming Miss Kenyon wasn't nearly enough for the interviewer. You will understand why when you read the story.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

THE first interview with Doris Kenyon went something like this: I (*completely submerged in tea and sandwiches*): Well, we've talked for an hour, and still I haven't asked a single question that the fans would like to know. Let me see; what do you think of the future of the motion—

DORIS (*from behind a cup of tea*): Who cares? Did you say you thought I could get material for a Chinese poem from the Oriental room of the public library?

I (*forgetting the interview for the eleventh time*): I really think so. And speaking of poems, I loved that one of yours that—

And so on, *ad infinitum*. Am I to be blamed because at the end of a perfect day I wrote an interview that sounded like a book review? It mentioned all the magazines in which Doris and I have appeared together in print, listed all the authors of whom we jointly approved, gave short synopses of the plays we discussed and the books we had read. It was a most enthusiastic symposium, but it wasn't an interview. I had forgotten to ask where she was born. What pictures she had been in. Who her favorite leading man was; and had she a philosophy of life.

Not that I minded. Because the paucity of facts I had gleaned gave me an excellent excuse to see her

again. And yet again. There was always something I had overlooked, something that the fans would like to know. So I am in position to state, after seeing Doris on numerous occasions, that she is one of the most charming persons whom I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. She is, first of all, a regular human being, and it was owing to this virtue—or defect, as the case may be—that the first interview was a failure. I couldn't seem to remember that she was a movie star. Or an actress. There is nothing theatrical about her, no hint of affectation or temperament. She impresses one as a very pretty, exceedingly intelligent girl, one whose chief interests in life are books, writing, riding, and her home.

Of course you know—if you know anything about Doris Kenyon at all—that she has, for six years, been a popular leading lady of the screen and that she was starred in a series of productions. That she has played opposite George Beban in "The Pawn of Fate," with George Arliss in "The Ruling Passion," and in Cosmopolitan's "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," to name but a few. You probably know that she was starred in "The Girl In the Limousine," and recently appeared in a Broadway stage success, "Up the Ladder." But what you may not know, is that music and writing are among the list of her many accomplishments; that her first

stage work was urged upon her by Victor Herbert, who had heard her sing, and who gave her a small part in "Princess Pat;" that she is studying music indefatigably with a view to light opera, or perhaps—a cherished ambition of hers—some day, grand opera.

She has written delightful poems that have appeared in many of the leading magazines, and has published them in book form under the title of "Spring Flowers and Rowen." I imagine that one of her chief difficulties in life has been to concentrate on one thing instead of spreading her talents.

On that first memorable interview, I went to see Doris at her home, a lovely, yet unpretentious apartment just off of Fifth Avenue. I found that her eyes were a clear hazel, that her smile was the prettiest I have seen in New York, and that she wore sports clothes with an air of being utterly at home in them. Also I discovered that she had a father, a person with whom I proceeded to fall desperately in love at first sight. A kindly, understanding sort of father, who is, in addition to being Doris' paternal parent, a well-known publisher of verse and essays. Some of the poems in Doris' volume are his. It is easy to see where the literary part of her many-faceted talents came from.

The next time I saw her was in the dressing room of the Playhouse Theater, after a performance of "Up the Ladder." Then I discovered that she had a mother, not the usual type of "movie mother," with which some stars are afflicted, but a real, honest-to-goodness mother, who would rather button up Doris' frocks than play bridge, and who would rather sit in the wings, watching her daughter, than to go to see other plays.

Our next meeting was at the Claridge, for luncheon, and it approached more or less the sort of interview it

should have been the first time. I *had* to know something definite about her, and told her so. She tried to side track me by making a date for dinner in Chinatown, but I was firm.

"Well," she said, with something like a sigh, "I was born in Syracuse, and I always thought I'd like the stage, but I had no definite ambitions. Mother and father didn't have a great deal of money, but they gave me every advantage, they gave me music, and had me take language lessons—well, it came to me when I was seventeen that I must really *do* something, not just spend all my life letting them pay out money for me. At that time I had only music in mind as something to earn a living with. And when Victor Herbert heard me sing, he encouraged me to go on with it, and gave me a part in 'Princess Pat.' I suppose that should have started me off in musical comedy, but about that time, along came an offer for movies—at *one hundred dollars a week!* I was getting thirty-five at the time, and the difference seemed too wonderful for words.

"Later on I began to long for the stage again. I have always made pictures here in the East, you see, so it was possible for me to do both. I accepted a part—I might as well give you a glimpse of the skeleton in my mental closet—in 'The Girl in the Limousine.'

"You needn't hold it against me, because I think the same of the play that you do. It wasn't easy to play in such a risqué farce, but it seemed the one way of getting back on the legitimate stage. I like 'Up the Ladder' immensely, because it's such a clean, wholesome sort of play. Mr. Brady has another one for me in the fall, and in the meantime, I am to do a series of four pictures—"

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Photo by Kenneth Alexander

Betty Blythe has style and if a woman has that she doesn't need anything else.

Is Betty Blythe Really Beautiful?

Her friends, as well as fans who adore her from afar, are divided on that question. Here is the real answer.

By Harriette Underhill

PROBABLY no other star who ever paced in front of the camera has aroused more discussion than Betty Blythe. And by that we do not mean that there has been any discussion of her morals and manners. Indeed, no, for Miss Blythe was one of those screen players to whom the colony could always point with pride and say "Refute that if you can" when wise men from the East came out to poke around in darkest Hollywood.

The discussion started about five years ago when Betty first became a screen actress. Before that she had studied voice culture and had sung at concerts and between times had played in stock, and every one agreed that she was pretty good at all of them. And then she went into pictures. When her first picture for Vitagraph was released Miss Blythe had only a very small part. But that made no difference. With her first appearance the discussion began. Some one said, "Who is that tall, beautiful girl who wears the riding habit?" and some one else said, "Betty Blythe wears a riding habit, but I shouldn't call her beautiful," and then the first speaker looked around for an ally and found plenty of them, and the second speaker had plenty of defenders, so before long people were divided into the B. B.'s and the antis.

When you would go to luncheon at the Algonquin, along with "Did you hear that Constance Talmadge was engaged?" and "Did you hear that Geraldine Farrar was going to leave Lou Tellegen?" you would hear "Do you think Betty Blythe is beautiful?" Time passed. Miss Blythe became a star. She made "The Queen of Sheba" for William Fox and still people were saying "Do you think Betty Blythe is beautiful?" Now the answer to this is that Betty Blythe isn't beautiful, but she looks beautiful, and we can prove it.

It happened like this. When Betty was born all of the fairies whose duty it is to endow new infants with gifts to make life's pathway easier gathered about her cradle. Now, one of Betty's ancestors—probably her great-grandmother—had once offended these fairies by having a boy when they thought she should have had a girl, and they resolved to take it out on Betty. One of them said, "I shall give her a turned-up nose. No woman likes that," and the next one said, "I shall give her a mouth that won't please her at all," but before the next fairy could speak there was a flutter of wings, and the preceptress of the fairies alighted in their midst. "And I," she said severely, "shall frustrate all of your evil designs. I shall give her chic. It's what you call style, and I learned while in Paris on business, that if a woman has that she doesn't need anything else. Every one will call her beautiful."

So Betty grew up with the gifts that the fairies had bestowed on her, and when she had grown as tall as she was going to, along about her sixteenth birthday, people began to call her beautiful, just as the last good fairy had foretold. Furthermore, style is something like magnetism, it must come from within and not from without. Of course, now that Miss Blythe is doing society melodramas for Whitman Bennett she has to wear purple and fine linen. Her raiment in "Fair Lady" cost thousands of dollars, and that silver wedding gown which she wears is probably the most elaborate sartorial decoration that any camera ever has immortalized. But the strange part of it is that Miss Blythe looks quite as stunning when her gowns cost five dollars as she does when they cost five hundred dollars.

The first time we ever met Miss Blythe was when she was playing in "Over the Top" with Guy Empey. She had a small part and a small salary, seventy-five dollars a week, I think she said it was. However, the rôle called for a lot of good clothes, and Miss Blythe had to furnish them. When we arrived at the studio she was wearing a rose-and-gold brocade dinner gown with a long train. The director called for the gown she had worn the day before to retake a scene.

"Come in my dressing room," said Miss Blythe, "it will take only a moment." We accompanied her and watched her change her gown. First she took out a few pins, then she unwrapped the gold and rose-colored



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

She is one of those persons who is always falling into graceful poses.

brocade, and it was in one big square. Underneath she wore a gold-lace slip.

"See," she said, "isn't this an idea? I wear this slip under all my evening gowns and then I just drape them on with pins. That rose-and-gold piece I bought in the upholstery department. This piece of blue velvet I got there, too, and then I have a black velvet one and a couple of chiffon squares and a white satin, and there you are, all fixed for dinner and ball gowns, and none of them cost more than five dollars. It takes only a couple of minutes to pin them on, and, with an artificial rose or a rhinestone buckle to finish off at the waist they look fine. Every one says they have good lines."

"And how about hats? You have to have a lot of those."

"For my small effects I achieve a turban out of velvet like this, by winding it around my head," and Miss Blythe suited the action to the word. "Then I have one

Continued on page 99

Over the

Fanny the Fan finds no sermons in stones

By The



Photo by Freulich

It's good news to every one that Eileen Percy is playing "The Flirt."

I TAKE it all back," Fanny declared dramatically as she rushed in and appropriated my seltzer lemonade. "All is forgiven the Universal casting director, and I humbly beg his pardon."

"What for?" To say the least, I was surprised to find Fanny admitting that she was wrong. She is one of those persons who always says, "Imagine *me* being wrong," whenever any one proves that she was, irrefutably.

"I've been raving and raving against Helen Jerome Eddy playing 'The Flirt' and now I find it was my mistake. It's Eileen Percy who plays the title part; Helen Eddy is just among those present. Of course, I think Helen Eddy's an infinitely better actress than Eileen—probably couldn't start an argument over that with any one but Eileen Percy's husband, who thinks she can do anything better than any one else can—but Eileen is really much better suited to this part.

"And speaking of casting—"

"I wasn't—" I interrupted, but it had no effect on her.

Madge Kennedy's comeback in "Dear Me" promises to be a glorious one.

Photo by Kenneth Alexander



"The Fox company deserves a medal of honor," she went on. "They've cast Percy Marmont to play *Mark Sabre* in 'If Winter Comes,' and Ann Forrest to play *Nona*. They couldn't have done better. Over at the Lambs Club they say the men simply swarm around Mr. Marmont congratulating him, and naturally he's rather pleased over the honor himself. Seven hundred thousand—or is it million—copies of the novel have been sold, so it's quite an honor to play in that story. Wonder who'll play 'Main Street.'

"Mr. Marmont and Ann sailed for London last week, and they're going to start work on the picture right away, under the supervision of the author. It seems as though Ann just got back from abroad yesterday.

But this trip of Percy Marmont's is the oddest thing. He started from Australia about six years ago, meaning to stop in the United States just a few weeks on his way to England, but out on the Coast some one persuaded him to stay and play in stock for a while. Then when he finished that engagement and came East he was offered a leading part in 'The Three Bears' on the stage, and Marguerite Clark did the play in pictures and engaged him for the same rôle. As soon as that production was released, he was kept busy making one picture after another until finally he just about gave up ever getting over to London. And along came this offer from Fox! Isn't that thrilling?

"And as for Ann Forrest! You'd think that rushing to finish a picture with George Arliss, and packing to go abroad, and going to the opening of the Follies with Lew Cody would be enough excitement for her, but no—just before she left she had to grow careless with her jewels, and of course they were stolen. There were about two thousand dol-

Teacups

or any of that stuff, but she does find gossip in everything.

Bystander

lars' worth of diamonds and a lot of quaint little things that Ann prized highly. One of the maids at her hotel was arrested and charged with the theft, but that wasn't much consolation to Ann."

"If you've quite finished," I told her, trying to act as though I wasn't thrilled over what she had told me, "will you tell me where you got that hat?"

"I don't just remember," she assured me, "but maybe Mabel Ballin will. I went shopping with her, and I don't half remember the places we went to. Her chief ambition since she finished 'Married People' seems to be to own the world's largest collection of hats. The futile part about Mabel buying them is that she can make so much prettier ones. After she'd bought enough to fill one person's life we passed a counter where they were selling gorgeous Spanish lace, and the temptation was too much for Mabel. She bought some to make still more hats. I tried to interest her in making me one, but I couldn't quite put it over.

"And that reminds me, I've been doing Marion Davies an injustice all these years. Whenever any one told me that she was an awfully clever designer and made lots of her own hats and dresses I said, 'Bunk.' And now I've found out it really is true. Pictures don't give any idea of what an entertaining girl Marion Davies is; maybe that is why she is going back on the speaking stage this fall.

"She'll leave pictures in a blaze of glory, and that will be nice. 'When Knighthood Was In Flower' promises to be perfectly gorgeous. When they were making some of the big court scenes where they all wore elaborate gowns, the star was the only one who didn't grumble about being squeezed into one of those wasp-waisted affairs. The extras protested vehemently. They might as well get used to it, though, as there will be several more big costume pictures made here in the East. Madge Kennedy's starting 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall' very soon.

"And that reminds me—pictorially Marion Davies will be Madge Kennedy's grandmother."

"That's too much," I protested. "Have you been feeling the heat lately?"



Mabel Normand finally sailed for abroad just as her friends began to believe that her threats would never be carried out.

Since finishing "Married People," Mabel Ballin's main ambition in life seems to be setting a record for buying hats.

Photo by Victor Georg



"No," Fanny insisted reflectively, "it's this way. In 'When Knighthood Was In Flower' Marion Davies plays *Mary Tudor*, the sister of *Henry the Eighth*, who married the French king. After his death she married John Manners, the man of her choice. And that Sir John Manners was the grandfather of the one *Dorothy Vernon* married. And Madge plays *Dorothy*."

"How is Madge?" I inquired, trying to distract her from her study of cinematic genealogy.

"That's a silly question," she retorted. "Madge is always beautifully serene and happy and gracious and thoroughly in love with her husband. She is making 'Dear Me' now, you know. It's the story of a poor little slavey who writes letters to herself and speculates on the day when her dream ship will come in. She is darling in the rôle. I was up at the studio the other day when they were making some scenes in the little slavey's attic bedroom, and Madge couldn't even come off the set to talk for a while because she had electric wires fastened to her arm with adhesive tape, and the wires were all attached to some electric contrivances. It was awfully uncomfortable for her, but the effect they're getting will probably be worth the effort.



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

In the whole cast of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" Marion Davies was the only person who didn't grumble about the tight, hot costumes.

"Henry Kolker is directing her, you know. He used to be on the stage and then he played in Metro pictures for a while, but always with the idea of being a director. And Monte Blue and Vincent Coleman are in the cast.

"I stayed up there watching Madge as long as I could, and then, as she was busy when I was going, I just left a note for her like the ones she writes herself in the picture. 'Dear me,' it said, 'you must not lose your temper just because you have to leave in the midst of one of Madge Kennedy's darlinest scenes. She is a lovely, thoughtful person and will probably ask you to her studio again. Hopefully, Myself.'

"But Madge saw me going and got detached from the electric-light cords somehow and rushed out to say good-by to me. And she did ask me to come again."

"And I suppose you went the next day," I cut in jealously.

"No; I wish I could have. But there are so many things to do. Corinne Griffith has a baby monkey from South America. I want to go up and play with him. Betty Blythe has been elected by unanimous vote the favorite movie star of Western Reserve University in Cleveland, and I want to go up and persuade her that the least she can do in return is to learn to sing their college yell. And so many people are here from the Coast! Marie Prevost's contract with Universal is up, and she is here considering some other offers. Alice Lake is here. And, of course, Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet are the center of attraction everywhere. Wasn't it funny the way they fooled every one about their wedding? Mickey Neilan's friends camped on his trail with bags of rice and bunches of orchids when they heard that Blanche had started East, but he slipped away, took a train for Chicago, and met her and married her there. Then they came here for a short visit. The Chicago censors simply cut his last picture to ribbons. That's gratitude for you after he brought the city a lot of publicity by getting married there.

"I wish I might have bought up at reduced rates some of those flowers purchased for Marshali Neilan's wedding. I'll be bankrupt soon if any more of my favorite players go abroad. Mabel Normand has finally gone after threatening to go for over a year. Her friends had begun to think that her threats to go would never be carried out, so there wasn't half the crowd at the dock to see her off that you would expect. Constance Binney is in London already appearing in a picture version of 'A Bill of Divorcement.' And Elsie Ferguson has gone over for a short vacation before filming 'Outcast.' Bull Montana has gone back home to Italy to give the old home town a thrill; Jean Paige and her husband have gone over on Vitagraph business, and Harry Myers has just gone to make 'Ivanhoe' for Universal in Vienna.

"Nazimova's here now, you know. She showed 'Salome' the other night at the Ritz, and before even one reel had been shown the film had caught fire twice, Nazimova was screaming hysterically, and people were as excited as though there was an earthquake. Every one was terribly disappointed because reports from the Coast were so thrilling that they all wanted to see that picture before the censors got hold of it. 'Salome' may be Nazimova's last picture for a while. She is going on the speaking stage if she can find a suitable play. Sessue Hayakawa's going to be starred on the stage when he comes back from a vacation in Japan, and I've heard that Lew Cody may emote vocally again this fall. Of course, you've heard that Eugene O'Brien is going back to play opposite Norma Talmadge in 'The Voice in the Minaret.' But I hope he reduces a little first. Somehow I've never felt the same toward him since the outlines of his chin became rather vague.

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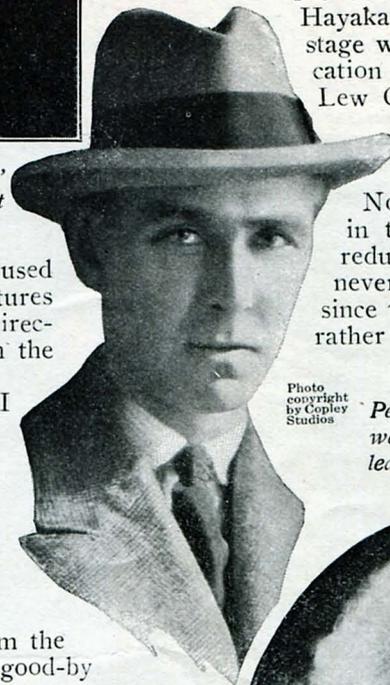


Photo copyright by Copley Studios

Percy Marmont and Ann Forrest were the lucky ones chosen to play the leading rôles in "If Winter Comes."

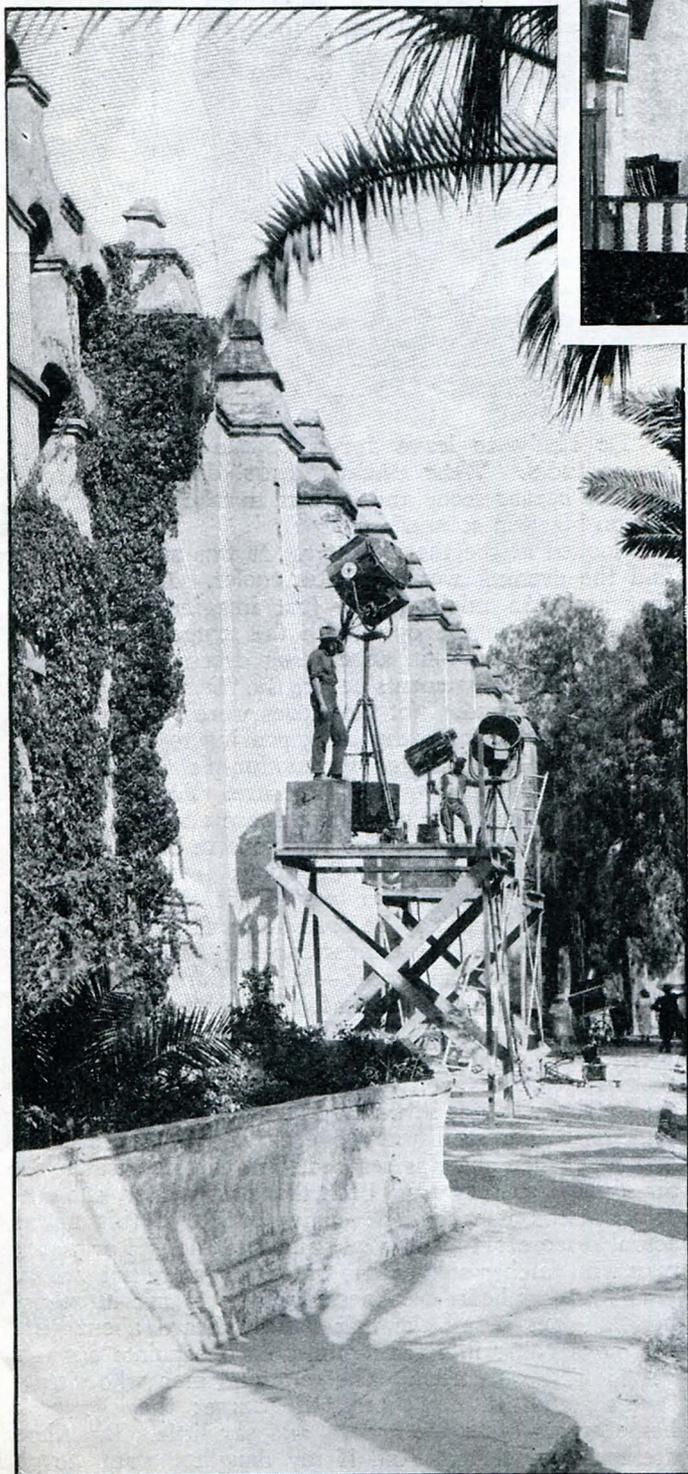
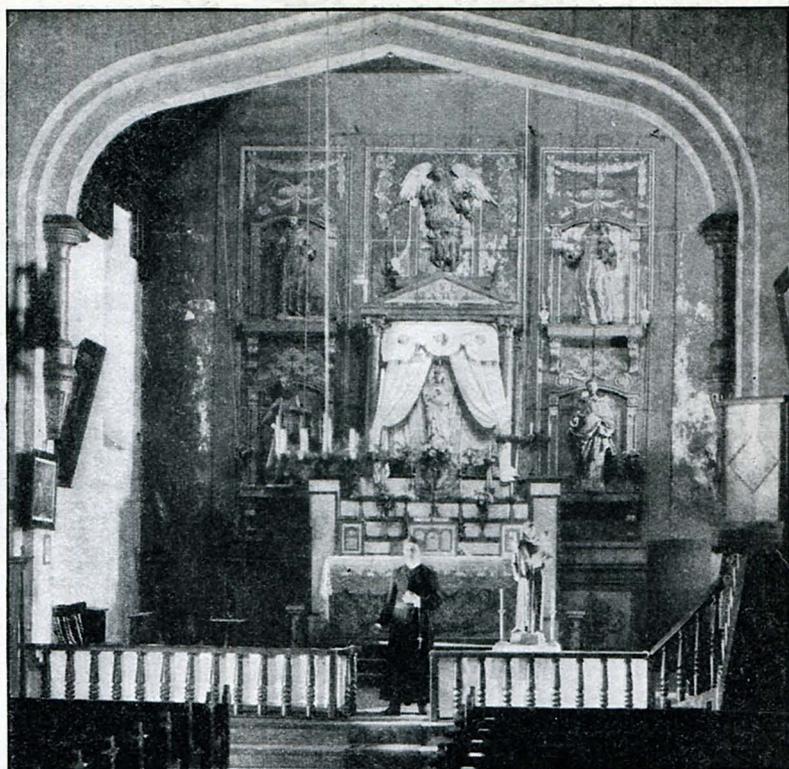
Photo copyright by Evans



Sham Penitents in Real Shrines

For the first time a motion-picture company has been permitted to use the historic San Gabriel Mission in California as a setting.

By Caroline Bell



STAINED glass windows shimmered in a luminous glow as in the San Gabriel Mission a brilliant light played about the serene heads of the worshippers. But as I looked at them I wondered what the people of early California would think could they live to-day and see these pseudo holy men garbed in the garments of the religious past, praying silently before the altar.

For the first time in the one hundred and fifty years of its existence the interior of this historic church—"The Mother of the Angels," it is called—has been photographed in a motion picture, "Slippy McGee," an Oliver Morosco play of human salvage and a soul's awakening. Despairing of duplication faithfully, the producer obtained permission from the bishopric to use the Mission, one of a chain of early California sacred landmarks; and powerful generators were brought, with Kliegs and arc lights, to illuminate the interior—strange contrast to the altar's dim candles.

When California was in its infancy, the San Gabriel Mission was the cradle of its faith. Beneath the arches of its hand-hewn doors passed gallant dons and lovely, dark-haired señoritas to penitent worship; about its altar, moving in silent benediction, were its black-robed priests.

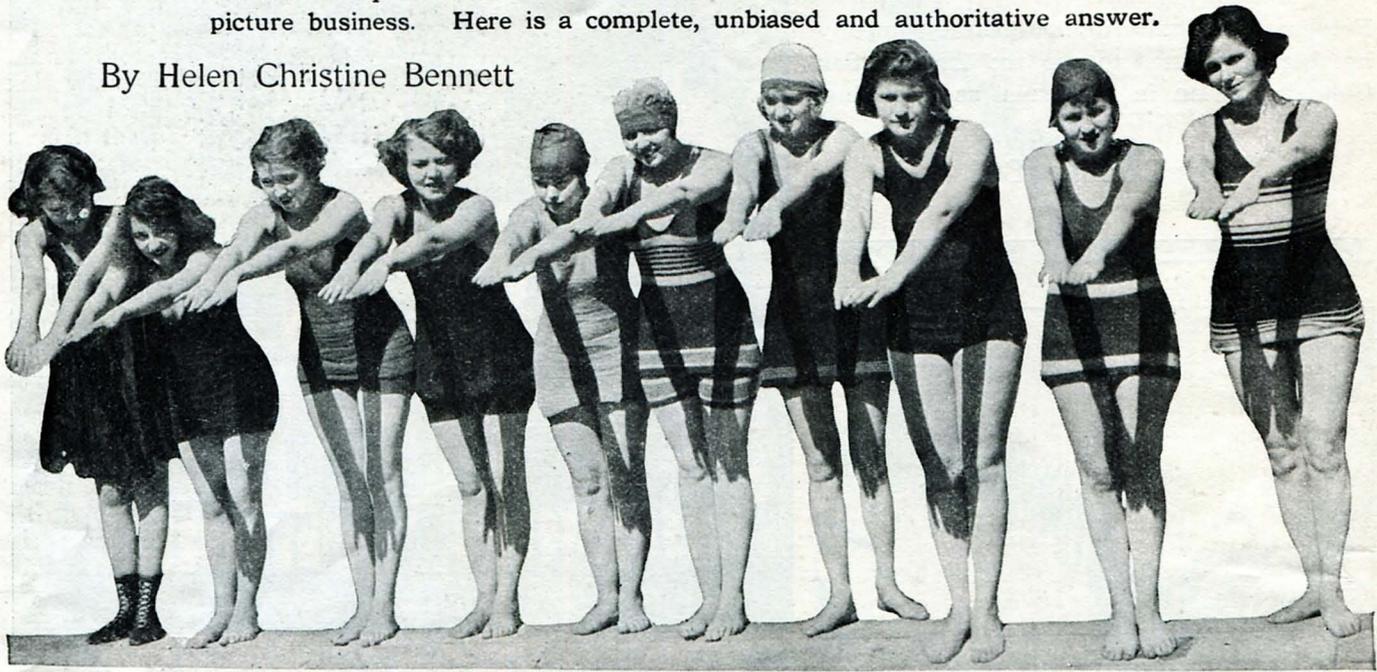
The scenes which take place in the church were directed under the guidance of the Mission Fathers. In one stage, the camera activities were stopped to permit the baptism of a babe by one of the Fathers, at the historic old hand-hammered copper font where more than twenty-eight thousand infants have been baptized. While scenes were being made in the Mission the famous old bells brought from Spain more than two centuries ago tolled the passing of the hours as they have done so faithfully for the last one hundred and fifty years in the storied companile.

So it has come to pass that the Angelus rings and hooded padres move again among the old cloisters. Mass again is chanted, and silent figures kneel in prayer before shrines honored in prose and rhyme—that the pictures of a soul's regeneration may bring some message of truth to the spectator in the theater far away.

Would You Let Your Daughter Go Into the Movies?

That is the question hundreds of mothers are asking people in the motion-picture business. Here is a complete, unbiased and authoritative answer.

By Helen Christine Bennett



Every girl who goes into the movies ought to be able to stand cold baths, exposure and chilly weather.

BUT now honestly, would you let your daughter go into the movies?" I wonder how often I have been asked that question since I began studying the motion-picture studios and the conditions here in Hollywood. Young mothers, whose daughters are mere mites in long white frocks, older ones who look on their growing girls with anxious eyes, fathers of all kinds and ages issue this challenge to me and expect me, apparently, to wilt under it. Somehow people will not believe that you are giving a true picture of the motion-picture industry. They keep on suspecting you of evasions, of concealments, of dark places cunningly hidden. Especially during the last year has suspicion run riot. And when I answer cheerfully:

"Yes, if she wanted to go and had the health to stand it," they continue to look on me with suspicion and doubt. And usually they say:

"Well, maybe you'll change your mind by the time she grows up."

Maybe I will. I am certain of one thing that will be changed and that is the whole status and method of the motion-picture industry. But I also feel certain that the new conditions are going to be infinitely better than the old. Meanwhile I stick to my decision.

"If my daughter has health and wants to go I will certainly not stand in her way."

Health seems to me the first asset of a motion-picture actress. How the girls ever stand the chill of the studios alone, is a mystery to me. Those huge, barnlike places have heaters here and there, the kind you used to see in old-fashioned schoolhouses, where you are nice and warm on one side, the side next the heater, and cold as can be on the other. California is not a tropical climate, it is a temperate one; it is never very warm except for a few hours at midday. But the girls in the same thin clothing work for eight hours, often in decidedly cool places. The outside work is apt to be still cooler. I had an ambition to play as an extra, and my first call came one afternoon by special delivery.

"Be ready to leave for Pasadena at six to-night, from studio. Wear evening dress, dark, suitable for outdoor bazaar scene and be sure to take heavy wrap to put on between scenes."

I looked at the thermometer. It was about forty-six and the evening would be still cooler. And I figured that ambition might rest. Just imagine posing in a bazaar scene in the open with the temperature around the freezing point—in an evening dress. There might be hours of arrangements before the "heavy wrap" specified could be used. Yet the scenes were taken and none of the cast died of pneumonia, proving to me that they were hardy beings suited for motion-picture life. And this is the mildest sort of exposure. Any day in the year a company will go to the shore and take bathing scenes or ship scenes. The foliage here being green all the year around and the deciduous trees and shrubs comparatively few, a "summer" scene can be arranged at any time. You may be posing in a filmy dress under a beach parasol in a temperature of fifty and appear quite natural on the screen—for all the flowers are in bloom and all the trees in leaf. The water here is never warm, even in midsummer. But the motion-picture people go into it any day, even in midwinter. Some of the wreck scenes you have looked at are staged right on the rocky shores in which California abounds. I don't remember ever seeing any one chafe a heroine's hands and feet when she was rescued, but, with the water and air as cold as they have been this past winter, she certainly needs it when she comes out. All this means actual discomfort and a real danger to the girl or young man who catches cold easily, whose lungs are not strong, who has any heart weakness, or who is not in robust health. Yet in all the talk I have heard about girls and boys going into the pictures no one points out this very vital health need. The girls and men who simply "can't stand it" don't talk, of course; they go back home or get other work here, and say little. But there are many of them. And if my daughter wants to go

into pictures she will have to prove to me that she can stand exposure, cold, and cold baths before I give my consent. Horribly prosaic of me, and yet I venture to prophesy a strict régime of cold baths would go far toward convincing many a girl and boy that movie life was not for them!

Next! I would try to make my daughter understand the limitations of a motion-picture career. One of the biggest drawbacks for girls at the present time is that they undoubtedly stand a much better chance of success if they begin very young. Men who enter the movies at twenty-one are far more acceptable than girls at that age, so that the matter of age does not concern them so much. (No, I have no sons, but I can't quite leave the boys out of this article.) But girls, barring regal beauties and geniuses of which there are so few that they are not worth considering for practical purposes, ought to, for success, begin at fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen at the latest. This means an arrested education.

I know very well that beside the glory of being a motion-picture star this matter of education will seem small, and yet if it were my daughter, I would give it most serious thought. And as in all probability as many girls as mothers are reading this article I will here pause to deliver a little sermon. It will be very short. Please read it.

An education is something you never appreciate when you are in process of getting it, but which makes your whole life after bigger, brighter, happier. You are cheated out of half of life without it. You actually live harder; you are more alive, for every bit you get. You may be just like my sister who couldn't see any use in going to school longer as the girls who went through didn't seem to make much more money than those who left early. And later you will be just like her, for five years after graduation she thanked our mother for keeping her at it.

"Wasn't I a little fool?" she asked, with the calm disdain of the twenties for the teens. "I didn't know what it meant." So just believe this, girls who read. The sermon is over.

You can get an education while you are working for the screen. When children work, the board of education compels them to take lessons on the days they are working. And a b o u t



Wreck scenes mean discomfort and real danger to the girl who catches cold easily.



every studio you find from time to time teachers trying to make a solitary child take a vital interest in twenty-five times five or the discovery of America. Some girls have private tutors to help them complete their education but they have to work after work is over, a poor time for study. Colleen Moore who began in the pictures at fifteen has had a tutor every year but this year, four years of working at studios after work at the studios. And she admits she missed the fun of school and of schoolmates. Some of the stars really study after hours, but they, too, have a hard time; study is a hard habit to acquire and an easy one to lose. There is a lot of time wasted in the studios when one might read. But as far as I can see no one does. The place is too alive with interest to be conducive to reading. If my daughter went into pictures I would certainly want her to go on studying, and, that health asset comes in here again, she would need enough vitality for study and work both.

I am materialistic enough to admit that if you become a star of the first water there might be compensations for the loss of education. But suppose you don't. Suppose you have a charming young face and body which will last, as most girls last in pictures, ten years at most. What then? Probably you will settle the matter in your own mind by deciding you will marry. And you may of course. But in this business you grow ambitious. Never in all my experience have I seen such fiercely ambitious girls and men as are in the motion-picture industry, ambitious in that

Bathing scenes are taken even on bitter cold days.

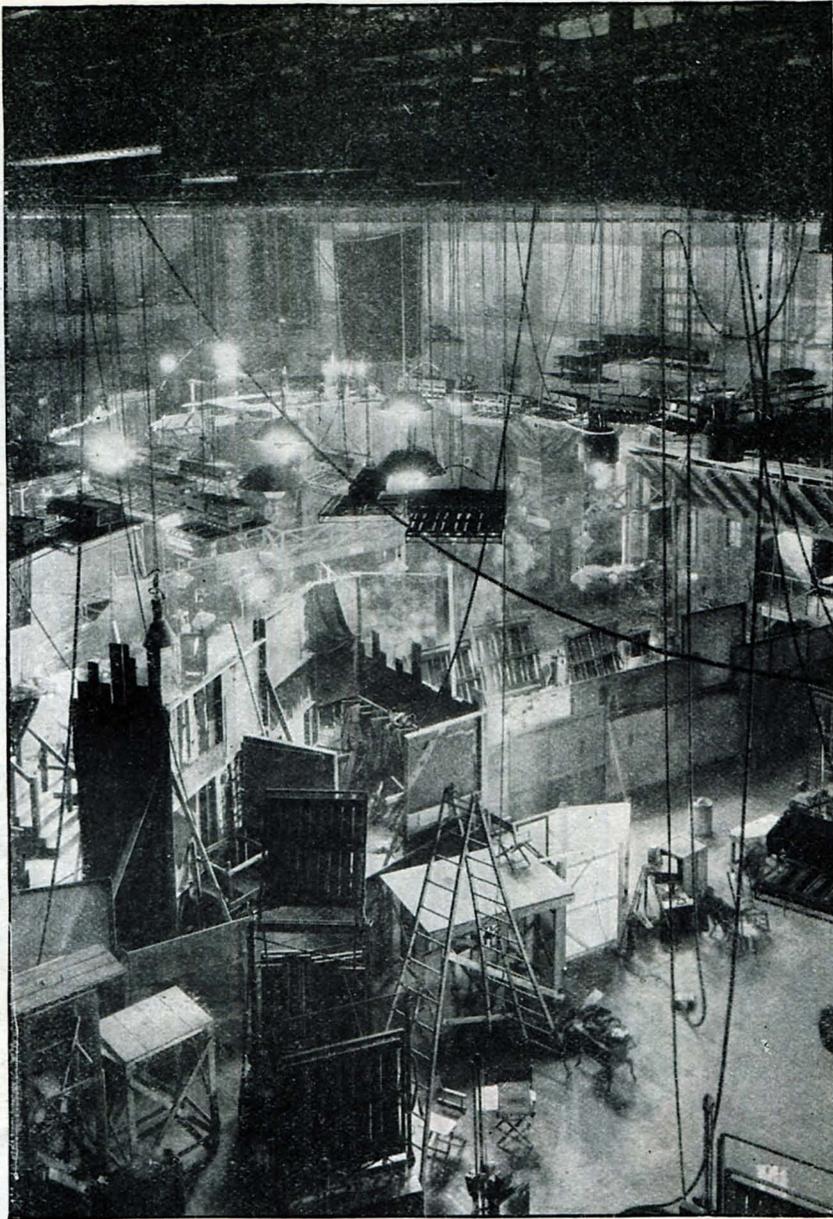
they want to get to the top. You can't generate an ambition like that and kill it off when you don't want it. You don't lose it when you marry, witness the hundreds of married girls working in the industry who are as ambitious as ever. And just at the time when your experience and knowledge of the work count most you begin to lose out because you are losing your most vital asset, youth.

To me this is the biggest drawback of the pictures as a career for women—the acting end of course. In most businesses you grow, and the rewards come as you grow, and there is no end while life lasts. But looking at acting in the pictures as a career you can figure accurately on rising and falling. I don't like that for my daughter. I like a business where you can go on and on without any such insurmountable limitation. For the aftermath is one of bitter disappointment. I know more than one star who is now trembling for her future. They know they cannot last much longer on the screen, and what are they to do? They have painfully acquired knowledge of screen technique; they know they are at their best as actresses, but they cannot hope to keep on.

This is real tragedy such as no one wishes for her daughter. Men stand so much better chance than girls. Men can keep on the screen acceptably until they are fifty.

But the women who are playing star parts at forty can be counted on your finger tips and you will have some over. The stage is far kinder than the screen, illusion lasts longer. And audiences for plays are more sophisticated than motion-picture audiences, they will receive an actor and actress even when illusion is gone.

If any one contemplated working on the screen not as an end, but as a means, it does offer possibilities of a great deal of money for a few years' work. But I would want my daughter to see this clearly. And I would want her also to know the intimacies of the profession. In all the months of my association with motion-picture people I remember just one conversation that did not pertain to the business of making pictures. People who work for the pictures seem to live in a picture world; they associate mainly with people in the same industry, and their lives come to be centered on the industry. I have often wondered what the world would be like if all the soap makers and the corset manufacturers and the paving contractors mixed socially in clans as the motion-picture folk do. Pretty soon we would be talking different languages. When any one drops out of the profession it means a bigger hole in life than dropping out of most other kinds of work.



Studios are huge, barnlike places, cold most of the time.

It means not only losing one's place in the profession, but one's niche in life.

This is one of the things that will have to alter before pictures generally become much better. Picture makers must mix all the time with those of us who make up the rest of the world if they are to depict us with any faithfulness. But this is true now, the picture people are clannish, not in the sense of excluding outsiders, but of preferring the profession.

Now as to morals, the question that seems to concern most parents who talk with me, to the exclusion of everything else. Before I moved into Hollywood, one mother in a near-by town told me in horrified accents that she had heard that the girls here were so movie struck that they began "at thirteen and fourteen using lip sticks and rouge and shaving their eyebrows." Some of them do at that age, and pretty awful-looking speci-

mens of girlhood they usually succeed in making themselves. But if she traveled very far she would find those same girls at the same age in every town in the country. Hollywood itself is not so much different from any suburban part of a city. It does have some distinctions, but they are minor. In the fifteen months that I have spent here I have not only visited the studios, but I have lived next door to actors and actresses and directors and scenario writers and the people of moviedom. I have seen things both inside and out of studios that I did not approve. But before I came here I investigated many businesses and in them I also saw many things I did not approve. I should not put the motion-picture industry in a class that excluded my daughter. But as in matters of health and education and the chance of a career I want her to come in, if she comes in, clear-eyed. Most of the girls and men who come into motion pictures have never had a parental word as to sex morals, as to what they may expect if they violate natural or conventional rules. And experience costs them dear. Girls as young as those who come into pictures need not only information, but full information, so that they can be neither shocked nor surprised into standards

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A Man-Sized Fight

Lew Cody is struggling against big odds for your favor, and even if you've never cared for him before, you'll admire his grit now.

By Helen Klumph

LEW CODY was reeking with whisky when I met him.

A moment later when he was called on the set a camera man came over and explained about it to me.

"It's all on the outside, not on the inside," he said. "The director said Lew ought to have an alcohol rub after he'd got chilled from making rain scenes in a cold wind for about five hours. His valet didn't have any alcohol, so some one in the studio dug up a bottle of bootleg whisky which had nearly poisoned the first person who had sampled it, and they used that for the rub. That was an awful look you gave Lew. But it's a whale of a joke, because you see nobody can get him to take a drink when he's working on a picture, not even when we were stalled up in Canada during a blizzard."

So when Lew Cody came back to chat with me I felt a little less critical. But when he began telling me about the personal-appearance tour that he recently spent a year in making, I couldn't resist asking him, a little maliciously, "How did you like going to Rotary Club luncheons and trying to make a hit with business men?"

"Great," he replied. "But——"

"Not so easy as making a hit with the women in the audience," I finished for him.

"You don't think *that's* easy, do you? If there's any one who thinks it is, I wish he'd show me. I've worked hard to entertain audiences—men or women, it doesn't matter. You have to make them laugh, and if that's easy why does a great comedian like Jolson pay two hundred dollars for a joke? I tried to put something for every taste into my act——"

"With no view to showing your versatility, I suppose."



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston



The awful trick that Fate played on Lew Cody in bringing him success and then knocking him down with an advertising man's slogan hasn't ruffled his poise or ruined his sense of humor.

"I went out before a bored or hostile audience and told funny stories and cracked a few local jokes—there's always a new courthouse or something you can spring a gag about if you look around and find out what that particular town is interested in—and recited a poem of Robert W. Service's and gave a dramatic sketch——"

"And I suppose the orchestra played 'Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes' for your entrance, 'Hearts and Flowers' for the sobby part, and a few measures of the Pathétique Symphony when you finished."

Our conversation was growing spirited if not friendly.

"Well, suppose some of it *was* hokum," he said. "It isn't the easiest job in the world for an actor to go to a luncheon and a dinner party and give three or four performances a day besides. You can't expect much spontaneity when you're racking your brains every minute for new stuff and hoping that just once you'll have an audience that isn't prejudiced against you."

I was frankly skeptical about their being sufficiently interested to be prejudiced, so Mr. Cody told me a story of what happened out in Seattle. When he had finished his act he made a little speech in which he told the audience that he hoped that after having seen him in person they didn't think he was quite as bad as he had been painted in the old advertising that styled him a male vamp. Let

me digress for a moment to tell you that that male-vamp stuff was never Lew Cody's idea.

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The News Reel

Glimpses of popular players here and there in Hollywood.

By Agnes Smith

The Desert Despotism.

IT'S rather funny to see every company, director, actor, and actress trying to duplicate the popular success of "The Sheik." You know, the book was turned down by most scenario departments as "silly, trashy, and a foolish duplicate of other desert stories." Now the motto is, "take 'em to the desert and treat 'em rough."

Milton Sills and Wanda Hawley, while making "Burning Sands," went to Oxnord, where "The Sheik" was made, in search of the paprika. It was awfully cold all during their trip. And then what happened? When they reached the studio, it turned hot. In her little desert tent, surrounded by flaming lights, Wanda Hawley was seen eating an ice-cream pie.

Traveling Stars.

Jackie Coogan has postponed his trip to Europe. It is getting to be so commonplace to go abroad that many screen stars have decided to stay at home and work. But I'll bet that when Jackie does go he'll write a book, thus putting himself in a class with Claire Sheridan, Margot Asquith, and Charlie Chaplin. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are said to be already at work on a book about their travels.

Speaking of Jackie Coogan and infant prodigies, Teddy, the second Great Dane—Hamlet was the first—takes part in "Manslaughter," the Cecil B. De Mille production.

Out at the Zoo.

Here are some animal stories that should be reserved for Emma-Lindsay Squier:

At the Ince studio they are making a circus story called "Some One to Love." The production staff has been busy collecting the animals for the zoo. As the animals are obliged to play with the actors, they must be trained. (I mean, of course, the animals.) But one day a bear got loose, and the players did some plain and fancy tree climbing.

Clark Thomas, the studio manager, counted ten, controlled his temper, and sent for the casting director for animals.

"Where did you get that bear?" he exclaimed.

The assistant was in a panic. "It's a good bear. Here is its record and some fine stills of him. I investigated him before I hired him."

"But he's out there threatening to tear up our best cast."

The assistant stuck to his story. "Must be something wrong. He eats out of your hand."

"He bites off your hand!" shouted Mr. Thomas.

"Now run out and get a lot of animal trainers and another bear before we lose our picture."

As a fighter, a lion is a failure. In those comedies that make a specialty of wild-animal stunts, the poor directors have a hard time getting the lions to perform.

In one scene it was imperative that the lion chase a girl around the set. The girl was willing, but the lion wasn't. He was sleepy. So the director gave the girl a slice of raw meat, hoping to arouse the lion's interest in art. Unfortunately, the girl could run faster than the lion. The lion would start bravely to catch the meat, but then, when the girl would outdistance him, he'd just naturally lose heart, roll over, and fall asleep.

Reminiscences.

Ethel Sands, when she was entertained by Olive Golden, who is Mrs. Harry Carey, remembered that her hostess played with Mary Pickford in the original production of "Tess of the Storm Country." She took the part of the unfortunate girl, and she gave a beautiful performance. Speak up, boys and girls, how many of you know the original casts of these popular revivals? Also do you remember when Owen Moore played opposite Mary Pickford in the story of *Nell Gwynne*?

Whitewash.

Paul Bern, Goldwyn's editor, gave a birthday party for Estelle Taylor. Charlie Chaplin and Norma Talmadge were present, so what more could you ask? The guests received pretty favors and dinner cards. Miss Taylor was "mentioned," as the newspapers say, in Seena Owen's divorce suit against George Walsh. George has gone East to appear in vaudeville. Film folk have voted Miss Taylor entirely innocent. She may appear in some Goldwyn pictures.

Married Life Among the Ingénues.

These ingénues who appear so girlish always have a husband hanging about somewhere. First Miss Dupont—née Margaret Armstrong—figured in a domestic disagreement, and now Gladys Walton, whose married name is Liddell, sues her husband for nonsupport. Incidentally, the Miss Dupont with the silly name is really Mrs. Patsy Hannan. And, speaking of all these goings-on, reminds me that Eric von Stroheim, the model husband and villain, has written several stories for Mary Philbin.

Movies Cheer Yale.

Metro is signing 'em up while they are young. John Harron will be seen with Viola Dana in "Page Tim O'Brien," and so will Cullen Landis. Malcolm Mac-

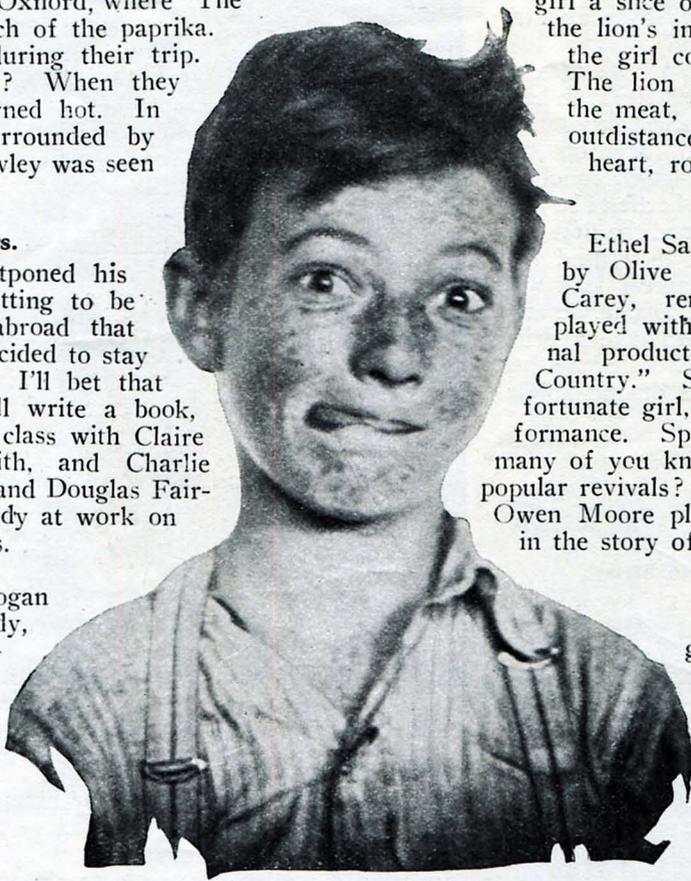


Photo by Lumiere

Wesley Barry has progressed "From Rags to Riches," but he prefers the rags.

Gregor, who plays a prominent rôle in Goldwyn's production, "Broken Chains," will also go to Metro. MacGregor made a hit in "The Prisoner of Zenda." He is a Yale athlete, and Rex Ingram met him when they both held down the fence in New Haven. It's great to be a Yale athlete because even if you can't beat Harvard or Princeton, you can always get a job in the movies. Consider the case of Lefty Flynn!

Some One to Hate.

Do you remember the big brute in "Tol'able David?" His name, in case you have forgotten it, is Ernest Torrence, and he will continue his brutal way in "Broken Chains."

Mentioning Helen Ferguson.

Helen Ferguson has turned newspaper woman, and she likes it fine, because, as some one has said, "One meets so many interesting people."

However, Helen refuses to print my name in her "Diary of a Movie Girl" unless I give her some publicity. Very well, then.

Helen bobbed my hair with the Goldwyn publicity shears. That is to say, she bobbed one side. Then she was called back on the set, leaving Edie, the wardrobe mistress, and Jim, the barber, to complete the job.

Do you call that good publicity, Helen?

The Season's Disappointments.

Norma Talmadge did not play in "The Sheik."

Will Rogers didn't play "Rip Van Winkle."

Harold Lloyd is not going to act in "Clarence."

It took one million dollars for Eric von Stroheim to make a picture like "Foolish Wives."

"Pay Day."

Good News for "Main Street."

Agnes Johnson Dazey and her husband, Frank Dazey, are going to adapt "Main Street" for the screen. You will be glad about the news when you learn that Agnes Christine Johnson, who is the lady above mentioned, prepared "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave" for the celebrated silver sheet.

What Every Fan Should Know.

James Young is filming "Omar the Tentmaker."

Rex Ingram's next will be "Toilers of the Sea." It may be made in the East.

The new Agnes Ayres picture is called "Borderland."

Ben Turpin and Phyllis Haver have returned to the studio after a vaudeville tour. Phyllis will plunge into drama as Polly in "The Christian," but Ben thinks he'll stick to comedy.

Tom Forman, director of Katherine MacDonald's film, "White Shoulders," is also the juvenile. Remember when Tom used to act? Bryant Washburn and Nigel Barrie are also in the cast. Lois Zellner wrote the story.

June Mathis says her mother has heard so much about art that she now refers to movies as "photodramas."

Wallace Reid is starring with Lila Lee in "The Ghost Breaker."

In the novel, "Manslaughter," the heroine has two dogs. In the De Mille version they are Bengal tigers.

Fashion Note.

Some weeks ago Gloria Swanson returned from Europe with those sensational Paris clothes. Her next picture will be "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew."

William Fox probably will revive his production of "Salome" with Theda Bara about the time the Nazi-movva picture is released. So there will be two "Salomes" before the public. Take your choice. Sight unseen, I have made my selection. Need I tell you?

William H. Crane won't play in "The Old Homestead," after all. But I can't complain because Theodore Roberts, George Fawcett, and T. Roy Barnes are in the cast.

Two of Booth Tarkington's stories are being made into pictures. Hobart Henley—whom Lucille Ricksen tells me is the handsomest director in the pictures, and she ought to know—is directing "The Flirt," with Eileen Percy in the title rôle and with Helen Jerome Eddy an important member of the cast. Wallace Reid, May MacAvoy, and Agnes Ayres will be seen in "Clarence."

Harold Lloyd once told me that he would like to play "Clarence" on the screen. Since then I have never been able to see any one else in the role. However, what's the use of panning a picture before it's completed?

Lucille Ricksen shocked and surprised the teachers of her school by appearing one morning with a copy of "The Sheik." When she came home for luncheon, her mother grabbed the book, opened it at the page marked by Lucille and gave a sigh of relief. Lucille had not yet reached page fifty-seven.

Cheerful Gloom.

On picking up the Eastern newspapers, I find that hard-hearted theatrical managers are capitalizing Hollywood's little scandal season by presenting revues like the "Hollywood Follies" and by advertising "The Original Hollywood Bathing Girls" as a cabaret attraction. The only thing for Hollywood to do is to stage a musical comedy and call it the "Sins of Decatur, Illinois," and to start a tea room and advertise the waitresses as the "Original Newport Divorcees." With the

nine-o'clock town threatening to become an eight-o'clock town, it must give the motion-picture people some satisfaction to know that the reputation of Hollywood shines out like a naughty deed in a good world.

For Hollywood is enjoying its usual slump. There is always a slump going on somewhere, and each one is greeted with great enthusiasm. Every time a studio closes or cuts production, it adds something to the dinner-table conversation. Reopenings are looked upon with suspicion. If you point to the fact that two directors are at work on the Goldwyn lot, which has been deserted all winter, the slump booster will counter with the information that Thomas H. Ince has closed his

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The luxurious appointments of the Lasky studio were never properly appreciated by Jacqueline Logan until she returned from working in "Burning Sands."

Their Real

You might anticipate a scandal

By Edwin



If the kennels for Theodore Roberts' wire-haired terriers aren't just right, it isn't his fault.

YOU'VE heard something, no doubt, about people leading double lives in Hollywood. I have, I know, from time to time. But I never found out until lately just exactly what this means.

It was one day when I was making a tour of the studios, per hired taxi. I was exchanging chat with the driver as we went, and, as taxi pilots occasionally will, he was confiding to me some personal reminiscences.

Suddenly he said: "You know I used to be in the picture game myself."

"Oh, yes?" I answered, mildly anticipating his telling me of locations he had been on. "Have you driven many stars?"

William V. Mong raises prize-winning hogs as a sideline.



Photo by Black D. Photo Service

Jack Donovan is a builder of bungalows when he is not busy playing.

"I wasn't driving then. I was directing."

At the word directing I looked at him in astonishment. He was a trim sort of man with a small mustache, rather neatly dressed—and not at all the usual type of taxi driver.

"I had to quit," he volunteered. "Money ran out."

My curiosity now thoroughly aroused, I questioned him about it.

He told me, with some reluctance, that following an apprenticeship as technical assistant and gag man, he had made one-reel comedies during the flush picture times, and that later he had gone to San Diego with a wild-cat concern to film a feature.

"Then the slump came along," he said, "when we were about halfway through. We tried to cut the picture to make something out of it, but it wouldn't work. After that I couldn't get a job in motion pictures, so I took up taxi driving for a meal ticket.

"But," he concluded, his eyes narrowing, "I'm going back into pictures again some day."

I meditated a moment. The incident was peculiar. It struck me forcibly because taxi driving seemed so far removed from picture making. I felt, knowing as I did that the bonanza days of film making were over, that this incident might be the key to many other similar instances.

When I investigated I found the result was not exactly what I had anticipated. Some players and directors there were who had decided to pursue other lines during the period of depression. But the majority had stuck to their profession, and were finding their faith somewhat rewarded by a more optimistic outlook.

What I did discover was that a great number of cinema people of prominence have developed remunerative side lines. By this I mean that they invest their money to advantage or put it away safely. Some actually conduct some business or profession during their spare time which brings them a return. Nearly all have their "keepsakes" and their "nest eggs" hidden away for the rainy day, and though many have had to draw heavily on resources for recent productions, they have shrewdly kept certain assets intact.

Even D. W. Griffith who has sunk huge sums of money in some of his spectacles has always held on to some ranch land near Los Angeles. It may be worth a lot of money some

Double Lives

ous story from this title, but—

Schallert

day, and meanwhile, it yields a return principally from oranges.

Others, like Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Nazimova, and Douglas Fairbanks have steadily put away money in sound securities and property. Sometimes, they've used these as collateral to tide them over a big feature or so, but in general they've always left a little surplus to the good, which has in time mounted up into a much larger surplus.

Chaplin, it is known, has grown rich in this manner. What is more he has had luck in real-estate investments. The piece of property on which his studio stands he purchased for forty-three thousand dollars, and it is reputedly five times that value now. Ruth Roland, the serial star, is noted for her success in property interests, and herself has given close attention to investments.

Mary Pickford's mother has long looked after Mary's business affairs, with the aid of counselors and advisers, both in New York and Los Angeles. Mary herself pays close attention to her investments, for she is given to practical thoughts, as well as artistic.

Douglas Fairbanks lets his brother John take care of his business interests. "My object in life is to make features," Doug told me once. "I haven't time to dabble in other enterprises. Most of my money goes right back into my new productions."

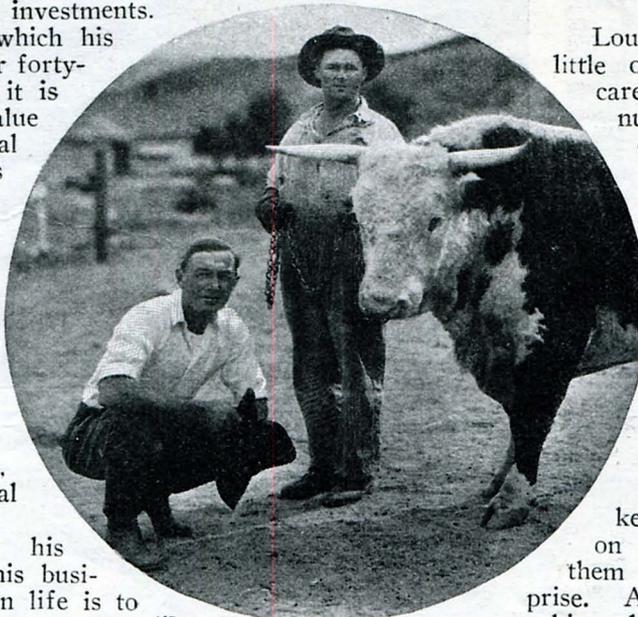
You never can tell, though, when and how the bug of enterprise and speculation is going to sting the picture player. Take those adventurous spirits, the comedians. They laugh at danger. They're used to dealing with perilous situations in the slapstick, and a long chance occasionally in investing worries them but little.

Mack Sennett, the comedy producer, has taken various and sundry leaps into gold mining and oil. "Every time a new oil well is discovered any place, all the land agents in the country come to visit me," I heard him declare one time. "Once in a while I take a chance. Then I swear 'never again.' I've got a number of certificates and deeds as souvenirs."

While he may laugh at the long chances he takes, Mr. Sennett has more than once registered sincere joy over hitting it right.



Photo by Black D. Photo Service Majel Coleman hopes to profit by raising police dogs.



Harry Carey's ranch interests are highly profitable.

Louise Fazenda used to dabble a little on the Change. She's pretty careful, though, and has made a number of choice buys in real estate and solid stuff, that will insure her an income. Her latest activity has been to start putting up apartment buildings on some of her city lots.

Ben Turpin, of course, as you might anticipate, does not run true to form. Ben banks his money in the good old-fashioned way. For he wants to see what he is doing.

Harold Lloyd sticks to a safe road and buys securities.

Western heroes are great for keeping in the right atmosphere on all occasions. Nearly all of them have ranching as a side enterprise. And if they don't actually go a-ranching, they at least own a country estate which passes for a farm.

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Photo by Black D. Photo Service

Eugenie Besserer, at the right, teaches fencing when she is not at work in pictures.

The Indiscretions of a Star

A fascinating and colorful story of the real life of a motion-picture star.

As Told to Inez Klumph

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION.

Barry Stevens would be the same as dozens of other attractive but unextraordinary motion-picture actors but for one thing—he has a quixotic soul, which is forever getting him into the most amazing situations. Barry can never resist an appeal for help from a pretty woman, and he seems fated always to be the means of gaining fame or renown for some one at the expense of his own reputation. Barry always swears off helping people, but in almost the very next breath he is pledging his aid to a new damsel in distress. You have read in the preceding chapters of his adventures with various feminine lights of the movie world, and last month you read how, while in a little town on location, apparently far from his old friend Trouble, Barry came upon Suzanne Nevin, a poor but ambitious stage player in a stock company trying to persuade the station agent to lend her his overalls for a part she had to play.

CHAPTER XIX.

I WAS just trying my hand on the baggage man,' Suzanne told me."

Barry went on. "If I could make him lend me his overalls, I was going to speak to an usher in the church I go to here, and see if he'd let me take his frock coat. He only needs it Sundays, probably, and I don't play then, so if he—"

"Ye gods, you can't go around a town this size borrowing men's clothes,' I told her. 'New York would be bad enough, but in a little town—'

"I can do anything when I'm almost starving,' she answered, and then I noticed how terribly pinched and wan she was. She looked like a freshly hatched sparrow that had fallen out of the home nest.

"Come on over here and have lunch with me,' I urged her, starting across the street. 'That looks like a good restaurant.'

"But she pulled back, hungry though she obviously was.

"I can't go there,' she explained at last. 'I borrowed a sports dress of the head waitress—I'm wearing it this week—and last night the leading man spilled ginger ale on it, and she was in the audience and saw him. Way up on the stage I could hear her say "Great Scott, would you look at that!" I wonder that she didn't come right up and snatch it off and run for the cleaner's. And—well, I'd rather not see her just yet, not till I've tried to wash it.'

"All right—we'll go somewhere else,' I told her, and headed for the hotel. But just as we started the baggage master hailed us.

"If the young lady wants these yet she c'n have 'em,' he told me, looking down at his overalls. 'Just tell her to give me time to go home and get my other pair. If she'll tell me her name, and let me bring 'em to the stage door—'



"I felt a sharp pain in my leg and whirled to find the baggage

"Sure I will,' she cut in, running back to him. 'My name's Suzanne Nevin; what's yours?"

"Henry—Henry Plimpton,' he told her, beaming.

"All right, Henry—come over to the theater at seven c'clock, and I'll be there,' she said, and we went off to luncheon.

"She was a plucky little thing; she'd tried her best to get into the movies, but couldn't even get a start, so she'd somehow managed to get on the stage. She'd begun as just part of a mob, but somehow she'd yanked herself up to a place where she had small parts. Then she'd got this chance to play ingénue in a little stock company, for the summer, and taken it.

"She was all grit. I went to see her play that night, and my heart went out to her. She was fighting against such big odds. She didn't know how to act, you see, didn't know what to do with herself. Sometimes she just blundered onto the right gesture or intonation; sometimes she imitated actresses she'd seen. She was a good mimic. But her pluck and eagerness and that gamin quality in her carried her through.

"How'd you like to go into the movies now?" I asked her, the next time she had luncheon with me.

"Fine, when my contract here runs out,' she told me. 'This is awfully hard work, but I'm learning all the time. Don't you think I've improved?"

"I'd been going to see her play pretty regularly, you see; we were doing some location stuff, and had to stay on there in the town, and anything was a relief.



master raving and commanding me to marry Suzanne on the spot."

"Well, I hadn't seen much improvement, but of course I told her I had, and we arranged that she was to come out to the Coast when her engagement in stock was up, and I'd help her to get something to do."

"Barry Stevens," I began severely, "does your whole life consist of helping some pretty girl and then getting into trouble over it? Can't you ever help deserving young men instead?"

"Lord—the times I've helped men I've got in worse than ever," he exclaimed, shutting off his engine so that we could coast down an enticing hill. "Fate's made a shining mark of me from the very beginning—but I'm still going! And, anyway, Suzanne wasn't pretty—she was just cute."

"All right—have it your own way. What happened—did you lend her your clothes and have it get into the papers?"

"Not exactly—I lent her my reputation," he answered, with that likable grin of his. "You see, we used to have supper after the show pretty regularly, after we got acquainted. She'd have just time for a bite to eat before she had to rush back and rehearse—they'd rehearse every night after the regular show for the one they were going to put on the next week. And people saw us, and began to talk—and finally she came to me about it."

"They're gossiping about us—do you care?" she asked me.

"Not a whoop; do you?" I answered.

"Me—I like it! Why, don't you see that having supper with you makes people think I really amount to something?" she demanded. "Only yesterday I heard two of the young men here in town talking about what they'd do that night, and one of them said, 'Let's go to the Orpheum and see this Nevin girl; they say Barry Stevens is crazy about her, and if a man like him can see anything interesting in her, she must be worth while.'"

"I nearly keeled over at that, but she was perfectly serious about it."

"If you don't mind, really, it'll help me a lot, to be talked about with you," she said. Somehow, I was reminded of the day I heard her trying to persuade the baggage master to lend her his overalls. "I don't believe it would do you any harm."

"Oh, I'm too far gone for anything to hurt me," I assured her. Of course, that was a joke to me—knowing all too well that my reputation for depravity was based on thin air. But she didn't understand that, apparently.

"So we began going out more than ever—which wasn't much, because she didn't have much time. She had to make her costumes, you see, and rehearse a part, and learn another, while she was playing still another. How these people live through stock engagements I don't see! But I always saw her at least twice a day—my own work took some time, naturally, but it didn't interfere much. As a rule she ate all her meals with me. She'd protested, along at the beginning, but I told her that when I was making so much more money than I needed, and she was making so much less than she abso-

lutely had to have, it would be silly for her not to let me buy her meals—especially when they were so cheap. Quite characteristically, she said that was all right, then, since I felt that way about it.

"And so things went along, just amusing me, till something happened."

"She fell in love with you?" I asked.

"No—Henry fell in love with her," he answered, rather grimly.

CHAPTER XX.

"Henry—the baggage master?" I repeated incredulously. "Why—"

"That same Henry," declared Barry Stevens, chuckling. "You see, after he lent her the overalls he never broke away. He went to the theater every night of the week she wore them—sat in the front row and applauded like mad. For weeks after that he used to hang around the stage door, begging her to let him lend her something else—he couldn't seem to understand that she didn't pick her parts herself."

"I've got a brand-new shirt, miss," he'd say. "Don't you want to borrow it for the show?" Or, "Miss Nevin, I got a green hat from the mail-order house yesterday—can't I lend it to you?"

"Suzanne was awfully nice about refusing, and tried to explain why she no longer needed his clothes, but even so he'd hang around; we'd often see him nights when we were going out to supper after the play."

"We used to eat in all sorts of places during the day, but at night Suzanne's favorite eating place was the all-night lunch cart down near the railway station. She liked to climb up on the high stools at the counter, and have Hamburg sandwiches and coffee and pie, and joke with the young chap who ran the place at night.

"One night she only had a little while in which to eat, and we raced down there for a sandwich and then hurried back again. It had been raining all evening, but had just cleared; the air was cool and damp, but fresh and rather invigorating, and she was in wonderful spirits.

"Let's run," she suggested, as we tumbled down the crazy little steps that led from the cart and started home. And she snatched hold of my hand and we ran for blocks, past the nice, comfortable houses where the community was sleeping.

"When we got back to the theater, we found that Suzanne wouldn't be needed for half an hour or so, so we went over to the little public square and sat down on a bench. I rather hoped that she'd tell me something about herself; people are likely to burst into confidences at that hour of the night, you know, and she'd told me just enough about herself to interest me.

"But Suzanne, as usual, was bent on success in her work and on nothing else.

"I know I'm doing something wrong in that scene I have with Billy," she told me. Billy was the juvenile lead. "It's the one where he begs me to elope with him, and I refuse for a long time, and finally he pulls a lot of cave-man stuff—grabs me by the shoulders and shakes me, and all that. Couldn't we run through it now?—it's so quiet out here—and maybe you could suggest something that would help."

"I was perfectly willing, of course, so we began. I didn't know the lines, of course, but I'd watched them rehearsing the night before, and knew the general drift of the scene. So we ran through it once, and I thought of a change or two that she could make, and we began again. Only that time she took the man's part, and I took the woman's, so that I could show her more clearly what I meant.

"That was where Henry came in. We'd reached the place where she was saying, 'See here, you can't treat me like that; I've got some rights, and now I'm going to have them. Either you go with me to-night or I'll—'"

"And right there Henry appeared, I suppose," I cut in.

"Right there he did," laughed Barry Stevens. "Just as she said 'I'll,' I felt a sharp, shooting pain in the calf of my leg. I whirled around, just as Suzanne screamed—and there was Henry, the brave baggage master, brandishing an army revolver.

"My leg sort of crumpled under me, and I grabbed hold of the bench and slumped down on it. Suzanne had hurled herself upon Henry, but he made no effort to shoot again. He took to words.

"He told me I was a dirty dog; that he'd heard the scandal that was going around about me and Suzanne, and that I'd got to marry her if she wanted me to; that he'd see to it that I did, even though he was in love with her himself, and a lot more of that sort of thing. He just stood there and raved, while Suzanne wailed, and I prayed that the whole town wouldn't arrive be-

fore I could get over to the hotel and have my leg patched up. I felt pretty sure that it was just a flesh wound, but it was a darned nuisance, anyway, and I wanted to have it taken care of.

"I don't want him to marry me, you idiot," Suzanne cried. "We were just rehearsing—haven't you any sense at all? Come on and help me get him home—and for Heaven's sake throw that gun away."

"Henry was all for being heroic at first—wanted to go on shooting and declaiming, and march us off to a minister's, but she finally persuaded him to come down to earth, and together they helped me to the hotel, and I got up to my room and had my leg fixed."

"And the next day?" I asked, as we swung into the road that led to a favorite tea house of mine.

"The next day the newspapers got hold of the story," he answered, "and Suzanne took hold of the lever with which she pried her way into the movies and became a star."

CHAPTER XXI.

As Barry Stevens and I entered the tea house, I noticed that two girls at one side of the huge room stared at him intently, and then began to whisper eagerly together. They were charming-looking girls; doubtless the pretty little sedan I had noticed standing outside belonged to them. And quite obviously they had recognized Barry, and were speculating as to my identity.

He grinned when I called his attention to them.

"They're probably considering coming over and asking for an autographed picture," he said, "or else one of them has written a scenario, or her friends have told her that she really ought to go into pictures, or something like that. Some day I'm going to try again doing what I did not long ago—changing my name and character, as much as possible, and pretending I'm somebody else, who can't do anything for any one, and see how it works. Well, now for the rest of the story about Suzanne:

"As I told you, the reporters got the story the next day. The local correspondent of a city newspaper wired it in, and the first thing I knew, a flock of reporters appeared in my room.

"One of them had a copy of his paper—it had scooped the others on the story, and carried a grand line—all about how I had come to the quiet little hamlet where a young girl was struggling hard to earn a living and had come between her and her honest country lover—just pause and recall the first time Suzanne and Henry met, please, when I stepped between him and disgrace, so to speak! There was a lot more of that sort of thing, and pictures of me plastered all over the sheet.

"The newspaper men were good scouts, and I explained the thing to them as it really was—not in detail, of course, and not telling the whole truth, but just enough of it to clear me up, as I thought. Then, as I couldn't work any more till my leg healed, I got out of town; went off to a little shack I have in the country, and swore I'd never look at a woman again.

"Suzanne had told me good-by in a matter-of-fact way, and reminded me of my promise to get her into pictures when her engagement with the stock company expired.

"Do you think that would be wise, after all this has happened?" I asked her.

Continued on page 92

The Pinch of Poverty

Perhaps it was just a petty economy on your part when you stopped going to the movies so often a year or so ago. But that petty economy of yours when multiplied by millions—meant such a tremendous loss of revenue to the motion-picture producers that ruin stared them in the face.

BUT THEIR MISFORTUNE WAS YOUR GOOD FORTUNE.

Pictures have become better, and you fans are responsible for it. Your influence and the way that it has worked is an amazing story. Helen Christine Bennett will tell it in the next number of Picture-Play.

Raising a Brain Child



If you think that the days of adventure and daring are over, read this story of how two young men, an author—on the left—and a studio manager—on the right—made and marketed a picture which, though not a great success as great pictures go, repaid them for their efforts and made them producers.



By Gerald C. Duffy

RAISING a brain child is a task attended by more crushing responsibilities, more personal inconveniences, more financial fatigue than the nurturing of an infant of the flesh. The mere conception of an idea is an accomplishment reflecting no credit upon the parent. It is usually an accident. But to foster a child of the imagination through all the perils of its infancy, to bring it up so that in due time it shall go out into the world and be a credit to its father, this is an achievement exhausting and exasperating.

Until a year ago I had always evaded the more harassing parental duties. I brought my ideas into the world and turned them over to the care of the doctors—who in the picture world are called directors—and I never saw them again until they were fully developed, and I happened to meet them some night when I went to the theater. Seldom did they satisfy me, but I felt no shame; always I blamed environment, not heredity, for their failures or their partial failures. But when a certain pet brain child was born one day I decided to undertake the raising of it myself. So now, with experience to underline my words, I can tell you what some of us must suffer so that you may enjoy yourselves for two hours every evening or so.

Children of the imagination, like other children, have all the molesting habits and

all the dis-eases rampant. A brain child, from the moment it is born, will keep you awake o' nights. You walk the floor with it, you sit up with it, you put it brutally aside, but you cannot sleep. You show it to others who know nothing of how to handle it. They play with it and maul it,

and it is returned to you beaten and mangled almost beyond recognition. You must nurse it back to health, and the malefactor who mistreated it must be reprimanded and kept away from it in the future. As it grows older it becomes tiresome; it gets on your nerves, yet your interest must not lag. In time, as it meets with outside influences, it acquires bad stories, it steals things from other brain children, it threatens to lose its individuality, and, finally, it grows whiskers. A careless barber, who is rightfully called a cutter, shaves it, and slashes its pleasing features. You must patch it up and continue to nurse it until the day you shall send it forth to bring you perhaps renown, perhaps disgrace.

You who walk leisurely around the corner once or twice a week, look at a picture—some one's brain child—and walk leisurely home to blandly criticize it and then forget it, you have not the faintest conception of what some one has gone through to give you that entertainment. Perhaps you will see the infant of fancy which I nursed; perhaps you have already seen it. It should be interesting for you to follow its growth, so I shall take you into the chaos of the nursery.

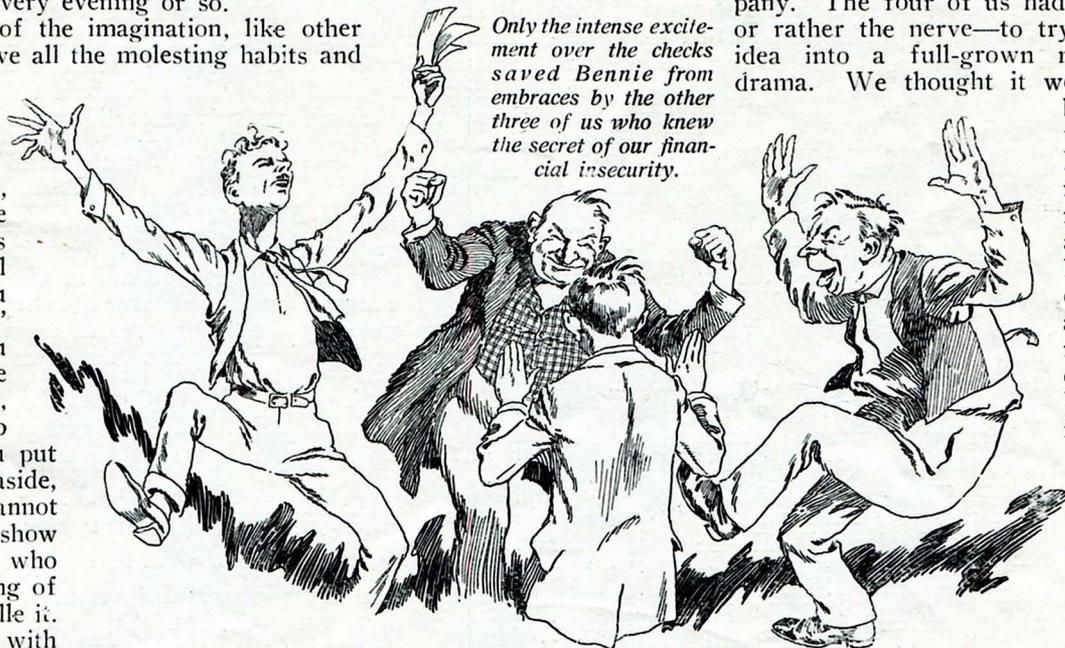
I had the name for my child before I had the child. It was to be called "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" As children are often named after saints, probably in the hope that they will themselves become saints, my child was named after a hymn in the hope that it would become as well liked and do as much good as the hymn.

I was not the one who selected the name; it was chosen by a doctor—or director—James Patrick Hogan, who has saved several sickly brain children and who has killed none. So the idea was born and christened. Its godfather was Bennie Zeidman, then manager for Mary Pickford; and another sponsor was Bernard Fineman, vice president of the Katherine MacDonald company.

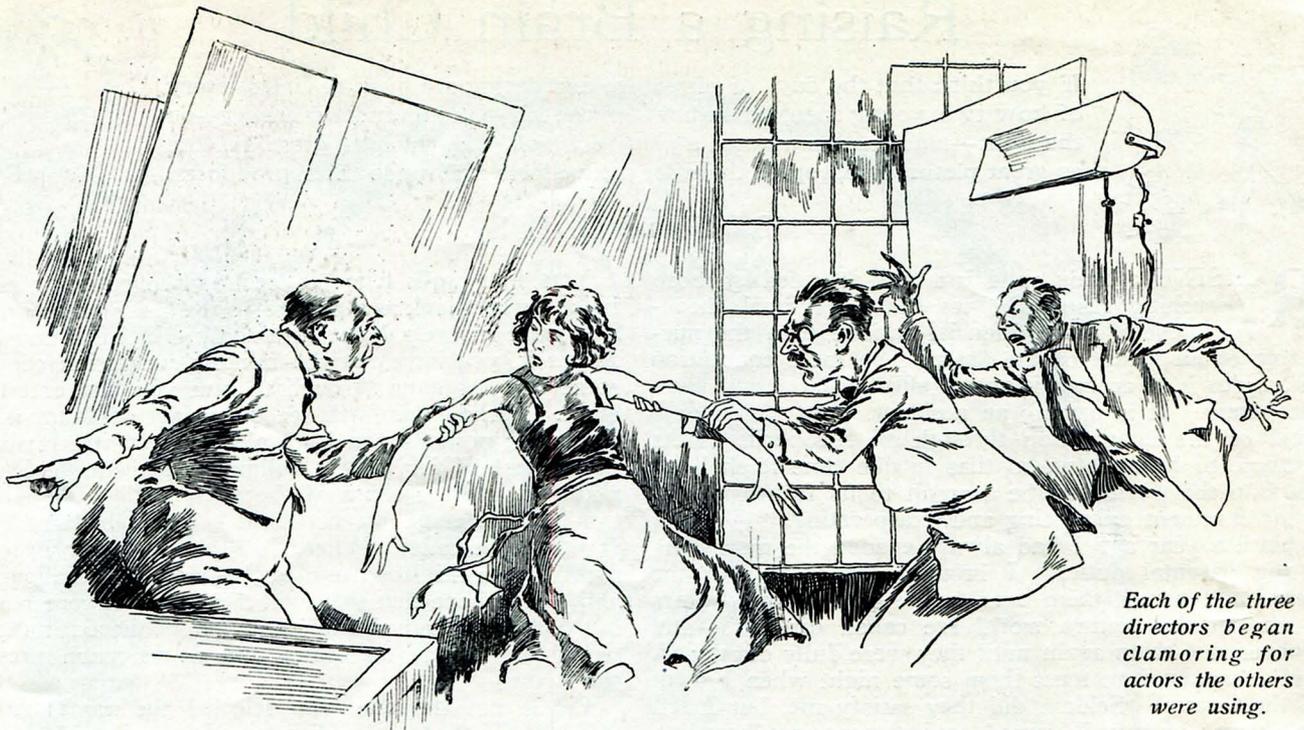
The four of us had the notion—or rather the nerve—to try to raise the idea into a full-grown motion-picture drama. We thought it would be easy,

but before we were through Bennie Zeidman and Bernie Fineman and myself had to resign our other jobs and attend to nothing but our unruly Wandering Boy. Hogan had sufficient sense not to attempt anything else from the start.

With a ridiculously optimistic spirit, we rushed recklessly into the enterprise of making our own productions. It seemed as if nothing could stop us from producing the greatest picture of all time, the biggest show on earth, the stupendous drama of the ages, and all that nonsense. We had my story, which I insisted and the others admitted was a heart wrencher; we had Bernie's studio; we had Bennie, unquestionably one of the best studio managers; we had Jim, an excellent director. We seemed to have everything we needed. Wouldn't you think so, too? But we did not have everything we needed. One of the essentials we had carelessly overlooked was money. We had to have money. It was a dismaying but inescapable truth.



Only the intense excitement over the checks saved Bennie from embraces by the other three of us who knew the secret of our financial insecurity.



Each of the three directors began clamoring for actors the others were using.

Our composite wealth reached minutely over four thousand dollars. But four thousand dollars to us, who were all so young that we had but recently ceased complaining of growing-pains, seemed a bulbous fortune. Certainly it was a better start than the shoestring with which so many millionaire producers first tied their wagons to a star. Dauntlessly, enthusiastically, we plunged.

The cyclone velocity of our start left us breathless. Within eight days the three stages were cluttered with sets completely built and "dressed;" we had engaged a cast of excellent and expensive players, headed by Cullen Landis; we had installed a staff of assistants, camera men, carpenters, accountants and architects, and my brain child was beginning to grow.

At this juncture some one was visited by the original thought that if one director can make a picture in six weeks two directors could make it in three weeks. And, carrying this plan further, three directors should be able to make it in no time at all. So we added two men to work with Jim Hogan, but with confusing results. We had not enough actors to go around, and each of the three directors began clamoring for players the other directors were using. We disposed of one of them, and managed to arrange the work of the remaining two—Hogan and Millard Webb—so that their scenes didn't conflict. From then on, for a full week, scenes were made and disposed of like policies in Russia.

Everything was serene and joyous. Success seemed to smile upon us. But happiness among the parents of ideas is short-lived. Ours lasted one week, and then we learned the horrible things that a man must suffer to gain success. There came the dull awakening, followed by a crash, and then collapse—and out of the chaos we had to build the future. Had any one of us known what awaited us he would never, never have entered the venture. Had I had the slightest warning I assure you that I should have slaughtered my brain child immediately it was born, torn it savagely apart, page from page, and thrown it in the bottom of a trunk.

The first blow was a cash casualty. Four thousand dollars is four thousand dollars; but it is *only* four thousand dollars. In less than two weeks it had lived its life; it had weakly expired. Our auditor told us

we had less than two hundred dollars left. We could not believe it. We checked up the books. We discovered that the auditor had not made a mistake. We did have less than two hundred dollars left. We were two hundred and seventeen dollars overdrawn. Besides this item of indebtedness there were a few enormous bills and another salary list coming due in seven days.

Something had to be done. Bennie did it. I didn't know what it was, but it was something. Sunday I spent in worrying and searching for Bennie, who had vanished. I wondered if he had left town, if he had deserted the picture, if he had committed suicide. At eight o'clock Monday morning I was at the studio. At eight-twenty Bennie came in with dragging steps, tired eyes and thirteen thousand dollars in checks!

Only the intense excitement over the checks saved him from embraces by the other three of us who knew the secret of our financial insecurity. As it was, we did a war dance for joy. Those checks served the double purpose of paying our bills and of lending dignity and importance to our production, for they were autographed by men prominent in finance and as shrewd as they were prominent. The willingness of such men to risk their money in our project made us feel that it was not a risk.

I promptly turned everything so convertible into cash and put it in the picture. I invested my money, my time and my Sunday clothes. Suddenly to my dismay and discomfort, I found that I was penniless—a self-ruined man. I had voluntarily stopped riding in automobiles and indulging in luxuries; now I was forced to stop other things, including eating three times a day. Heartlessly my landlord raised my rent. I didn't.

My comrades were comrades, even in misfortune. Still, though we suffered from pains in the stomach, we felt a certain self-importance, a certain spiritual satisfaction that fed the souls our ill-fed bodies contained. There was vanity mixed up in it. On the street we were stopped by ambitious actors and excitingly pretty girls who wondered if we couldn't give them parts. We were becoming producers! There was grandeur in the undertaking, and so brave was it that there would have been grandeur even in its failure.

Financial obstacles having been removed, at least temporarily, from the path of production, other things commenced to happen. You have no idea, and we had no idea, either, of all the misfortunes that can occur to a brain child in the course of its rearing.

One dismal morning, when twenty-five extras had been engaged, a telephone message curtly informed us that Cullen Landis' automobile had turned turtle and that Cullen had sustained three broken ribs. It looked as though our picture would turn turtle also, so far as speed in production was concerned. Cullen certainly did not suffer from that injury as much as we did. For three weeks we were without our leading character. It was an accident to the young star, but to us it was a catastrophe.

I happened to pass the laboratory where our film was being developed one morning, on my way to the studio, and I had a great laugh with the superintendent who told me that a camera man with some company had sent in after a day's work eight hundred feet of negative that had come out completely blank after having been developed. The man had forgotten to open his shutter, or had made some other technical photographic error which I don't understand. It was such a foolish mistake that it was funny for us, though we admitted that the camera man's employer would probably be frantic.

The camera man's employer *was* frantic. This I discovered the moment I arrived at the studio; for Bennie Zeidman rushed me into a corner of his office and told me in a woeful voice that eight hundred feet of film, taken the day before, had come out blank because the camera man had forgotten to open his shutter, or had made some other photographic error. That error cost us a day's work and the price of a host of extras and rented props, which, when figured in terms of money, meant that it cost us a heavy amount; exactly how much I dare not even now remember.

An endless number of just such maddening things happened continually during the entire filming of the picture. I shall not speak of them all, for they would become tiresome to you, and the mere recollection of them would be painful to me.

But somehow we staggered through production, and, though we did not lose a single day because of financial depression, at no time did we bulge with

wealth. After the timely thirteen thousand dollars had been brought in other thousands followed, all invested by men of standing and common sense and an astonishing amount of confidence. The reason our project seemed so alluring is simple and irresistible. People are all faddists on the subject of money, just as collectors of paintings and foreign postage stamps are faddists. A collector of bugs will devote and risk his life to get more bugs. A collector of money is even more of a fanatic. Not only will he risk his life, but he will risk what money he already has collected to get more money. And so finally the torture of production passed and the agony of editing commenced.

Before continuing I shall ask, in fairness to myself, one question. It is this: Would you seize a child from the arms of its father, step on its face, pull it out of shape, dissect it, and put it back with parts—vital parts—of its anatomy missing? If you answer that you would not I shall tell you definitely that you will never make a successful motion-picture producer.

My brain child endured all of these horrible cruelties. Before we were finished I became callous to the point of inflicting them myself. There were reasons.

We had started out determined to make the greatest picture ever made. With this invigorating resolve, I had written a ten-reel picture. When it was finished we discovered that the cutting room was clogged with film. If we used it all we would have a feature that would run continuously for a week. So practically every one with any authority at all went into the cutting room with scissors and no conscience. When the picture was down to thirty-one reels I looked at it. I was bewildered, dumfounded, furious. So this was my brain child! I protested to Bennie with violence and without discretion.

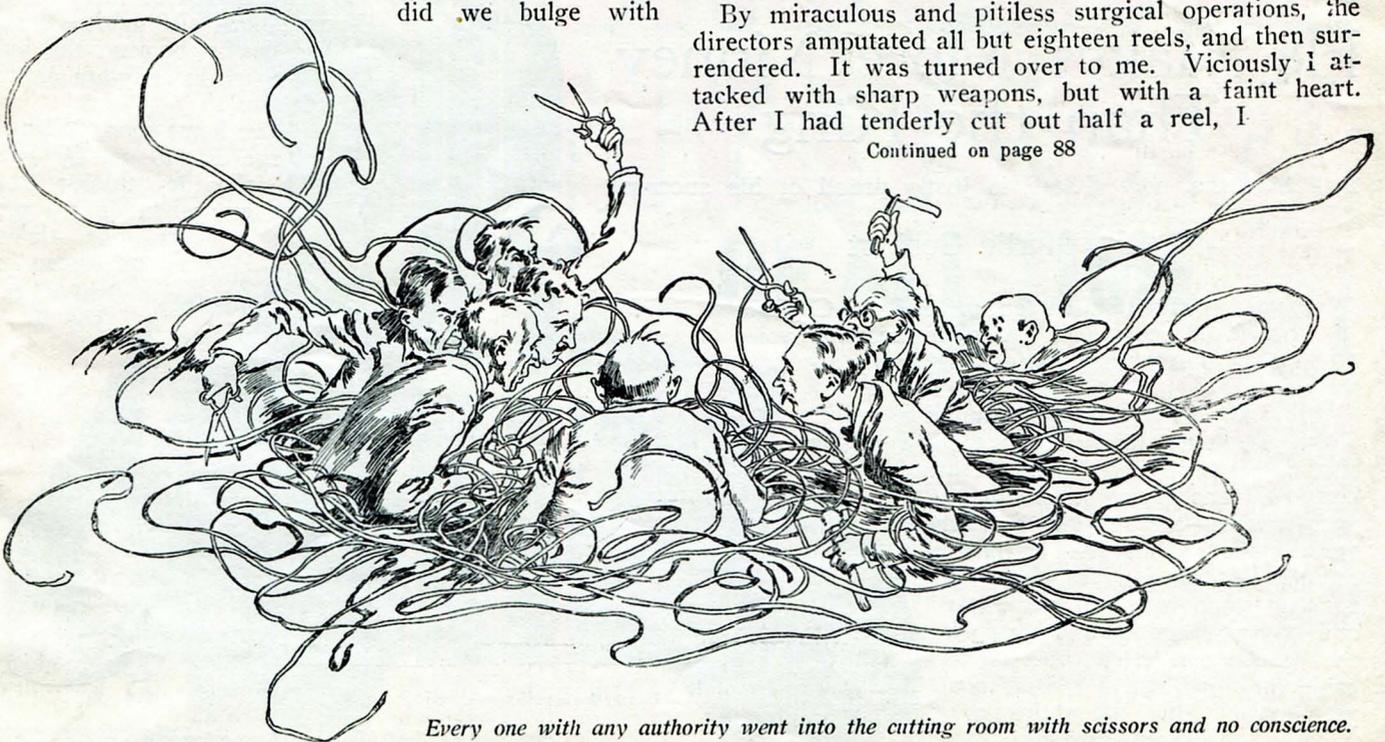
"Look here," I told him. "You've emasculated the thing. I won't stand for it. We started out to make this the biggest picture ever made."

"Well," he answered frigidly, "we sure did. It's a hundred and ten reels long."

It was. In that cutting room we had one hundred and ten thousand feet of film from which we had to excavate our story. I had written a ten-reel picture; we had made a hundred-and-ten-reel picture, and we could not market more than a seven-reel picture!

By miraculous and pitiless surgical operations, the directors amputated all but eighteen reels, and then surrendered. It was turned over to me. Viciously I attacked with sharp weapons, but with a faint heart. After I had tenderly cut out half a reel, I

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Every one with any authority went into the cutting room with scissors and no conscience.



Photo by Ries and Von Rossem Discussing his next story with Hunt Stromberg, his manager.

He Makes More Money Than the King

Bull Montana, now a star, is justly proud of his success.

By Myrtle Gebhart

I WAS on the Limited, en route from Chicago, a couple of years ago. A gruff, booming voice on the observation platform drew my attention.

"How dey make-a dose-a mountains, huh?"

Bull Montana, then not quite the celebrity that he is now since being starred in comedies, was gazing in wonder at the vast Sierras—and asking how they were made! Bull has learned a number of things since that day, for instance, how to be a movie star and save your money and have all the women run after you; but I can't find out whether Bull has yet learned how mountains are made. Whenever I mention the

subject, he shuffles his feet, grins, and leaves me flat. I can talk my head off on other matters and Bull listens attentively, injecting a "Sure!" in his rumbling bass; but mountains are taboo.

When his first starring comedy, "A Ladies' Man," was shown in Los Angeles, the theater was crowded with such personages as Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks, marking his debut with applause. And sixteen years ago he came to this country as an immigrant laborer! The blooming hero of to-day was, a decade ago, a quarry worker and a wrestler. There is in his rise to fame food for much thought. Native sons who are kicking about their own lack of opportunities might learn a lesson from this uneducated foreigner who, not even speaking our language for many years, has captured those elusive goddesses, fame and fortune. He tells it thus:

"I work in stone quarry. Then I go to factory. When the factory, she shut up, I go back to quarry. My boss he say, 'Bool, look-a who's got your job.' I look-a. By gol, a horse, she have my job!

"When I leave my Italy I work-a hard—you don't know-a work here, miss—in shoe factory. I make-a five-a cents week. Beeg mon', huh?" Bull's tiny black eyes gleamed at his own wit—he is never happier than when telling his own story to a willing audience. He is easy to interview—all you have to do is poke a question at him now and then when he shows signs of running down. Noticeable about him, too, is his ever-present candor and simplicity; he tells you all about his troublous days, for he is not ashamed of them; he is proud of his achievement. And happy because the old folks back in Italy are proud of him.

"I go home soon. What-a splurge I put on, by gol. Old folks, dey think-a I'm great guy when de see me in fine clo'es on screen in

Continued on page 88

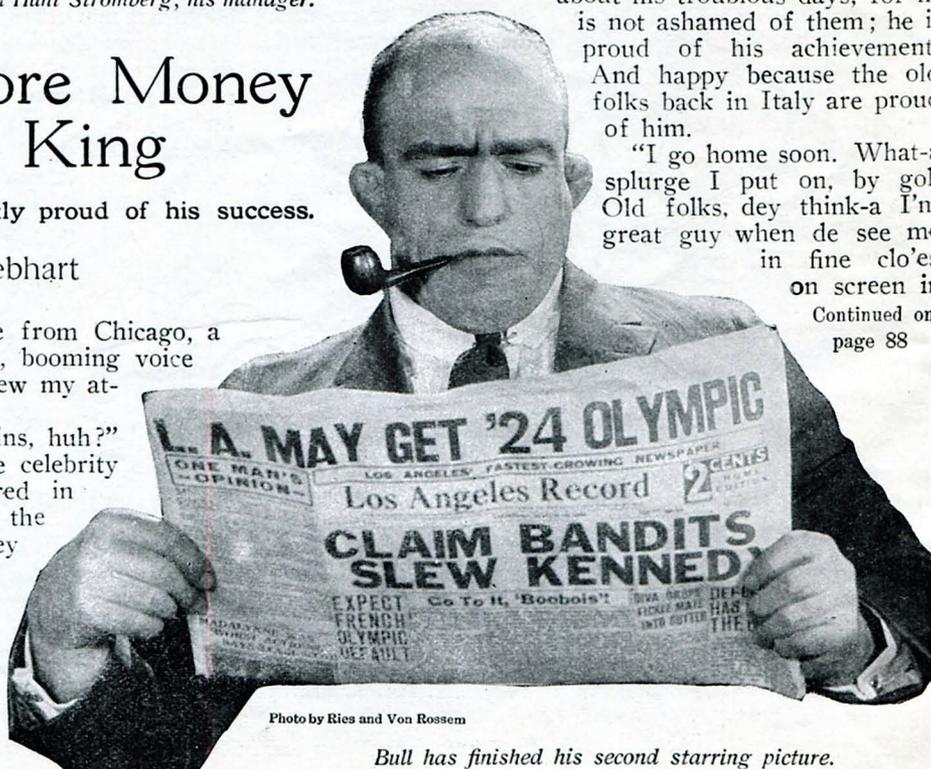


Photo by Ries and Von Rossem

Bull has finished his second starring picture.

The Screen in Review

Critical comment
on the latest re-
leases.

By
Alison Smith

Matt Moore, House Peters and Virginia Valli do a lot to make "The Storm" a fine picture. But nature does more, with a raging river, a mountain avalanche, a Northern blizzard, and a forest fire.



ONE of the best-known theatrical producers in New York said to me the other day, "The movies have taken the greatest liability of the stage and turned it into an asset."

He meant the old-fashioned, spectacular melodrama; the "Face to Face With Death" sort of thing where the heroine is saved from everything from a crocodile to a buzz saw. There has always been a demand for these melodramas and there always will be, says my authority. But, even at their best the stage was hardly equal to them. You can make a great noise with thunder machines and canvas waves, but after all they don't often fool an audience. Most of these stage "superproductions" were rather sad affairs until the movies arrived with nature herself as the scenic artist. Then, immediately, the demand was transferred from the stage to the screen, to the great relief of the stage property man who could go back now to designing beds for Al Woods farces.

So it happened that the most universal demand on the screen to-day is for the natural scenery melodrama. Every one enjoys it; even the brute who refuses to be thrilled by an ingénue's round, blue eyes, can be relied upon to fall for a flood or a forest fire. Of course all melodramas must have actors, so we get the round-eyed heroine and the dashing hero and the black-hearted villain thrown in for good measure. But, for many people in the audience, it is the scenery which is the real star, and the wild behavior of the elements which carries the big scene. Often the living actors are only incidental to their background. At least this is the way I felt about "The Storm," which is one of the most spectacular dramatizations of the weather produced this season.

When it appeared on Broadway as a stage play, the

interest was not concentrated on the scenery. They had, it is true the "storm" scene which was accomplished with much flapping of scenery and banging of weather machines back stage. But the real attraction of the entire production was the beautiful blond heroine, played by that excellent emotional actress, Helen MacKellar. You followed the plot with interest chiefly because you really cared whether or not she was saved from her many dangers.

The screen version is quite as interesting, but for different reasons. Here you are swept at once into a natural setting of fir trees and mountain passes, vast and beautiful enough to carry the picture alone. But there is the human element and a plot. A young French Canadian orphan, *Manette*, is suddenly parked in a cabin with two handsome young men—a woodsman and a city feller. I don't need to tell you sophisticated movie fans the result. In half a reel, the two young men are snarling at each other as if they had never come out into the wilds in a spirit of brotherly love. After various adventures—through which the girl is rescued from every variety of backwoods danger, the best man wins. "When you come back, bring a priest with you," says *Manette* coyly, and once more the forest frames the ever-lovin' close-up.

Virginia Valli plays this wild child of the North, and Matt Moore is the slick lad from New York, and House Peters is one of those stern, silent men who swallow twice before speaking. All three played their parts according to the best traditions of old-fashioned screen acting which is not, we may add, as close to realism as it might be. But you couldn't get closer to nature than the background, and, as we have said, in this film the scenery is the real thing. What with the forest fire, the mountain blizzard, the avalanche, and no end of



One of the features of "One Clear Call" is the ride by the Ku Klux Klan.

big winds, rapids, and cataracts, this film has an extra thrill every time the scene changes. They simply packed the big Capitol Theater to see it, and I predict that a good many other theaters will be packed where it is shown.

"Nanook of the North."

Here is another Far North melodrama, but this time it is all truth and no fiction. And I may add that this scenic has more drama in it to the square inch than any fiction plot ever filmed, even though there's no love story woven into it—no final close-up clinch. It is merely a record of twenty-four hours in the life of an Eskimo, a genial, leather-faced, squinty-eyed gentleman called *Nanook*, who guides himself and his sturdy little family and his band of wolf dogs through the ice floes of the Hudson Strait into Baffin Land. In this game of living, the Eskimo laughs last, for with every possible element of nature against him, he manages to get more fun out of his seal spearing and walrus hunting and blubber eating than any Fifth Avenue millionaire with his indoor sports. The pictures were taken by Robert Flaherty on one of the MacKenzie expeditions and are the most wonderful things of their kind I have ever seen. If you want a real thrill, pass up "She Loved And Lost," for an evening, and watch this real-life melodrama of the barren lands of Labra-



Betty Compson plays her rôle of the bootlegger's beautiful daughter in "Over the Border" with her usual dash and spirit.

dor. The audience at the Capitol Theater here went wild about it. I've never heard more enthusiasm, even at a "superpicture" opening, with five villains and a helpless heroine.

"Nero."

We drift down now from the North into the balmy current of Italian atmosphere. "Nero" is another film of spectacular scenery, but this is mixed with a somewhat sensational and romantic history of this emperor who is always obligingly dramatic even in the dulllest textbooks. It is a Fox picture filmed in Rome with some scenes that are glowing and beautiful and others that resemble the bright-colored chromos which decorate the walls of your favorite Italian boot-black stand. Its plot is drawn partly from "Quo Vadis" and partly from the wild imagination of some Fox scenario writers. It has calamity piled on violence in such a mounting crescendo that it is no wonder Vesuvius rebelled and erupted with an awful burst of flame. Then of course Rome

burns in a ferocious manner, and *Nero* fiddles and the Christian maiden is restored to the arms of her converted lover after many miracles wrought by the sign of the Cross. Violet Mersereau plays this fair one; she is the only American in the cast which is made up of Italian stars who cultivate the grand manner in acting. The Italian actors did not respond to the direction of J. Gordon Edwards as did the Germans under Lubitsch or our own actors under our own Mr. Griffith. But they have the scenery and a certain smoldering zeal for action that goes with it, and they make the most of both.

"Sonny."

This month's list seems to be featuring scenery almost exclusively. But there is one quiet, hometown little film which makes its impression solely through the work of one young actor and what is known as "human interest" without any help from blizzards, earthquakes, or volcanos. This is Richard Barthelmess in the screen version of "Sonny" which was made from Hobart Bosworth's stage play. Now the play—which deals with two soldier lads who look exactly alike and a blind mother and no end of heart throbs was very unkindly received by the

Broadway audiences. It didn't matter how sweet and pathetic the mother was or how noble both the heroes—they would have none of it. But Dick Barthelme gets hold of the rôle, plays it with that sort of straightforward, ingratiating simplicity of his, grins once or twice in the right places and presto! you have a film that the fans are going to love. It's the greatest possible triumph of personality over a feeble plot. Now we know that Dick is scenario proof; he can make a moving and genuine story out of anything. Despite the fact that it is an inferior story, a great many persons will like this every bit as much as "Tol'able David."

"Salome."

If you've read much of Oscar Wilde in the best editions, you know the strange, sinuous, black-and-white illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley which decorate its pages. In this version of "Salome," Alla Nazimova has dramatized the illustrations rather than the text of the Wilde play. It is a series of startling, fantastic pictures linked together by the bizarre tale of the little hussy of Judea.

You will remember that she conceives a sudden passion for the imprisoned *John the Baptist*, demands his head from the lecherous old *Herod* and dances madly about it in a frenzy of love and hatred. It isn't a pretty tale, and, if you belong to the Pollyanna school, you won't find anything to be glad about in it. As a study in weird, impressionistic backgrounds, however, and still more weird psychology, it is the most interesting thing I have seen since "Dr. Caligari." Charles Bryant, the husband of Nazimova, directed the action, but the credit for the costumes and settings goes to Natacha Rambova, the much-discussed bride of Rodolph Valentino. Mitchell Lewis makes *Herod* a grotesque clown without a beard, and Nigel De Brulier is the emaciated *John the Baptist*. (I don't know who played the head, for it wasn't shown, much to my relief, because that scene always makes me turn a sickly green when Mary Garden dances it in the opera.) Nazimova makes *Salome*



"Sonny" with Dick Barthelme, is a picture that the fans are going to love.

all that Wilde and Beardsley said she was. It isn't a Bible story exactly—at least I never was taught anything like that in Sunday school. But as an exotic and sophisticated fantasy, it is one of the most perfect things of its kind that has ever reached the screen.



Katherine MacDonald may be seen trailing through a rapid plot called "Domestic Relations."

"The Top of New York."

What has happened to the appealing *Grizel* of "Sentimental Tommy?" When the heroine of this penny-dreadful tale was flashed on the screen, we refused to believe that it was really the May MacAvoy who did that delightful *Barrie* picture. In the first scene of this picture she plays a doll, and for some inexcusable reason she forgets to remove the doll's wig all through the action. If you don't believe that a flaxen, tight-curved, ill-fitting wig can change an entire personality, watch its effect in this picture, though, if you are fond of May MacAvoy you will find it rather painful. Moreover, the action of the story is as artificial as the false hair. It is all about a poor little shopgirl and her crippled brother and the noble artist who lives on the rooftop across the way. They don't even spare us the department-store villain. The picture was directed by William A. Taylor, but it certainly is not a good example of his restrained and imaginative work. As for little May MacAvoy,



"Yellow Men and Gold" is an exciting melodrama full of buried treasure and secret islands and murder trails.

we wish Mr. Lasky could see his way clear to let her do something real and human and sweet again.

"One Clear Call."

Claire Windsor, Milton Sills, and Henry Walthall are engaged here in a five-reel struggle with an impossible plot. Miss Windsor's beauty helps some, and Milton Sills usually brings some sense into everything he does, but he can't do much for this story. And as for Henry Walthall, his vivid personality and real ability were completely submerged in the absurdities of the play, which is based on a rambling, incoherent tale about a bad man who repents because he has only a few days to live and who tries to make up for lost time in a moral way, as it were. One of the features of the picture is a ride by the Ku Klux Klan.

"Over the Border."

Now we have the romance of *Jen*, the bootlegger's beautiful daughter. This picture is hard on the thirsty souls in a prohibition audience, for the best brands of moonshine ooze all over the action. Its heroes are our old friends, the Northwestern Mounted Police, who gallop here and there capturing the wicked rum makers. The heroine is the sister of the chief bootlegger, and her adventures are many and thrilling in her efforts to be true to family traditions and at the same time to keep the love of the handsome Hibernian sergeant. Tom Moore plays this worthy with an Irish twinkle which makes you wonder if he would be quite as hard on the booze smugglers as his part requires. Betty Compson plays *Jen* with her usual dash and spirit. The action includes a particularly realistic blizzard.

"My Wild Irish Rose."

Dion Boucicault's play, "The Shaugraun," has been made into film romance. It is the story of a young Irish landowner whose property has been confiscated by the crown and who puts up a lively battle in the inter-

ests of the "Fenians" as the Sinn Feiners were then called. An attempt has been made to bring it up to current events, which is difficult in the light of the present settlement in Ireland, and especially when you consider that the original play made its first hit years ago—probably before you were born. Pauline Starke makes a plaintive Irish girl. The leading man is appropriately named Pat O'Malley.

"False Fronts."

This film is one of those things which makes its appeal by showing the wild life of the upper classes. The object, ostensibly, is reform, but we have always noticed that in such plays there are ten scenes of the maddest dissipation to one of pious reflection on the error of such ways. Edward Earle has the rôle of a gay young husband who mistreats his rich young wife and then chooses the oil fields of the South as an excellent spot to reform in. Barbara Castleton is the wife who indicates her affluence by a headdress of paradise plumes and who has grown quite plump and prosperous to fit the rôle.

"Golden Dreams."

There is more oil in this picture; that is to say there is a hero with an unerring nose for sleuthing down oil wells. It is not the most exciting theme in the world, and the picture drags until the big scene when a whole menagerie is turned loose on the cast. I was afraid that exceedingly pretty young actress, Claire Adams, was about to end her screen career in a lion's claws, but the beasts only chewed up a few extras, leaving the principals to live happily ever after.

"The Glory of Clementina."

Pauline Frederick plays the heroine of this tale, which is William J. Locke's version of the "Cinderella" story. *Clementina* is a man hater and a cynic, but worse than

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list; it does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures being shown. Program pictures are included in it only when there is something unusual about them, such as a marked departure from the featured player's usual output, and pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue are not included. With these exceptions this list comprises those generally considered the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Orphans of the Storm"—D. W. Griffith—United Artists. A compelling and beautiful presentation of a famous old melodrama, enhanced in typical Griffith fashion with the carnage of the French Revolution, the beauty of noble hearts and impressive landscapes, a last-minute rescue, and the heart-rending pathos of Lillian and Dorothy Gish.

"The Four Horsemen"—Ingram—Metro. The frailties of human hearts laid bare mercilessly and beautifully. Even the fact that this picture was the making of Rodolph Valentino does not outshine its other glories, and that is saying much.

"Smilin' Through"—Talmadge—First National. What Norma Talmadge's admirers have long hoped for. If you don't believe that a motion picture can make you cry, try this one.

"The Prisoner of Zenda"—Ingram—Metro. An old romantic favorite come to life with flashing swords, drawbridges, dungeon keeps, and the pomp of royalty playing quite as important parts as the extremely personable cast. Lewis Stone, Alice Terry, Barbara la Marr, and Malcolm Macgregor all present.

"Grandma's Boy"—Lloyd—Pathé. Harold Lloyd can be forgiven occasional lapses into overworked pathos for the sake of the few really hilarious incidents in this picture. If you're sentimental about grandmothers, you'll think this a knock-out, but you'll enjoy it in any case.

"The Good Provider"—Cosmopolitan—Paramount. The story of a father's devotion simply told and boasting the presence of Vera Gordon, Dore Davidson, and Miriam Battista.

"Saturday Night"—Cecil De Mille—Paramount. A pleasant surprise for the people who aren't enthusiastic over Cecil De Mille, and equally attractive entertainment for his admirers. A story that emerges strong as ever after each encounter with a welter of chiffon and scenery, credit for which is largely due to Leatrice Joy and Edith Roberts.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"Trouble"—Coogan—First National. Jackie Coogan is in this; that is all one needs to know.

"The Crossroads of New York"—Sennett—First National. No one knows whether or not this was really supposed to be funny, but it is. It has all the faults of the usual movie melodrama in such exaggerated form that it makes uproarious entertainment.

"Fascination"—Tiffany—Metro. An irresponsible young person played by Mae Murray in the most gorgeous blaze of lights ever seen on the screen. Her bull-fight dance is a triumph. Of course, she changes in the end, but you can go home before that.

"Lady Godiva"—Wistaria. If you want to be shocked by the famous nude rider, stay home from this picture. But if you enjoy authentic Old

World settings and skilled actors this will appeal to you.

"His Wife's Husband"—Whitman Bennett—American Rel. Corp. Another of those arguments over whether a wife should tell or not, but this one has Betty Blythe in its midst, so all is forgiven.

"The Cradle Buster"—Tuttle-Waller—American Releasing Corp. A tasteful comedy about a desperate young man nicknamed "Sweetie" who tries to live it down.

"Silver Wings"—Fox. The survivors of the tearbursts attendant upon "Over the Hill" are having another good cry over this one. Mary Carr is interesting as ever as the mother but she has two of the most uninteresting sons on the screen.

"The Glorious Adventure"—Blackton. The first feature film in color. A thrilling story of early London with beautiful Lady Diana Manners acting—no, appearing in—the leading rôle.

"Reported Missing"—Selznick. An amazing jumble of comedy and melodrama in which Owen Moore disports himself.

"The Ruling Passion"—Arliss—United Artists. A tasteful comedy drama boasting the suave talents of George Arliss. If you know any benighted souls who consider a monocle and evening dress essential to Arliss' charm, take them to this picture.

"A Doll's House"—Nazimova—United Artists. Not one of those freakish affairs that Nazimova seems to delight in, but a genuine transcription of Ibsen to the screen.

"The Five-dollar Baby"—Metro. After years of valiant service in non-descripts, Viola Dana has a thoroughly amusing story. It is as good as—Fill in with the name of one of your favorite comedies.

"Across the Continent"—Paramount. Another of those automobile pictures of Wallace Reid's, and the best one. If you haven't decided where to spend your vacation you might find this more illuminating than studying a map.

"North of the Rio Grande"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels and Jack Holt are mentioned on the program as the stars, but the real stars are the most impressive lot of mountaintops and valleys you've ever seen outside of a self-confessed scenic.

"The Loves of Pharaoh"—Paramount. Ancient Egypt brought to life vividly. More mobs and scenery and thrills for your money than elsewhere.

"The Fatal Marriage"—R-C. Just because it was made years ago and Lillian Gish and Wallace Reid play the leading rôles. The story was adapted from "Enoch Arden."

WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.

"Watch Your Step"—Goldwyn. A pleasant little story of a city feller who gets into disgrace and flees to a hayseed town. Cullen Landis makes him human. You can take all the young folks to see it, and it won't bore you, either.

"The Primitive Lover"—Talmadge—First National. One of our most pop-

ular plots this season—"The Taming of the Shrew" one, you know—but with Constance Talmadge and Harrison Ford in the picture, almost any o.d. plot will do.

"Missing Husbands"—Metro. This is a weird and fantastic affair with much humor in it that was never intended as such. Some of the scenes are beautiful.

"The Man From Home"—Paramount. This ought to be a great deal better than it is, with a Tarkington story, Fitzmaurice directing, and Anna Q. Nilsson, Norman Kerry, and James Kirkwood in the cast, not to mention a dazzling lot of Italian palaces. It's better than most, at that.

"The Beauty Shop"—Cosmopolitan—Paramount. A new face—Raymond Hitchcock's—but old comedy. The Fairbanks twins and a number of other stars enliven the occasion as much as the story permits—which isn't much.

"Find the Woman"—Cosmopolitan—Paramount. The perils of the great city, including Harrison Ford, Norman Kerry, and Alma Rubens. One of those things where you figure out who killed him and then find you're wrong.

"The Seventh Day"—Inspiration—First National. Richard Barthelmess never should have wasted his time on it, but he did and he is such an engaging young man that at moments you'll like it.

"The Trap"—Universal. Lon Chaney in a tale of the great Northwest in which his pal done him wrong and he set out to wreak vengeance. And people like that always get punished and reformed—in pictures—don't they?

"When Romance Rides"—Hampton—Goldwyn. One of those thrilling affairs where the girl impersonates a jockey and wins the race. Zane Grey wrote it, and Claire Adams plays in it, but it is the horses you will like.

"The Bachelor Daddy"—Paramount. One of the best reasons for casting Thomas Meighan and Leatrice Joy in the next De Mille special was their scenes together in this one. It's just full of romping kiddies, but if you can overlook them you'll like the picture.

"Beyond the Rocks"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson exhibits an amazing array of clothes and Rodolph Valentino shows off a great variety of hair cuts in settings representing nearly every part of Europe and Africa. Recommended highly only to fervent admirers of these two stars.

"FAIR WARNING."

"The Deuce of Spades"—Ray—First National. Another of those awful disappointments to Charles Ray fans. His charming personality cannot redeem anything so utterly flat as this.

"The Wife Trap"—Mia May—Paramount. You just wouldn't believe how frightful this is, so I won't bother to tell you.

"The Ordeal"—Paramount. This is another of those dramatic affairs that the audience thinks is funny. Agnes Ayres hasn't starred in as many poor pictures as Charles Ray has, but her percentage is higher as she hasn't been making them so long.

Usually Known as Tony

He was once a star, but now he's doing real acting and Antonio Moreno is as glad of the change as the fans are.

By Agnes Smith

IT was all neatly arranged—my interview with Antonio Moreno. We were to have dinner at the Los Angeles Athletic Club and then go to see Leo Ditrichstein in "The Great Lover." What could be better than to watch "The Great Lover," in company with Antonio?

But these stars are so distressingly human. Mr. Moreno wanted to go to Victor Hugo's because it is one of the restaurants in Los Angeles where the food is excellent and served in large quantities. Moreover, we both decided that a vaudeville show would be much livelier than "The Great Lover." With Mr. Moreno looking the personification of romance we talked about the difficulties of being an acrobat, soft-shoe dancing, and how to catch an iron ball on your head without being killed.

And then we talked about PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE'S Handsome Man Contest, and Mr. Moreno said he was glad to be among those present.

"That reminds me of a funny story," he said. "You know, Tommy Meighan was winner. When Frances Ring, his wife, bought the magazine, she went to Tommy's dressing room and wrote him a note. I forget the exact wording, but she said, 'Now that you're the prettiest feller in the movies, I don't suppose you will care to eat luncheon with your wife.'"

From that we fell to talking about interviews, interviewers, and persons interviewed. "Once some one quoted me as declaring that I preferred a foreign to an American wife," Mr. Moreno said. "That was quite wrong. I never made such a statement. American women are chic and clever. They have a sense of humor. The foreign woman is obliged to marry to get her freedom. Here it is not so. I am at present a bachelor, but suppose that some day I shall marry an American woman? And suppose she should discover that I once said I wanted a foreign wife? It would be a very bad situation.

"I was born in Madrid. Perhaps that is why I like



Photo by C. Heighon Monroe

On the streets of Los Angeles every one hails him with "Hey, there, Tony!"

brunettes—although I have known some charming blondes."

And then he laughed. "But it is all foolishness to talk about women."

Carefully purloining an ash tray from the next table, he continued: "All this talk about women shows a lack of respect. There is my mother in Spain. I have been home to see her, and I am going back again, I hope. Although she is not old, she seems older than an American woman of her age. It is a question of convention. And yet she is charming and beautiful."

He talked, eventually, a little about his work.

"In severing my relations with Vitagraph I am making a new start," he told me. "It isn't a question of being a star, it is a question of being an actor—of finding the right rôles. I have been in the movies a long time and, for the most part, I have been happy in my business associations. But now I feel that it will be a good thing for me to put my ability to a test.

"In Mr. Hughes' story 'The Bitterness of Sweets,' I played a rôle with character. I was an Italian dancer. Let me tell you the dancing scenes were real. I had to take lessons and go in training. But it was a great relief to me after straight American hero rôles—the conventional thing. I believe that the public is getting tired of the eternal hero. He fits into the dime novel, but it seems to me that the screen has outgrown that phase.

"Mr. Hughes has an amazing sense of humor—and a sense for fun. And I enjoyed playing a foreign part. I came to America when I was young. I played in pictures in the days when no one dared film a foreign story. I have been Americans and Spaniards and Italians. Sometimes I cannot place my own nationality. But the Spaniards know that I am Spanish. I receive letters from Buenos Aires. Do they say that I am their hero? No. They ask for passage money to the United States so that they, too, may make money.

[Continued on page 96]

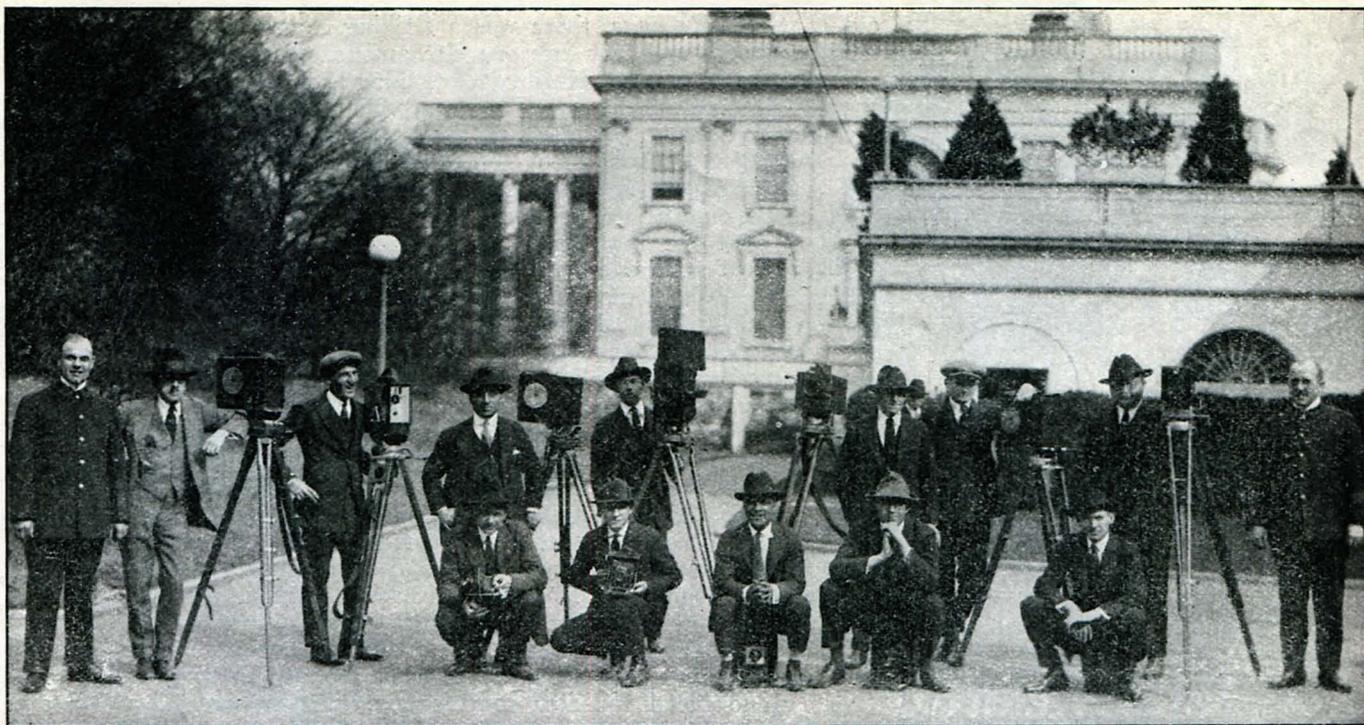


Photo by National Photo Company

There are twelve news camera men in Washington all of the time, and the White House lawn is where much of their work is done. The third motion-picture camera man from the left is Henry De Seina of Pathé, of whose adventurous spirit this story tells.

Behold the Busy Camera Men

Shooting the news under the capitol dome is the favorite assignment of news camera men, and no wonder, for it is a dull day when famous potentates and politicians, prima-donnas and social leaders don't pose for them.

By Charles Carter

THIS is the camera man's paradise all right," remarked a motion-picture news camera man who had only recently come to Washington. "Why, there's always something doing, and I'm getting that familiar with the White House I'll be slapping the president on the back one of these days."

"If you did, he'd only slap you, too," murmured the blasé one who had been photographing news events in Washington for three years. "Give me a place where there are floods and wrecks and disasters. I'm tired of celebrities."

But the public and most camera men are not with him in that. They like the celebrities. And that is why there are twelve motion-picture camera men stationed in Washington all of the time, and considerably more than that at the time of any special event. Much of the camera men's work is done on the White House lawn, but visitors in Washington soon get accustomed to seeing motion-picture cameras erected anywhere and little groups of



prominent men posing for photographs.

Most of them are gracious about posing—not because they like it, but because it is good publicity for them. Washington is a town of people who are trying to pull strings, and one way of getting in touch with the public that holds those strings is through motion-picture publicity. So they smile and bow as the motion-picture camera records them.

Probably there is no one more photographed—unless it be the president—than William Jennings Bryan. He always chaffs the photographers, and even those who can't agree with his political views admit that he's an awfully good sport.

William Jennings Bryan is one of the most photographed men in Washington. "Get a good picture

of this hat," he told the camera man. "It may be in the ring again at the next election."

Behold the Busy Camera Men



old U. S. S. *Revenge*, there was a striking climax to the incident that neither camera men nor any one else anticipated. While cameras were grinding, and President Harding was telling how honored he felt at being the first to occupy this "editorial chair," his dog, Laddie Boy, crawled in through the crowd and usurped the honor that was to have been the president's. Laddie Boy is now the favorite star of the news camera men; he gave them a real story when all they expected was another photograph of the president.

There are few places in Washington that haven't been photographed numberless times. Those, of course, are the places that interest the camera man most, and it takes a wily guard to protect his domain against them. Until about two years ago, the Senate chamber had never been pictured in a news reel. This irked Henry De Seina of the Pathé news forces, who had photographed almost every one and everything in Washington, particularly when he read that Champ Clark's body was lying in state there. So, taking his ever-present camera, he briskly walked past the guard at the door, saying, "Kelly said for me to go right on in and wait for him." Kelly is the superintendent of buildings. That sounded reasonable, so the guard let him proceed. Once inside the Senate chamber, he worked fast, and got pictures from several different angles. When an irate and puffing Kelly entered, De Seina had his camera all packed up, and was trying to look as much as possible unlike the cat that had just swallowed the canary.

"Oh, I thought I'd fooled you that time!" De Seina said disgustedly. "Thought sure I was going to get some pictures in here." But Kelly was in no mood for airy conversation. He ordered De Seina out, and favored him with several remarks about what would happen to him if he ever came snooping around the government buildings with a camera again.

A few days later the amazed Kelly saw pictures on the screen of his long-protected Senate chamber, with Champ Clark's body lying in state. De Seina was the hero of the Washington camera men for his accomplishment, but his days in Washington were over. Soon after that he was transferred to New York, where there is no Kelly to seek revenge on him for his nervy ruse.

One of the most difficult men to take pictures of in all Washington is "Uncle Joe" Cannon, for he always insists on smoking a big black cigar. "He might as well hide behind a smoke screen," one photographer remarked disgustedly. "All you get is a blur." But that black cigar is almost a trade-mark for Uncle Joe, so he hates to give it up. Brigadier General Dawes for a long

Here is one of the few pictures on record of "Uncle Joe" Cannon without his big black cigar, his "smoke screen" the camera men call it.

Hardly a day passes that President Harding isn't photographed; this time he turned the tables, and told the photographers, "Now I'll take you for a change and see how you like it."

"Be sure to get a good picture of this hat, boys," he told them once when they hurriedly assembled to get his picture. "It may be in the ring again next election."

Hardly a day passes that President Harding isn't photographed. He is always good-natured about it, and Mrs. Harding always has a cheery "Hello, boys!" for the camera men. Recently, when the newspaper editors of the country presented President Harding with a chair carved from the



time cherished the distinction of being the most prominent man in Washington who had never appeared in the news reels. He threatened to break the neck of any man who photographed him, but finally even he was "canned" for posterity by the news camera men. He was attending a meeting at the White House, and when President Harding announced that the meeting would adjourn to the lawn and pose for the motion-picture cameras the irate brigadier general could not refuse. How the camera men chuckled that day!

After his first few weeks in Washington a news camera man finds little to excite or thrill him, but his exploits frequently thrill the crowds. Once mounted on the flimsy platform that has been erected for his use at the time of big parades or other ceremonials, the

The hardest part about being a camera man in Washington is getting through the crowds.



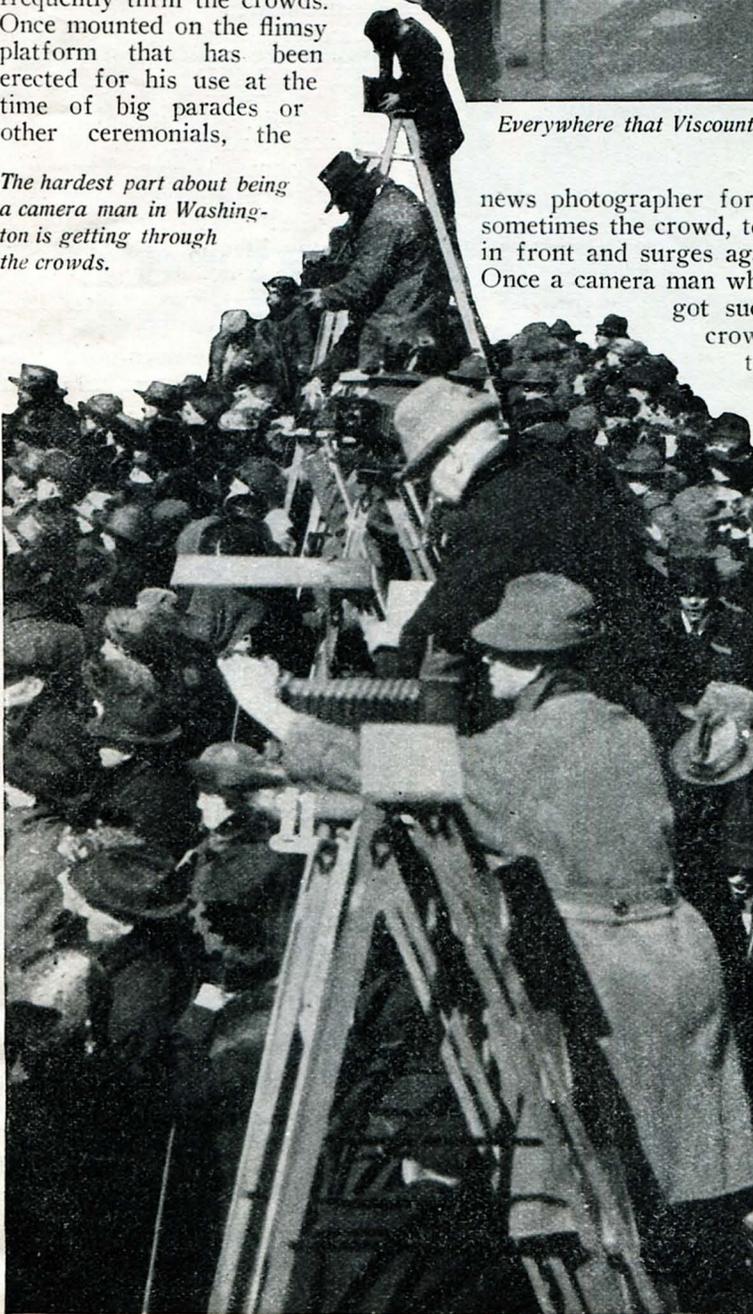
Everywhere that Viscount Grey went in Washington he found a battery of cameras waiting to snap him.

news photographer forgets everything but the picture he is after. But sometimes the crowd, too, forgets everything but what is happening down in front and surges against the camera man's platform with great force. Once a camera man who was leaning far over the railing of his platform got such a jolt that he fell down in the midst of the crowd. "And we didn't get a picture of his fall!" the camera man of a rival company complained.

One of the most remarkable feats ever accomplished by a screen news service was the showing of the inauguration pictures by Pathé in New York six hours after Harding took the oath of office in Washington. In that case getting the pictures was only the beginning of the excitement. Al Richard, one of the camera men who took them, had to fight his way through the crowds, jump in the car that was waiting for him, drive at terrific speed through the city, and deliver the films to the mail plane which was to carry them to New York. Plans had been carefully laid—but one small item was overlooked. The films had to be wrapped and stamped in accordance with post-office regulations in order to be carried by the mail plane. The wrapping was provided for—Richard accomplished that while tearing through the streets out toward the flying field at fifty miles an hour—but the stamps had been forgotten. He stopped at a postal station, and in his excitement forgot that there were stamps of conveniently large denominations. He bought two hundred two-cent stamps and pasted them on the package before he reached the field where the plane was. The taste of glue is a memory that will always stick to him.

To the men in other professions who plug along with men of their own kind mostly, and rarely get more than a bird's-eye view of a real celebrity, the work of a news camera man in Washington seems wonderfully glamorous. Hardly a diplomat, a financier, society leader, or actress comes into prominence that the

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For Exhibition Purposes

By
Barbara
Little

Helene Chadwick does all her acting on the screen; in real life her beauty and poise are unruffled.

HELENE CHADWICK was enjoying a ten-day vacation in New York, far from the grinding camera, and wasn't in the least interested in being interviewed. But Goldwyn officials decided that she should stay over an extra day or two to have some photographs taken, and I'm one of those persons who likes to go along and find out, if possible, how the star got that way. So the Goldwyn press agent arranged it.

It was all—or mostly all—the press agent's fault, for she had confided to me the day after Helene Chadwick's arrival in New York that she was the most perfectly beautiful thing she had ever seen. It was after five o'clock at the time; the hour at which a press agent's remarks are made is always significant. Between the hours of nine and five everything they say should be discounted at least half. If after five o'clock one should happen to say anything complimentary about the stars it is her duty to tell the world about, the praise isn't half high enough.

And she said that Helene Chadwick was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen!

I didn't quite agree with that press agent when I met Helene Chadwick, but I was mighty glad to be sitting at a conspicuous center table at Delmonico's with her! For that is the sort of looks she has; you hope that every one you know—particularly the conservatives—will happen along and see you with her.

She is deliciously pretty, with deep-brown eyes and white skin and dimples that twinkle about her mouth. And, although she wears conservative styles, she gives the impression of being extremely modish. The significant thing about her looks, though, isn't what nature and a big salary have given her—it's what she has done with it. And by that I don't mean paint and powder; for Helene Chadwick's beauty seems entirely natural. It is that her beauty is mostly a matter of poise.

"It's bunk," the cynical young man told me when I raved to him about Helene Chadwick. "Just because the scenarios always fix it so that her charm wins out in the end, you expect it of her in real life. You can't tell me. I met Helene Chadwick a couple of years ago when she was playing a small part in one episode of a Pearl White serial, before she had a reputation. She was just one more girl—pretty, in a way, but sort of square-faced and dumpy at that."

"She may have been then," I capitulated, "but you ought to see her now."

This is not going to be a story of how she got thin in twenty lessons or how she grew beautiful by reading philosophy and surrounding herself always with beautiful things. What happened in those two years to bring out such amazing beauty and poise in this girl is all the more remarkable because it was not deliberately sought. She simply did her work—and tried her best to do it well—and the beauty came to her. She doesn't read philosophy, or at least if she does she doesn't talk about it. She reads the more serious of the recent novels, such as "Brass," and she is as much interested in authors as you probably are in motion-picture stars.

I discovered that when I arrived with her at the photographer's, James Abbe was trying to make a somewhat scared-looking young man take on a semblance of naturalness.

"It's Johnny Weaver," an assistant announced in awed tones.

"Who's he?" asked Helene.

"A young literary light," we chorused.

Whereat the beautiful Helene took another peek at him. "I'll have plenty of time to read on the train going back. What's he written? Who is he? What else should I read?"

And once she was well launched on the subject of what to read, it was hard work getting her back to motion pictures. I remembered having heard that the title of Rupert Hughes' next story was "The Perfect Wife," and that sounded like Helene Chadwick so I asked her about it.

"Yes, I'm to play the lead. I suppose because I've played wives so much that they think I ought to have some idea of what a perfect one should be like. I've mothered so many Hollywood children on the screen that I feel responsible toward half the growing population of the town. Soon I'd like to play a real flapper part with frizzy hair and exaggerated clothes and pert manners. I've been watching them since I've been in New York, and I think they're too amusing for words.

"We don't really know what flappers are out on the Coast. We've heard about them and read about them and tried to be properly shocked at the younger generation, but we don't really know what it is all about. All the girls I know work so hard they haven't time to be like the girls in modern books. I suppose we're really old-fashioned.

"I wish I had more energy; there are lots of things I'd like to do. I'd like to study dancing, for instance. Every one says it gives you so much more ease and

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Photo by Abbe

Helene Chadwick wears conservative styles but she gives the impression of being extremely modish.

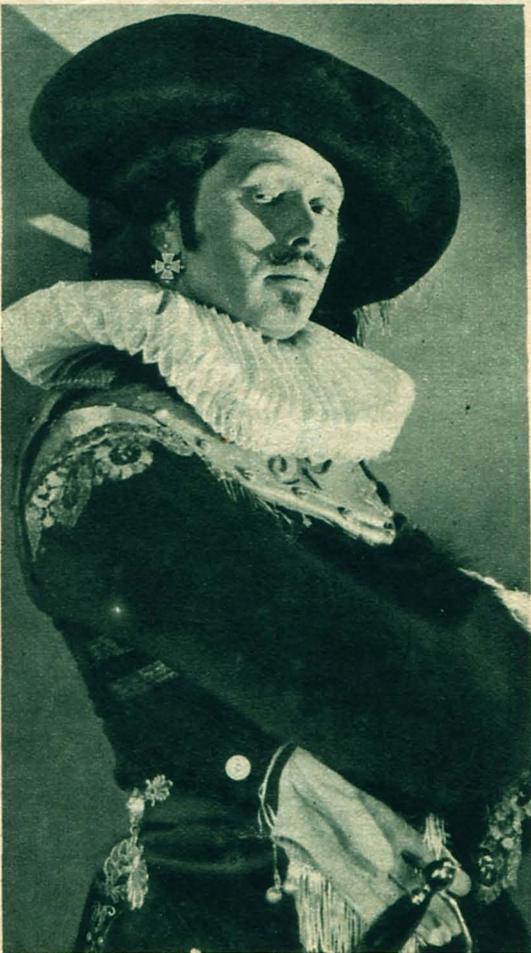
When one has been photographed as often as Helene Chadwick has, life begins to seem just one succession of profile, head and shoulders, or full-length-portrait sittings. So an ingenious photographer devised some new imaginary rôles for her to play before his camera, costume parts such as her motion-picture career has never given her. These charming pictures are the result.

Photo by Abbe



Photo by Abbe

In the donning of a costume she becomes in the photograph above a dapper early Colonial with a swaggering, insouciant manner quite foreign to her. And in the picture at the left she adopts a manner befitting the brocade billows of the twelfth century. History tells that the beauties of that time were as flirtatious as they were fair, and so Helene cast off her usual dignity.



Two of the most interesting character studies in George Fitzmaurice's production of "To Have and To Hold" are contributed by W. J. Ferguson, who plays *Sparrow*, shown above, and Theodore Kosloff, who plays *Lord Carnal*, shown at the left. W. J. Ferguson has fifty years of stage experience to his credit and has appeared in several motion pictures, and Theodore Kosloff, who is fast developing into one of the most versatile character actors on the screen, is well known as a dancer.



In "Tess of the Storm Country" Mary Pickford years ago scored one of her biggest successes, so now that she has all the advantages of improved photography it is only natural that she should want to play the part again. This little fishing village where much of the action takes place was built on the shores of Lake Chatsworth, near Los Angeles. The new version of the story will be known simply as "Tess."





Supplanting

Now that bathing beauties no longer dazzle introduced to provide the decorative element



Dotty Beale, of the Mack Sennett Comedy forces, has adopted the current fashion of Spanish effects in pictures. What more than a headdress is needed?

Photo by C. E. Day



Vera Steadman, of Christie Comedies, introduces this dashing Romanoff costume in a recent picture.

A pirate bold, in fact almost brazen, is Cecile Evans, of Mack Sennett Comedies.



Bathing Beauties

us, these bizarre character creations are being without which no comedy is complete.

Alice Maison, of Christie Comedies, asks nothing more of a costume than that it be dashing.

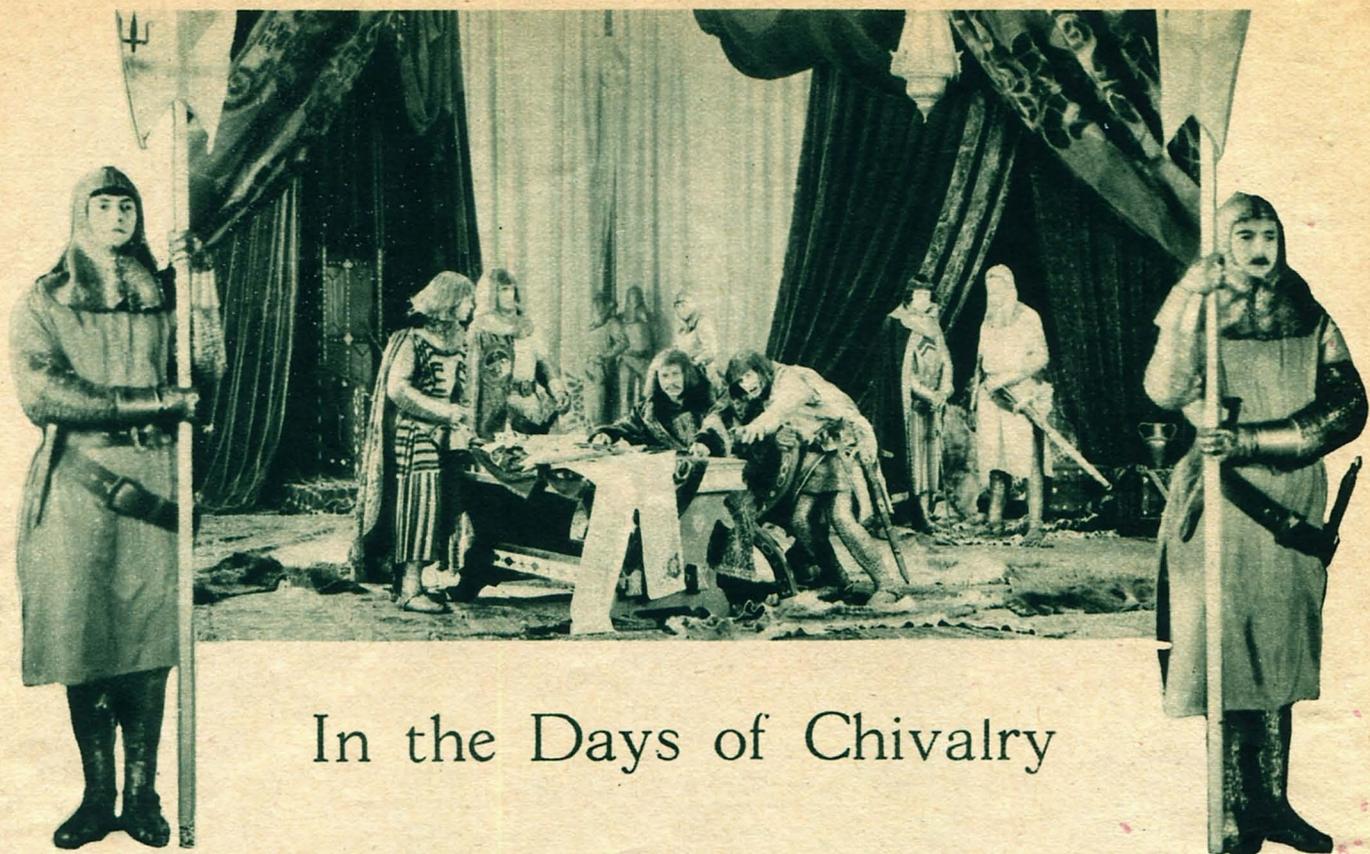


Photo by C. E. Day

Perhaps no troubadour of old ever appeared like this, but Natalie Johnson, formerly of the Follies, makes this her contribution to the new-style Christie Comedies.

Photo by C. E. Day

Isabel Bryant is another Christie Comedy girl who follows no set rules in evolving her costumes.



In the Days of Chivalry

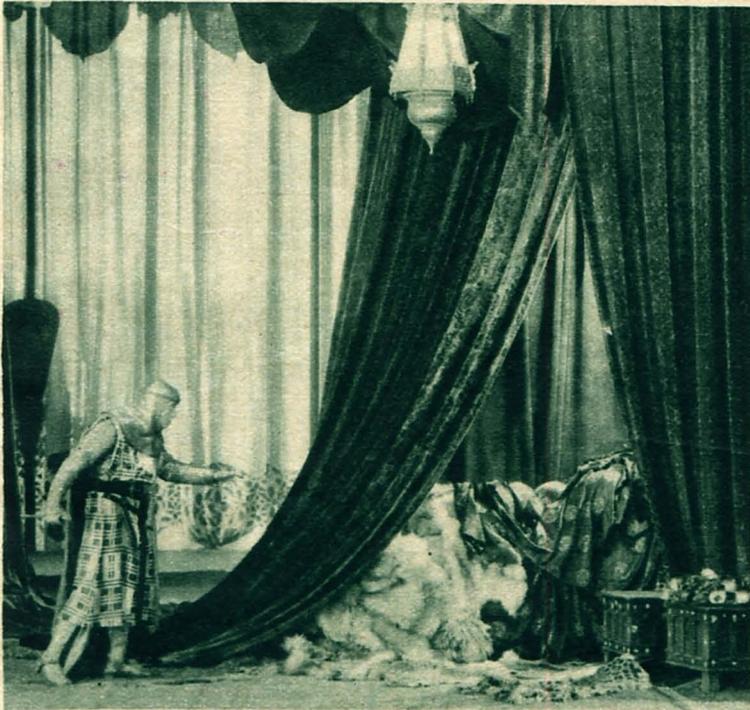


Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood" will bring to the screen the glories of heroic days and magnificent surroundings.

Enid Bennett as *Maid Marian* and Douglas Fairbanks as *Robin Hood* have some charming scenes together.



The massive walls of a great palace lighted fitfully with spouts of flame from torches rise above a scene of great magnificence in the banquet hall.



Like figures from old tapestries come to life, Douglas Fairbanks and the supporting actors in this production swagger through vast scenes of splendor.





Gloria Swanson wore this beautiful gown in only one picture, but its career in the movies was by no means ended then. The story on the opposite page tells of the many changes it underwent, and how many bits of finery it provided for other pictures after its star appearance in "The Great Moment."

What Becomes of the Costumes?

Though a star never wears a gown or a wrap in more than one picture, those same articles of attire often appear again on the screen.

By Myrtle Gebhart

HAVEN'T you often wondered, upon seeing the marvelous clothes the stars wear—a succession of new garments for each picture, each gown seemingly more costly than its predecessor—what happens to them when the picture has been finished?

It isn't often that you see a motion-picture actress of any prominence wear the same gown in more than one picture. Were she to do so for reasons of economy, what a storm of protest would greet her from indignant fans. You who pay your money feel that you want to see Gloria Swanson in an entirely new wardrobe in each picture; and you are right. Duplication of clothes would result, for one thing, in conflicting characters—a certain monkey-fur coat or a pearl wedding gown, mayhap, suggests the character who wore it so strongly that it becomes a part of that picture and that characterization in memory. And so, for the birth of a new heroine a new wardrobe must be provided.

I shall never forget how Madame Petrova used to wear what appeared, at least, to be the same hat, with its plume identically placed, in practically every picture. And how tired I did get of that majestic feather—oh, if she would at least move the plume, I used to think, I might be able to endure seeing the hat over and over again. But that seldom happens nowadays, for with the studios footing the costume bills, stars are only too glad to don new raiment with each picture. It is the studios, therefore, who must stand this expense, and having good business men at their helms, they have reduced this expense to a minimum.

And so a costume having been worn by a star is never discarded when she has finished with it. In the case of costume plays—by that I mean historical or period spectacles—the garments either are kept for



Above is the gown shown on the opposite page, disguised by a pair of new sleeves. It was worn by Maude Wayne, in "The Bachelor Daddy," in which she also wore the cape, shown at the left, the collar and panels of which were made from the sleeves of the original garment.

use in future pictures, if the studio is one where a great deal of varied production goes on all the time, such as Famous Players-Lasky—or sold at a slight discount for wear to some costumer, who rents them out or sells them to some other producer who is making a play laid in the same locale and period of history. Only the second-rate producers, of course, buy used clothing.

In the case of a star's modern wardrobe, when the picture is completed, these gowns, wraps, and negligees are remodeled for the actresses who are to play small parts in future productions, or for extras. Occasionally a bit of camouflage is indulged in, changing a ribbon



By draping the gown with another pair of sleeves, Ethel Chaffin, the Lasky costume designer, made it serve again as a costume for Ann Legendre, an extra, who also wore another cape with a collar made from the original sleeves, and carried a queer parasol and a hand bag made from the same material.

bow, putting on a new lace overdrape, little touches which serve to conceal from an observant public that the dress was worn by So-and-So in her last picture.

At the Goldwyn studio the gowns are seldom changed, as it is their contention that a dress is likely to lose its individuality through remodeling. Claire Windsor wore, in "Grand Larceny," a lovely coat of gray-green duvetyne, with collar, cuffs, and wide hem of black fur, which was worn later by Eve Sothorn in "Remembrance." A gown of silver metallic cloth which served to enhance Helene Chadwick's charm in "The Dust Flower," is now adorning Eleanor Boardman in "Brothers Under Their Skins."

It is also customary, when a studio worker admires and covets a particular gown, to sell it to her. For instance, a lovely Helene Chadwick frock was sold at a fraction of its original cost to one of the women writers in the Goldwyn publicity department. In this way, many of the stenographers and girl clerks about the studios acquire wardrobes which they never could afford if they had to buy them at the regular downtown shops.

At Lasky's the gowns of the principals invariably are made over for actresses playing small parts in future productions. Here, however, the entire garment is torn up, the materials cleaned and pressed and refashioned. Among the extra tribe it is considered a mark of special honor to be allowed to wear a gown made sacred in the eyes of the sisterhood by having adorned the person of Gloria Swanson. And it is whispered that Gloria dislikes very much to see an extra parading about in a shimmering evening gown or monkey-fur coat identified with one of her former productions. But she cannot very well avoid doing that, as the pictures illustrating this article show. Each marks a step in the progression of one of the gowns which Gloria wore in "The Great Moment," and I presume that, by this time, as many more adaptations have been made of this gown and the material from which it was fashioned.

Norma and Constance Talmadge usually give their clothes outright to members of their company, particularly to prop boys and electricians to take home to their wives. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that they boast practically the same happy organization with which they started out as stars a few years back. The period costumes for "The Duchess of Langeais" were stored away in moth balls for possible future use, with the exception of two of Norma's choice ballroom gowns, which were given to members of her company as souvenirs.

The majority of Mary Pickford's costumes are sold at a reduction, the proceeds going to some worthy charity. Nazimova sends a great many of her garments over to the Studio Club, selling them to the girls there at a small price. The other day I saw about twenty of them fighting

politely over a box of shimmering silks and chiffons. Hats also are disposed of in this way by a number of well-known women players, thus enabling the struggling extras who call the club their home to appear smart and well dressed at minimum cost. Several of the "flapper stars"—Doris May, Marie Prevost, and Gladys Walton—give their finery, or

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camera. However, if she always dresses anything like the way I saw her arrayed, she makes up for it off the screen. She was all in brown, her coat being of mink, and her gown of brown velvet. Her hat was brown satin with the upturned brim in front embroidered in gold threads, and she wore bronze slippers and stockings. And she wore the most beautiful jewelry! Her wrist watch, rings, and bar pin were all made of platinum and diamonds.

The photographer's studio was in the most out-of-the-way place in Hollywood, where you'd never expect to find anything of any importance. No signs or display of any kind. The studio itself would be taken at first glance for a rambling sort of barn. Inside it was the oddest and quite attractive little place, though. The walls and floor were covered with matting and some beautiful pieces of batik drapery were hung over screens or on the walls.

I thought that these big photographers used a great many props, but Mr. Seely doesn't seem to, for he didn't have many around. He seems to be able to make the most artistic settings out of a vase and a few stalks of flowers, or a drapery. He photographed Miss Novak in a few plain poses just sitting on an ottoman, and then she changed into a lovely batik robe and had the rest of her pictures taken in that. I was told that Mr. Seely is considered one of the most artistic photographers in Los Angeles and that he takes photographs of many of the film players. Jane Novak was one of the first to go to him, and he took such splendid pictures of her that ever so many other stars followed her lead. The movie players are always trying to discover some new photographer, and when one starts all the stars seem to follow. These photographers, once they get established and have a big reputation, get awfully big prices. I overheard one movie actress say she had to pay two hundred dollars for one dozen of the very large-sized photographs. Just think of that next time you think it's asking too much of you when you are requested to inclose a quarter with a request for a movie star's picture!

Since I have seen the little side occupations of motion-picture stars I think they are just about the busiest people you could find. I often marvel how they ever accomplish everything and manage to find any time at all to play. True, some of their occupations are such pleasant ones that after our commonplace, everyday sort of jobs theirs seem

more like being paid for doing things we'd gladly pay to do. However, I suppose that no matter how pleasant a thing may seem as a diversion, once it becomes a necessity, you can't help feeling the burden of it. Few fans ever realize that the movies are a business. They take the saying, "playing," literally. I know I held fanciful ideas about pictures being a grand sort of game more than anything else and never gave a thought to their being made on regular business lines. I remember I had quite vague notions about the working hours, vacations, and such things. I was under the impression that stars came to work whatever time they wanted to and that they could take a vacation any time they wished. So I was more than surprised when I repeatedly ran up against the fact that the majority of the movie players *must be on time* while they are working on a picture and can seldom get a day off during that time. Even when they go to some big party or affair and it keeps them up half the night, they must report to work the next morning. When there is a brief respite between pictures, it is generally taken up by giving interviews, buying clothes or having photographs taken.

The most important duty seems to be the selection of clothes for their forthcoming pictures. I had got an idea of that when Elsie Ferguson took me around New York with her to show me how it is done when the star furnishes her own clothes. It was Agnes Ayres who showed me what it is like when stars have their clothes selected for them. Famous Players-Lasky seems to be the company that has the most extensive wardrobe department and furnishes the most luxurious and fashionable apparel for its players. No wonder most of the actresses would like to be De Mille heroines. I would, too.

I had expected to find the heroine of "The Sheik" lovely, but not quite so lovely as she actually looks in real life. I'll never forget what a picture she made when I first saw her, as she stood in the doorway of the publicity office. She fairly took my breath away!

She wore an enveloping black coat and a red turban hat with a high red comb in front of it; a perfectly straight-lined dress that was of some sort of Chinese design.

Her eyes are very wide, appealing, and gray. She is fair, both in complexion and hair which is a much lighter blond than the camera shows.

All this I took in at first glance.

We went to her dressing room and sat and talked for a while. I noticed several elaborate costumes hang-

ing up that Miss Ayres had worn in some of her pictures. My eyes caught, especially, a lovely picture hat of pale-pink georgette with a wide brim turned up in back and a cascade of pastel-shaded feathers hanging from it. Oh, it was a dream!

Meanwhile, Agnes was explaining to me just how they went about selecting the clothes for her pictures.

"Mrs. Ethel Chaffin who is the head of the costuming department, selects and chooses the costumes and then the star and director pass on them," she told me.

"The script of the story is taken for reference, you see, and from that we see how many changes are needed for the entire picture. Another reason for using the script is that it enables us to try and select the different types of clothes to suit the action. For instance, if a scene is to be very emotional or appealing, the best type of costume to be in keeping with it is something somber or quiet. If it is to be a love scene in the moonlight, the gown selected is usually something shimmering that throws off the light well. When I have the part of a young married woman as I have taken so often in my pictures, the clothes I wear must be conservative as well as youthful, so as to suit a young married girl with a certain amount of dignity. The gowns can be fluffy, but not too much so, do you see?"

This was all perfectly new to me. I had never given a thought to their using any sort of philosophy in the choosing of costumes for picture plays. But it is natural when you consider it.

She has a plaintive, slightly drawling voice and has that same way of half smiling that we fans have begun to associate with Agnes from her pictures.

Agnes Ayres reminds me of Corinne Griffith in some respects—in her more or less calm, languid manner. I couldn't imagine her ever getting ruffled or excited over anything. I think if she found herself in a predicament of any sort she would be more likely just to wring her hands in a helpless, appealing way and win her point that way.

"Now, I'll take you over to the wardrobe department and show you around," Miss Ayres offered.

The wardrobe department is a whole big building in itself and has ever so many different departments. There is the stock room where bolts and bolts of every kind of material are kept—just like a regular small dry-goods store. Then there are the sitting rooms and workroom where several women were sewing and

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Washington camera man doesn't meet him. And with the ease of manner that is acquired only by mingling with the great, a camera man who started out in life as plain Bill Jones, son of a village photographer, gets to be on joking terms with all the great and near great of Washington.

Sometimes foreign diplomats so appreciate the work of the camera men, who follow them about and preserve in gelatin the great moments of their careers, that they want to show their appreciation in some way. One who recently returned to Europe decided that there would be no better way than to divide his cellar among them. Calls went out to all the news-reel offices that there was something important to cover up at this diplomat's house. Karl Fasold, of the Pathé office, was in another section of the city at the time, and didn't get the message until later. Hurrying to the consulate then, he found that the spoils had all been divided, and not a single bottle of Haig & Haig had been saved for him. "Oh, well," said Fasold philosophically, "the dog-gone bottle wouldn't have fitted inside my camera, anyway, so what's the use."

The ordinary run of news events comes to the news photographers in such a systematized way that they have few surprises. Each government agency keeps the offices informed of the events in their departments that would be worth pic-

turing in the news reels, and frequently a news camera man knows what his assignments are to be for days ahead. But some months ago, when a week-end promised to be uneventful, and Karl Fasold, of the Pathé forces, planned a vacation trip, a secret-service man warned him not to leave his post of duty. Sure enough, on Saturday Fasold received word that the president was going camping with Mr. Firestone, Henry Ford, and Thomas Edison. He wouldn't have missed taking pictures of that trip for anything.

You may have seen his pictures of it, but his description adds color to them. "President Harding accepted the invitation on condition that the camp would be located in a secluded section so that there would be no visitors," Fasold says. "We're not even considered visitors any more, the president is so used to seeing us around. That trip was my idea of camping de luxe. The tents were all painted green so that the glare of the sun wouldn't bother the distinguished campers. They were all electrically lighted, equipped with the most modern electrical cooking arrangements, and a sanitary expert accompanied the party.

"The table in the dining tent was equipped with an arrangement invented by Mr. Edison, whereby the food was distributed on a little table mounted on top of the regular table. This revolved when a button was pressed, and the food was carried to

each diner in that fashion. Many a joke was passed on this contraption's likeness to the Ford car, until some one reminded the crowd of Mr. Ford's favorite joke. 'Have you heard the latest Ford joke?' the story goes. 'I hope so,' is the answer with which Mr. Ford heartily concurs."

There are hardly enough such parties to enliven the work of the Washington news camera men, however, and so a part of every man's time is spent on "negative" duty. This duty has nothing to do with film negative, as one might suppose, but is dedicated to the negative in universal use—that is, just plain "No." There are dozens of publicity seekers in Washington who bother the news-reel offices day after day, asking to have a news camera man sent to cover some pet project of theirs, and it is the painful duty of the camera man to see some of these people occasionally and turn them down.

They are unassuming men, these camera men, and yet their work has a far-reaching effect. They are the mirrors of the nation's capital, whose reflection, cast upon thousands of screens the country over, teach the people who our big men are and what they look like, teach our girls what the nation's society and political leaders are like and what they wear, and, most important of all, familiarizes the entire country with the activities of the men who in three years' time may come before the voters of the country as presidential timber.

The Flapper Set in Hollywood

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embodied spirits, but that they didn't hang around these joints. So he grabbed me by the arm, and we went right up front. Somebody grabbed me by the ankle as I was going up. I screamed, but Harold kept right on, just sort of creeping along low down. Suddenly he reached out and put his hand right on the ghost's face. And it wasn't a face at all. It was a foot, draped in cheesecloth! And that broke up the meeting."

A couple of years ago there was a Bachelor Maids' club. The club was formed at Carmel Myers' house, and everybody took the oath never to marry.

"The girls wanted to sign their names in blood," explained Colleen Moore, who told me about it, "but Mrs. Myers, Carmel's mother, is a practical soul, and said they weren't going to do any signing with blood in her house and make the place look as though a murder had been committed there—that it would make her blood run cold, so it would, and be-

sides some of the girls might get blood poisoning from it, and that would be worse than marrying, any day. So we had to be satisfied with red ink. Bessie Love belonged to it and Helen Ferguson, Helene Chadwick, Pauline Starke, ZaSu Pitts, Edith Roberts, and myself, and, of course, Carmel. Carmel Myers was the moving spirit in it—and then she was the first to go and get married. And then ZaSu and Helene went back on their solemn vows, and Edith and Pauline and Helen are all engaged or supposed to be."

And so is Colleen herself, if the reports are true!

Just now all the younger set are keen on uplift clubs. One has just been formed with some of the nicest girls in the film world as members. They're going to do a lot of nice charity things. One is the contributing of a fund to care for any leading lady who finds herself in needy circumstances. The other is to help the boys of the Wounded Soldiers' Hospitals.

"But," confided Lois Wilson to me,

"while I think it's perfectly lovely, and those boys are dears, still something awfully funny happened to one of the girls, last week. No, I won't tell you which one. But it seems that the girls go and take the boys riding in their machines. One day this girl met a soldier with his arm done up in a sling, and limping along with a cane, just outside the hospital gates. She invited him to ride with her, he turned out to be awfully clever and nice, and they had a wonderful time, until, away cut on the road, the machine stalled for some reason. The girl fixed it, and they were just starting away when along came a bum and tried to hold 'em up.

"And what do you think? That soldier forgot all about his wounded arm. He hopped out and knocked the bum down. Then he hopped into the machine, grabbed the wheel, and they were off! His arm wasn't wounded at all. He confessed he just wanted to get a chance to ride with her!"

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other day, she fails still to grasp the cruelty of those studio roisterers who made her ridiculous to furnish their daily laugh.

She left Universal again some weeks later—this time of her own accord—and went over to the Mack Sennett studio. She inquired politely of the gateman:

"What chance do you think I have as a bathing beauty?"

He looked her up and down slowly and then pronounced:

"Not—a—chance."

That settled, she thanked him, turned, and plodded unabashed straight to the Charlie Chaplin studio. Funds were low.

Fortunately for the Pitts exchequer, Mr. Chaplin put her under contract—but unfortunately for her artistic development did not call her for work. For six months she sat in her dressing room day after day, waiting for the word that did not come. It was very lonely. The leading woman, Edna Purviance, had the next dressing room, but did not vouchsafe the little player a casual "Good morning." ZaSu, reticent and ill at ease, did not make advances. She had much time for thought, and at the end of six months she came to the conclusion that time spent in a dressing room was never going to put her before the public. She left the dull harbor she had found and again went on to seek her fortune.

She had one failure and one success before she finally signed with the Brentwood Film Corporation, now extinct.

Her failure was with Griffith. When she went to his studio, he was making "The Greatest Thing In Life," and ZaSu was signed to play the Lillian Gish part. Having felt that she had at last arrived, ZaSu got a violent shock when she was told that, after many weeks of rehearsal, she was too much like the Gish girls in type, and that, with Mr. Griffith's sincere assurance of her ultimate success, her part in the picture was ended.

But she was again restored to the heights of her buoyant confidence when she contracted for the part of *Becky* in Mary Pickford's production of "The Little Princess."

Brentwood, a company with King Vidor at its head, then signed her on a two-year contract to play leads in small-town comedies. The pictures were cheaply made, but the stories were more or less suited to ZaSu's peculiar type. Because she exercised a pathetic sort of heart appeal, her following grew steadily in

volume. She became, for the time being, a star.

At the end of the two years, a mushroom motion-picture company signed her on a long-term contract, at a weekly salary of a thousand dollars. She was to play, not in small-town pictures for small-town theaters, but in features, as an ingénue heroine, with frilly dresses, backlight and all the paraphernalia of the sugar-and-water actress of which the public is heartily tired.

The fans, however, were not even told this. All they knew was that ZaSu was to get a thousand dollars a week. Somehow they didn't associate her with that much money. The reaction against high-salaried picture players had set in, and the gossip about Hollywood, which culminated in the spring of 1922, was increasing like a snowball rolling downhill.

ZaSu received her thousand dollars for a few weeks, then her backers dissolved. Not of a provident nature, she had bought a car, many clothes, and much powder and perfume. When her bubble burst, she was left to regard her recent acquisitions with a contemplative eye and to wonder what she would do next.

After having made up her mind that she was a star, it was hard for her to realize that she did not have the making of a luminary in her. Quite slowly she came to the conclusion—a correct one—that she was a character woman. Upon arriving at this conclusion, after nearly a year, she prinked her hair, put on some of the clothes her thousand dollars had bought, and went out to look for any sort of acting job she could get.

She was considered for the part of *Miss Lulu Bett*, but the failure of her thousand-a-week contract to result in actual production—a circumstance in no way her fault—reacted against her. She and her husband, Tom Gallery, gathered together some money sparingly provided by San Francisco backers, and made a picture called "Peter-Jane," which will soon be released. It took them exactly two weeks to make it, working under the direction of John MacDermott. They had in the cast such persons as Marjorie Daw and Wallace Beery.

Then Paul Powell engaged her to play a character part in "For the Defense," the last picture Ethel Clayton made for Famous Players. James Cruze, on the same lot, used her in "Is Matrimony a Failure?" with a featured cast.

She is now in retirement following the birth of a daughter, but as soon as she is able to, she plans to continue the career that has had so many ups and downs. She has realized at last

just what her particular niche is, and will work whole-heartedly to fill it. She is just another girl in pictures who has refused to recognize failure. It took her some time to grasp just what it was all about, but now that she has grasped it, she will hang on tighter and longer than would Patsy, her English bulldog.

In contrast with ZaSu's rather wistfully light-hearted attitude toward her rocky road to success, is Pauline Starke's truly serious one. Unlike ZaSu, she is definitely and positively on the road to stardom. It seemed incongruous to hear her, exquisitely gowned and living in a luxurious apartment, telling me of her poverty of only a few years back.

She and her mother came from Joplin, Missouri, ten years ago. Far from affluent, Mrs. Starke managed to scrape enough money together by sewing and playing atmosphere at the Griffith studio to send Pauline to Egan's Dramatic School.

Pauline had always been curious to see the strange place where movies were made, so one Saturday her mother took her over on the lot. Griffith, his eye caught by the little girl's bright-green sweater and white dress, watched her during the making of a mob scene. She regarded the hustle and bustle about her with such solemnity and such grave interest that the director's interest was intrigued. He told her to report for work the following Monday.

She played extra parts intermittently for some months, most of her work consisting in being padded out to fill the grown women's clothes given her. As she was only a very small atom in a very large mob, the discrepancy between her childish face and the long dresses was not caught by the camera.

But all this time Griffith had been watching her. At last his confidence in her possibilities resulted in his putting her in stock. Mildred Harris, Carmel Myers, Bessie Love, Mary Alden, the Gish sisters, Mae Marsh, and Constance Talmadge were her companions. These girls were guaranteed a minimum of two days' work a week at five dollars a day. It was to their advantage, of course, if they worked additional days.

Mrs. Starke played atmosphere some of the time in pictures produced on the same lot, and, with Mildred Harris' mother, spent the rest of her time sewing in the wardrobe. It was through the efforts of their mothers, through their love and care and devotion, that these two girls have reached the positions they now hold. Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Starke worked all day in the studio wardrobe

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Italy. I make-a more mon' than king. Sure! First time I send mon' home, old folks think-a I rob a bank, get scared. Ha! When I go home, *some* spaghetti parties, I promise. Dey talk about 'Hollywood parties.' You wait. I give-a old folks *real* party—plenty spaghetti'. Some class to Bool, by gol!"

Since he donned the boxing gloves, life has been kinder to the ex-quarry laborer. And even the pugilists lulled by Bull's ham-sized fist will say that he deserves all the good things that have come to him—"the plenty spaghetti'," which sums it up for him. A few years ago, Douglas Fairbanks saw Bull standing in front of the Astor Hotel in New York fighting a verbal duel with "Spike"

Robinson. "Just the man I want for the tough part in 'In Again, Out Again,'" Doug said to John Emerson. But let Bull tell it:

"A man, he say to me, 'Bool, Doog Fairbanks want-a meet you.' I say, 'Who's Doog Fairbanks?' Man say, 'You craze keed, he's beeg peecture star.' I say, 'I don' know what peecture star is, but I meet heem. I can lick heem.' So I meet this here Doog. He give-a me job. I take heem. I think maybe some day I be beeg star like this here Doog. I get-a seven-five dollar' week to start. Some class, by gol. Now I get-a over thousand—more than king."

He has appeared in "Manhattan Madness," "Treasure Island," "Crazy to Marry," he was the gorilla in "Go and Get It," and played in "The Fool-

ish Age" with Doris May. Hunt Stromberg is now starring him in his second comedy.

"Sure, I got-a lots-a girls," Bull confessed, when I twitted him about the way these Hollywood Hollies follow him around. "But I'm a smart chap. Bool's no-a fool. Those girl, she want-a thees," showing the headlight diamond which, in fact, you spy long before you see Bull himself. "And she want-a new car and-a lots a theengs. But I tease 'em all. I say, 'Sure, you my girl, sure-a.' But I leave-a women alone. I stay-a out of moonlight." There was a shrewd, humorous twinkle in his black eyes. "Bool's no-a fool."

And he isn't. He's a canny soul who has known poverty and therefore saves against it in the future.

Raising a Brain Child

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suddenly realized that my brain child was licking its father! It was mastering me. It had become too big for me to handle. My parental pride was in peril. Grimly I resolved to make it do my bidding.

No one shall ever know the ordeal I underwent that week in the cutting room. No one shall ever know the agony, the distress, the despair, the heartbreaks that I suffered.

But at last the thing was done. I had trimmed the rebellious infant—to seven reels. Victorious, I emerged from the stuffy cutting room and summoned my anxious and dubious confrères to view it. Unanimously they acclaimed their approval of the work.

"Now," said Bennie, "dress it up with titles, and we're through."

Buoyant with confidence and ecstasy, I locked myself up again and wrote titles. My first set were deliberately humorous. I finished them and submitted them to Bennie. He pronounced them very bad. They were too funny, he said. Funny titles would ruin the tender pathos of the picture. We must have something sentimental. So I wrote a set of sentimental titles. I filled them with poetry of tears. When they were finished, I read them over and tore them up. They were too mawkish. Then, for another week, during which Bennie and Bernie and Jim were frantic, I grappled with a set of titles—just plain, simple titles, with perhaps an occasional inspira-

tion hidden among them and one or two salvaged from the first and second sets. I turned them over to the others to read, and they met with general favor. I was relieved, and I might well be; for I had written over three thousand titles before I had satisfied myself.

At length, however, the final titles were printed and photographed and inserted in the picture. Then came disaster. It had occurred to no one that titles consumed space. Our seven-reel picture, with titles had become a nine-reel picture again!

I surrendered weakly. To go through that drudgery again was more than I had the courage to meet. There were also three other cowards, and the work was given to another, a sympathetic friend whose editing ability is profound. With the mystifying genius of a magician, he made two reels disappear, and my brain child was ready to go forth into the world to meet its fate.

Bennie and Bernie took the picture to New York to confront the most difficult task of all—selling it for release. I waited anxiously and tremblingly for word from them, and after three months of silence I followed to the metropolis. My trip across the continent was one of mental torment. I calculated our chances. I knew that an average of *only one out of every eleven or twelve independently produced pictures is a success*. I despaired. In the bad lands of Colorado our train was wrecked while we slept, and I might have been

killed without knowing it, but I was not. I was sure then that I had been maliciously spared just so that I might go on to New York and die of a broken heart and starvation.

There was something heartening, something vivifying in the handshake Bennie gave me when he met me at the train. And there was reason for it to electrify me. After four months—four æons during which we imagined that the universe hung motionless and expectant in the void—the impossible had happened. The picture was sold—we had become producers! And that was not all. Over the entrance to the Criterion Theater was a big sign from which flashed the title of my brain child. We were starting out with a showing on Broadway!

You can't imagine the relief it was. It meant not only that we would get financial reward for our risks and our labors, but that we were no longer merely financial dare-devils; we were real producers. We had made and marketed a picture that was actually shown in theaters throughout the country.

"But, after all, it's nothing," we say with the genuine and unoriginal humanity which distinguishes all of us. Deep down in our hearts, though, we are really amazed and a little chagrined to discover that we feel no thrill in looking at ourselves in a mirror, and that a producer is in essence the same thing as a butcher—or a duke.

"COMING TO-MORROW"

is the title of an unusual and engrossing personality sketch of Cullen Landis, written by Gerald C. Duffy, which will appear in next month's Picture-Play. The speed—the daring—and the likable swagger of this young player are shown in this article just as his friends know them. His appearances on the screen have made him one of the rising favorites of the fans. This story will give you a glimpse of the greater glories the future promises for him.

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anna type. As Rose E. Ward, of Ithaca, New York, says, "Mary Pickford is the only one who can play child parts, and I hope she keeps on playing them."

To some extent, of course, these different opinions are based on differences in personal taste—in personal preferences. For this reason we shall always have different types of actors, just as we have musicians for every taste. In very few instances has the world as a whole agreed in acclaiming any actors as artists of the first rank. Bernhardt is one of these; Mrs. Fiske is another, and so was Modjeska, in her day. But to these the palms were awarded only after a long career, extending over many years. Almost all the world loves and enjoys Maude Adams, but there are many who claim that she is not a great actress. Can you name any popular actress or actor on the stage to-day who is *universally* hailed by critics and public alike as great?

That being the case, what, then, can be said of the movie players who have been with us but a few short years? What is the standard by which we are to judge them?

It must be a standard coined in the motion-picture theaters of the present time. We fans are helping to mold future opinions, and these opinions

are often formed rapidly. When we write a letter to PICTURE-PLAY saying that we think Dotty Dimples is very beautiful but a very poor actress, we are sowing a seed which may cause a sudden whirlwind, for at once people are going to stop and think about Miss Dimples' acting the next time they see her.

The opportunity for forming new opinions about motion pictures is very great. Never before has the whole amusement-loving world had a similar opportunity to make immediate comparisons between different types and qualities of acting. In the days when Rejane, Modjeska, Bernhardt, Duse, Mrs. Fiske, and Ellen Terry were the undisputed queens of the stage there was no city in the United States, with the possible exception of New York, in which the critically inclined could go from one theater to another, night after night, and draw comparisons between the abilities of players such as these.

But now, every city in America boasts the appearance during a single week of several such players as Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, Wallace Reid, Rodolph Valentino, Viola Dana, Bert Lytell, and many other favorites. Thus, with the tremendous weight of this constantly changing opinion made up from the composite

mind of almost the entire nation, is it any wonder that the popularity of a star is an uncertain and a changing thing?

And now, let us check up the results of our investigation. Granting that the opinions I have quoted are typical, we find that a consensus of them demands that the actor should be sincere, natural, and capable of giving the impression of living each rôle, and capable of appealing to the emotions.

That he should not be stagy, flip-pant, a poseur, a clothes hanger, a face-maker.

The most disputed question seems to be whether the best acting is obtained by the player's sticking to one single type of rôle, or whether his characterizations should be varied.

Probably this question never will be settled one way or another. Or, rather, it will continue to be settled both ways.

In conclusion, I can only say what others have said before me: If you have any definite ideas on this subject, write letters—lots of letters; tell just what you think is the matter with the players on the screen, and something will be done about it. For the producers are making pictures to please you and not themselves. You are the real directors after all.

Everybody's Colleen

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seen such raving ecstasies as some of the reviewers indulged in over your 'Wall Flower' and that old 'When Dawn Came' and 'Dinty.'"

"Wasn't it funny," Colleen chuckled—it was the little girl Colleen speaking now, not that trouper experienced beyond her years—"they raved so over those things where I really wasn't so much that if I ever do anything awfully good and they praise me it will be like crying, 'Wolf! Wolf!'"

That "something awfully good" which almost every one expects her to do may be "The Bitterness of Sweets," a Rupert Hughes picture she recently made, in which she plays a dancer. Or it may be "Affinities," a Mary Roberts Rinehart picture, which she made for Ward Lascelles between her Goldwyn engagements. Or perhaps "Broken Chains," the ten-thousand-dollar-prize story, in which she is playing the leading rôle, will be the one to bring out the full flowering of her talent. The film industry looks on Colleen as one of its big bets, and expects one of these pictures to prove it.

Now Colleen—like most girls—is supersensitive about certain things,

but I'm going to speak of them, anyway. She has big hands and feet, and her eyes are not alike. One is gray, the other brown, and I speak of them only because her triumphs are much more important when you consider these drawbacks. Her indomitable spirit makes you forget everything about her eyes except the expression in them, and the size of her hands and feet are unnoticeable, for they have undergone such rigorous ballet training that they are amazingly agile and graceful.

At the Biograph studio in New York—where for a time she occupied the beautiful dressing room that has belonged to Clara Kimball Young, the late Olive Thomas, Lillian Gish, and other famous stars—and at the Neilan or Goldwyn studios in California she is quite a personage. Directors are always praising her to other members of their companies, for she is as willing a worker as she was the day she started. But at home she is just the twenty-year-old daughter who gets kidded unmercifully by her brother and scolded good and hard by her mother if she stays late at a dance. Outside of the studio she is a little flapper, dressed ahead of the style more often than not; at

a matinée she is one of the most ardent hero worshipers I ever knew, you could set her down among a crowd of girl fans and she would rave about the players just as they did, and you'd never know that she was a player herself. She doesn't put you in your place—as she has every right to do—by saying, "I know what I'm talking about because I played with so and so."

But some day when the laurels are being showered on Colleen, she will forget her usual diffidence and tell about the people she most admires and how much they have done for her. There will be Lillian Gish first of all, for it was Lillian whom Colleen simply worshiped in those formative years back at the old Fine Arts studio, and I suspect that it was from Lillian that she got the prim dignity that clings to her even through her bursts of typically Irish merriment. There will be many others who were so drawn to this ingratiating little girl with the tremulous smile on her lips that they wanted to play a part in the molding of her career—Marshall Neilan, for instance, and John Barrymore. But most important of them are Blanche Sweet and Rupert Hughes. Mr. Hughes did his part

by giving her big rôles and working over them with her—and by bringing her much valuable publicity—an item not to be scorned. He remarked one day that whereas most successful actresses were marble to mold and wax to retain, Colleen was wax to mold and marble to retain. And this re-

mark of his was picked up by newspapers and magazines all over the world. But Blanche Sweet's gift to her has been an even greater one. Out of her own skill, her own experience, there is no resource that she has not wanted to share with this younger player. She has advised,

and encouraged Colleen every step of the way. And it is all because of that little indefinable, endearing sweetness of the girl that you, or I, or any one would give her anything we had.

And so you see why I say she is everybody's Colleen.

The Screen in Review

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all this she is dowdy until Edward Martindel appears and she suddenly discovers the magic of well-hung earrings and a marcel wave. The scenario maker hasn't done much for the story, but, as usual, Miss Frederick shows herself quite capable of saving the plot. She is always interesting and magnetic even when half smothered by banal subtitles.

"Our Leading Citizen."

Here is a comedy masterpiece which proves the advantage of having one man at the helm, especially if that one man is George Ade. He wrote the story, most of the scenario, all of the titles, helped in the direction, and, for all we know, doubled in brass in the cast. The result is one of the most amusing films of many months. It's the Indiana type of story—almost suggestive of Tarkington's early work—one of those small-town idyls where a lazy, no-count lawyer wins out in a political battle, gets the beautiful heiress, and is elected to Congress. Thomas Meighan is at his best as the reformed loafer, and Lois Wilson puts more vivacity than usual into the dashing rôle of the girl. (This young woman is getting more versatile with every picture.) Then there is Theodore Roberts and Charles Ogle and many excellent character sketches in an unusual cast. But most of all, there is George Ade. I hope he won't rest on his laurels, but will go on and make several dozen comedies with the broad humor and sly satire of this one.

If your father, brother, or sweetheart is the sort of person who stays away from the movies because of the "slushy, silly stories," and you want to convert him, see if you can't wheedle him into seeing this picture. It ought to bring him around if any picture will.

"The Woman Who Walked Alone."

Dorothy Dalton marrying a wicked old rich man "for the sake of the family." This plot always irritates me. When a woman exploits a millionaire solely for his money, even to support a few starving relatives,

my sympathies are all for the wicked old rich man. You can't help feeling sorry for the old boy when he attempts to pat her hand and she shrinks and hisses, "I loathe you!" I have often wondered what these wives thought they were giving as their part of the bargain. I notice they never shrink from the jewels and laces. So I hadn't much sympathy for Dorothy even when she was turned out of her home and worked as a barmaid among the Boers. She never seemed to "walk alone," not so that you could notice it; there was always a line of men close on her trail. Miss Dalton puts much energy and fervor into her rôle and somehow manages to be convincing, though her rôle is not. Milton Sills, as the inevitable "other man," is very stern and very noble, as usual. Wanda Hawley plays one of those little sisters who are continually getting themselves and the entire cast into hot water.

Three Foreign Films.

Of the foreign output this month, a play called "At the Stroke of Midnight" is the most interesting. It is a Swedish film and full of gloom. But the strong point of the "Midnight" film is not its gloom, but its ghost story. There is an incidental story told in a graveyard which will send shivers up your spine whenever you think of it. I enjoyed it immensely, although I had to sit through reels of endless dreary moralizing to get to the spooks. I've always felt that the screen was the place for a great masterpiece in the ghost-story line. This film isn't it, but it certainly suggests its possibilities. Doctor Selma Lagerlof wrote the tale, and Victor Seastrom is immensely impressive in the principal rôle. For entertainment I cannot recommend this film to American audiences. As compared to the average film play this one has an extremely dull story, and I have yet to find an American who felt moved by it, or sympathetic toward the characters. For the thoughtful student, however, who is interested in something about the manner of thought and the points of view of races other than his own,

I should say that the picture might be interesting in the extreme.

Also on the foreign list we have "The Devil's Pawn" and "Retribution." The first is a Pola Negri picture and about as bad as they come except for the always interesting acting of this extraordinary star. But the picture is stogy and absurd, and somehow I resent the assumption of these producers that since her success in "Passion" they can dump any old thing on the American public. I don't believe the Germans would stand for these pictures in their own theaters. We have had four of them now, and they get worse and worse. Yet "Passion," "Deception," and "Pharaoh" were so beautiful!

"Retribution."

This picture professes to give the inside dope about Lucretia Borgia. This cruel vamp of the Italian Renaissance is whitewashed until she appears as a sweet-faced saint, which is tough on her brother *Cæsar*, who gets blamed for all her poisoning parties. Most of the picture is naively absurd, but there are scenes of great beauty, particularly the one showing the election of *Rodrigo Borgia* to the papal throne. Enrico Piacentini plays the brother *Borgia*, and *Lucretia Borgia* is none other than the Countess Irene Saffo Momo.

Among Other Things.

Also in the memories of the month we recall "Yellow Men and Gold," with Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix, a dashing, exciting melodrama full of buried treasure and secret islands and murder trails; Katherine MacDonald, gracious and decorative, trailing through a vapid triangle plot called "Domestic Relations" and "South of Suva," an interesting marital drama with Mary Miles Minter as the wife, and most beautiful Fiji Island scenery for background. We were much impressed, moreover, by the new dance pictures made by Ted Shawn and Claude Millard. With the right music they can bring the living presence of Pavlova, Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, and any other famous dancer with all the charm of their original production.

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studio. Metro promises to be busy, but there is little doing at the Vitagraph plant. And so it goes. The worried actor thinks that something ought to be done about it and says his prayers at night to Will Hays, who looms over Hollywood like a cross between a censor and a Salvation Army lassie.

A curious superstition has grown up in many of the studios. It is that a picture must be awfully good or frightfully bad to be a success. The producers think that the fans are tired of light comedies and just-*so* movies. And so they are going in for heavy melodramas and stories that have exotic and colorful settings. Even Constance Talmadge, the flapper queen, is going to desert fair comedy. No longer will she be the great American girl. She is now completing "East is West."

Two stories of India are now in the process of production. In "Amos Judd," Rodolph Valentino has a new type of rôle to play. Norma Talmadge's next picture will be "The Voice from the Minaret," by Robert Hichens. It, too, is a story of India. Richard Walton Tully is producing "Omar, the Tentmaker," with Guy Bates Post and Virginia Brown Faire in the leading rôles. Incense hangs thick about the studios, and producers are looking for more stories with that weird fortune-telling parlor atmosphere.

Leave it to Universal and Fox to supply the melodramas. They say that Jack Gilbert is going to enact the great drama of the ten, twenty, thirties, "St. Elmo." Having seen Corse Payton in the rôle, I wish him luck.

Every one is waiting for the arrival of Laurette Taylor and her husband, J. Hartley Manners. They are coming to the Metro studio to convert "Peg o' My Heart" into a screen heroine. As you probably know, the play was filmed by Lasky with Wanda Hawley as *Peg*. Mr. Manners and Oliver Morosco became involved in a lawsuit over the screen rights to the play. Mr. Manners won, and so we shall see Miss Taylor, who makes her screen début in this picture, as *Peg* and not Wanda. Because of the lawsuit, the Lasky production goes on the shelf. Miss Taylor has been lucky enough and wise enough to engage King Vidor as her director.

At present, Rex Ingram is keeping the home fires burning at Metro, and Viola Dana, who has returned after a season of personal appearances, will soon be asked to report for work. Metro also plans to introduce a new star. She is Billy Dove of the Ziegfeld Follies. Apparently Mr. Ziegfeld has nothing to do but train future movie stars.

Travel Notes.

Have you ever noticed that wherever Constance Talmadge goes there are rumors of marriage? In fact, the whole Talmadge family manages to keep things going. They have a way of being the life of any party. Connie, you know, is divorced, and I am glad because I never was able to spell her husband's name. And now every one is wondering whether she will marry again or not. Her beaux are too numerous to mention. Irving Berlin is said to be in her good graces again, but then Mr. Berlin is several thousand miles away. Working with her daily is John Considine, Jr., long a faithful follower of the Talmadge family.

Late in the summer all the Talmadges—and that includes Norma's husband, Joseph Schenck—will go to Europe, and Mr. Considine will go with them. Natalie, of course, will stay at home and take care of the baby, little Joseph Buster Keaton. Natalie is the most domestic girl in the world. She has turned down plenty of opportunities to follow in the footsteps of her sisters. But she didn't turn down Buster, and she is glad to be a devoted wife and mother. All the other members of the busy family look at Natalie with affection and pride.

Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, Tsuru Aoki, are in Japan. It's their first visit home in thirteen years. I haven't heard any accounts of their welcome there, but I am sure that they will move in the most distinguished circles. Mrs. Hayakawa's aunt, Satta Yacca, was the first Japanese woman to go on the stage. And Mr. Hayakawa has achieved considerable recognition in Japan by translating the plays of Shakespeare into his own tongue.

What is De Mille Doing?

You cannot crush the proud spirit of a De Mille. Not content with filming "Manslaughter" as a straight story, Cecil B. has staged a Roman orgy wherein the girls are dressed in stencil patterns and chiffon. The elaborate scene will be used as an episode in Alice Duer Miller's story. Anyway, there was wild excitement on Vine Street while the scenes were being taken because every one in town heard that C. B. was whoopin' it up again with big-spectacle stuff at the Lasky studio.

The answer is that you cannot keep them down on the farm after they've seen Parea.

Star Stuff.

Does William Russell throw his money away on palatial homes and autographed limousines? He does not. Recently Mr. Russell bought himself an office building as a sound real-estate investment.

Now bring on your slumps!

Score Two for Tony.

Antonio Moreno has been reëngaged by Goldwyn to play the leading rôle in "Captain Blackbird." The picture is directed by R. A. Walsh. Tony wants to prove to Vitagraph that he is looking for good stories and not merely the honor of being a star.

Here and There in Hollywood.

Frank Case, proprietor of the Hotel Algonquin and host to all Broadway, visited Hollywood as the guest of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Mr. Case is an old friend of Mr. Fairbanks because Doug used to make his headquarters at the Algonquin when he was merely a stage star.

For the first time in its history, there will be dancing in a Hollywood restaurant. Although the charter of the town says that food and jazz must not be served together, the managers of the Assembly Tea Rooms persuaded the authorities to change their minds. However, the dancing must stop at midnight and there will be plenty of policemen on the premises to see that the gayety is limited strictly to food and dancing.



Priscilla Dean has finished romping through "Under Two Flags."

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"Oh, of course," she answered, opening her eyes very wide and looking innocent as could be. "People will be more interested than ever in me now."

"I decided right then that they wouldn't be if I could help it, but little did I know Suzanne."

"I'd been back at work for about a month when she appeared on the scene with the cream and rolls one morning, her suit case in her hand, and business in her eye."

"Here I am," she announced. "I read in the paper that you were just going to begin a new picture, and I'd like a part, please."

"Everything's full," I told her, not even feeling guilty at the lie. "Not a chance in the world, but I'll see if Bill Desmond hasn't a chance for you in the picture he's beginning; he's got a peach of a story, and he—"

"Oh, you can find me a part—write one in, if you have to," she urged, sitting down across the table from me. "I don't care if it isn't so very big—I need a chance to learn the game—haven't ever done any pictures, you know."

"Her nerve rather got me—she was so little, and looked so plucky, somehow. So I decided that I might as well give her a chance, especially as I evidently couldn't get out of it. I took her over to the studio, and we fixed up some stuff for her in the picture, and I thought everything was right. But I soon found out that Suzanne wasn't to be slipped into the background. She was living at a club for girls, where a lot of awfully clever girls who'd made a start in pictures, lived, and about the first thing the fair Suzanne did was to tell at least three of them, in strictest confidence, all about the excitement that Henry had created. She didn't tell them the whole thing—just showed them newspaper clippings, and said I'd left town at once. Apparently she painted Henry in glowing colors, too—he was quite a hero, instead of a baggage smasher."

"My manager heard about it first, and came to me looking like a thundercloud. I spent at least three hours on explanations. Then a couple of reporters showed up, and I had to harangue them. Finally Suzanne telephoned me. She didn't see how it could possibly have happened, but people were talking about us—didn't I think I'd better come over and we could talk about it and see what was to be done?"

"Not on your life!" I told her. "I had a hunch that she'd started this new version. The best thing for us to do is to tell the truth and not be seen together."

"She was inclined to argue, but I cut her off, and thought I'd settled things. That was at ten in the evening. At twelve the phone rang and my man said I was wanted—that the message was urgent. I was having a quiet game of poker with three of the fellows, and told him to take the message. He came back a few moments later and said that he couldn't. So I went."

"Won't you please come over immediately?" urged a sweet female voice. "Suzanne Nevin's terribly ill, and she keeps calling for you. We think she's going to die!"

"I felt like a balloon that's had a pin stuck into it. I couldn't see myself trotting over there, and I couldn't see myself letting the poor, lonely little thing die without me if she wanted me there. I went back and told the fellows about it—had to tell somebody, and they were all good friends of mine. I told them the whole thing—all about how alone she was, and everything. And then I wound up with the tale of the telephone call. When I'd finished one of them leaned back in his chair and fairly yelled with laughter."

"That girl isn't any more sick than you are," he told me. "She's been talking to—well, a sweet young thing who tried that stunt on me no more than a year ago. I was scared till I found that she'd also tried it on somebody else. She used to faint, and have one of her friends telephone for me, at all hours of the night. I fell for it just once—went over and found her lying on a chaise longue, limp as a rag and becomingly pale, wearing her best friend's best negligee, which the best friend had worn in a picture in which she appeared as my younger sister. I recognized it at once."

"She came to in time to reach out her arms to me and murmur my name, while her friends all stood around and exclaimed sympathetically. I suddenly fell for the whole thing, and ran for the door, saying that a doctor ought to be called at once and I'd go and get him. And I did *not* go back."

"Now, you stay where you are. Let her phone. Let her say she's going to die—she won't. You could go over there and help the girls bring her back to life, and have them telling all their friends about it to-morrow—and where'd you be? You pass this up, young fellow my lad!"

"And you did—oh, surely you knew enough to take his advice," I interrupted.

"I did—and she was furious. But she kept right on playing with me—I couldn't put her out of the picture."

And she was always underfoot till I got two or three people I knew to go around town, talking about what a wonderful actress she was, and how I knew enough not to let any one else get hold of her. That way enough interest was aroused to get her a contract with some one else—before she'd even been seen on the screen, if you please, and the other day I saw an interview with her in which she begged the interviewer not to mention my name in connection with her start in pictures, as really I'd had nothing to do with it. This in spite of the fact that she'd stopped telling people about our mix-up in that little town only on condition that I'd keep her working in pictures for at least a year. The young black-mailer!"

"What's she doing now?" I asked.

"Starring—married a rich husband who sees to it that everything people want on the screen is put into her releases—and then tucks her in, too. Not a good leading man with a following escapes. Sets, costumes, stories—everything is used as a background for Suzanne, and they let her play the society rôles that she loves, instead of the gamin stuff that she's cut out for. Ah, well—she'll always get what she wants in life in some way, just as she got Henry's overalls."

"She wanted you and didn't get you," I reminded him.

"She didn't really want me—she wanted a chance in pictures," he retorted. But he had the grace to blush—and I knew the truth, anyway.

"Those two girls are coming over," he remarked, changing the subject abruptly. "Wonder what they want—want to guess?"

"They want to meet you," I answered promptly. "That's easy."

"No—they want to get into pictures; that's still easier to guess," he declared. "Or possibly one of them has written a scenario that she wants to submit to me personally. Strange, how almost every one in the world seems to have written at least one. And they always seem to expect me to act surprised when they announce that they're scenarioists. Still, these girls are almost too pretty for that. I guess my first hunch was best; they want to get into the movies."

They came toward us slowly; charming things they were, in their very smart and correct cloth gowns and little fur scarfs. When they introduced themselves my mind flew to the social register; when they told why they had dared to come, Barry grinned at me. They wanted to get into the movies—wouldn't he please help them?

TO BE CONTINUED.

Would You Give \$1.97 -to Lose 30 Pounds in 30 Days?



Miss Morse before she used this new, easy, pleasant way to reduce. She weighed 230 pounds.



Miss Morse after losing 80 pounds and regaining new health and vitality through this method.

Loses 80 Pounds— Looks 10 Years Younger

I weighed 230 pounds. I was continually sick and would have to rest after walking a single block. I had tried many remedies in vain. I finally sent for your books and on reading them I realized that never before had I tried the right method. Today I weigh only 150 pounds—a reduction of 80 pounds. I feel better than I have in many years. People whom I have not seen for some time hardly recognize me. I look younger than I have in 10 years. I am greatly indebted to you for your wonderful and pleasant discovery.

(Signed) Miss Laura Morse,
271 W. 119th St., New York City.



Mrs. Denny before she used the new method. Weight 240 pounds.



Mrs. Denny after she used the new method. Weight now 166 pounds and she is still reducing.

Loses 74 Pounds— Feels Like a New Woman

"I weighed 240 pounds when I sent for your course. The first week I lost 10 pounds. My weight is now 166 pounds and I am still reducing. I never felt better in my life than I do now. There is no sign of my former indigestion. And I have a fine complexion now, whereas before I was always bothered with pimples. Formerly I could not walk upstairs without feeling faint. Now I can RUN up. I reduced my bust 7 1/2 inches, my waist 9 inches and my hips 11 inches. I even wear shoes a size smaller. Formerly they were sixes, now they are fives."

(Signed) Mrs. Mary J. Denny,
82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J.

Reaches Normal Weight in 30 days

"For three years I had weighed 168 pounds. I went to a gymnasium and exercised for a month to reduce weight. At the end of the month I had a d d e d four more p o u n d s . Then I heard of and sent for your m e t h o d . That was my lucky day. I found your instructions easy and your menus delightful. I lost 28 pounds in 30 days—8 pounds the very first week. My general health has greatly benefited, and I have not had one of my former sick headaches since losing my extra flesh."



E. A. Kettel, prominent in New York newspaper circles, who lost 28 pounds in 30 days.

(Signed) E. A. Kettel,
225 W. 39th St., New York City.

That is all it will cost you. And you lose your excess flesh through a wonderful new discovery which does not require any starving, exercise, massage, drugs or bitter self-denials or discomforts. Sent on 10 DAYS TRIAL to PROVE that you can lose a pound a day.

I REDUCED from 175 pounds to 153 pounds (his normal weight) in just two weeks (22 pounds lost in 14 days.) Before I started I was flabby and sick, had headaches all the time. I feel wonderful now."

Thus writes Mr. Ben Naddle, a New York business man, located at 102 Fulton Street. His experience is similar to that of many others who have used this new, easy and pleasant way to reduce excess flesh. Miss Kathleen Mullane, stage beauty and famous artist's model, whom a well-known artist called "a most perfect example of American womanhood," writes:

"In just three weeks I reduced 20 pounds—just what I wanted to—through your remarkable new way to reduce. And without one bit of discomfort. I think it is perfectly remarkable."

Mr. Clyde Tapp of Poole, Kentucky, who lost 60 pounds by this method in a remarkably short time, writes:

"Thousands of dollars would not represent the value of the knowledge I have gained as to this healthful, pleasant way of losing weight."

And now you have this same opportunity to lose every ounce of your excess flesh and gain a wonderful increase in health; at a cost of only \$1.97.

Reduce as Fast or as Slowly as You Wish

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is absolutely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose flesh as rapidly as a pound a day, you can regulate this natural law so that your loss of flesh will be more gradual. When you have reached your normal weight you can retain it without gaining or losing another pound.

Taking off excess weight by this new method is the easiest thing imaginable. It is absolutely harmless. Almost like magic it brings slender, graceful, supple figures and the most wonderful benefits in health. Weakness, nervousness, indigestion, shortness of breath, as well as many long-seated organic troubles, are banished. Eyes become brighter, steps more elastic and skins smooth, clear and radiant. Many write that they are positively astounded at losing wrinkles which they had supposed to be ineffaceable!

The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But to discover this vital "law of food" had always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the world-famous food specialist, to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered

that certain foods when eaten together take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others consume fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

This method even permits you to eat many delicious foods which you may now be denying yourself. For you can arrange your meals so that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

10-Days Trial—Send No Money

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight control into 12 easy-to-follow lessons, called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." Lessons one and two show how to reduce slowly; the others show how to reduce more rapidly. To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery he offers to send the complete course on 10 days' trial to any one sending in the coupon.

If you act quickly you can take advantage of a special reduced price offer that is being made for a short time only. All you need do is to mail the coupon—or write a letter or postcard if you prefer—without sending a penny and the course will be sent you at once, IN PLAIN WRAPPER.

When it arrives pay the postman the special price of only \$1.97 (plus the few cents postage) and the course is yours. The regular price of the course is \$3.50, but \$1.97 is all you have to pay while this special offer is in existence. There are no further payments. But if you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method you may return the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient you may remit with the coupon, but this is not necessary.)

See how our liberal guarantee protects you. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and gain a wonderful gain in health that you wish to continue this simple, easy, delightful method or else you return the course and your money is refunded without question.

Complete Cost for All Only \$1.97 Plus Few Cents Postage

Don't delay. This special price may soon be withdrawn. If you act at once you gain a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be of priceless value to you throughout your life. Mail the coupon NOW. Corrective Eating Society, Dept. W-1959, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

Corrective Eating Society, Dept. W-1959
43 West 16th St., New York City

Without money in advance you may send me, in plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's \$3.50 Course on "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," in 12 lessons. When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus the few cents postage) in full payment and there are to be no further payments at any time. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I retain the privilege of returning this course within 10 days, and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Street.....

City..... State.....
Price outside U. S., \$2.15 cash with order.

THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

RODOLPH ADMIRER.—So you're "wild, simply wild," over Rodolph? Well, you're not alone—I've never read such hectic praise in all my life as I have this past month about this actor. I've written Rodolph's history so often that I can rattle it off by heart, but so many fans keep asking to know "all about him" that I'm giving the whole story here again. Mr. Valentino was born in Castellaneta, Italy, May 6, 1895, and was christened Antonio Valentino Guglielmi. He attended first a military academy, then an agricultural college, intending to become a landscape gardener. Valentino came to this country about eight years ago, couldn't find a job at landscaping, so took up dancing in New York City as a means of livelihood. He danced in cabarets, in vaudeville with Bonnie Glass and Joan Sawyer, and spent two seasons in musical comedy. Then he went to the coast, danced in one of the hotels out there, and finally secured a job in the movies. He has been in pictures about four years, but for a long time could secure only bits and small parts, so that he was practically unknown until a little over a year ago, when "The Four Horsemen" was released. Since then he has played in "The Conquering Power," "Uncharted Seas," "Camille," "Moran of the Lady Letty," "Beyond the Rocks," "The Sheik," and "Blood and Sand," which will be released in September. And two old productions in which Valentino appeared when he was not so famous are being revived by Universal. They are "The Delicious Little Devil," with Mae Murray, and "Once to Every Woman," with Dorothy Phillips. Rodolph married Jean Acker, a screen actress, in November, 1919, and was divorced from her several months ago. Then he wedded Natacha Rambova, art designer for Nazimova, whose real name is Winifred Hudnut. Valentino is five feet eleven, weighs one hundred and fifty-four pounds, has black hair and dark-brown eyes. There you have it all; clip it out and paste it in your Valentino gallery. You have one, I suppose.

A LOVER OF PICTURE-PLAY.—You seem concerned mostly with pronunciations this time. See if you can make anything of this: Thomas Meighan's name is pronounced "Mee-an," accent on first syllable, short "a," as in "man." Lois is pronounced "Lo-is," long "o," "s" as in "sis," accent on first syllable. Thomas' eyes are blue and his hair black. So you'll always be loyal to Tommy? He seems to be keeping his following, all right. "Our Leading Citizen," the George Ade story in which he appears, has been finished and Tommy will next devote himself to making life miserable for Leatrice Joy in "Manslaughter."

A MOVIE PIANIST.—I never said I didn't like girls! Can't you give me credit for a little diplomacy? "The Man Who Married His Own Wife" is Frank Mayo's latest. Gaston Glass plays in "I Am the Law" with Alice Lake and Kenneth Harlan. No, he did not appear in "Greater Than Love." "Reported Missing" is Owen Moore's latest and Harrison Ford is in "The Primitive Lover," opposite Constance Talmadge. Frank Mayo, Gaston Glass, Owen Moore, William Duncan, Niles Welch, Wallace Reid, Richard Dix,

hear that PICTURE-PLAY is such a cheer bringer, and hope you'll soon be fit again.

CATHARYNE.—I do not recognize the girl whose picture you sent as a screen actress, at least not a well-known one. She may be in pictures, but she certainly isn't a star. So you win. Gladys Walton is fond of sports, especially swimming. She is seventeen. Wallace Reid really plays all those musical instruments you see him photographed with. It's not press-agent stuff at all.

MARY.—Thanks for your interest and information. Mother Mary Maurice and Pauline Bush are not in pictures now, but Ella Hall is reported to be returning to the screen to play in pictures made by her husband, Emory Johnson, and Spottiswoode Aitken has been playing right along. He appeared in "The Unknown Wife" with Edith Roberts and "Reputation" with Priscilla Dean.

HASH.—Thanks for your nice letter. It is a very auspicious beginning. You are one of us now, and I hope you'll write as often as you want to know anything without worrying about how much trouble you're going to be. Lloyd Hughes plays opposite Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country." The picture will probably be released under the plain title of "Tess." You have to write to the players personally for photographs, including a quarter to cover cost of photo and mailing. There was a story about Nazimova's "Salome" in the June issue.

HILDEGARDE.—Richard Barthelmess' first screen appearance was with Nazimova in "War Brides," released in 1916. It was while he was attending Trinity College that he got a bit in this production during a summer vacation. So Dick left college, because he couldn't wait to graduate, to take up motion-picture acting. He free-lanced for a while, then became a leading man in Paramount pictures. He played opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl," "Bab's Diary," and several others, and with Dorothy Gish in "The Hope Chest," "Boots," and "I'll Get Him Yet." His first work under Griffith was as the *Chink* in "Broken Blossoms," made in 1919. Then followed other Griffith productions, "Scarlet Days," "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," "The Idol Dancer," "The Love Flower," and "Way Down East." Now Dick has his own company and has released "Tollable David," "The Seventh Day," and "Sonny." Richard was born in New York City in 1895. He is five feet seven, weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds, has dark hair and brown eyes, and is married to Mary Hay. So there it is, Hildegarde, all in a nutshell. (Continued on page 108)

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to **The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.** The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

Tom Moore, Thomas Meighan, Herbert Rawlinson, Pat O'Malley, and Tony Moreno all had stage experience before entering pictures. But Tom Mix and "Hoot" Gibson went direct from their cowboy activities in real life to the screen. "Hoot" was in a circus for a while, too.

SUBS.—I'm answering you as quickly as possible, because I know it must be dull and dreary in the hospital, and that a letter, even if it is a tiny one wedged in between a lot of others in a column, is a great event. Johnny Hines is the name of the actor who plays in the Torchy comedies, and he is still making them. Casson Ferguson is with Paramount now. "The Truthful Liar," with Wanda Hawley, is a recent release of his. Glad to

For Exhibition Purposes

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grace on the screen, and I believe it. But if I tried to take dancing lessons, tired as I am after a day's work, I'd look like an old woman the next day. Besides I have a naturally placid disposition. That's why I'm inclined to get fat."

She chatted on politely, but her eyes were wandering about, noting the books on the table, the people in the studio, the pictures on the wall. Helene Chadwick is one of the players who does all of her acting on the screen. Off screen she is more beautiful, but less magnetic.

Unlike nice motion-picture stars who are simple and unassuming I am impatient and on occasion can fling bursts of temperament about. I threatened to go home if the photographer kept us waiting any longer, so Miss Chadwick obligingly acted the way I thought any one of her importance should.

"Just one minute more," she announced with offended dignity, "and I'm going. My time's valuable." And then she added to me in a whisper, "Is that enough, or——"

That was the end of our waiting. Leaving the self-conscious young author sitting in a glare of lights, Mr. Abbe clutched a hat and rushed us out to a taxicab.

"We're going to get some costumes, and photograph her in them," Mr. Abbe confided to me.

"What kind of costumes?" I asked, somewhat acidly I'll admit, as I thought Miss Chadwick's appearance couldn't be improved upon. I had been eying her trim little black frock and sable neck piece enviously for some time.

"Almost any kind of costumes," Mr. Abbe announced casually; "she'll look well in them."

I disagreed with him; Miss Chadwick smiled at me graciously with that you're-the-only-person-who-understands-me air that is the greatest gift of woman. I decided that living in Hollywood, the show case of America, was the nearest we had to a school for diplomats.

When they selected a twelfth-century billow of brocades and pearls and an early Colonial costume of white satin, I was depressed beyond words, for I thought they were going to rob Miss Chadwick of all her personality. But you can see by the accompanying pictures that I was wrong.

She doesn't lose her temper; she looks beautiful in anything whether it is her type of clothes or not; surely she was made for exhibition purposes.



They Fight Film— They who have pretty teeth

Note how many pretty teeth are seen everywhere today. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. They remove the dingy film. The same results will come to you if you make this ten-day test.

leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created to comply with modern requirements. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Why teeth are cloudy

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Film absorbs stains, then it often forms the basis of thin, dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Old brushing methods do not effectively combat it. So most teeth are discolored more or less.

Thus film destroys tooth beauty. It also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germes breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, now so alarmingly common.

Now a daily remover

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat film. Authorities have proved their efficiency. Now

Its unique effects

Pepsodent, with every use, attacks the film on teeth.

It also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which may cling to teeth and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids which cause decay.

In these three ways it fights the enemies of teeth as nothing else has done.

One week will show

Watch these effects for a few days. 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. Enjoy the refreshing after-effects.

Do this to learn what millions know—the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists almost the world over. Used by careful people of some forty races. All druggists supply the large tubes.

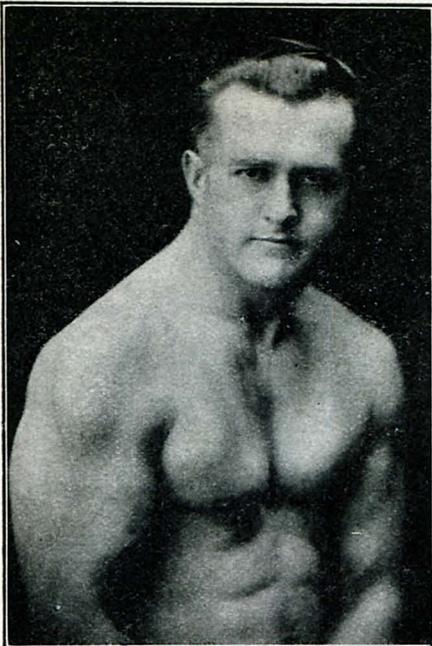
10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 190, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Usually Known as Tony

Continued from page 70



WOMEN ADMIRE MEN for their strength—

Man was meant to be woman's protector. The better he can meet this qualification, the more will he be admired. Read back through the ages and you will find this has always been true. There was a time when men fought with each other to decide who would own a certain woman just as they would fight over a pot of gold. Civilization and culture soon overcame such savage conditions, but the man of strength and power has continued to have the advantage. Ivanhoe describes the knights entering into combat, after which the conqueror would kiss the hand or show respect in some manner to the lady he held in highest regard.

The Man of Today

What must womanhood think of the present day man? Statistics show that over 95 per cent of us are suffering from some ailment. Our indulgence in worldly pleasures has made us a race of anemic, flat chested dyspeptics. It is no wonder that man's years on earth have been shortened. What can he expect when he wastes the very strength that God gave him.

I heard one girl say the other day: "Of course I admire a strong, healthy man, but the men I meet are so weak-kneed they can barely stand up straight." It is true. The strong man of today is the exception. And that is my task. To make the exceptional man.

Do You Seek Admiration?

Do you wish to be one of these weak-kneed dyspeptics? Or have you, enough manhood left to say: "I will be strong?" I don't care what your present condition is. If you have a spark of will power left, I can make you a man to be admired by all. Just think! I guarantee to put one full inch of muscle on your arms in thirty days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that is only the start. From then on you will notice a complete change in your physical make-up. You not only develop big, brawny arms and a full chest, but a complete armor plate of muscle surrounding a body that has been rebuilt inwardly as well. You will have the dash to your eye and the spring to your step that shows you to be a human dynamo. You will be admired and sought after in both the business and social world. You will be a leader of men. All these things and more are awaiting you. It is now up to you to decide just what manner of man you will be. Come then, for time flies.

Send for my book

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It is chock full of photographs of myself and my numerous pupils. Also contains a treatise on the human body and what can be done with it. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an impetus—an inspiration to every red-blooded man. All I ask you to cover is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember this does not obligate you in any way. Don't delay one minute. This may be the turning point in your life to-day. So tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is on your mind.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
305 Broadway, Dept. 1409, New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN,
Dept. 1409, 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."

Name

Street

City State

"One time at the Athletic Club, the taxicab starter told me that two Spanish women had been inquiring for me all day. To be truthful, I was flattered. He had told them to come back at half past six. Meanwhile, the taxicab driver had volunteered to ride them around Los Angeles—at so much a mile. The women came back at half past six, and I was interested. They had taken so much trouble and gone to so much expense to see me. But what did they want? With tears in her eyes, the mother asked me where she could find her Jesus-Marie, who had left home and worked in one of my pictures. He had written her about it, and she was sure I knew where he was. Now, many Spaniards have played in my pictures and most of them are called Jesus-Marie. What could I do? The poor ladies were bewildered."

When we finished dinner, Mr. Moreno undertook to escort me to the theater. The traffic was tangled beyond hope. But it is convenient to be a movie star; Mr. Moreno rushed to the curb and saved the situation. Incidentally we got across the street.

And every one spoke to him and called, "Hey, there, Tony!"

At the theater we both applauded Mrs. Sidney Drew, and Mr. Moreno remembered the time when she and her late husband made such wonderful and clean comedies. But aside from that we couldn't agree. Mr. Moreno insisted on staying to the very end to see some acrobats. I didn't like one woman and remarked that she ought to have a permanent wave. Mr. Moreno gave me a look as much as to say "Cat!" A comedian made a censorable joke. Mr. Moreno diverted my attention by saying, "There's Syd Chaplin and his wife." Another comedian sang a blue song, and Mr. Moreno again came to the rescue by remarking, "There's Eileen Percy and her husband." And, after that, he had the nerve to tell me he didn't approve of censorship.

At the end of a perfect evening, Mr. Moreno asked me if I had any questions to ask him. I couldn't think of a question. So I said: "What do you think of bobbed hair?" After a careful survey, he cautiously hailed a passing taxi.

Their Real Double Lives

Continued from page 57

Harry Carey is among those who ply the business on the side. He lives on his ranch all the time, drives to the studio from it every morning when he's working, and tends the cows and sheep when he returns home at night. "Bill" Hart has ranch property, too, which he visits frequently. He's strongly fortified financially with Liberty Bonds and like securities, but he needs the ranch for "atmosphere." Same is true for Buck Jones, Tom Mix, and others, I believe, although Mix uses his property largely for location work.

Naturally you would expect to find screen villains addicted to some dark and mysterious pursuit. But, as it happens, screen villains in private life are usually very estimable citizens. The nearest to an instance of one being a hold-up man that I can find is Noah Beery who has stock in a garage.

William V. Mong, the *Merlin* of "A Connecticut Yankee," does some killing on the side. At least he instigates it. But he cleverly avoids any penalties, and gets paid very well besides.

You see, he raises hogs. He's notably successful, too. And there is no joking or press-agentry about it, either. Mr. Mong possesses the

champion Duroc herd of the State. At three different hog exhibits last year, he captured fifty-eight ribbons with nine head of hogs.

Mr. Mong is not overlooking any bets in picture work, either. He is busy at the studios practically all the time. He writes continuity, too. "Shattered Idols" was filmed from his script, and he also played in the picture. Both his picture work and his hog-raising have been productive of large income.

There are many players who make money out of their hobbies. Sometimes these lines, entered into for pleasure, become actual businesses. This is true of Theodore Roberts and his hobby for raising wire-haired fox terriers. At least, it promises to be. Recently he sold King Vidor, the director, a puppy for a large sum of money. Roberts hasn't shown any profit yet, because his ornate kennels have cost so much to build.

Majel Coleman who played the lead opposite Bull Montana in his first starring picture also hopes to profit by raising dogs. She has some fine police dogs which she trains when she is not at work in the studios.

Sometimes a player will originate an idea for a bungalow court or other construction of this kind, which

will "take" quite generally, and he'll have more orders than he can fill. Jack Donovan, who plays juvenile leads for First National had an experience something like this. He designed and built a picturesque court called "Winged Victory Gardens" of especial appeal to picture people. His tenants include Rex Ingram, director of the "Four Horsemen," and Alice Terry, his wife. On the strength of his attractive designing, he assisted Clarence E. Badger, formerly Will Rogers' director, Chester Franklin and Maude Marsh, sister of Mae in building their homes.

One of the most interesting accomplishments among the women is that of Eugenie Besserer, who appeared in mother rôles in "Molly O" and "The Rosary." She teaches swimming and fencing. The latter is her forte, for records show that she held the ladies' fencing championship for a number of years in this country. Born in France, she studied under a French master of the art. She now imparts her knowledge to classes of young women in gymnasiums. She was at one time professor of fencing at a school for girls.

The pursuits of motion-picture folk, the way they occupy their spare time, all tend to show an astonishing stability in the life of Hollywood. They have a chance to settle down, make homes, and accumulate property, and thus add to their resources, gaining an increasing prominence in the business life of the community.

I could even cite a few instances where they have become identified with civic bodies, improvement associations and the like. Several prominent men, like Cecil De Mille, are also directors in banks and investment companies.

Perhaps you recall Wedgwood Nowell who appeared as *Kragstad* in "A Doll's House," Nazimova's recent picture. He also played *Arsene Lupin* in the crook mystery story "813," if you remember it. Among many other activities in which he engages, he is a director in the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, and therefore has considerable to do with the welfare of the picture colony.

A curious incident of a man becoming identified with a business organization is supplied in the case of J. Frank Glendon, who played leads for Clara Kimball Young and also for Marie Prevost in her new picture "Kissed." He was invited to become a member of the Progressive Business Club some time ago, and he made such a good speech before that body that they elected him a district governor. I'll bet his experience in getting points over before the camera had a lot to do with it, too.



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practice science has similarly contributed to economy. Even in such a comparatively small item as switchboard cords, improvements have reduced the cost of renewal by four million dollars a year.

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Two Who Found No Fairy Godmother

Continued from page 87

in order to keep homes together for their daughters. To the mothers, each home was usually just another place in which to do more work.

Mrs. Starke and Pauline lived in a single small room in a third-rate hotel four blocks from the Biograph studio. Each morning after cooking their meager breakfast over a little alcohol stove in their room, they walked to work. The only beauty they saw was in the loveliness of the orange blossoms of a grove which they passed.

At night they returned home, tired after their day on the hot, dusty lot. Sometimes they were too weary to go toward the hills in the cool California evening to seek quiet in the gathering shadows and peace in the lights twinkling, one by one, in the valley below. On great occasions they would take their dinner at a near-by restaurant—a cheap one—but most often they made the best of a frugal meal in their combination living-dining-bedroom-and-kitchen.

When Triangle broke up, Pauline was retained by Ince, who at that time had just built his magnificent motion-picture producing plant at Culver City. It took two hours to go from her home to the studio. She was due at nine, so it meant a six-o'clock alarm every morning. She reported for work every week day for six months without as much as a chance to play atmosphere being given her.

Every day, rain or shine, ill or well, she boarded the car at the corner, transferred twice, and at nine o'clock reported to the casting director. Already tired from her tiresome ride, she stayed around the studio all day, watching the actors on the set, studying make-up, lighting, the tempo of action, and other fine points of screen technique. At six o'clock she forced her way into a car crowded with laborers even more

tired than she, and stood up all the way back into town.

At the end of the six months she was rewarded with a bit as maid in one of the late Olive Thomas' pictures. Then followed more weary weeks of going to the studio only to be denied work. Mrs. Starke still played extra parts during the day, returning home at night in time to have a hot dinner awaiting her discouraged daughter. There were clothes to be patched and mended, fresh costumes to be put together out of the pieces of the old ones, and a thousand little economies to be practiced to swell the little hoard for the first payment on a cheap car. Long hours and the street-car ride were beginning to tell on Pauline's health and her appearance.

Little by little she was put into bits, then small parts which gave her opportunity to practice the things she had been studying so quietly and unobtrusively during her weary time of waiting.

Then came the big jump to success—a success which many people say came overnight. She signed a two-year contract as the featured player in Frank Borzage productions. Since then she has played the leading rôle in "Salvation Nell" and "Wife Against Wife," among others, and a featured part in "The Connecticut Yankee."

She has gone steadily upward. If her path in the future is strewn with roses, she may degenerate into the silk-clad, posing heroine of program pictures. I am not hoping that sorrow and misfortune will be her lot, in order that the American public may gain another great artiste, but I do hope that there will be some great impetus—from within or from without—that will spur her on to supreme artistic endeavor, which for Pauline Starke will mean supreme artistic achievement.

Diets for Art's Sake

Continued from page 27

pointed because she did not have a wolf, but she did have a wolf's appetite. For a little girl she eats more than any one I know.

Eileen Percy eats combination salad with French dressing—mayonnaise is fattening—and drinks weak iced tea with lots of lemon. Miss Percy is not too fat, but she is not taking any chances.

Carmel Myers is always hungry when lunch time comes around. She very often flirts with a piece of pie although she knows she should not eat it. Temptation! There it is

again. Oh, Adam and Eve, why were you tempted—to make us poor weak mortals suffer forever after!

And now that Lulu Hunt Peters has come out with her book, "Diet and Health, With Key to the Calories," all I hear morning, noon, and night is: "I can't eat that—it has too many calories!" and, "I can't eat that—it has not enough calories!" When night comes I can't go to sleep for worrying as to whether I have fed the fat ones too many calories and the thin ones not enough.



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Is Betty Blythe Really Beautiful?

Continued from page 45

bird of paradise, and I pin it on different hats as I wear them. I alternate with this tassel and this buckle. The big shapes you can turn up in back or in front or in three places like this and make a Colonial. I have two sets of furs and a fur coat which is reversible so you can turn it inside out and make believe it is a brocaded evening coat."

And at that time Miss Blythe was achieving her reputation of being one of the best-dressed young women on the screen. She loves beautiful, expensive things to wear, and she looks stunning in them, but she was just as happy and quite as stunning when she wore five-dollar gowns and two-dollar hats. That is because the good fairy endowed her with style—that inimitable gift.

And if any one richly deserves her stardom it is Betty Blythe. She is the hardest-working girl I know. Her contract calls for personal appearances, and when she isn't making a new picture up in the Whitman Bennett studios she is flying across the continent to New Orleans or Galveston, Baltimore, or St. Louis.

Just after she finished making "Queen of Sheba" William Fox conceived the idea of having her make some personal appearances. It was a brilliant idea, for Miss Blythe is even more decorative off than on. Then, with the success of "Fair Lady" Mr. Bennett asked her to make some more personal appearances, and now it is nothing unusual for Miss Blythe to work at the studio until five or six, then hustle home, and prepare to take the midnight train to some far-off city where "Fair Lady" is showing.

One day last week I took dinner with her, and she was getting ready

to leap away at midnight. As I went into the library there was Betty in a white embroidered tea gown seated directly in the center of an enormous white linen divan. If she had been expecting me or if Miss Blythe were in the least theatrical I should have accused her of premeditation. But she is just one of those people who are always falling into graceful poses, so that you feel like shouting, "Hold it, hold it!"

"In five hours I've got to be on the train," she said, "and look at all these wonderful books that I never have a chance even to open. It's dreadful to be so busy working that you never have a chance to learn anything."

"Where did you get such a splendid collection? It must have taken you years." But she shook her head. "They aren't mine, they are Fannie Hurst's. I took her apartment while she was away, and I never have a chance to enjoy it—I'm never here."

I looked around curiously, not so much impressed with the beauty of the surroundings as I was by the fact that in this very room Miss Hurst sat and wove such things as "Humoresque" and "Back Pay."

Miss Hurst once told me that she had her first twenty-six stories returned and that she was not in the least abashed—she kept right on.

"Shades of Stardust," exclaimed Miss Blythe, "what courage and determination!"

And the Madonna who gazes down from the heavy gold frame smiled serenely, and all of the little candles twinkled.

And I laughed because Miss Hurst hasn't a bit more courage and determination than Miss Blythe herself.

Would You Let Your Daughter Go Into the Movies?

Continued from page 52

other than those they have determined for themselves.

There are numbers of thoroughly "nice" people in the industry, and you know just what I mean to convey by that. Most of them are "nicer" than most people out because they have had tests outsiders seldom get. And there are lots of really lovely girls in the industry, girls any woman might be proud to mother. There is no reason why your girl and my girl should not be as lovely as they. The young men I don't

know so well, but I'd warrant there are some nice ones among them.

So, if my girl wants the motion pictures as a career and has health and will go on with her education and has been trained so that her moral standards will be her own—you can't ask more than that—she can go into pictures. I'll have to traipse along with her for the first few years—which is an awful nuisance to contemplate—if she starts early. But she'll try the cold baths—first!

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What Becomes of the Costumes?

Continued from page 84



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sell it for small sums, to extras. Among some of the canny women "independents"—that is, those who have their own companies and whose expenses come from their own pocketbooks rather than from the fat pouches of corporations—it is customary to sell the clothes to shops downtown, where they are resold, with a great blaring of trumpets, to curiosity seekers among the fair sisterhood. There are many women who pay really fabulous prices for the privilege of wearing a gown that once draped a motion-picture celebrity.

The garments worn by women players in Guy Bates Post's "The Masquerader" were sold to them at cost by Richard Walton Tully, the producer. These fashionable clothes having been worn in but a few scenes by Ruth Sinclair, Marcia Manon, and the other actresses, doubtless will serve their owners for a long while. The costumes for "Omar the Tent-maker," which Mr. Tully now has in production, will probably be retained for a stage revival of the play.

"We give them away to little boys

who need them," Jackie Coogan's mother answered my question. "We receive many requests from poor people and these always are investigated. Whenever found worthy, we delight in presenting them with some of Jackie's clothes, which have been worn but little. These, of course, are his dress-up suits with which he is usually decked out in the end of the picture." Fortunate little boys who boast the same size as Jackie! I personally investigated one of these requests, to which Mumsy Coogan had responded by sending the fancy little blue suit Jackie wore in the final scenes of "My Boy"—and found a great wailing. The suit was too small, and, try hard though he did with marvelous indrawing of tummy, the youngster couldn't quite make the fit!

If you are interested in watching this evolution of costumes, remember what I have told you and, if you are observant, try to pick out in the mobs of extras the gowns you have seen in previous pictures adorning Gloria Swanson or Katherine MacDonald.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 48

"Conway Tearle is much nicer, to my mind; he's kept his sense of humor better. He's not playing in anything just now, you know, and he has to pay so much alimony that it keeps him broke, so he's asked the court to make a sort of sliding scale of alimony for him—high when he's working and low when he's not. I think they ought to make wholesale rates on alimony to any one who's been married as often as he has.

"I'd think that romance was dead with every one getting divorces if it weren't for Eva Novak. She is going to marry William Read, an ex-camera man."

"Is she really going to make a picture with her sister?" I asked, more interested in pictures than Fanny's idea of romance.

"Yes," Fanny admitted as she twisted around and waved to some acquaintances across the room. "They're going to make 'The Rock of Ages'—adapted from the hymn and the painting. It ought to be sweet for those that like sweet things. At that, it may be a relief from desert pictures. I've seen so many of those that I'm on the verge of starting a school for scenario writers. My only instruction would be—just put in a desert; that's all!

"And speaking of subtitles—"

"You weren't," I insisted, in a literal mood.

"But I am now," Fanny retorted firmly. "Harriette Underhill has titled two pictures, Hugo Ballin's 'Married People' and Hope Hampton's 'The Light In the Dark.' Any one who has read her interviews doesn't need to be told that her subtitles are awfully clever. We must see them."

"I don't see how you ever expect to see any other pictures so long as you do nothing but trail 'Sonny' around town. Any one would think that you'd never seen a Barthelme picture before."

"Well," she murmured, "I notice that no matter how far out into the suburbs I trail that picture I find you there first. And speaking of Dick, I went up to his studio the other day with his mother. She was taking his birthday present to him, a stunning make-up case that she had designed herself. It was so cleverly arranged with pockets for cigarettes and everything an actor would need out on location that the company that made it is going to manufacture them now. Dick was awfully pleased with it. We had luncheon up in his dressing room. If anything is ever wrong with his work in pictures—and I'd be the last to admit such a possibility—blame it

on the color of his dressing-room wall paper. It is a positively screaming saffron pink."

"Oh, there's Alma Rubens!" I clutched at Fanny and tried to attract Alma's attention.

"Just a minute," Fanny gasped. "Let me tell you a joke on Alma before she comes over. She got a terrible anonymous letter the other day, and it worried her until she was nearly ill, though there wasn't any truth in the things it said. And after she had worried and worried over it for hours she examined it closely and discovered that even though the hand-

writing was obviously disguised, it was Constance Talmadge's. Alma was so amused she laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks. But I bet she'll play a joke on Constance that *she* won't forget in a hurry!"

"Fanny," I blurted out distractedly, "promise me something before Alma joins us." Encouraged by her weak assent I went on, "Don't try to buy that blue negligee from her that she's wearing in 'The Valley of Silent Men,' because I want it."

But I'll never trust Fanny where anything as charming as that negligee is concerned.

A Man-Sized Fight

Continued from page 53

His company gave an advertising man ten thousand dollars and told him to keep Lew Cody's name before the public. And Mr. Cody would gladly have given him twice that to keep him quiet if he had known how it was to be done. But the damage was done before he knew that he was to be styled the male vampire.

But to go back to Seattle—when he asked the audience if they thought he was as bad as he had been painted, a little old lady in the front row shrilly piped up, "I think you're worse!"

Now most actors would have ignored her and got off the stage as quickly as possible, but Lew Cody jumped right down over the footlights and started talking to her. And when he was through he had not only convinced her that he was sincere in his desire to live down his purple cinematic past, he had won her over so completely that when he suggested that they shake hands she insisted on kissing him.

Perhaps that story moves you; it didn't me particularly. I just murmured, "Isn't that like some fool women?" and asked Mr. Cody about the part he is playing now in "The Valley of Silent Men" opposite Alma Rubens.

But when I saw how genuinely enthusiastic he was over having a chance to play a strong part in a big story, my flippant attitude vanished. I was face to face with a man who was putting up a big fight and who compelled my admiration. The hardest job in the world is to stage a come-back or correct an erroneous impression. Compared with it, gaining fame is simple child's play. As you may remember, it took only two pictures, De Mille's "Why Change Your Husband?" and Lois Weber's "For Husbands Only" to make the sleek Mr. Cody a big drawing card.

But time alone can tell how many big successes it will take to bring him back that popularity which melted away when he took his ill-fated excursion into pictures that made him out a devil with the ladies. Lew Cody is plugging away wholeheartedly at the job of getting back into favor, and is pretty sure to win. When his star pictures which made him out a trifle flopped, people said, "Lew Cody's down and out." But he's not. Even in these hard times there are canny men in the film business who are considering starring him again. And this time, needless to say, he will play real men, not butterflies, in his pictures.

He is an ingratiating person; the awful trick that Fate played him in bringing him success and then knocking him over with an advertising man's slogan hasn't ruffled his poise or ruined his sense of humor. I dare say that he would be one of the big popular stars to-morrow if people would forget their villainous concept of him and see him as he is.

But if you suspect that I was unduly affected by his charming ways here's a tale that came back to me a few days after my interview.

A mutual acquaintance at the studio dropped in on Lew in his dressing room after I had gone.

"How did you get on with the interviewer?" he asked.

Cody waited a moment. "W-e-e-e-e-ll," he finally said, "I've got an idea that she knows what it's all about. I mean that, unless I'm mistaken, she's going to write me up just the way she really sized me up, without any fancy trimmings."

He stopped again for a moment. "At that," he concluded, "I'd a lot rather be written up that way even if I get stepped on than to have one of those mushy write-ups."



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Doris—Twice Over

Continued from page 44

"Your own company?" I asked. She shook her head and smiled at me with a characteristic lowering of the chin that accentuates the sparkle of her eyes, and brings out two dimples around her lips.

"I suppose I could call it that, but I don't want to. Silly, don't you think? I don't want to be a star again until—well—until I am. That is the only success that really counts."

I reflected that if I were asked to sum up Doris Kenyon in two words, I would do so with "charm," and "sincerity." She has a young friendliness, a warmth of manner that is neither aggressive nor affected. If she likes you, she does not hesitate to show it. And she has a direct, unflinching way of looking you straight in the eye that makes you feel that she is earnest, purposeful.

I told her that PICTURE-PLAY was going to publish a page of her impressions of screen celebrities. I had read them and thought them most apt.

"You must know the people very well?" I hazarded. Again she shook her head.

"I don't know any of them. You'd hardly believe it, but the only movie stars I know"—and it was significant that she spoke of them as if she were not one of them—"are the ones with whom I have played. I have never been to California, you see, and the people I know are mostly writers, or just—family people."

It was the next Sunday night that I attended a spiritualistic séance at Doris' home. Both she and her mother are interested observers of things psychical, and the medium had consented to any tests of his sincerity for which we might ask. The results were, to say the least, mystifying. At times embarrassing; for I, with an almost-new husband beside me, had to listen to a message that rose from

the ashes of a bygone love affair. The most skeptical man in the group was confronted by a scientist, on a far-away plane, and there ensued a sharp contest of technical questions and answers, so phrased as to be almost unintelligible to us laymen. It hardly seemed that the medium, a young man apparently of only moderate education, could have had any knowledge of some of them. The answers the spirit scientist gave were quick, decisive, and I understand, accurate. The skeptical one admitted that there "might be something in it." But the thrill of the evening came when a woman's voice, speaking through the tranced lips of the medium, declared that she was Fanny Davenport, and had a message for Doris.

"My child," she said in a series of rushing, eager sentences, "you are only approaching your greatest work. Many splendid things lie before you. This is the advice I wish to give you. When you enter a house where there is trouble, seize upon it, feel it, make it your own. When you see a man fall upon the street, push your way into the crowd. Register your sensations, file them away so that you will be able to reproduce them accurately if need arises. Be alive, be keenly receptive to everything about you. Above all things, do not listen to flattery. My child, I know whereof I speak; it will gain you nothing. Think only of your work, how to interpret life sincerely. The best reward possible will be your own consciousness of having done it well."

And whether you believe or not that it was Fanny Davenport speaking, I, for one—of a great many—at least believe firmly that the prediction concerning Doris' future will be fulfilled. She is indeed going "Up the Ladder."



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A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood

Continued from page 85

where the forms of all the Lasky actresses are kept.

"I want to show you some of them," said Agnes laughingly. "Each has the name of the star written on it because really you'd never recognize your own shape when you see it in a form like that."

We went around trying to guess whose figures the forms were to represent.

Betty Compson's, Lila Lee's, Bebe Daniels', we came across. "That one is easy," said Agnes pointing to a

particularly tiny one, "that's little May MacAvoy's."

Then we went into the enormous wardrobe department where rows and rows of costumes of every description were hung, from the most elaborate evening gowns to every style of riding habit. In drawers and glass cases were hats and shoes. Goodness, seeing that pile of clothes all in one huge room, it looked to me as if there was enough there to deck out every actress in the movies in regular De Mille fashion.

Agnes Ayres showed me some of the costumes that were set aside for her use only. There were several stunning gowns of green sequins and beaded ones that were kept in drawers. Then there was the *Marguerite* costume of blue velvet and pearls that she wore in her first star picture. And I saw the helmet and the cream-colored linen riding habit that served her in "The Sheik!"

Mrs. Chaffin had some hats that she had got especially for Miss Ayres to wear, so we went into a fitting room where she could try them on. There we discovered Agnes' form with a gown already fitted on it.

Then Agnes showed me the director's office where the director waits and gives the final O. K. to the player's costumes.

A director was there when we entered and then who should come in to show off her costume but my dear friend Betty Compson. Betty Compson seems like that to me because I met her more often than I did any other movie star. Every time I visited the Lasky studio we were sure to run into each other—to my great pleasure.

Betty showed off her costume like a model for the director while he suggested changes to Mrs. Chaffin. The costume Miss Compson wore was a very tight striped skirt, a lace waist, very high-heeled pumps, and her hat was a sort of tam affair.

"I just love to play a tough part," laughed Betty, as she posed with her hands in her skirt pockets and shrugged her shoulders. She recalled to mind her *Rose* of "The Miracle Man."

"You know, I think the girl in this story would be the kind who would go without something to eat so that she might wear silk stockings," she explained.

"Now you are getting a good illustration of just how the star, the director, and Mrs. Chaffin all confer on the selection of the clothes," said Agnes Ayres. "When I get my script for a new picture I have to go through the very same thing."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 11



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place about twelve years ago. It was in the Guild Hall, adjoining St. Andrews' Episcopal Church, Tampa, Florida. A children's entertainment was given for the purpose of raising money for a new organ. Talented little people gave piano numbers, vocal solos, interpretative dances, and Colleen Moore—then Katherine Morrison—was the "reader." She was good—we remember well—a shy, earnest little girl. We all liked her. The whole cast of that evening have made themselves felt in their home town. Colleen is the only one nationally known. We are proud of her.

MARY COE THOMPSON.

Tampa, Florida.

And Still the Battle Rages.

I'll be very glad when all this Wallie Reid stuff will be over with. I can't for the world see why he receives so much mention—oh, yes, maybe I have it—his looks? Well, he does make a very good fashion plate and, yes, he can drive beautifully, but personally, my friends can supply both without paying for it. His dramatic ability to me consists of grins and frowns. As for being romantic, need we look to Wallie for that? No, not while we have Valentino, with his romantic and fascinating personality, combined with great intelligence and real dramatic ability. Genuine and sincere in his work, he has captured us all with that wonderful something that makes him so different from the general run of them, exotic, enigmatical, and suave, yet with that delicious bit of devilishness that only Valentino is capable of. Judging by comments one hears everywhere, he will be the sensation of the screen if cast in good productions.

I have seen "The Four Horsemen" five times and would go again; it was wonderful. However, "The Sheik" was a sensation, according to the widespread notoriety it has gained.

I agree with L. H., of Washington, about the Valentino characterization of *Ahmed*. Although the book made very interesting reading, I preferred the picture. And wasn't Rudy great in "Moran of the Lady Letty?" He certainly proved—to the men fans especially—that he was a he-man, after all.

I'm looking forward eagerly to "Beyond the Rocks." I hope that Gloria hasn't spoiled it all, for I've never considered her as anything but a fashion manikin. However, it ought to be a good attraction, since Rudy is in it.

MARIE LAWRENCE.

8023 Chreisham Valley, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

For the first time, I am disappointed in PICTURE-PLAY. I thought you meant what you said about "the truth about the stars," also that Agnes Smith was one of our most discriminating critics. But in your advance advertisement of her Valentino article you are pandering to the popular craze as violently as any of them. From your adjectives one would suppose him to be a mixture of Dante, Salvini, D'Annunzio, John Barrymore—and then some! Now you know, in the back of your good business brain, 'tain't so! He is an extremely personable young man, of a race which comes naturally by romance and drama, who is being given every favorable consideration in the way of special stories, fine directors and casts, and exceptional publicity. If a certain calculating egotism and a lack of what

seems like fundamental good taste does not prevent, he may accomplish greatness. That he has not, in his own right, done so yet should be recognized.

It seems to me that Wallace Reid deserves more credit than he gets for his long record of consistent production. In the last six years he has steadily turned out an average of seven or eight pictures a year, a goodly number of them the maiden efforts of young directors, with any convenient leading lady or costar, and mostly piffing *Satevepost* stories. But they have achieved so uniform a quality that a Wallace Reid picture stands to-day for a clean, entertaining product of more than average excellence. Reliability may not be Wallie's middle name in real life, but in pictures his record of past performances seems to deliver the goods.

F. D. H.

Washington, D. C.

Hazel Shelley's article, "Heroes I Have Known," in the July PICTURE-PLAY, was indeed interesting. But why did not Miss Shelley confine herself to her topic and discuss only the "heroes she had known?" Several caustic paragraphs are devoted entirely to Rodolph Valentino, whom Miss Shelley admits she has never even met, her sole occasion for observing him being a few moments on the set where he was taking the part of that most self-sufficient of characters on the screen, the *Sheik*.

Would Miss Shelley have concluded that Wallace Reid was a slick crook if her only opportunity for watching him had been during a scene in "Always Audacious," where for the moment he was *Slim, the Penman*? Or, would she have formed a violent dislike for Bert Lytell because she saw him rehearsing parts for "A Message from Mars," wherein he is supposed to be snobbish and conceited?

If Miss Shelley's deductions regarding Rodolph Valentino were the result of personal contact, as her other impressions are professed to be, we would have nothing to say. We are all entitled to our own opinions, though the chance of our broadcasting them is often more limited than hers.

I am certain that PICTURE-PLAY is not a magazine in which writers can with impunity exploit their ungrounded prejudices, and thus in turn prejudice others. PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE has been particularly enjoyable because of its open and aboveboard kind of material, and the article referred to is not in the fair and sensible tone we have come to expect.

GWIN G. GOODWIN.

228 Calhoun Street, Battle Creek, Mich.

My chum and I've been having an awful argument about Hazel Shelley's article, "Heroes I Have Known," in a recent number of PICTURE-PLAY, so I thought I'd write and ask what other fans think about it. Evelyn—that's my chum—says that she doesn't like writers who are prejudiced, but I say hooray for the magazine that has the courage to print such spirited comment. You'll notice Hazel Shelley never claimed that the majority felt as she did; she just told what her own personal views were. And I'd rather read condemnation that was written enthusiastically *any day* than to read half-hearted praise, or praise that sounds forced.

Continued on page 106

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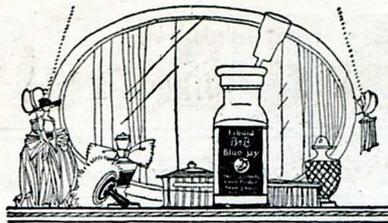
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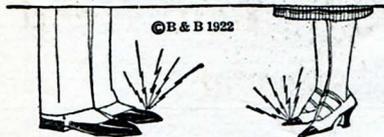
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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 104



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There is praise that simply condemns, and there is criticism that makes you love the person criticized. I don't see why my friend Evelyn and the other fans who are simply furious over what Hazel Shelley said about Rodolph Valentino don't remember that. If she had run down any of my particular favorites I would just have said to myself: Well, then, Hazel Shelley, if you don't like him, then I probably wouldn't like you!

As it happened, I did agree with her. I would have refused to meet Rodolph Valentino, too, if I had been in her place. But Evelyn, who is hopelessly crazy about him, says that if I had a ghost of a chance to meet him, she'd give me her new summer hat to trade places with me.

Oh, well, here's to Hazel Shelley anyway. I hope you will keep on printing such perfectly frank and amusing articles. What's an opinion worth if it isn't prejudiced?

DORIS G. PARNELL.
Pontiac, Mich.

In your July issue of PICTURE-PLAY Hazel Shelley had an article on "Heroes I Have Known" which made me very angry. I don't think any one who has not met Rodolph Valentino has a right to judge him as severely as she did. Miss Shelley maintains he is conceited and self-satisfied. I have no authority by which to deny this, but if he be so, I will say—who wouldn't? Take any motion-picture actor and suddenly shoot him to fame, as "The Four Horsemen" did Valentino; send him several million letters from the vast picture-going public which has set him up as a new idol; crowd the fan magazines with his pictures and interviews; let all of the biggest film corporation scramble for his services; give him a contract with one of the biggest picture companies in the world and a salary of twenty-five hundred a week as a beginning—and if he would not become somewhat self-satisfied at what he had achieved he would not be human. Of course Tony Moreno is not conceited. He has no special reason to be. And as for Bert Lytell, judging from his recent pictures, he is the most egotistical man I have ever seen. He fairly struts across the sets. I do not care for these "rank" criticisms of players which are usually sarcastic. However the public seems to like Valentino, and I guess that is all that matters to him. I don't suppose he even needs this defense.

TRIX MACKENZIE.

Box 1495, Atlanta, Ga.

Amen! I say to the letter signed by Maria Funez, of 330 Mill Street, Poughkeepsie, New York.

Let us have only the best from that "king of lovers," Rodolph of the dark skin. Not altogether because he is the king of lovers, but because he represents a type that stands alone, something that comes "once to every woman" and, as such, reigns supreme. Women are just naturally crazy about him, despite the fact that another fan writing in the same issue denies this and disapproves of "crushes." I don't mean that they would get on the next train and make a trip to Hollywood just to see him, for realization is often a disappointment, or that they dream of him as a possible husband or sweetheart. But I do mean that his pictured likeness either thrills their leisure moments or acts as a narcotic to almost every woman I have met for some time.

I have been a lover of pictures for some years. I used to go often before the war, but of late I have lost interest because there seemed to be no pep in the men, no individuality about the women, and nothing in the pictures to take me out of the existence of everyday. Then came "The Four Horsemen" and "The Conquering Power" and, yes, if you must have it, "The Sheik," though it was trash and in the hands of a different temperament would have made an ugly picture, censored even though it was. But "Beyond the Rocks" was impossible, and I felt almost like crying as I witnessed the efforts of Valentino trying to put life into pasteboard and artificiality. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and the memory of one *Julio* is worth a dozen performances of Elinor Glyn's production. Let us put him away in lavender and old lace rather than try to preserve him in one half of one per cent.

AN OLD, BLASE MOVIE FAN.
135 West Eightieth Street, New York City.

I've read so many letters in "What the Fans Think" page praising Rodolph Valentino that I can keep quiet no longer. I am going to brave the fury of lots of fans by saying that Mr. Valentino is a great way from being a great actor. I will admit that he was very good in "The Four Horsemen," but since then he seems to have become quite conscious of his so-called "manly beauty." In the first place, he has stolen Wallace Reid's trick of raising his left eyebrow, and his hair would put patent leather to shame. Some one back of me at the last movie he appeared in summed him up pretty well by saying: "Gosh! He just hates himself, don't he?" Of course, his type will always appeal to the young girls, but he isn't the type to hold the attention of an average adult.

HARLOW B. JOHNSON.
Rochester, New York.

I do not agree with Miss MacKenzie on her criticism of Wallie Reid. He is a wonderful character and deserves every bit of praise he gets. I think if people would talk more about the good points of an actor or actress it would help us all. But there are always a few to "take the joy out of life." And there is always some one just a little better to "give joy," and I think Wallie is one of these. I think there are a number of fans who would be entirely lost if Wallie were to leave us. I, myself, always feel a hundred per cent better and can always laugh after seeing one of his pictures.

Rodolph Valentino is perfectly wonderful. I agree with her there, but, after all their wonderful efforts to please us every one, and years of hard work, do you think it hardly fair to forget the old favorites just for the new? I can never forget Wallace Reid in "Excuse My Dust." He won a place in my heart, as well as lifelong memory, then. I am in favor of keeping the old ones so long as they give us the best they have.

EVAN BRACE.
Beaumont, Texas.

I have noticed many letters of praise for Valentino's work in "The Sheik," and I cannot understand why this picture is praised so highly and "The Four Horsemen" apparently forgotten. Valentino's splendid work in "The Four Horsemen" was mentioned only once in the whole section of the May issue, while "The Sheik"

was lauded to the skies in no less than three articles. One opinion, signed by a young woman of Atlanta, Georgia, was filled with the silliest, most sentimental "bosh" I have ever read. I can't see how a star can be pleased with such praise as this: "The Sheik" costumes I did not care for much, but the ending was too wonderful for words. He should never wear anything but white riding suits with dark boots." Think of that as a standard of good acting and artistic ability! The writer also spoke of Valentino as "the handsome Italian who has taken the country by storm." I admit that he has taken the country by storm, but if these young girls could only forget this sentimental nonsense and judge a picture by its real merits and by the players' real ability to act, *better pictures will be the result.* I have seen both "The Sheik" and "The Four Horsemen," and the latter is by far the better of the two—likewise Valentino's best work.

Please do not think that I am too old to enjoy Valentino's very good looks—I am only twenty—but I do not feel it is right to judge a player's ability to act by the "wonderful endings" of his pictures or the way he looks in the special clothes he wears in the "final clinch."

MRS. A. H. CRANDALL.

Orlando, Florida.

Praise for Thomas Meighan.

When one reads the letters from "fans" that appear from month to month in your magazine, they cannot help but write in answer to some of the sentiments they contain.

Rodolph Valentino! I am so sick of reading praise of this foreigner that I cannot help but voice my sentiments concerning the silly letters complimenting him. I can see absolutely nothing in his appearance to appeal to the refined American woman. And his interviews! His opinions on woman! Love! Why, everything he says goes to show he has the foreigner's idea of these matters. He does not realize that the American woman does not require her husband at her elbow paying her attentions and, like foreigners, keeping every man far from his wife. Just let Mr. Valentino see how long he can keep an American wife on sweet words minus the comforts of life, which can be purchased for money. Let's wait till he has been in the public glare as long as Thomas Meighan, for example, and then see what he will say about love and marriage.

Mr. Meighan and his wife deserve the admiration and respect of any sound-thinking person, when you consider the demands of their profession, which has kept them apart at times for months and yet has not lessened their love for each other. Then when you take into account the fact that Mr. Meighan is, in the minds of many of the fans, the handsomest and best actor on the screen, you naturally realize the temptations he must be confronted with. Much praise is due Mrs. Meighan for her share in their successful marriage. Mr. Meighan is a perfect type of American manhood. He must have had a wonderful mother and father and home life. Each night I pray that Mr. Meighan will be happy, successful, healthy, and good. I never forget the good, for without this the others are useless.

My husband and four children are right here in the living room as I write this, and my husband, a noted specialist, approves of everything I have expressed here. A constant reader. MRS. N. C. L.

West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Slenderness and Beauty

An Easy, Safe, Pleasant Method

Reduce Weight Without Drugging, Eat and Drink All You Need

By DR. P. A. SENIOR

There are four ways by which you may reduce weight if you punish yourself all the while you are doing so, and afterward remain miserable while keeping your size down.

Perhaps you have tried one or more of these strenuous ways, such as tedious exercising, taking drastic medicines, or keeping yourself nearly starved.

These methods, although used even nowadays, are not what you want, because you wish to enjoy your life also.

I do not need to describe the failings of the drastic methods. The most unsatisfactory part is that, after having strenuously gotten rid of some superfluous flesh by one of these courses, it starts coming back when you stop your self-sacrifice process of physical torture, purging, weakening sweats, or going hungry.

You who are overstout, whether you be woman or man, and regardless of where this fatness is, may now heed my advice and make quick progress toward that symmetry, slenderness and suppleness which you so devoutly seek.

The secret is in a small box and I assure you it is as safe as if you were washing your hands with soap. The treatment in the box is called Korein—pronounced as if spelled *koreen*.

If you are becoming corpulent all over your body, or if your fatness is manifesting itself in parts, such as on your chin, arms, hips, bust or ankles, you may use the Korein system with complete confidence.

Weigh yourself and take your measurements. For your own satisfaction, you must start keeping a record of the steady reduction. Let your mirror also show you the improvement in the symmetry of your figure. You will see that Korein eliminates the fat of just those parts where it should be removed.

Personally, I am opposed to a reduction that is rapid, although some physicians see no objection. Quite probably you could "speed up" to a reduction averaging five or six pounds weekly as many have done with Korein Tabules with success, but it is much better on the whole that you be content with a steady average of two or three pounds, weekly. However, you may control this to suit yourself.

Of course, it will take somewhat longer to reduce 32 to 48 ounces weekly (instead of 80 to 96 ounces), but your body becomes more easily accustomed to this gradual reduction.

It is a pleasant way of becoming slender and after you have eliminated the superfluous flesh, it is as easy to remain thin.

At the drug store you should call for Korein Tabules. With the box you will find the simple directions, easy to follow.

I attended a meeting of several physicians at which were examined the formula of Korein Tabules, also the directions, and we also inspected the reports showing that many overstout people had reduced from 10 to 70 pounds and improved their appearance remarkably.

There is no doubt that life is lengthened by a number of years, also that one becomes clearer in mind and more agile physically. The happiness of a person who has reduced by this Korein system after having made a failure of other kinds of treatment, certainly is good to witness.

As compared with those cases of reduction obtained by drastic methods, the Korein system is amazing. It should be recommended heartily by every physician who has examined it and who has observed the benefit to those who have used it.

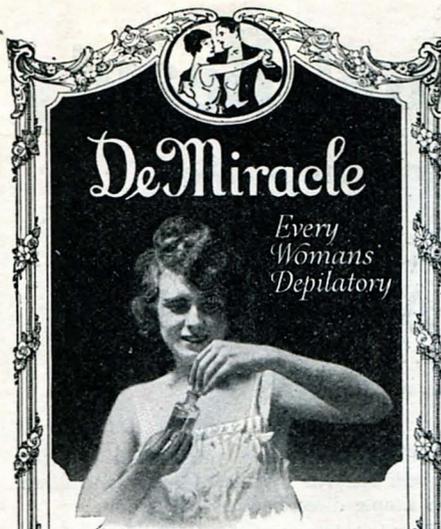
I recall a lady patient of mine, very obese and flabby who used Korein Tabules according to directions for a short time. She reduced weight and enhanced her figure in a way that was astonishing. Her heart became stronger and she seemed to become a bright young girl again. When she danced, she did so in accordance with the true poetry of motion. I believe her numerous admirers made her husband seriously jealous. But she probably overcame that.

* * * * *

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From Still Another Star.

May I prevail upon you to tell the girl who wrote and asked if any of the players read "What the Fans Think" that I read it regularly? I think that department is a really wonderful idea, for it gives the support of a powerful magazine to the idea that the fans *do* think. Judging by some of the pictures one sees, there are some producers who believe that picturegoers are incapable of thought. We need more influences like "What the Fans Think" to show them that is not true.

If I believed as they do, I wouldn't be in pictures!

Often I wish that I could get closer to the people who go to see my pictures, and your department is in some degree a fulfillment of that wish.

BETTY COMPSON.

More About Personal Appearances.

After reading Emma-Lindsay Squier's article "When Stars Appear in Person," which gave us an insight into how the stars felt about personal appearances, I thought they might like to hear about what the fans think of them when they appear in person.

I have seen ever so many stars in person, but none impressed me as did Theda Bara. I naturally expected to see a very "vampish-looking" person. Instead, she was very simple and sweet in manner, but gorgeous in appearance. Her gown of white satin and rhinestones, together with a beautiful corsage of orchids, gave her a wonderful appearance. I agree with Miss Squier when she says the fans like to see the stars gowned beautifully, although some of the stars overdo the thing, particularly Hope Hampton. She seemed nice enough personally but was so overburdened with jewelry—and make-up—that she made a rather poor impression on the audience.

I can't understand why some of the stars who make personal appearances persist in using such an enormous amount of make-up. I should think they would be glad to get away from it for a while. Ruth Roland was so heavily masqueraded that I could hardly tell the color of her eyes, and if she would have left most of her make-up off I am sure she would have appeared very good looking, as she has very good features.

Dorothy Phillips seemed shy and retiring, was devoid of make-up, and had a most wonderful mink wrap. She seemed the most human of all movie stars.

Lillian Walker was very pretty and dimpled; Zena Keefe, stunning; Clara Kimball Young, ditto.

Mae Murray was an adorable, if wild-looking little jazz baby. She gave a Spanish dance and some sort of a jazz dance, and the audience liked her because she was full of pep.

Now for the men. Thomas Meighan holds a warm spot in my heart because of his perfect naturalness and because he gave the orphans of Cleveland a treat, and while some uncharitable people say it was for publicity only, I am sure it was because he is really good and generous. I saw him holding about four of the orphans, and he seemed to be enjoying himself as much as they. There was no sham about him whatever.

Bryant Washburn appeared at our leading theater. His wife was with him, and he was not ashamed to admit it. I think he made the best impression of any movie star who appeared in Cleveland. He gave a very interesting little talk about Hollywood, motion pictures, and his family, and after hearing him the audience went away feeling that, after all, Hollywood is not as bad as painted and the motion-picture folk are home-loving, law-abiding human beings the same as the rest of us. Incidentally, I saw him on the street, and you can rave about all your good-looking men, but none of them can come up to Bryant Washburn for real good looks, and he doesn't try to get by in pictures on his looks, either, like some of our other handsome male stars. His wife was very charming and I don't blame him for feeling proud of her.

Bert Lytell seemed to be a regular fellow and very jolly.

Shades of disappointment! We fans are sometimes disillusioned, as in the case of seeing Lew Cody. Girls, I don't think he's a bit good looking in real life! He has sandy hair and a sandy-looking misplaced eyebrow. I don't want to hurt his feelings, so I'll say that I think he is nice and not a bit villainous in real life.

I have seen several former movie stars on the stage. Constance Binney was here in "39 East" before she became so well known in the movies. She is a fine little actress, very pretty, and the most graceful and poised person I have ever seen on the stage.

Alice Brady in "Forever After" was wonderful. Madame Petrova in vaudeville was rather freakish, I thought. Valeska Suratt, ditto, but a very good actress. Mildred Harris, not much of an actress, but, oh! so good looking and also very graceful in the little dance she gives in her act.

I have seen a great many more but won't take up any more space. I admire them all for their courage in bearing up under the fans' scrutinizing eyes.

CLEVELAND FAN.

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

ONLY TWELVE.—And so curious! I bet you're a trial to your teacher. Harry Myers played the title rôle in "A Connecticut Yankee." Wanda Hawley is married to Burt Hawley—the story of their romance is in this issue. Bebe Daniels is still single. Eugene O'Brien was the star in "Chivalrous Charley" and George Fawcett was *His Uncle*; Nancy Deaver, *Alice Sanderson*; D. J. Flanagan, *Her Father*, and Huntley Gordon was *Geoffrey Small*.

THE SHEIK.—You didn't have to wait so very long for your answers, you see. Yes, I'm pretty busy. It's rather a job to keep track of these movie players some-

times; there are so many of them and they move around so much that I'm running "in high" most of the time. But I don't mind it, and I suppose I am fortunate to be so close to the stars, which is most fans' idea of heaven, it seems. The title of Theda Bara's first picture and the production details haven't been announced at present writing, so you'll have to be patient. Ethel Clayton is an R-C star now, Madge Evans is making "On the Banks of the Wabash," from the song of that name, Vivian Martin is on the stage, and J. W. Kerrigan is not doing anything in the line of screen work at present.

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AN APPRECIATIVE READER.—Thanks, Nell Craig was *Princess Vashti* in "The Queen of Sheba." You must mean Yamamoto Togo. Yamamoto plays with Owen Moore in his latest production, "Reported Missing." Yes, I am sure Ethel Sands would answer your letter. Write to her care of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Here is the cast for "Up and Going:" The Prologue: *Albert Brandon*, Cecil Von Auker; *Marie Brandon*, Carol Holloway; *Jacquette McNabb*, Helen Field; *David Brandon*, Marian Feduche. The Play: *David Brandon*, Tom Mix; *Jackie McNabb*, Eva Novak; *Basil DuBois*, William Conklin; *Louis Patie*, Sidney Jordan; *Sergeant Langley*, Tom O'Brien; *Sandy McNabb*, Pat Christman; *Father LeClaire*, Paul Weigel. I'll tell Fanny the Fan all the nice things you said about her.

BETTY B.—Yes, both Gloria Swanson and Bobbie Vernon were with the Keystone comedies early in their careers. It's not strange that you never heard of Valentino before "The Four Horsemen." Not many other people did, either, though he was in pictures for three years prior to that production, playing bits and small parts. You are a unique fan—to have been a devotee of pictures since their early days and never to have asked for a single photograph!

A BETTY COMPSON ADMIRER.—Your favorite is in her early twenties. "Kindred of the Dust" has not been generally released at present writing. D. W. Griffith has not definitely decided on his next production at this date, but there are several stories he is supposed to be considering. He may make a seventy-two-reel production of the history of the world, to be used for the furthering of peace. Wells' "Outline of History" and the life of Christ are other stories that he is said to be contemplating. But this may all be changed and Mr. Griffith working on an entirely different story by the time you read this. Harrison Ford appeared in "The Lottery Man." Yes, "The Birth of a Nation" was considered a very fine picture by the critics. If you will send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope I will mail the cast to you, as it is too long to print here.

LOUISE.—Well, if I didn't ask you to write again it was only because I have said it so many times. I thought all the fans knew that they are welcome to write whenever they want to know anything, even if they have asked questions before. You must have the name of that man in "The Iron Claw" wrong. Try again. The father of the Talmadge girls is living.

IRISH INQUIRER.—Neither Blanche nor Frances Ring has appeared in pictures. The romance of the Meighans was printed in the January, 1921, issue of PICTURE-PLAY, but those of the Hayakawas and Raoul Walsh and Miriam Cooper have not appeared so far. Thomas Meighan has no brother in pictures, but Edward Sutherland is his nephew.

J. B. W.—"Sky High" must be the Tom Mix picture you mean. In this production Tom plays a government agent who captures a band of Chinese smugglers in the Grand Cañon.

HELEN M. Mc.—Yes, Mary Wilkinson played *Nanny Webster* in the Paramount version of "The Little Minister." Miss Wilkinson was born in 1852, so you see she didn't need much making up for the part.

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Restore Your Flagging Powers

You are run down mentally and physically. You have burned the candle at both ends—used up your store of precious nerve energy—robbed your blood and cheated your body and brain out of the elements of vigorous manhood! The delicate mechanism of your body is out of adjustment, because you have violated the inflexible laws of Nature. The future looks dark and hopeless to you—but don't be discouraged—cheer up—you can come back.

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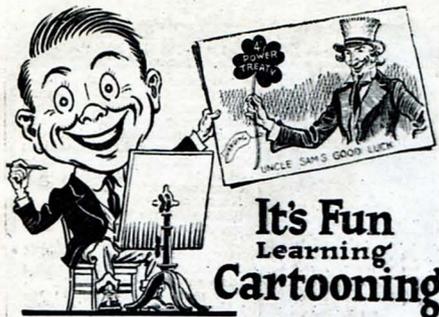
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I. D.—Of course Ethel Sands wouldn't mind if you wrote to her! In fact, I think Ethel enjoys all the letters she gets from fans almost as much as her adventures. Address her care of the magazine. Yes, I'm sure she will answer you personally.

V. V. B.—Marguerite Clark is married to H. Palmerson Williams and lives down South when not making pictures. Marguerite hasn't done anything since "Scrambled Wives," and I haven't heard of any future plans for pictures. Marcella Pershing has not been cast in any production recently, so far as I can find out. Yes, I do most of my own typewriting. I don't think I should like a stenographer, even if I were considered important enough to have one. So you have three friends taking the magazine just on account of my department? I must show this to the editor.

ANNA P.—Sessue Hayakawa is with R-C Pictures; Priscilla Dean, Herbert Rawlinson, and "Hoot" Gibson, with Universal; Constance Talmadge has her own company, and Thomas Meighan is a Famous Players-Lasky star. The best way to get an idea of what sort of stories the different companies want is to study the general type of pictures they make and note the stars that work in their productions. This will keep you from sending a Western story to a company that specializes in society pictures or a society drama to a studio that goes in for the more rugged type of entertainment. Why don't you send for our "Guideposts for Scenario Writers?" It costs ten cents in stamps.

MERRITT.—First of all, let me tell you that I am *not* a century old, and I have no "bewhiskered chin snowy white." The movies are young, you know—one doesn't have to be a tottering ancient to remember all about them. Casson Ferguson is not married and he is not the brother of either Elsie or Helen Ferguson. I'm sorry you never got an answer or a photograph from Harrison Ford, especially when you sent a quarter, and there's not much hope left after a year of waiting, is there? Perhaps Harrison never got your letter. I'm sure he wouldn't neglect answering it or at least sending a picture, on purpose.

ANXIOUS BLUE AND BROWN EYES.—The addresses of the studios you want are at the end of The Oracle. But the only way to get a chance in pictures is to apply personally at a studio. Letters and photographs won't help you one bit without that. Why don't you send twenty-five cents for our booklet called "Your Chance as a Screen Actor" to the Subscription Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City? This will give you about the best idea of screen acting and the difficulties that every one has to face while trying to break in

than any other work I have read on this subject.

W. W. MARIE.—I doubt that you would lose your devotion for Valentino even if he should fail to answer your letter. At any rate, you would only be taking the chance that every other fan takes of getting a personal reply. Maybe you'll be lucky! Nazimova was born May 22, 1879, and Agnes Ayres is in her twenties. Yes, Valentino is going to play in "The Young Rajah," but the cast hasn't been selected or the production started at this writing so I can't give you the name of the leading lady. Mae Murray's hair is bobbed and she has it curled.

JACK'S STANDBY.—Your favorite, Jack Mulhall, hasn't been neglected in The Oracle, but I suppose you overlooked the answers about him. He was born in New York City and was on the stage in stock and in vaudeville for a couple of years, after which he made his screen debut with the old Biograph company, playing leads there for four years. Then he went to Universal, Metro, and Realar. So that Jack is quite a veteran, having been in pictures about nine or ten years. He has been married three times, the present Mrs. Mulhall being Evelyn X. Winans. Jack is five feet eleven, weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. He plays opposite Constance Binney in "The Sleepwalker."

TERRIE TELSON.—So you know a lot of movie stars personally—and you went to school with Wesley Barry! I suppose you're a very important person in your town; sort of an Oracle yourself, I bet. The answer at the head of this department in the March issue had a brief sketch of Rodolph's career. PICTURE-PLAY has not had an interview with Barbara Bedford so far, but we probably will have something about her soon. Must you have a special invitation to write again? All right, Terrie; I should be delighted to receive another letter from you.

ALLENE H. S.—Richard Tucker is not a star; he plays small parts and sometimes leads. Pearl White has been married twice but is at present free from matrimonial bonds. Pearl has no children. Did you know that she is going to make serials again for Pathé? Sorry I can't give you the name of the first one, but it hasn't been announced yet. I suppose Pearl will have a few new stunts to spring on her devoted serial fans.

CLIFFORD T.—Wheeler Oakman has the honor of being Priscilla Dean's husband. Wheeler acts in pictures, too. Claire Windsor is married and has a four-year-old son. Ola Cronk is Claire's real name. Gloria Swanson uses her own. Marie Prevost was born in Sarnia, Canada. Irene Castle, of course, was the wife of Vernon Castle, her dancing partner. Mr. Castle was killed during the war. Robert Treman, a business man, is Irene's husband now. If you wish back copies of PICTURE-PLAY, send twenty cents in stamps to the Circulation Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Be sure to give the date of the number you want, and mention PICTURE-PLAY, because lots of other magazines are published here, you know. Pauline Frederick's name was Beatrice Libbey, and she was born in Boston, Massachusetts.

M. E. V.—Sorry, but I have been unable to get the exact date of Hobart Bosworth's birth. But he was born and educated in Marietta, Ohio, and started his stage career in 1885.



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E. J.—Marjorie Daw is in the Fox production "A Fool There Was," and plays with Owen Moore in his latest, "A Previous Engagement." Marjorie seems to be kept busy these days, rushing from one studio to another so quickly that I can hardly keep track of her. She was born in 1902 in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Yes, Marjorie played in several pictures with Douglas Fairbanks, among them "Arizona," "He Comes Up Smiling," "Bound in Morocco," "Mr. Fix-It," "Say, Young Fellow," "Knickerbocker Buckaroo," and "His Majesty, the American." She is not married, but was reported engaged to Johnny Harron, which, I understand, is not so now.

ROMANTIC ROMAINE.—We publish a booklet that I think would answer your questions about scenarios. It is called "Guideposts for Scenario Writers," and was gotten up to help those of our readers who are interested in screen writing to prepare their stories properly. It contains many valuable hints and I am sure you would find it very helpful. If you send us ten cents in stamps the booklet will be mailed to you. Norma Talmadge was born in 1897, Constance in 1900, Gloria Swanson is about twenty-six and Harrison Ford, thirty. No, Gareth Hughes is not only a boy—he is the same age as Norma Talmadge. Carlton Miller played the rôle of *Bulmer Mead*, the poet, in Marion Davies' picture "The Bride's Play."

FRANCIS C.—Ruth Roland stays in California most of the time because that's where she makes her pictures. "White Eagle" is her latest one and the next will be "The Riddle of the Range," in which Ruth shares thrills and defies death with Bruce Gordon as a partner. She was married to Lionel Kent but is divorced.

MARGIE M.—Agnes Ayres was the silken *Cinderella* in "Forbidden Fruit." Here's the full cast: *Mary Haddock*, Agnes Ayres; *Steve Haddock*, Clarence Burton; *James Harrington Mallory*, Theodore Roberts; *Mrs. Mallory*, Kathlyn Williams; *Nelson Rogers*, Forrest Stanley; *Pietro Guiseppe*, Theodore Kosloff; *Nadia Craig*, Shannon Day; *John Craig*, Bertram Johns; *Maid*, Julia Faye. In case you couldn't pick him out, Forrest Stanley was the hero.

DIANA T.—Yes, you are right about Valentino's age, so calm yourself, Diana. You sound quite ruffled. Vincent Coleman is Mae Murray's leading man in "Fascination," and Robert Frazer plays a Toreador with whom Mae has an adventure. Agnes Ayres weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds and is five feet four and a half inches tall. Her eyes are blue-gray or gray-blue—which is it?—and her hair golden brown. You ask, "Why doesn't some one rave over Kenneth Harlan?" It seems to me that quite a lot of raving is done on Kenneth's account, judging from my mail. He was born in 1895 and is divorced from Flo Hart.

DOT AND DASH.—No, Wilfred and Bert Lytell are not the same person. You never heard of a motion-picture star called by two different screen names, did you? The solution is: Bert and Wilfred are brothers. Bert was born in 1888 and is the one who has been starring in Metro pictures and who is now playing opposite Betty Compson in the Paramount picture "To Have and to Hold." Wilfred is younger and free-lances around the various studios as a leading man. He played in "Know Your Men," with Pearl White, and in "The Man Who Paid."

ROSIE T.—The name of the girl who played *Rosa de Brac* in "Heart of the North" is Betty Marvyn, who is not very well known in pictures.

HARRY.—"East Is West" will be Constance Talmadge's next production. Yes, it is taken from the stage play in which Fay Bainter starred. "Salome" is Nazimova's latest, and the title of her next hasn't been announced at present writing. Nazimova has the screen rights to Sudermann's "Regina," but I cannot say whether or not that will be filmed next. I understand that she intends to make that picture abroad. "Second-hand Rose" is the latest release of Gladys Walton. It is based on the popular song of that name.

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SCENARIO PETE.—“Broken Chains” is the title of the winning story in the Chicago *Daily News* scenario contest, and it is being produced by Goldwyn as a special, with Allen Holubar directing and Colleen Moore playing the leading rôle.

M. R.—Ruth Roland has been before the public since she was three years old, her first appearance being with Ed Holden's “Cinderella” company in San Francisco, California. She entered pictures about six or seven years ago. Yes, Ruth used to appear in regular feature productions, but since starting to make serials she has done nothing else. Feature stuff probably looks too tame and unexciting to her now. There has been no book published about her life so far, but perhaps Ruth will write one herself some day; it ought to be an interesting story, don't you think, with at least two thrills to a page? There are fifteen or sixteen episodes of two reels each in the average serial.

THE TEXAS KID.—I wouldn't disappoint you for anything. William Farnum was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1876. He is five feet ten and a half and weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds. Bill is married to Olive White and they have one daughter. “The Spoilers” has been reissued since it was first produced, but I doubt if it is being shown anywhere in this country now. “Shackles of Gold” is Farnum's latest picture.

MILDRED B.—You won't have to look more than once for Viola Dana's address in this issue, because it's right at the top. “The Bond Boy” is Richard Barthelmess' next production, and “Sonny” is the last one released. Your other questions have been answered.

J. K.—I have answered your last questions, so watch the columns closely for them. It's nice of you to let me down easy because of the hot weather and ask only three questions when you probably have at least a dozen. This, J. K., is true unselfishness. Nazimova is five feet three and has violet eyes. “Salome” is her latest production. Gladys Walton was born in 1904; Lila Lee is not married.

DELINA.—Robert Harron is dead. You must meet his brother, John, who resembles him a good deal. John is not married. He played opposite Shirley Mason in “The Ragged Heiress.”

T. V.—Thanks for the pictures of Dallas and Texarkana, Texas. They are my sole acquaintance with the towns where Bebe Daniels and Corinne Griffith were born, so I shall treasure them and place them in my gallery of famous places. Marie Prevost was born in Sarnia, Canada, in 1898 and educated in Denver, Colorado. She first became famous as a Mack Sennett bathing beauty. Now Marie stars in frothy comedy-drama features for Universal. She is five feet four, weighs one hundred and twenty-three pounds, has dark hair and blue eyes. “Kissed” is her latest production, and J. Frank Glendon plays opposite her.

HAZEL.—Robert Frazer played *Carrita*, the Toreador, in Mae Murray's picture, “Fascination,” and Joseph Schildkraut was the *Chevalier de Vaudrey* in “Orphans of the Storm.” So you didn't like Joseph all messed up and with stringy hair? But actors have to look their parts, you know. You wouldn't expect a fugitive in real life to be immaculately groomed, would you?

DORIS.—You want to know all the screen actresses whose first name is Doris. Well, there's Doris May, Doris Pawn, Doris Kenyon, and Doris Rankin. I can't

think of any others, but I'm sure you won't dislike your name any more now that you know it also belongs to these charming actresses. I haven't heard of Monte Blue's engagement to any one.

T. F.—Here is the cast for “The Inside of the Cup.” *John Hodder*, a rector, *William P. Carleton*; *Eldon Parr*, a banker, *David Torrence*; *Alison Parr*, his daughter, *Edith Hallor*; *Preston Parr*, his son, *Jack Bohn*; *Kate Marcy*, a salesgirl, *Marguerite Clayton*; *Richard Garvin*, a bank teller, *Richard Carlyle*; *Mrs. Garvin*, his wife, *Margaret Sedden*; *Wallis Plympton*, a vestryman, *Albert Roccadi*; *Ferguson*, a merchant, *Frank A. Lyon*; “*Beatty*,” a butler, *Henry Morey*; *Kate Marcy's friend*, *Irene Delroy*; *Garvin's child*, *George Storey*.

FERN A.—So that Betty Compson story, “Some Bumps on the Road to Stardom,” didn't discourage you? Then you must be extremely optimistic, because I know that if I were thinking of taking up screen acting that article would make me stop and consider. But I wish you luck, Fern. *Kathleen Morris* played with *Eddy Polo* in “The Secret Four.” *Elmo Lincoln* was born February 6, 1880; *Eileen Sedgwick*, in 1896; *Carmel Myers*, April 9, 1901. *Wanda Hawley* is in her twenties. Of course you may write again.

POLLYWOG.—Sorry, but I have no picture of *Gertrude Short*, or of any of the other players, to send you. So please don't ask me; also, please don't send money or stamps to the magazine for photographs of players. You will have to write to each player personally for a picture, inclosing twenty-five cents. The addresses are always printed at the end of *The Oracle* every month. *Gertrude Short* was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1901 and started her stage career when five years old.

MAUDE M.—Now, Maude, you can't inveigle me into telling, in everlasting, ineradicable print, whom I consider the prettiest blonde and the prettiest brunette on the screen. Won't you please let me stick to my safe and peaceful job of answering questions? “*A Wonderful Wife*” is *Miss Dupont's* latest, and *Vernon Steele* plays opposite her. Here is the cast for “*Arabian Love*.” *Norman Stone*, *John Gilbert*; *Nadine Fortier*, *Barbara Bedford*; *Thamar*, *Barbara la Marr*; *The Sheik*, *Herschel Mayall*; *Ahmed Bey*, *Robert Kortman*; *Doctor Lagorio*, *William A. Orlamond*.

WILLIAM H.—You ask, “How does one get on the stage with a good singing voice?” Well, William, how does one get any kind of a job? Certainly not by sitting home and wondering how it's done. Personal application is the beginning, middle, and end of every method of securing employment of any kind.

MARCELLA.—Don't worry about what to call me—I'm not particular. But “*Dear Oracle*” is my usual salutation. *Florence Le Badie* died several years ago, *Fannie Ward* is in Europe, and *Marie Doro* appeared in the stage play “*Lilies of the Field*.” I can't say whether or not Marie will return to pictures, but keep on hopping. Perhaps she'll get lonesome for the Kleigs when her stage work is finished. Marie was born in 1885 and *Fannie Ward* in 1875. *Mabel Ballin* has light-brown bobbed hair and brown eyes. She is married to *Hugo Ballin*, who produces and directs all her pictures. *Grace Cunard* is still on the screen; she is married to *Joe Moore*, younger brother of *Tom and Owen*.

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"The Ordeal." The part of Bobby Kingsley in "Why Announce Your Marriage?" was played by James Harrison, and that of Gladys Jerome by Elizabeth Woodmere. The Century Comedies are released through Universal. The cast for "The Wonderful Thing:" Jacqueline Laurentine Boggs, Norma Talmadge; Donald Mannersby, Harrison Ford; Catherine Mannersby Truesdale, Julia Hoyt; James Sheridan Boggs, Howard Truesdale; Laurence Mannersby, Robert Agnew; Dulcie Mannersby Fosdick, Ethel Fleming; Lady Sophia Alexandria Mannersby, Mabel Bert; Angelica Mannersby, Fanny Burke; Smooth Bill Carser, Walter McEwen; General Lancaster, Charles Craig.

A MONTREALER.—Kenneth Harlan was born in 1895. He was married to Flo Hart but they are divorced. Kenneth is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds. He is not playing with Constance Talmadge any more, but is free-lancing. "I Am the Law" is the latest production in which he appears. William Boyd is a member of the Famous Players-Lasky stock company and appears only in their pictures, playing small parts and supporting rôles. There was an interesting story about his career, "Grooming the Stars of the Future," in the March issue of PICTURE-PLAY.

JEANETTE.—No, I didn't "flop over" at your questions. They were very reasonable compared to some of the demands I get. Louis Calhern is the actor with the big brown eyes who played opposite Claire Windsor in "The Blot." Ramon Samanegos, or Ramon Navarro, as he will henceforth be known, is twenty-one and of Spanish descent. Joseph Schildkraut is Hungarian and twenty-two years old. Harrison Ford is about thirty and Conrad Nagel was born in 1896.

PAUL L. C.—It was reported some time ago that David Warfield was going to make "The Return of Peter Grimm" for the screen under the Metro banner, but so far nothing has come of it.

BRICK-TOP.—Marin Sais is still in pictures. She usually plays opposite her husband, Jack Hoxie, in Western pictures. Pete Morrison is also still on the screen; he stars in Westerns, too. Francis Ford has his own producing company, directs his pictures, and sometimes plays in them. Grace Cunard and Alice Howell are also still among those present. You certainly do sound like an old-timer—you don't seem much interested in the present-day heroes. Yes, Doris Kenyon starred in a picture called "Wild Honey" which was produced in 1918, but that was an entirely different story from the production of the same name in which Priscilla Dean appeared recently. The Kenyon picture was a Western, written by Vingie E. Roe, and the Priscilla Dean production is a South African story based on the novel by Cynthia Stockley.

BARBARA S.—At last you break into print, Barbara. This should make up for all your waiting. Katherine MacDonald is one of the tallest feature actresses on the screen, measuring five feet eight, and she weighs about one hundred and forty pounds. Katherine is divorced from Malcolm Strauss. Priscilla Dean weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Your other questions have been answered.

JINX.—Here's some good news to help overcome your "blues" and make you smile again: Will Rogers is coming back to the screen—in fact, at present he is working on "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and he will probably keep right on making pictures.

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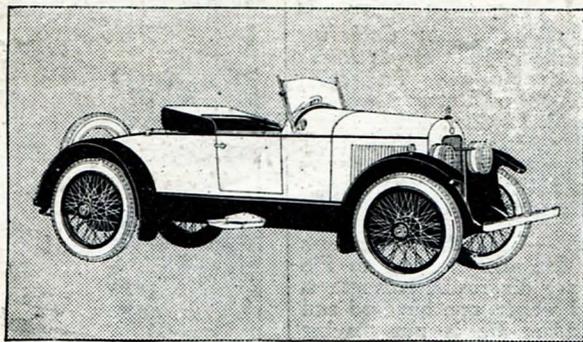
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MARGUERITE.—Matthew Betts is probably the actor you mean. He played the rôle of Ed Scott in "Burn 'Em Up Barnes," and also appeared in "My Old Kentucky Home."

T. C.—Thanks for your nice letter, T. C. I enjoyed it very much, and as for the photo—it has the place of honor in my collection. So it is Pearl White who now enralls you? Yes, Pearl can put more pep into a screen fight than any one I know of. The practice she's had in her recent features has no doubt kept her in training for her return to Pathé serials, which you probably have heard about. That lovely long hair she wore in "A Virgin Paradise" was a wig. The color of Pearl's own hair is dark red, but in most of her productions she wears a blond wig, even when she isn't a back-to-nature heroine.

U. R. A. M.—Pat Moore played the rôle of Sheba's son in "The Queen of Sheba." Mary Miles Minter was born in 1902, and Norma Talmadge in 1897. Joseph Schildkraut is twenty-two. "Frivolous Wives," in which Rodolph Valentino appeared, was made long before "The Four Horsemen," so I do not see how it could be truthfully advertised in your theater as "new, brand-new." It may have been the first time it was shown in your town, but it is an old production. "Orphans of the Storm" is the only motion picture in which Joseph Schildkraut has played, and I can't say whether or not he will appear on the screen again. You know, Joseph is a stage artist first and a movie actor second.

CLIFFORD H.—You're quite systematic about your questions, aren't you? About the same number at the same time every month. Here are some more answers to paste in your movie book. Claire du Brev played the rôle of the maid, Elise, in



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DEAREST.—Your information is a little twisted. It is Wallace McCutcheon, not Walter McGrail, who was the former husband of Pearl White. Walter is married, though. I'm sorry I can't pass upon your worth as a cartoonist—not being an art critic, you know, but I'm going to save your drawing, anyhow, and look at your little man's cheerful grin whenever I get tempery.

INQUISITIVE E. S.—Alfred Weigall, not Edith Hull, wrote the story of "Burning Sands," the Paramount production in which Milton Sills and Wanda Hawley have the leading rôles.

MILDRED DAVIS AND RICHARD BARTHELMESS FOREVER.—And not one word about either Mildred or Richard! Anna Q. Nilsson appears in the Penrhyn Stanlows production for Paramount, "Pink Gods." She is five feet seven and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Anna doesn't give her age, and ages are dangerous things to guess about, in print that is, so you'll have to give it up, I guess. Richard Dix was born in 1894 and Walter McGrail in 1889. Yes, Leatrice Joy was Richard Dix's wife in "Poverty of Riches" and Louise Lovely played the rôle of the other wife. George Arliss is English. Richard Dix is not married; Anna Q. has been but is divorced.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Viola Dana, Billie Dove, Barbara la Marr, Ramon Navarro (Samanegos), and Alice Terry at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Antonio Moreno, Colleen Moore, Patsy Ruth Miller, Richard Dix, Mae Busch, Helene Chadwick, and Mona Kingsley at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Rodolph Valentino, Gloria Swanson, Bert Lytell, Casson Ferguson, William Boyd, Betty Compton, Conrad Nagel, Constance Binney, May MacAvoy, Agnes Ayres, Bebe Daniels, Wallace Reid, Dorothy Dalton, Wanda Hawley, Jack Holt, David Powell, Lois Wilson, Leatrice Joy, Thomas Meighan, Anna Q. Nilsson, James Kirkwood, Fritzi Ridgeway, T. Roy Barnes, Milton Sills, Lila Lee, Tom Moore, Mary Miles Minter, Mitchell Lewis, and Raymond Hatton at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Mary Carr at the Fox Film Corporation, West Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

Harold Lloyd, Marie Mosquini, Mildred Davis, and Ruth Roland at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Nazimova, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Elaine Hammerstein, Kathryn Ferry, Jackie Coogan, Owen Moore, Niles Welch, Jane Novak, and Dorothy Phillips at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Madge Bellamy, Florence Vidor, Cullen Landis, and Marguerite de la Motte at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Mae Murray at the Tiffany Productions, Loew Theater Building, New York City.

Charles ("Buck") Jones, Shirley Mason, Tom Mix, Bessie Love, Estelle Taylor, William Russell, Barbara Bedford, Thomas Santschi, Eileen Percy, and John Gilbert at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Mabel Ballin, care of Hugo Ballin Productions, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Richard Talmadge, Miss Dupont, Gladys Walton, Baby Peggy, Erich von Stroheim, Dale Fuller, Hoot Gibson, Maud George, Herbert Rawlinson, Mary Philbin, Gertrude Olmsted, Priscilla Dean, Harry Myers, Marie Prevost, and Art Acord at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

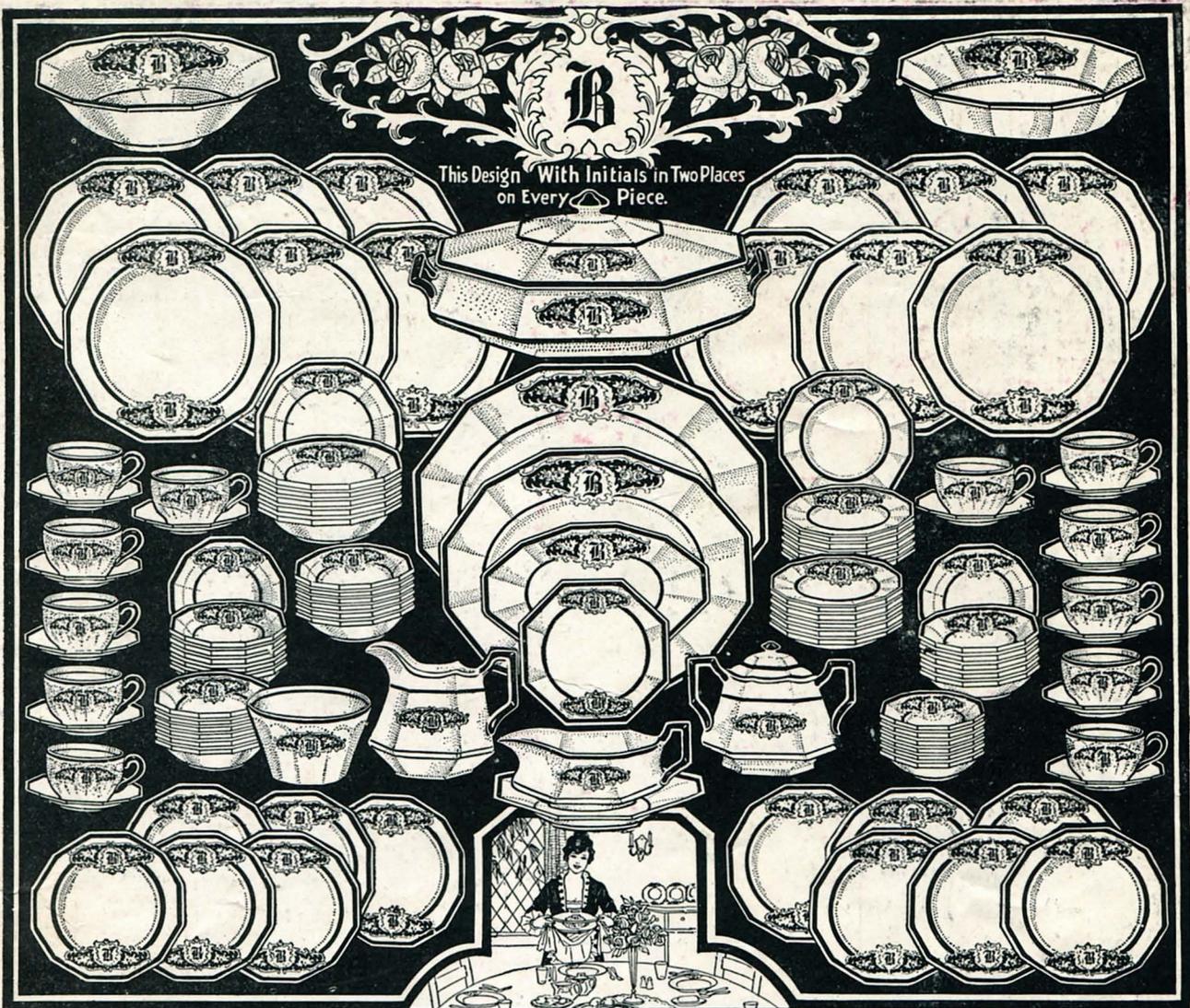
Ben Turpin, Mabel Normand, and Harriett Hammond at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Johnny Walker at the R. C. Cole Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Mary Pickford, Enid Bennett, Douglas Fairbanks, and Lloyd Hughes at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California.

Richard Barthelmess, Mary Thurman, Mary Alden, care of Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Will Rogers at the Talmadge Studios, East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.



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 1 Platter, 11 1/4 inches
 1 Celery Dish, 8 1/2 inches

1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7 1/2 inches
 1 Butter Plate, 6 inches
 1 Vegetable Dish, 10 1/2 inches with lid (2 pieces)
 1 Deep Bowl, 8 1/2 inches

1 Oval Baker, 9 inches
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 1 Gravy Boat, 7 1/4 inches
 1 Creamer
 1 Sugar Bowl with cover (2 pieces)

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