Beginning in
This Issue—

VALENTINO'S LIFE STORY

POLA NEGRi

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY
February 25c

The Greatest Issue of a Screen Magazine ever Published
In this Parfum-Romance Parisienne

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We Pay $1000 and Royalties

to men and women anywhere, of any age, who can learn to write photoplays. A novel, free test, made at home, will tell you if YOU can learn as Mrs. Thacher did.

Under the new Palmer Photoplay Production Plan, we pay a minimum of $1000 cash for scenarios which are acceptable for our own productions.

In addition, we pay royalties on the profits of the picture. This permits new writers and photoplaywrights, for the first time, to share in the success of the screen stories of their own creation.

At the same time, we continue to be the largest single agent for the sale of scenarios to the great producing organizations of the country. They gladly pay $2000 and offer less than $500 for acceptable screen stories.

Yet the demands are far from adequately filled. These fines are actually going begging, these men and women, endowed with storytelling ability, have not discovered them. So we are seeking the for this hidden talent which we believe for success in this rich field of endeavor.

We Will Test You without cost or obligation

This search is but tremendously successful base of a novel Creative Test devised in collaboration with H. H. Vissian, the well-known scenarist, and Malcolm McLean, formerly of New western University.

You may test yourself under this plan without cost or obligation. Send the coupon below. You answer to the questions will indicate either or not you possess the creat imagination which opens this rich to you.

We hold your answers confidential, of course. If they indicate that you are endowed with this ability, you will receive additional information relative to the Palmer Course and Service, which will fit you for this work. If you are not so endowed,

We will tell you frankly and courteously.

The Experience of Elizabeth Thacher

Not long ago, Elizabeth Thacher, a busy Montana housewife, little dreamed that she was different from thousands of other housewives.

Yet she took Palmer training and soon wrote a successful photoplay and Thomas H. Ince was glad to buy it at a handsome figure—the first she ever tried to write.

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

When shortly after her enrollment she sold her first story to Thomas H. Ince, she wrote: "I feel that such success as I have had is directly due to the Palmer Course and your constructive help."

Know About Yourself

Many men and women, like Elizabeth Thacher, have the ability to win success in this field. We are preparing qualified men and women, not alone for scenario writing, but also for positions of all kinds in the producing companies.

And many others, with no desire to become professional screen writers, are developing under our training their powers of Creative Imagination, for they realize how much more success, in any field of endeavor, comes to those who possess this power, properly developed.

You may know whether or not you are endowed with Creative Imagination, if you will but ask for the Palmer Creative Test. There's no cost—no obligation. It may discover to you this gift that you will want to develop.

Perhaps your life holds story, the world is seeking and for which the world will pay you well.

Mail the coupon. Test yourself. If you are wasting the $10,000 imagination which is $10,000 in value, and it is yours, to discover.

Also receive our interesting booklet, "Is a $10,000 Imagination Was Discovered.”

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The most absorbing features published by any magazine

Untold Love Tales About Stars
True stories more enthralling than fiction, giving an insight to the realm of romance that lies behind the screen

Rodolph Valentino’s own brilliant story

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

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

Watch Photoplay break all records during this new year
Both Are Embarrassed—Yet Both Could Be at Ease

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

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

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

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

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

How Etiquette Gives Ease

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

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

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

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

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

With the Book of Etiquette to refer to, you need never make embarrassing blunders. You can know exactly what to do, say, write and wear at all times. You will be able to astonish your friends with your knowledge of what is right under all circumstances.

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

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Brickbats and
Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The Censorial Mind
Belmar, Md.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

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

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

"I have."

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

"I have."

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

(Order in the Court!)

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

J. W. STACHUNK.

What Makes A Star?
Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

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

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

GERTRUDE L. GIBSON.

A Demand for Truth
Huntington, West Virginia.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I do not hold with censorship but
I do believe that the present grind of silly
scenarios is giving America's boys and girls an
excuse to forget their morals. Please do not
allow scenarioists to depict women being com-
pelled to "sell their honor," as in "Star Dust."
There are American women who are willing to
toss their heads at hard circumstances, and cry
defiance to fate; whose every knock is a boost
as greater endeavor, and who have as their
motto, "I must. I will."

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

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

JOSEPHINE TACOY.

MURDERING "MANSLAUGHTER"?
Cleveland, Ohio.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

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

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

GRACE O'DONNELL.

A Place for Everybody!
Alma, Michigan.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

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

Doesn't this make one thing its ap-
pointed place and shining with its own
particular light? Why say one is good, one
better, one best? To get down to screen cases—could Gloria
Swanson play "Tess"? Or Mary Pickford

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

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

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

VIRGINIA BROWN.

Screen the "Failures"

New York, City.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

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

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

I am sure that many other screen fans like
myself are tired of seeing stage successes made
over into mediocre movies, drawing us in
simply by their much-advertised titles. The
plays which rank only a bit higher than New
York are often just as good, but because of un-
accountable conditions they fail. Why rot try
one of them on the screen for a change?

HERMAN MONSOON.

Where Are the Stars of Yesteryear?

Youngstown, Ohio.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

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

J. J. THOMAS

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 17]
We absolutely guarantee that if you would rather return the rugs after making this kind of a trial, just say so and send them back. We will refund to you every solitary penny of transportation charges, both going and coming. We'll refund your dollar and we'll make this complete refund in cash without asking you for any sort of an explanation.

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Enclosed find $1.00, for which send me on the Free Trial your special offer of one 9 ft. x 12 ft. genuine Coveredum Gold Seal Art Rug and three companion rugs to match, each 18 x 36 inches, each try as described in this advertisement. If I keep the rugs, I will pay you $1.00 monthly. I have 30 days to make up my mind. If I decide to return the rugs within 30 days, you are to return the dollars paid and all carrying charges, both ways. The price of all four rugs is $15.95, which is guaranteed to be less than the regular price of the 9 ft. 12 ft. rug alone.

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Directed by Robert Vignola
A Cosmopolitan Production |
| ---- | --- |
| DATE | POLA NEGRI in<br>A George Fitzmaurice Production
"BELLA DONNA"
Supported by Conway Tearle and<br>Conrad Nagel
By Robert Heilmes
Scenario by Osita Bergere
Presented by<br>Hamilton Theatrical Corporation |
| DATE | "VENDETTA"
With Lionel Barrymore and<br>Alma Rubens
Directed by Allan Gwladys<br>Scenario by Frances Marion
A Cosmopolitan Production |
| DATE | THOMAS MEIGHAN in<br>"White Heat"
By R. C. Kirke
Directed by Victor Fleming
Scenario by Percy Heath |
| DATE | AGNES AYRES in<br>"Contraband"
By Clarence Badin
Directed by Paul Powell
Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix |
| DATE | BETTY COMPSON in<br>"The Woman with Four Faces"
By Bayard Veiller |
| DATE | GLORIA SWANSON in<br>"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"
A Sam Wood Production
From Charles Andrew's adaptation of<br>Alfred Savoy's play
Scenario by Monte M. Katterjohn and<br>George Melford Production |

---

**Date:**

**Marion Davies in**

"**When Knighthood Was in Flower**"

Directed by Robert Vignola

A Cosmopolitan Production

**Betty Compson in**

"**The White Flower**"

Story and direction by Julia Crawford Ivers

**Marion Davies in**

"**Adam and Eve**"

Directed by Robert Vignola

From the play by Gay Bolton and<br>George Middleton

Scenario by Luther Reed

A Cosmopolitan Production

**Agnes Ayres in**

"**Broken Hearts**"

With Theodore Roberts and Richard Dix

Directed by Paul Powell

Scenario by Will M. Ritchey

A James Cruze Production

**The Covered Wagon**

By Emerson Hough

Scenario by Jack Cunningham

Paramount's great epic drama

**The 4th Commandment**

By Frank Borge

Scenario by Frances Marion

A Cosmopolitan Production

**Thomas Meighan in**

"**The Ne'er-Do-Well**"

Directed by Alfred Green

**Alice Brady in**

"**The Leopardess**"

By Katharine Newlin Burt

Directed by Henry Kolker

Scenario by J. Clarkson Miller

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Theatres everywhere are booking these pictures with dates of showing.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOToplay Magazine.
VERS A C., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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

"PEGgie," LAUREL, M iss.

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

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

"Dot," DALLAS, TEXAS.

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

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

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

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

B EULAH, COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON.

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

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

M. A. B., WESTFIELD, MASS.

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

MRS. G. H. C., RICHMON D, VA.

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

M. G. T., LEAMINSTER, MASS.

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

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

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

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

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

—The Editor
At Last—

A Snow White Clay that Brings New Beauty in 10 Minutes!

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

IN ten minutes you can have a brand-new complexion! In ten minutes you can clear your skin of every bluish film! In ten minutes you can acquire a soft, gloriously fresh, smooth, youthful skin—that will be the envy and admiration of all your friends! You may think this is impossible. Very well. Here is a test that will absolutely convince you—and amaze you as well.

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

Watch the Results!

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

How It Works

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

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

Loosens and Draws Out Every Impurity

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

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

No Lotions Needed

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

READ

“A Great Improvement”

"Snow White Clay is certainly a great improvement over the old kind. I noticed the difference just as soon as I put it on my face. When I removed it my skin was much smoother and freer glazed.”

Eda Herman

“Skin Clear and Smooth”

"Since I have used Snow White Complexion Clay all the blackheads and blemishes are gone; my skin is clean and smooth.”

Lillian Bulk

“Blackheads Banished”

"Snow White Clay is the best product of the kind I have ever used. One application removed many of the blackheads and left my skin seemingly white, soft and smooth.”

K. Lewis

Stimulates and Whitens Skin

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

Send No Money

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

So that everyone may test this wonderful new preparation, we are making a very special free-examination offer. If you send in your application now a jar of Snow White Complexion Clay will be sent to you at once. Although it is $3.00 product, you may pay the postage only $1.75 (plus a few cents postage in full payment) on receipt of this free sample. If you are not satisfied, return the jar within 10 days and have your money refunded if you are not more than delighted with results.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

The Old Way—

Muddy Clay—

40 Minutes

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

The New Way—

Snow White Clay—

10 Minutes!

$5.00 Value $1.75

Send No Money

No matter what the condition of your complexion, Snow White Complexion Clay will give it a new radiant beauty—for it is a natural preparation and works always. You need have no wait for results either—they are evident in only 10 minutes.

Send no money—merely the coupon. See for yourself how this new discovery lifts away blemishes and reveals a charming, new complexion—without the least muzziness. Don't delay—mail the coupon at once. Marquardt Sullivan, Dept. 302-8, 6th and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.


Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

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

If you are thin and want to gain weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Alexander Vitamins absolutely free. Do not send any money—just your name and address to Alexander Laboratories, 2222 Gateway Bldg., Chicago.

WANTED—RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS

$135 to $190 A MONTH

Send copy of card and full address to:

R. B. BANCROFT

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 67 Lakeview Bldg., Chicago 

How are you getting along in your business? Get in touch with your old friends in the trade. Send in your orders for new catalogs; get the benefit of free literature, news, and advice. Write today—no obligation. Your orders are always welcome.

WRITE JOKES

Easy, fascinating work. Our sales department pays from $3 to $5 for jokes, sketches, and other material. A deduction of 25 cents per item is made to cover cost of mailing. Three lessons teach you how to write jokes, then you send them to us on trial. Humorists cannot get big pay into a field that is not yet a饱和.

WRITE FOR INFORMATION

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF CIRCULATION, O cease, 141 Park Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

WRITE JOKES

Easy, fascinating work. Our sales department pays from $3 to $5 for jokes, sketches, and other material. A deduction of 25 cents per item is made to cover cost of mailing. Three lessons teach you how to write jokes, then you send them to us on trial. Humorists cannot get big pay into a field that is not yet a饱和.

WRITE FOR INFORMATION

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF CIRCULATION, O cease, 141 Park Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio
Friendly Advice
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

JEANNE, KANSAS.

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

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

JEANNE.

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

BETTY, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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

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

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

RUTH THOMAS.

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

BERNICE, CEDAR FALLS, IOWA.

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

M. W., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Conide in me whenever you feel friendless and alone. And perhaps, occasionally, I can help you. I think that you were a brave girl to tell the truth in your question that you are going to see him, or write to him, again. And I know that it must have been a desperately hard thing to do. I am glad that his wife does not know of your friendship, and that she tries to keep her from ever knowing.

BETTY JO, WEST VA.

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

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

L. L., NEW YORK CITY.

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

"BLUE BETTY," CHICAGO, ILL.

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

M. L. B., TORONTO, CANADA.

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

BAZELLE FEPELLE, BUCKLEY, W. VA.

Exercise will make your skin supple, and will also develop your limbs. But it must be systematic exercise, done in a most regular way. A fine tissue building cream, used together with massage, will also help. The darkness about your eyes is doubtless the result of late hours. Don't go to so many parties and dances—youth, though seemingly innocent, needs a certain amount of rest. Bobbed hair is pretty, especially on a small, slim girl. But with the new long skirts many fashion experts have decided that long tresses are more becoming. Even a little pretentiousness is allowable if you want to grow your "bob" to grow.

"THE SOUTHERN ROSE," NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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

H. E. R., ILL.

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

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

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

“Human (?) Hearts”
Sacramento, Cal.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

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

After two painful hours viewing a perfectly nice boy becoming idiotic, and a blind mother distressed, my son said he felt as if he had studied Latin for 12 hours followed by bath, for another hour, and was therefore thoroughly exhausted. My husband slept as comfortably as possible after seeing enough to find that "there is no humanity, the torturing sorrow and deceit of inhuman people.

And imagine the heroine (?) discovering and having no audacity to exclaim, "I know now that I always loved you," after she had permitted her husband to spend three years in prison while she talked idly about with another man in the-wood motion picture. I tended his arms and accepting such a statement as true!

Such an evening is not fruitful of happy thinking at all. It was uplifting in any worst of it, is inexcusably unentertaining.

JEANETTE LAWRENCE.

For Richard and Leatrice

New York City.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

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

These two young people are heading for places in the public favor such as Thomas Meighan and Norma Talmadge hold. Every time I see Leatrice Joy on the screen I can see the greatest resemblance to Norma Talmadge both in actions and appearance. Her work seems so natural and so fresh finished. She is not merely a minx; she is an actress who can act a society woman and still look human.

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

JOHN WATERS.

The Films as Intellectual Stimulus

New York City.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

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

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

F. W. MAISON.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

An Easy Way to Make $500.00 in Spare Hours

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

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

Among others, a busy New York housewife sent for this free book. She wanted to write plays for movies. Her friends laughed at the idea. "That's foolish," they told her. "One must be a Genius, to write. But the busy housewife—just so—she was encouraged. She knew there was nothing to lose if she failed, but a great success was sure if she succeeded. So she resolved to try. In her spare time she wrote a photoplay—just so—she was successful. Shortly after, the manuscript was purchased by film people. Think of it! $500.00 for her first photoplay! $500.00 for a few pages of manuscript for a bare idea, written in spare hours! And this woman attributes most of her success to the fact that she wrote for our free book and followed its suggestions! She frankly admits that our help was largely instrumental in bringing success quickly.

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

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

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

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

Would YOU succeed if others can? We will help you. We will work with you to shoulder. We will tell you what to write and what to avoid. We will show you how to arrange your ideas to please editors, how to interest them. We will tell you the best story to tell. And we won't charge a penny for selling your work unless we net you more than what we charge. We will never mislead a writer.

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

Of course, not everyone can write. We don't claim that. But thousands of people who have never dreamed of writing could make money with their pen. They would only try. You may be one of them. Maybe you are easier than you ever imagined. Surely you will try it yourself to find out, anyway, since it doesn't cost a penny.

Free Proof That YOU Can Write

If you want to prove to yourself that you can write, if you want to make money in your spare hours, we will send you "The Short-Cut to Successful Writing," ABSOLUTELY FREE. This wonderful book tells how easy stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many women don't they can write, suddenly find it out. How bright men and women, with special experience, learn to their own amusement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for plays and stories. How your own Imagination, properly directed, may bring glory and profit to you. If you ARE a writer, your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of failure. How to WIN!

This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No obligation. Your only risk is losing. Why not get it? Why deny yourself this chance to win fame and fortune? It opens a whole life of plodding, routine work if you can enjoy a career of inspiring success and magnificent earnings? Why delay and doubt when the book will be mailed to you without any charge? Sending for it is such a little thing—but it may mean the things you want in life.

Simply fill out the coupon below. You are not BUYING anything—you're getting it ABSOLUTELY FREE. Every day is the turning point of your whole career.

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

[Address]

[City and State]

THE AUTHORS’ PRESS, Dept. 296, Auburn, N. Y.

[Receive ABSOLUTELY FREE, “The Short-Cut to Successful Writing,” to prove to yourself that you can write and that you can make money in your spare hours. (Print your name and address plainly in pencil.)]

Name

Address

City and State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Would you wear Pajamas at a dance?

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

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

Many a girl never realizes that her letter paper is her social dress when she is not there. She never suspects, when she thanks Claire’s handsome new cousin for his flowers, that her robin’s-egg-blue envelope made him say, “That for me? I thought it was something for the cook.”

She never guessed, when she said to herself, “Oh, it’s only Geraldine! I can scribble to her on anything,” that Geraldine would leave the untidy note on the library table, where her frank brother, observing it, inquired: “Going in for settlement work, Jerry?”

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

You might even carry off the pajamas by sheer personality, if you are pretty and gay and quick-witted enough. But you aren’t there when your carelessly selected writing paper is being judged. People think you don’t know or that you don’t care, and one thought is just as bad for you as the other.

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

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

Caroline De Laney

Address me in care of Eaton, Crane & Pike Company
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

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

Style is a greater Social Asset than Beauty

ELSIE FERGUSON is the patrician of the photoplay. Ever since she made her film debut in “Barbary Sheep” her beauty and distinction have been admired qualities. Oddly, Miss Ferguson began her stage career as a chorus girl.
If we were to name the foremost beauties of the cinema upon the fingers of one hand, Harriett Hammond would surely have a place. Remember when she was the chief pulchritudinous charmer of the Mack Sennett sea-side squad?
WE LOOK upon Nita Naldi as the vividest potential personality in filmdom. Vamps may come and vamps may go, but we will not soon forget her superb Dona Sol in "Blood and Sand." Overnight Nita became the toast of filmdom.
LEWIS STONE is one of our sterling film players. He has so many admirable silversheet characterizations to his credit that we have come to forget his long and honorable footlight career. Back before that was service in the Spanish War
ANTONIO MORENO might have achieved a Valentino vogue. He has the glamorous qualities—but the fates were against him. For one thing, he was wasted by unimaginative producers. The gay Spaniard deserves better by 1923.
NOW that "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood" has scored one of the big hits of the screen year, we can pause to consider the vigorous Mr. Fairbanks. How long will it be before he does "Romeo and Juliet" with Mary? We wonder
IT TAKES two hundred years, they say, to make a legendary character. Con-
sider then to what fabled heights Mary Pickford will have grown by 2123!
A tiny girl with golden curls who led the world prisoner behind her chariot!
Crêpe de chine? Wait!

First consider this test for laundering safety

Can "good soap" ruin a delicate silk blouse or a chiffon negligee—or even a woolen sweater—in one washing?

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

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

Would you be willing to use that soap on your face?

Think of Ivory Flakes in this way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PROCTER & GAMBLE:

Copyright 1923, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.
THE DUCKING STOOL FOR HOLLYWOOD

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

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

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

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

The greatest enemy of Hollywood is the enemy within.

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

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

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

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

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

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

More bitter still is the feeling against Pola Negri among the Gossips. When Negri entered Hollywood she entered a den of jealousies. A foreigner, unaccustomed to impertinent and ill-bred questions, she naturally resented such prying into her private affairs.

She did not consider it necessary to register democracy by being familiar and jocular with everyone she met.

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

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

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

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

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

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

What Hollywood needs is the ducking stool for Gossips.
The Loves of Charlie Chaplin

It is a long road from little Hettie Kelly of the London trams, to Pola Negri, idol of two continents.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Signor Rodolfo Alfonzo Raffaelo Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla
My Life Story

By Rodolph Valentino

PART I—Under Italian Skies

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

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

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

But I can speak with confidence of the real heroic character of my story. The character of my mother. A brave, black-haired, black-eyed little woman, so gentle. She had met suffering in her early youth when with her parents she endured the terrors and privations of the siege of Paris. She was the daughter of a learned Parisian doctor, Pierre Filibert Barbin. My father, Giovanni Guglielmi, a romantic figure in the uniform of captain of Italian cavalry, won her heart and brought her to the family home in the little village of Castellanea. I was born there at three o'clock in the morning of May 6th, 1895. And shortly after I was taken into the church to which my mother was devoted and christened most solemnly Rodolph Alfonzo Rafaelo Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla. "No matter how poor an Italian family may be, it never suffers a shortage of names. The real surname in our particular line-up is Guglielmi. My mother used to explain very carefully how I came by each of these names. It was a matter of grave importance to her. "The Rodolpho Alfonzo Rafaelo belongs to your father's house," she would explain, "and the Pierre Filibert you inherit from your grandfather, my father. The di Valentina is a papal title, and the d'Antonguolla indicates an obscure right to certain royal property which is entirely forgotten now because one of your ancestors fell in love."

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

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

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

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

I owned a gun which shot deadly wax bullets. One morning after a hot dispute I turned the dastardly weapon upon my sister Maria, who was by no means a helpless young woman. She gave valiant battle, and when my supply of ammunition gave out I took flight to the neighbor's property. There I hastily climbed a lime tree and commenced utilizing the unripe fruit against the enemy, who was beleaguered me with stones and sticks. I fired a couple of rounds—and then one of them hit my father's study window. Father was at home and he soon made his presence known. When I saw him I knew that he was emphatically the ally of Maria. He carried his cavalry whip. I was no George Washington, nor was my father at all like George Washington's lenient sire. He administered a brilliant beating, yet not without heart interest. For when I looked up through my tears after the whip had retired from action I saw the tears in his eyes. He led me by the hand into the house and there impressed me with a little talk which was far more effective than the whip. After this scene of Latin emotionalism I never used the gun again. He showed me that I was not behaving like my ancestors, but more like the brigands who drove my forebears out of Martini Franco.

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

Our house was a typical Italian

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

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

Valentino's sister, Maria, of whom he writes, "Maria and I became partners in nefarious undertakings. At least she led me into a lot of difficulty. How I adored her."
farmhouse, square, flat-roofed, built of heavy white stone, its thick walls broken by casement windows with heavy blinds that are closed and barred at night. On the main floor was the great living room, the dining room, kitchen and my father's study. Attached to the house and formed about a courtyard in the rear were the servants' quarters and the stables.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One night, feeling like Leander, I decided the time had come to proclaim my love. Heretofore I had been content to stare at Teodolinda from a distance. I took a position near her house and was soon rewarded by seeing her coming toward me. I started forward, weakly babbling
her name. She paused a moment and then, without giving me one word, dashed up the steps, and I— I was suddenly pounced upon by the ugly sister. She had appeared like a witch out of nowhere and she gave me a scratching and beating of which any witch might be proud. Battered and disillusioned I feebly retired from my first love affair.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Maria at last was reduced to slavish admiration, as I lolled back in the great chair gazing wistfully at her through my father's sacred spectacles while blowing forth great astonished clouds of smoke."
"For king and country! I muttered as I urged my palfrey on—my hat on my nose and my long sword clanking on the ground. And so I saw my king pass by."

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

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

From a child it had been my great ambition to become a cavalry officer. The position of an Italian cavalry officer is a very fine one. Most of the officers are of noble family, the flower of the land. They wear the most beautiful uniforms in the world, part of which is the long, glorious blue cape that all women admire. Indeed, they are the cynosure of all eyes. But it requires money to maintain such a position in life, for the government pay is small. My father had left a comfortable little fortune, but it had been somewhat depleted in the years following his death, and there was not sufficient to enable me to realize my great ambition.

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

Life was over. Here I was, fifteen, and a complete failure. Nothing mattered. No one loved me—no one. Even my mother must be tired of me by this time. So I gloated tragically as the train took me toward home. But my tragedy passed away in my mother’s arms—just as many another fellow’s has. She protested that she had never liked the idea of me becoming a naval officer. It was altogether too dangerous. No, indeed, she was really delighted that I had not been accepted. Better far that I go to [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]
MARY PICKFORD is probably the richest of all screen workers, with Cecil de Mille, Charlie Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, Mary Miles Minter, Anita Stewart and Harold Lloyd close behind in spectacular savings.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But shift the scene to 1923. The Goddess of the Cinema has been highly liberal in the interim. Five thousand dollars is now a fairly moderate remuneration for a week's task in front of the Cooper-Hewitts. Certain salaries have leaped to the $10,000 figure. And, in the cases of
Mary Pickford has over $1,500,000 in Liberty and government bonds. Charlie Chaplin is close behind Miss Pickford in securities. Cecil de Mille has made a tremendous fortune from oil speculation alone. Harold Lloyd has a vast sum of money in Liberty and railroad bonds. Mary Miles Minter has $750,000 in gold notes, mortgages and bonds alone. Anita Stewart has a startling sum in Liberty bonds and owns 4,000 acres of rich oil lands. Norma Talmadge has close to a million in bonds and stocks in her own name. Lillian and Dorothy Gish each draw $300 a week interest on their savings.


Lillian and Dorothy Gish, for instance, have never had but two cars in all their screen careers. Mary Pickford shops as carefully as the most salary-bound clerk's wife.
filmindom goes to Mary Pickford, with Cecil de Mille, Charlie Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, Mary Miles Minter, Anita Stewart and Harold Lloyd as lively runners-up. And Mack Sennett and Thomas Ince may almost be listed here, although Wall Street got to Sennett a few years ago. Here, naturally, we are not considering the magnates. Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky, Joseph Schenck, Marcus Loew, Carl Laemmle and William Fox have superlative fortunes. Such plungers as Samuel Goldwyn and Lewis J. Selznick have made and lost fortunes. Here, however, we are considering the workers of screenindom.

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

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]

The California Laundry, on Vine street in Hollywood, in which Mary Miles Minter owns a large block of stock
WESLEY WITHOUT FRECKLES

By Delight Evans

"I AM Very Sorry
To Have Kept You Waiting," said he.
"I Can't Tell You
How Sorry I Am.
But
The Fact of the Matter is,
I have had
So Much on My Mind—
Confering with
My Company, and
Seeing a Play or Two; and
Seeing to Things
At the Last Minute; and
Now
Trying to Catch this Train
That Leaves in Half an Hour."
He looked at me pointedly.
"My Train," he repeated;
"That Leaves in Half an Hour."
He regarded me gravely.
One feels
He is Far Above
The Trivial Things;
That Only
The Really Big,
Worth-while Things
Mean Much to him,
Anyhow.
His Stern, Silent Gaze
Seemed to say,
"When you have reached
My Age—"

"Would You Mind,"
I asked timidly.
"Stepping
To the Window
A Moment—where
It's Lighter?"
"Why,
Not at all."
He was Very, Very Patient
With Me.
I looked at his
Grave Face. It was
A White Face,
A Face
Without Freckles.

How would You
Have Felt, in
My Place?
Wesley Barry—
Without Freckles!
His Face—
The Face of one
Who has been—is
Being—
Severely Tried,
But who has Borne
Up Bravely,
Against Great Odds—
Assumed an Almost
Paternal Expression.
"I know."
He said gently.
"It's
My Freckles?"
"Yes," I said loyally.
I longed
To Break Down and Cry,
But I was Ashamed to.
"You So See," he explained,
"Everyone Asks me
About them. I
Have them, You know.
But
Sometimes you can see them,
And Sometimes you can't.
You Nearly Always Can
In California,
Here, they Don't Show.
But
If I were
To Go Outside, Now, and
Be Photographed—Why,
They'd Come Out
In the Picture,
Funny, isn't it?"
He was almost Interested.
Then
He Seemed to Remember
All that was Expected of him.
He was
Wesley Barry, who, at the Age
Of fifteen, Earns
Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars a Week,
And Drives his Own Car.
He cleared his throat.
"As for My Work—
I Liked 'Rags to Riches'
Very Much Indeed. But I Like
'Little Heroes of the Street'
Even Better Because
It Is more Seryus. It
Is even pathetic. I Like
Seryus Things. Not
To the Extent
Of Forsaking Comedy
Altogether, you Own-ter-land.
Still—"
He shrugged, Superbly,
With a Nonchalant Gesture.
He consulted his Wrist Watch,
With a Radium Dial.
"I can't tell you
How sorry I am,"
He said.
"But I gotta—I Must
Catch that Train.
You see, I
Have been Working
Very Hard.
I have finished
Two Pictures

In a Very Short Time;
And then
I Made that
Vaudeville Tour.
And that was
Rather Seryus.
So I feel
That I Really
Need a Rest. Besides,
I Study, you know.
My Tooter Travels
Right with me.
And I want to be
In Good Shape
To Play 'David Copperfield'—
Which is to be
My Next and,
I Hope,
My Best Effort."
He stopped.
He rose.
He bowed.
("I hope you'll believe me
When I tell you—"
Suddenly
He shot off.
He grabbed
A Boy
About his own Age.
Then he remembered, and
Came back.
"Sorry," he said breathlessly;
And he looked like
Wes Barry, the Kid
Marshall Neilan discovered;
The Kid you loved
For his Freckles, and
His grin—a darn nice kid—
"But this chap—he's
Lewis Warner. Mr. Warner's
Son; and
I'm going out to his House,
In the Country; and he
Plays on the Football Team
Out There; and I'll
See the game.
He's a swell Player.
We get on Great.
See you later.
So long!"
And it seemed to me
In the last glimpse I
Caught of him,
That he had Freckles.

At fifteen, Wesley Barry is
Earning $500 a week, which
Gives an insight into the cash
Value of freckles.
What Europe Thinks of

By Herbert Howe

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

I was in quest of the Magyar gypsies, celebrated for their frantic music and frenzy, with their black hair.

A Magyar maid in a Paris pown had lured me to the Hungarians to see their gypsy tent on the Danube.

My idea of a Magyar gypsy was somewhat gung-dinh—a crimson sash and a black moustache and nothing much between.

I found him at the Hungarian wearing a dinner jacket and all the accessories advised by Vanity Fair. The leader of the musical crew looked at me reproachfully when I picked up the wrong fork.

The first piece they played was "Oh, My Heart."

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

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

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

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

That's how Harold Lloyd stands overseas. He's defied with a capitalized pronoun. In Germany he's advertised simply as Er; in Hungary he's Oz; both of which mean Him.

In Paris I did see his mortal name on posters, but Paris is always sacrilegious.

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

These are the stars that touch the heart and shake the sides of old Europe. To my surprise I found that the comedies attract the Europeans most, a fact which defies the argument that each nation has its own particular brand of humor. They like us when they can laugh at us over there. They laugh some-
in outer darkness, I learned from the signboards that D. W. was coming. He was heralded as the Greatest Man on Earth, and "The Birth of a Nation" as the greatest thing since the gospels and Buffalo Bill.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But I want to see a movie.)"

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

"But where is there a movie?"

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

I remained cold.

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

"Yes, I like Puccini," I said. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]
Of course, she has her own car. In fact, she has two. In confidence Baby Peggy will tell you: that she infinitely prefers the one at the left. Below, she is quite obviously posing for a pitcher. She’s never as tranquil as this unless there’s a camera around.

One of those spoiled screen children? Well, does she look like that?

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

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

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


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

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

At eight years of age he was in the Imperial [continued on page 116]

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

TEDA BARA, welcome back! The flapper died with short skirts. You may return to the screens and be received with open arms. We've missed you!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But vaudeville life was too hard for the brown-eyed baby and, when his mother rejoined her "sister act," he was shipped out to his grandmother in her tiny cottage among the Oakland hills. There for three years, little Jackie Coogan played, happy and ragged, and hardly knew that he had a mother and father. They flashed into his infant vision only now and again when their booking brought them to the coast. It was not a happy life for the young mother and father, but it was all they knew, and Jackie grew and blossomed in the regular, though simple life with his grandmother.

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

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

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

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

And he won.

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

The real story of how Jackie Coogan was discovered
This is Not the State Capitol

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

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

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

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

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

A trivial incident of picture making, involving an amazing set of coincidences and misunderstandings, precipitated a national political crisis and set the daily press from Park Row to Golden Gate agog with violent headlines and extra editions.

Motion picture suddenly became the subject of a violent and outraged anxiety for President Roosevelt, a topic of secret midnight emergency sessions of the Cabinet in Washington, and a desperate quest by the operatives of the Department of Justice.

It was all a mistake.

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

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

Dockstader's act in this period consisted principally of a sort of geographical monologue. Seated in a basket supported by a stage balloon, he appeared surveying a shifting landscape projected on the screen below him by a stereopticon.

As the scenes changed Mr. Dockstader in blackface make up offered a running fire of comment on places and personalities, somewhat in the character of the current utterances of Will Rogers, the philosopher of the "Follies."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So it was planned.

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

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

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

The Victoria stopped...
the Motion Picture

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

“What is Teddy up to now?”

The watchman was sure he had seen Roosevelt.

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

When the picture party reached the hotel Dockstader suggested breakfast.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Later editions came along with further details ferreting out by the sleuths of the secret service and the Washington newspaper men. The actor in blackface had been found to be Lew Dockstader. It was found that Dockstader’s party, registered originally at the Hotel Raleigh, had in the night moved to the St. James to be close to the Capitol where the heinous photographic deed was done at sunrise. The stealth was apparent. The circumstantial evidence was conclusive.

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

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]

Read here about when—

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

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

PHILIP D. ARMOUR

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

FLORENCE TURNER

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

MAURICE COSTELLO

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

MACK SENNERT

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

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

Maurice Costello, who left the Spooner Stock Company in Brooklyn to become the first film idol
"When I play a part, David, I live it," said Royalla Draven. "On and off the stage I try to live it until that character becomes mine."
Five Hundred Nights

By Steuart M. Emery

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

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Royalla Draven heard the cry that horror wrenched from Wistard and, I think, from all of us. From the wings the rest of the company came piling onto the stage; if it had been anything but a rehearsal they would have cleared the theater inside of half a minute. It is not decent to have outsiders look on dead faces.
Broadway. We dramatic critics quit spattering adjectives and rose to plain writing, unadorned. The Gazette raised Barker's salary twenty dollars a week, or the column he wrote after he saw Draven's première.

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

We had the knock on Wistard's door all the time.

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

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

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

"Miss Draven . . . my new star . . . from the Coast . . . !"

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

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

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

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

At that Wistard laughed. "I've called many an aspiring
exclaimed David. "For your ringing, then came a pitiful my ear? It is writing" playwright, a carpenter in my time. And meant it."

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

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

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

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

You remember how in "The Thorne d Rose" Royalla Draven from the first night took her place in Broadway’s galaxy of stars? There was unleashed, shattering emotion for you, seething Italian passion and a knife-thrust at the end. "She’s a mad Sicilian devil for fifteen minutes an evening," her leading man said one night in confidence. "I wish sometimes I were back in drawing room drama." Pleading phrases from Wistard’s critiques of Draven were plastered on the billboards; the town knew and trusted Wistard and it flocked to "The Thorned Rose."

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

"Did I mention that the engagement had been announced a month after their first meeting? "It might kill me, but he would tell the truth."

"A rare virtue," I said, "and one needed very badly among modern playwrights and dramatic critics." She laughed, low, sweet and thrashing, as different from the mad Sicilian beauty she would be in another three hours as dawn is from midnight.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But no one ever came out to take that tribute. Wyndham Dane has yet to appear before [continued on page 106]
He Saw Lincoln Shot

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

On the night of April 14, 1865, "Our American Cousin" was playing at Ford's Theater. W. J. Ferguson was then a juvenile, playing the role of Lieut. Vernon. R. N. Lincoln was seated with his family and friends in an upper stage box, when John Wilkes Booth crept to the box, barred the door, discharged a pistol at the president's head and leaped to the stage. Booth made his escape in the excitement but he was surrounded and shot twelve days afterwards. Lincoln died the following morning.
EVERY man has his pet aversion. Usually it is comparatively casual. He can take it or leave it alone. Forget it, or recall it at his convenience. But Sam Harrington's was more than that. It was a big thing in his life. He had cherished it until it became an actual antipathy. Aversion was a mild word for the way Sam felt about horses.

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

If, now, there had come into Harrington's life some nice, gentle home horse, with a lazy disposition and a broad, comfortable back—a horse that, when you gave him an apple, would be grateful enough to give you part of your arm back—then things might have been different. As it happened, Sam collided only with fancy horses. Horses of the kind that made Oliver and May Gilford's home more like a stable.

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

He was right. The Gilfords, he learned, kept horseback hall. They rode. Their guests rode. They rode frisky steeds of the brand that Sam had long ago vowed he would never have anything more to do with. They wanted him to ride. Mrs. Chadwick rescued him.

"Sam," she said. There was something ominous about the way she said it.
"Sam, you've got to help me out."
"I'm the one who needs helping. Why didn't you tell me—"
"But Sam, while you're here, you must pretend to like them. Don't dodge them; don't act as if you're afraid of them."
"Of what?"
"Horses. Because I've told them, you know that you're the Sam Harrington, the famous gentleman steeplechase rider. You're the greatest steeplechase rider in America."
"Oh, no, I'm not."
"I know it was a stupid thing to do. But I wanted them to like you, Sam. I wanted her to like you, especially. And she's read all about the Sam Harrington, and admires him tremendously; and I thought this would be your chance to make good."

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

The Hottentot

Commonly called a Horse

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

By Victor Mapes and William Collier

Fictionization by Sydney Valentine
“With whom?”

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

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

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

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

“But Peggy Fairfax—”

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

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

“Who’s that?” said Sam.

“Why,” smiled Carol triumphantly, “that’s Peggy—Peggy Fairfax.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Major Townsend, owner of the Hottentot, brought in the last blow; hurled it savagely and smugly. “Harrington, the Hottentot is going in the race tomorrow. And you’re going to ride him.”

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

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

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

“I’m awfully glad,” she smiled. “And now I want you to do me a favor.”

“Anything, Miss Fairfax; anything.”

“You give me your word?”

“I give you my word.”

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

“No?”

“And that’s the favor I ask.”

“You want me to root for Bountiful?”

“No. I want you to ride Bountiful. To ride her as you rode Mamie H. in the Burlingame Steeplechase. Oh, I read all about it in the papers. You were trailing along in fourth place. The horses were nearing the first jump. Everyone held his breath. Now they go—every one of the ten is over
the first. The crowd yells, 'Look at Harrington; he's third now.' Over the third. Harrington—Harrington—he's second. Over the fourth—fifth—sixth—Harrington's steadily going. Look—he's almost up to the leader. Now they're at the dangerous jump next to the last. Each jockey is struggling for the lead. Suddenly a groan from a thousand throats—'

"I tell," said Sam.

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

"Block," said Sam.

"No—length."

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

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

"What are yours, Mr. Harrington?"

"Mine? Oh, black and blue."

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

"Anything?"

"Anything."

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

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

"Yes, Mr. Harrington."

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

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

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

"Fixed what?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Where she can get at them?"

"Yes, sir."

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

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

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

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

"Yes," she said. "I couldn't [CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]"
Close-ups and Long Shots

By Herbert Howe

Have you a Valentino on your lot? IF NOT, WHY NOT?

All producers planning an Italian star should consult our line. The manufacture of this page has brought over a boat load of snappy, romantic models ranging in style from Valentino and Naldi to Montana and Fazenda.

Salary demands moderate. Any one can be had for the price of three supreme court judges. Don't care what kind of stories they appear in. All stories read alike to them. Could act as scenario editors if opportunity. Order early, supply positively limited to one boat load. as U. S. quota is now exhausted!

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

Our Star Discovery of the Month

For the benefit of blind producers we will predict the month's discovery. We don't guarantee Pickfords and Chaplins but simply the best that's to be had in talent and personality of the great un-starred.

This Month

Miss Helen Ferguson

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

When Mabel Normand rioted into Paris the gendarmes and reporters assembled. All the others think of Paris?

"Oh, Mabel was just crazed about Paris. All her life from a small baby she had longed to see the Eiffel Tower, the Champs Elysees, the Louvre and--the Bastille and--the Bastille and--the Bastille and--the Bastille.

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

"Mile. Normand, the Bastille has fallen."

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

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

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

This was darned nice and the girls felt they ought to return the favor some way, so they got together and figured out a list of all the nobility whom they thought had a chance of breaking into pictures. They listed the Prince of Wales, a couple dukes, a half dozen lords and the old Earl of Balfour. Then Connie got confused and added Bombardier Wells to the list. Just the same I bet they've had to put extra locks on the gates of Buckingham to keep the royal family from bounding off to Hollywood.

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

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

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

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]
A SCENE on the wild Vermillion River, never before photographed, in "From Trail to Tire Tracks," a film survey of the Banff-to-Windermere motor highway, soon to open a new wilderness of wonders in the Canadian Rockies.

The Great Director

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

Photo by W. J. Oliver
Along the Footlight Trail

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

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

At the right is piquant little Ann Pennington, the musical comedy favorite. Ann tried the films, but her vest-pocket type of seductive cuteness never quite seemed the same away from the footlights.
Vivienne Segal isn't so well known to the films as she is to that mecca of the tired businessman, the musical comedy. Miss Segal has verve and unusual charm. She is demonstrating both qualities in the pleasant musical entertainment, "The Yankee Princess." Just below is Florence Reed, always admired in the films, as the half-caste Chinese heroine of Somerset Maugham's melodrama, "East of Suez." The role is tearful and emotional enough to satisfy Miss Reed's most enthusiastic admirers from filmdom.

Billie Burke, who seems to have been wasted by the films, has devoted her time to the stage.
WHEN the idol of the Metropolitan Opera Company decided to forsake the scene of her operatic triumphs and make a long concert tour, she decided also to present to the world an entirely new Geraldine Farrar. Was the beloved Gerry ever so piquant, so fascinating, as you see her here? It’s partly the blonde wig which she wears in the larger portrait: but the brunette coiffure below is just as becoming. Come back to the screen, Farrar!
PEG O’MY HEART,” a picture that will be highly popular, slightly tops the photoplays of the month. There is something that holds in this tale of the self-sufficient Irish waif with her quick sense of humor and her glorious brogue. Witness its tremendous footlight vogue.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SCOTT FITZGERALD, we think, is the real historian of our jazz age. He alone can translate to us the reactions of the young in heart and the old in sophistication. He, alone of our writers, sees through the eyes of youth. His “The Beautiful and Damned” was a fresh tale of a young spendthrift married couple and their gradual disintegration in the midst of the mad pace set by the cocktail and shimmy shaking generation of today. The film version based upon this opus misses much of Fitzgerald’s intent but it is above the average because the freshness of his vision could not be downed. “The Beautiful and Damned” has more grit and verve than any photoplay of the month. There is a jazz anti-Volstead party, hardly to be recommended for the entire family, that will singularly touch many another member of the set Mr. Fitzgerald loves to depict.

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

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

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

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

Neilan is always breaking away from tradition. If anybody comes closest to catching the spirit of our land, it’s Neilan. Here is the O. Henry of the screen.

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

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

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

The Hottentot—Ince-First National

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

Peg o' My Heart—Metro

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

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

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

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

Down to the Sea in Ships—Elmer Clifton

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

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

ANNIE MAY WONG in “The Toll of the Sea”
BARBARA LA MARR in “Quincy Adams Sawyer”
LAURETTE TAYLOR in “Peg O’ My Heart”
MATT MOORE in “Minnie”
DOUGLAS MCLEAN in “The Hottentot”
MALCOM MCGREGOR in “Broken Chains”

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 114

The Beautiful and Damned—
Warner Brothers

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

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

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

Quincy Adams Sawyer—Metro

We have had a dozen or so rural melodramas since D. W. Griffith drove poor Anna Moore out into the blizzard in “Way Down East.” Somehow, we rather like Charles Felton Pidgin’s “Quincy Adams Sawyer” best of them all. Not that it is another “Way Down East” but it is entertaining Hokum, with now and then a real tug at the heart and as good a punch as we have seen in months. While the melodrama moves along tried and true bucolic lines, Director Clarence Badger endeavored to humanize it as best he could. There is a touching moment between the young Boston lawyer and the blind heroine in an old fashioned garden. This is nicely tempered sentiment. And there is a country social that is the best thing of its kind since Griffith’s hay-riders and their barn dance.
ELSIE FERGUSON'S "Outcast" on the stage was the best performance of her career. Alas, her film version is highly disappointing. For one thing this story of a lonely heart-sick English clubman who picks up a girl of the streets and installs her in his apartment, has been made censor-proof—with appalling results. The star's performance wavers badly.

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

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

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A Blind Bargain—Goldwyn

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When Love Comes—Film Booking Co.

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

Love in the Dark—Metro

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

Ebb Tide—Paramount

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

Thelma—R—C—Film Booking

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

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

The Pride of Palomar—Paramount

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

What Fools Men Are—Pyramid

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

A Daughter of Luxury—Paramount

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

Singed Wings—Paramount

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

Anna Ascends—Paramount

ALICE BRADY, as Anna, the little Syrian, goes up in the air several times. But somehow her ascent is not quite rapid enough, and the story drags in a good many places. Nita Naldi, cast as a villainess, makes Alice seem slimmer than ever—and her bizarre head dresses are something to see. A passable picture, on the whole, but one that overtaxes the imagination. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 95]
Cupid has had a mighty busy month in Hollywood. He must have had an idea it was June or something. More engagements have been rumored, announced, or progressed in seriousness than ever before since the first studio was built in California.

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

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

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

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

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

Mae Busch is to marry Alfred Wilkie of the Paramount publicity staff as soon as she is finally divorced from Francis MacDonald.
You can renew the delightful freshness of your manicure every day

WHETHER you “do” your own nails, or go to a professional manicurist, the delightful freshness of your weekly manicure can be renewed every day.

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

This daily touching-up of the manicure is a charming habit, and the simplest of one’s beautifying tasks. You just dip an orange-wood stick wrapped with cotton in Cutex Cuticle Remover (a cleansing, antiseptic liquid developed by Science for the care of the nails), pass it quickly around the base of the nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. Then, rinse the finger tips in water, and wipe them with a towel.

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

Then—for the Polish

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

CUTEX
EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE

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

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

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

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

Mail this coupon with 12c to-day

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

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

UP along Broadway there’s a big electric sign that gives a glittering message to the world: “Come inside.” It says, “Ree Ingram’s Trilling Women Here!” Well, it pays to advertise. But it also pays, sometimes, to punctuate!

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

AT the Lyric theater, during the second part of “Robin Hood,” the merry men come skipping in from the green wood. It was then that a member of our staff heard the following remark, sotto voice, from some hard-boiled member of the audience: “Dennis’ Shawn dancers, I call ‘em,” said the voice, “My Gawd, ain’t they merry!”

ORA CAREW has married a man just out of jail. Let you think for a moment that this precedes another “revelation” of life in the Hollywood film colony we hasten to add that Miss Carew’s future hubby, in speeding across Los Angeles to reach Miss Carew, was, to put it plainly, pinched for speeding. He is John C. Howard, son of a wealthy Haverhill, Mass., manufacturer of salad dressing.

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

DO you want to play “Trilby”? James Young is looking for a young lady to impersonate the Du Maurier heroine in his picturization of the play.

“She must,” says Mr. Young, “be an exact counterpart of Du Maurier’s drawings of Trilby. She must be or at least able to look very, very young. She must be tall. She must have a large mouth. I don’t want any of these girls with ‘bee stung lips.’ She must be an Irish type, but most of all she must have the prettiest pair of feet in America. Trilby, you remember, had the loveliest toes in all Paris.”

At the risk of incurring Mr. Young’s permanent dislike, we give you his address: United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE costumes for “Trilby” are being designed in Paris. All we can remember about Trilby’s costume was that she wore an old military jacket and bare feet. By the way—who is going to take the part of Trilby, herself?

RODOLPH VALENTINO is finding that an author’s life is almost as hard as an

...[Continued on page 72]...
Every normal skin needs two creams

Every day dust and fine particles of dirt bore deep into the pores of the skin. Ordinary washing will not reach this deepest dirt—and yet if it is allowed to stay your skin will lose its lovely clear transparent look and become dull looking.

To give your skin a thorough cleansing and one that is actually stimulating you need a cold cream made especially for the purpose. A cream made with oil—just enough to work into the pores and loosen every particle of dirt and of that particular light consistency that will not overload the pores or stretch them.

The cream that is made in just this way is Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth it in with your finger tips every night before retiring. After you have let it stay a minute wipe it off with a soft cloth. The grime on the cloth will convince you how thorough a cleansing the cream gives. The soft refreshed feeling it leaves will tell you how supple and fresh its nightly use will keep your skin.

For day and evening, as a base for powder, you need an entirely different cream—one that the skin will absorb instantly.

**The kind of cream to hold the powder**

Instead of oil (which *will* come out in a shine), an entirely different ingredient is used—one famous for its softening and soothing effect, yet absolutely free from grease. It results in a cream so delicate that it can be worn all day without danger of clogging the pores.

The cream known all over the world as having been made especially for this purpose is Pond's *Vanishing Cream*. Always smooth it on before you powder. Absorbed instantly it makes your skin feel and look softer and smoother at once. Powder put on over the smooth velvety surface this cream gives your skin goes on evenly and clings for hours.

Together these two creams meet every need of the skin. Use them both every day. Both are so delicate in texture they cannot clog the pores. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

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**POND'S**

**Cold Cream** for cleansing
**Vanishing Cream** to hold the powder

---

**GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY**

| The Pond's Extract Co., 125 Hudson St., New York. |
| Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses. |
| Name: |  |
| Street: |  |
| City: | State: |
Here is how the big punch of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" was shot. It was at Kettle Falls, Washington, that Director Clarence Badger wrecked four ferry boats before he got one to go over the falls as he wished.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

actor's. The Valentinos recently acquired a vivacious monkey. While Rudolph was engaged in writing the first installment of his autobiography, which begins in this issue of *Photoplay*, the simian pet perched behind him and closely watched every word he penned. Suddenly and without warning the erudite monkey, with a look of disapproval, reached down and tore up two manuscript pages. Whereupon the unhappy Rudolph exclaimed in the immortal words of Merton—"That monkey's not only my pal—he's my severest critic."

PEARL WHITE is a great woman. She has sense enough not to make speeches. When the first showing of her new serial, "Plunder," occurred, Pearl, as the star, was present, in a fetching little white hat and short white fur coat. In response to the applause Miss White rose and said:

"We're all partners in crime, and I hope the crime will be profitable."

Pearl's sky-blue Rolls Royce has been one of the showiest motors in Manhattan. The rumor hounds are busy wondering how Pearl possibly exists these days, as she is said to be down to her last hundred thousand dollars. By the way, wonder what happened to Pearl's Parisian Duke?

If you think Jackie Coogan is one of those dreadful stage children, listen to this.

Frank Lloyd directed Jackie in "Oliver Twist." "The thing that stimulated him most in the making of the picture was my promise to give him a toy electric train if he did good work," said the director. "He had seen one of these trains in a shop window and his heart was set on it. All during the filming of the picture Jackie had his mind on that train. After we'd get through a scene in which Jackie didn't do so well he would ask me, 'Well, Mr. Lloyd, did you hear the train that time?' And I would say, 'Yes, but it sounded way far off; you didn't do so well; let's try it over.'"

Jackie got the train, all right. What do you bet it was especially for the marvellous scene where he runs after the coach, turning handsprings until he can't keep up with it any more?

MONTÉ BLUE'S wife is suing him for divorce. They have been separated for some time, Mr. Blue living in hotels and his wife occupying the family residence. Deser- tion is alleged by Mrs. Blue.

WILL HAYS went to California to make a "model city" out of Hollywood. Mr. Hays is quoted as saying that he has nothing to do with the actors' morals and manners; that the "model city" stuff means the actual business of making pictures. Hollywood should be the most efficient industrial community in the world, and Mr. Hays has every hope for it.

He sent out a Tammany ex-postmaster of New York to be his permanent Los Angeles representative. Well, they ought to get quick mail service out of it anyhow.

CONTRARY to report, Marie Prevost and Louise Fazenda do not share the title role of "The Beautiful and Damned," although both former Sennetters appear in it.

THEODORE ROBERTS unworked this one at one of the banquets given for the Paramount convention.

A young man, says Theodore, in the Los Angeles Athletic Club, was discussing health laws and rules of keeping in condition and he had a good deal to say about ice water.

"There's nothing like plenty of ice water to keep you fit," he said, "Three glasses before breakfast, three before lunch and three just before you go to bed. It's great."

An elderly gentleman of calm demeanor regarded him for a moment and then remarked, "H—mm. Ice water. Like ice water, eh? Ever drink any whiskey. young man?"

"No sir, never drink."

"Never drank any whiskey, eh? Never been drunk?"

"Certainly not. Never in my life."

"Never been drunk and woke up the next morning, after you'd imbibed too freely the night before?"

"No sir."

"Then let me tell you, son, you don't know one thing about ice water." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 74]
Their little woolens are sensitive as a baby's skin

WOOLENS must be washed as carefully as their small owner's rosy cheeks. Strong soap shrinks and coarsens woolens, just as it coarsens and chaps a child's soft skin. The rubbing so ruinous to woolens is not necessary with Lux.

A harsh soap "felts" and shrinks wool—and a shrunken woolen is an old woolen, scratchy, uncomfortable, its charm all gone.

Won't shrink woolens
Lux contains no harmful ingredient to attack the sensitive fibres. Anything that water alone will not harm is safe in Lux.

Washing woolens in these pure flakes actually makes them wear longer.

How to keep them soft and unshrunken—sweaters, stockings, flannels—anything made of wool

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring.

For colored woolens make suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly. Lux won't cause any color to run not affected by pure water alone.

Dry woolens in an even, moderate temperature.

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free.


For washing dishes

Three times every day your hands are in the dishpan. Don't let them get that in-the-dishpan look.

Wash your dishes in pure Lux suds. Lux won't redden your hands; won't coarsen them even gradually.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Chaplin coat of arms that thrilled all Hollywood when it appeared on his automobile. It was dug up by experts on heraldry. To the right is the coat of arms that Chaplin conceived and executed himself.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

L O U I S E F A Z E N D A has been selected as the model for "Morning" a very beautiful and elaborate statue to be made by Frolich, famous sculptor.

She is to begin posing for him at once. And beside being a fine comedian, an artists' model, and a regular girl, Louise makes the best fruit cake I ever ate.

C O R I N N E G R I F F I T H has left Vitagraph and will make one picture in California before coming east to begin work on a series of productions under the direction of her husband, Webster Campbell.

T H E C L U B R O Y A L E, between Hollywood and Santa Monica and just outside of Culver City, has become the favorite dancing and dining place of the movie stars. Max Fischer, who owns it and whose famous orchestra furnishes its dance music, used to be the violinist on Cecil de Mille's set, and everyone remembers him around the studios.

On Wednesday evening, which was Texas night with Tom Mix as guest of honor, I saw Alice Lake, in a lovely frock of orchid chiffon and one of those new dinner hats that are all feathers, Mae Busch, in glittering green sequins, with a wreath of diamond leaves in her hair, Agnes Ayres, in mahogany satin, Lew Cody and Peggy Elinor and Phyllis Haver—Phil all in close fitting black—Anna Q. Nilsson, in a cerise velvet gown—oh, just lots of picturesque looking beauties.

However, Levy's little cafe on the Boulevard has rapidly become the place to lunch. The other day I was there and you couldn't look five inches without seeing a movie star. Larry Trimble and Jane Murfin, accompanied by "Strongheart," were enjoying brook trout. Dorothy Dalton was lunching with a party of studio executives. Priscilla Dean came in with a party of girls. Viola Dana and Gaston Glass had a table against the wall, and Barbara La Marr and Mae Busch were gossiping in a corner. Helene Chadwick dashed in for a hurried bite, and Agnes Ayres and her director, Paul Powell, ate with a script in one hand, evidently between scenes.

M R S . R O Y S T E W A R T is responsible for this one. She had just heard that Cecil de Mille was to make a tremendous production of the Ten Commandments.

"And I suppose he'll turn the Red Sea into a bathroom," she said pensively.

C H A R L E S S P E N C E R C H A P L I N, king of film comedians, has a coat of arms. And it isn't composed of the immortal shoes, the trick cane and the dear old derby hat, either.

No, indeed. This one is an escutcheon bearing a silver helmet, draped with laurel leaves, above a red shield upon which are six silver billets and a golden bar. Doesn't it sound elegant?

It likewise bears the inscription "Audacia et Fortis"—whatever that means. Oh yes, "Audacious and Brave.

Anyway, this device now adorns the Chaplin limousine outside while Pola Negri adorns it inside.

Chaplin has been assured, after years of research, by the Guido Pitioli Heraldic Library that he has a right to use the Chaplin shield, and that he is of the same family as many members of the British nobility. This assurance has been confirmed by records of coats of arms in the library of Sir J. Burke, author of "Burke's Peerage.

There are, it appears, two distinguished families bearing the name Chaplin in the lists of British aristocracy. They are headed by Sir Lucas Drummey, Percy Chaplin, and Henry, Viscount Chaplin.

Anyway, the man with the funny shoes now has a coat of arms that can stand with the best of them. So that the Countess Pola need have no fears of a mesalliance.

C E C I L M I L L E, who is conceded to be something of a judge of feminine beauty, had not met Nita Naldi, famous screen vamp, when she first arrived on the Lasky lot in Hollywood.

But he walked up the stairs just behind her, and had a view of a pair of very lovely, silk-clad ankles.

Turning to his brother William, and without raising his eyes, Mr. de Mille inquired briefly, "Who are those?"

P R I S C I L L A D E A N has taken a stand which is the first of its kind in films. Universal bought for a Dean vehicle Alice Brady's stage play, "Driftin'." Miss Dean read the script and announced that she would not appear in it because the heroine, Cassie Cook, is an immoral character.

The company says that if William Brady allowed his daughter to star in it, Priscilla should be willing to overcome her squeamishness and do likewise, as it's a real dramatic plum. Priscilla has put her small and shapely foot down. Don't you love these things.

T H O M A S M E I G H A N ' S latest picture, "Back Home and Broke," had an auspicious premiere at White Sulphur Springs, Va., on December 15. The governors of the various states of these United States were in session and the George Ade picture was shown by special invitation. Ade and Meighan were present.

S P E A K I N G of George Ade, reminds us of a little story being told about the two. They were at dinner in a smart New York restaurant the other night when the famous author overheard someone at a nearby table remark: "Who on earth is that homely man Meighan is talking an evening with?"

A N O T H E R tale, almost as good, is being told of the head of one of the largest distributing companies. He was a member of a dinner party recently. Another member of the party was a stunning black eyed and black haired girl. Mr. Distributor was very much interested and he remarked, "Do you know you ought to be on the screen—I wouldn't be at all surprised if you were a good type." But then someone asked him the possibility of a dance partner and the distributor had time to inquire her name from another member of the party. "Don't you know her," he said his friend, "Why, that's Bebe Daniels!" They had to help Mr. Distributor to a taxi.

C A L Y O R K is glad to recount the fact that, for all his success, Harold Lloyd is still the unspoiled young bachelor of filmdom. Money and fame haven't turned his head. One of the curious things about Lloyd's popularity is the fact that no one ever recognizes him on the street. Maybe, the missing spectacles account for this. Anyway, Lloyd slipped unrecognized into all the New York theaters. Only one audience, at the Ziegfeld Follies, "got" him, and then only because Will Rogers

(Cont. on Page 78)
When She Grows Up

She will be beautiful, of course, in the rosy future pictured by a mother's dreams. But—this future beauty will not be left to chance, for modern mothers know how to make their dreams come true.

Her first concern will be care of the little daughter's complexion, to protect its smooth, fresh, childish texture from injury through careless treatment. Proper cleansing is the secret, and use of the proper cleanser. The skin must not be robbed of its own natural beautifying oil, yet it must be kept thoroughly clean.

Only soap and water used daily will keep the skin properly clean, so the problem lies in the choice of soap. You want the mildest, most soothing and lotion-like soap which can be made. Such soap is yours in Palmolive.

Soap and cosmetic combined

Palmolive is the modern development of an ancient beauty secret, discovered by the Egyptians 3,000 years ago. They learned that palm and olive oils were wonderful beautifiers. Crudely blended, they were used as cleansers as well as to keep the skin smooth and soft.

These rare oils, scientifically blended in Palmolive, produce far more than mere soap. It permits thorough, beautifying cleansing without danger of drying the skin. It soothes, refreshes and stimulates, resulting in becoming natural bloom and glow.

Such cleansing, every day, results in a clear, healthy skin, and is the basis of complexion beauty.

Clogging the greatest danger

Fear of thorough cleansing, or indifference to its importance, is the original cause of skin trouble. The daily accumulation of dirt, excess oil and perspiration combine with cold cream and powder to clog the tiny pores. Disfiguring coarseness from their enlargement is the first result.

The accumulated dirt produces blackheads, with the danger of infection, which causes blotches. Such a complexion is fatal to personal charm.

What to do

Once every day, preferably at bed-time, wash your face thoroughly with Palmolive Soap. Work up a lather with your two hands and massage it thoroughly into the skin. Then rinse thoroughly. Use a fine, soft towel for drying.

If your skin is very dry, apply a little cold cream and wipe off what isn't quickly absorbed. If your skin is normally oily you won't need it.

All can afford it

The world-wide popularity which keeps the Palmolive factories busy day and night enables us to maintain the 10-cent price. Thousands can afford the benefit and luxury of this finest and mildest soap.
PHILIPSBORN'S 33rd Anniversary Style Book Excels Them All—and Offers Wonderful Savings!

Excels Them All - Says IRENE CASTLE!!

Charming Irene Castle—film star, dancer and butterfly of fashion—whose exquisite costumes are a delight to millions—is the supreme authority on clothes, a subject that is very close to every feminine heart. Irene Castle says—

"PHILIPSBORN'S 33rd Anniversary Style Book excels them all and offers wonderful savings. I advise every reader of this magazine to send for a copy."

Send for your FREE copy TODAY!!!

312 Pages of Fashions
More Than 3,000 Bargains!

This beautiful Style Book offers almost an endless variety of the newest, smartest and loveliest fashions, and don't forget that styles have changed as never before. See the new captivating dresses! Smart tailored suits! Handsome coats! Stunning hats! Gorgeous blouses! Dainty underthings! Lovely party frocks! Gloves, hosiery, shoes and other accessories—wearing apparel for every member of the family. And such values!—they are truly sensational.

3 Million Families
Do Their Shopping Here!

No other house has won the friendship and good will and loyalty of such a vast number of customers in so short a time. ONE MILLION MORE CUSTOMERS FOR 1923 IS OUR GOAL. WE WANT YOU AS OUR CUSTOMER.

Everything Prepaid Everywhere
No Delivery Charges to Pay!!

We don't want our customers to be put to the bother and trouble of figuring postage or express charges. We save you this money. That's why we spend over one million dollars annually to prepay delivery. We guarantee the lowest prices in the World and on top of it pay all delivery charges to your door.

Money Back Guarantee
Most Liberal in America!

Your money back instantly and return delivery charges as well if you are not pleased. We refund every penny and we do it promptly and cheerfully. No other but YOU are the judge.

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Your name and address on the Coupon or Postal will bring the Wonder Book of Anniversary Bargains FREE. Be sure to write today!
The Twelve Greatest Figures
In Motion Pictures Today

A LIST of the twelve greatest figures in the motion
picture industry of today has just been compiled by
the Motion Picture News, one of the leading trade journals
devoted to films. Many of these were selected by an
overwhelming majority of the ballots cast by producers,
distributors, exhibitors and stars. The competition on a
few of them was quite close.

The selections were made, not from the standpoint of
popularity, but in an effort to decide on the people who
have had the greatest influence and have done the most
effective work toward the improvement of the screen.
Mary Pickford is the only woman in the list.

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH, Director-producer.
Because he was the first director to take the screen seriously,
creating the greatest number of useful innovations in production.

SAMUEL L. ROTHAFEL, Exhibitor.
Because he was the first to work at a vision of the great enter-
tainment possibilities of the world’s best music with pictures.

ADOLPH ZUKOR, President of Paramount Pictures.
Because his organization, due largely to his business genius and
insight, has assisted in the financial stabilization of pictures.

GEORGE EASTMAN, President Eastman Kodak Company.
Because of his dependable production of the fundamental physi-
cal supplies; and his Eastman Theater at Rochester, N. Y.

MARY PICKFORD, Actress-producer.
Because she was the first big box office attraction and because
she has made a sincere effort to keep faith with her public.

CHARLES CHAPLIN, Actor, director, producer.
Because, judged by all the scientific standards of genius, he is the
one genius the motion picture has directly produced.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Actor-producer.
Because he abandoned an established line of product and
jumped in bigger things, through a desire to make better pictures.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON, Inventor.
Because he evolved the one workable method of making motion
pictures, thus making the films possible as a business.

WILLIAM A. JOHNSTON, Editor “Motion Picture News.”
Because he created and developed a high type of trade journal,
and has endeavored to maintain it honestly and fearlessly.

WILL H. HAYS, Director-general of the film industry.
Because he has focused public attention on pictures; because he
led the victory in the Massachusetts censorship battle.

J. D. WILLIAMS, Executive.
Because he organized First National, which brought the exhibitor
in closer touch with the producer, and encouraged independents.

CECIL B. deMILLE, Director.
Because he is one of the best optical reporters of our time, com-
bining artistry and entertainment; because he has made many stars.
introduced him as "the model boy of the movies."

An odd incident occurred after Lloyd went to a matinee with a member of Photoplay's editorial staff. When they emerged from the theater, a heavy rain was falling and the two stepped back under a store awning to await a passing taxi. At that moment the store proprietor rushed out and shouted: "You boys can't stand there blocking traffic!" Little did he know that he was brushing away a million dollar attraction!

MARY MILES MINTER is to return to the stage. Just as soon as she finishes her last picture for Famous Players-Lasky she'll come back to Broadway. When she left it she was a child star in "The Littlest Rebel"; and she hasn't used her voice in public in the meantime.

MARY PICKFORD deserves a bouquet for one little episode in "Tess of the Storm Country" in which she broke all precedents.

When the husky villain was walloping the tar out of the nice young man did Mary stand by like a foolish virgin registering horror?

No sir-ee, she stepped right in and crowned that tough guy with a chair.

Now that Mary's done it watch all the little scenario copy cats make little wildcats of their ingenues.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN admitted a month ago that Pola Negri is his "sweetheart." And to no less a person than Charles Schwab.

At an "all-star dancing contest" in Los Angeles, the comedian, the tragedienne, and the steel magnate were present. "That's a pretty girl you have with you tonight," Mr. Schwab is said to have declared.

"Isn't she?" smiled Charlie. And then he added, "Just between you and me, she is my sweetheart."

"Splendid," replied the steel magnate.

"I congratulate you both."

Charlie smiled — and said nothing.

FROM a Berlin paper came a cable. Pola, it declared, wasn't free to marry Mr. Chaplin, because she was still the wife of Count Domski. Pola said she is not; and to prove it showed reporters her divorce papers.

HOPE HAMPTON is a featured member of the cast of a new Fox production. When she finishes work in this, she will do "Lawful Larceny" for Famous Players, as a featured member of an all-star cast under the direction of George Fitzmaurice. Then she will make one more picture for First National under her existing contract with that company.

TO Miss Norma Talmadge goes the prize for the most sage saying of the month.

Upon her return from Europe and points east, Mrs. Schenck said: "No, we did not film any scenes for 'The Garden of Allah' in Arabia. We decided we could get much better Arabian scenes in California."

THE feminine film contingent in New York should stage a vaudeville act and call it the Marshmallow Sisters. So many of the little ones are wearing ermine. Long ermine capes to the theaters and the supper clubs; and little snappy white fur coats in the day time.

Hope Hampton had the first short white coat in New York — or else she appeared in hers before any one else did. With her lovely auburn hair and deep blue eyes Hope was nice to look at. You may not think her a great actress; you may even avoid her pictures — but you must admit she's a good looking gal.

D. W. GRIFFITH has begun his new picture, a southern story called "The White Rose." Carol Dempster and Mae Marsh share feminine honors, although which one of them is to have the title role has not been divulged. Ivor Novello, an actor and composer well known in England and Europe, has been imported to play the leading man's role.

Not so long ago Mr. Griffith was talking about the way his players had of leaving his company after he had introduced them to fame. He named Mary Pickford, the Gish girls, Richard Barthelmess, Mae Marsh and many others as instances. He helped make them famous — and then they left the old homestead to seek their fortunes!  

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52
The Art of Powdering

By Mrs. Jeannette

As a rule women give too little thought to the way they use powder. Perhaps one reason is that for so many years powder has been a necessary part of the toilette among practically all classes of women.

Powdering correctly is so simple if you will just use a little thought.

Be sure to select a shade of face powder that will tone in with your own coloring. Many a lovely face has been very nearly spoiled by flesh-colored powder on an olive skin, or the rachel shade used by a delicately tinted blonde.

Powder should be placed first upon the portions of the face that are normally whitest—brow, chin, and nose—then a delicate coating brushed over the whole face. And above all be sure that you do powder your face all over. It is impossible to emphasize this too strongly, for one of the greatest crimes against appearance is that the work of powdering is so often left unfinished. A woman is too apt to forget that, when her face is freshly washed, the skin on her temples and under her chin is the same color; and never by any possible chance does nature make the mistake of having the one several shades lighter or of a different texture than the other. So be sure that these often-neglected outside edges are given the same attention that you give to nose and chin. Nature always blends, and it is by powdering correctly that you can best get this desired effect.

When you have that uncomfortable feeling that you need more powder, and there is perhaps no mirror near, always pass your handkerchief over your nose first. The pores of the nose are so contracted that there is usually more moisture there than on any other part of the face. This means that powder becomes damp and may cake, so it is wiser to remove what may be left of the first layer, before using more.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is absolutely pure, and harmless to any skin, smooth, fine in texture, will not flake, and stays on for hours.

Adapted from the Photoplay Magazine

SPECIALISTS DE BEAUTE

Beauty at Your Finger Tips

TODAY, as the possibilities of intelligent care of the skin are becoming more generally realized, it is literally true that thousands upon thousands of women are growing younger in looks, and likewise in spirits.

The secret of restoring and retaining a youthful complexion lies chiefly in the faithful and well-directed use of the proper sorts of face creams. The constant employment of creams by actresses in removing make-up is largely responsible for the clearness and smoothness of their skins.

First, the beautiful skin must be clean, with a cleanliness more thorough than is attainable by mere soap-and-water washing. The pores must be cleansed to the same depth that they absorb.

This is one of the functions of Pompeian Night Cream. It penetrates sufficiently to reach the embedded dust. Its consistency causes it to mingle with the natural oil of the pores, and so to bring out all foreign matter easily and without irritation to the tissues.

The beautiful skin must be soft, with plastic muscles and good blood-circulation beneath. A dry, tight skin cannot have the coveted peach-blow appearance; set muscles make wrinkles; poor circulation causes paleness and sallowness.

Pompeian Night Cream provides the necessary skin-softening medium to skins that lack the normal degree of oil saturation. Gentle massaging with it flexes the facial muscles, stimulates the blood circulation and tones up all the facial tissues.

Upon retiring, first use Pompeian Night Cream as a cleanser; apply with the fingers and then wipe off with a soft cloth, freeing the pores of all the day's accumulated dust and dirt. Afterward apply the cream to nourish the skin, leaving it on over night.

The faithful following of this simple treatment works wonders in the skin—removing roughness, redness, and blackheads, and warding off wrinkles, flabbiness and sallowness. It is the most approved treatment for restoring and retaining a youthful complexion.

Send the coupon with ten cents for samples of Pompeian Night Cream, Day Cream, Beauty Powder, and Bloom. New 1923 Pompeian Art Panel of Mary Pickford sent with these samples.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2131 PAYNE AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Also Made in Canada

POMEJIAN

Night Cream

Cleansing and Skin-Nourishing

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOCY PRA MAGAZINE.
The secret of having beautiful hair

How famous movie stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

No one can be really attractive, without beautiful well-kept hair.

Study the pictures of these beautiful women. Just see how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet-goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

MISS.—How French you are. You intersperse your letter with Gallic phrases and I haven't the least idea what you're talking about. I gather, however, that you wish to know Valentino's real name. It's Guglielmi. And don't ask me in your next letter how to pronounce it, for I don't know. A list of Valentino's pictures to date—at least since he has become a celebrity—include: "The Four Horsemen," "The Conquering Power," "The Sheik," "Camille," "Man of the Lady Letty," "Beyond the Rockies," "Blood and Sand" and "The Young Rajah."

OKLAHOMA ROSE.—I am not accustomed to such courteous consideration as you accord me. I don't know quite how to meet it. I can counter the caustic quips and dodge the blow; but kindness I can give only a blank look. Mahlon Hamilton was Big Jim Powers in "Under Oath" and his wife is not an actress and you may reach him at Lasky's. You're welcome; come again, but don't be so polite next time.

M. E. M., GREEN SPRING, WEST VA.—Sounds cool and restful. And I suppose it's anything but that, to judge from your snappy epistle. You have decided prejudices, haven't you? "The Long Trail" was enacted by the following: Lou Tellegen as Andre Dubois; Mary Fuller as Louise Graham; Winning Allen as Micolte Dubois; Sidney Bracy as Paul Graham; Franklin Woodruff as Constable Joyce.

D. D., SAN DIEGO.—Mary Pickford hasn't bobbed her hair. What a calamity that would be. I can't imagine Mary without her curls any more than I can imagine Mona Lisa without her half-smile. Mary Pickford popularized the pout and made curls famous. Jay Belasco with Mary Miles Minter in "Jenny Be Good." Lloyd Whitlock was Dr. Sherman Moss in "Kissed," with Marie Prevost.

PAULINE.—I have never seen William Fairbanks on the screen. Doug keeps me pretty busy here, answering questions about him; and in the cinemas, trying to keep up with his breathless escapes. Bill Fairbanks is not married and may be addressed at 5549 Holly-

wood Blvd., Los Angeles.

JULIET.—Did you know that "Beyond the Rockies" was the debut vehicle for the great star Pauline Lord? It was the last picture that she made, for shortly after its release she became the wife of Maurice Costello. She has been in pictures since 1908. Her screen name was "Mae Spoon.

C. O., NASHVILLE.—I am so grateful for your answer to my question about the pronunciation of the name "Katy Turner." It is a name of Irish derivation and would be pronounced "Kate Turner." I haveteness until I heard your letter.

MR. W. E. C., BALTIMORE.—I know that I am not a "more," but I am very much interested in the question that you asked. The answer is simply that "I'll be with you" is not a double entendre, but rather a reference to the location of the name."I'll be with you" is the name of a street in New Orleans, and it was the name of a movie company that was established in the city in the early part of the century.

ALICE.—I have been spending my summer in Europe, and I am not sure that I am entirely up to date on current events. However, I do know that "The Young Rajah" was released in 1922, and that "The Four Horsemen" followed in 1921. I am unable to verify that "The Conquering Power" was released in 1920, as I have no means of checking my information.

M. H. H., CITRONVILLE, ALABAMA.—Valentine is not a gigant. According to the laws of California he should not have remarried until he received his final decree of divorce.

ALICE. S., MONTCLAIR, N. J.—I won't be sarcastic. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings and I am sincerely sorry if I was short with you. I must have been in a black mood that day or I should never have been sarcastic with you, Alice. Now will you please perk up and act like a human being? All right. Valentine's father was a Dr. Giovanni Guglielmi. Rudolph was twenty-seven years old May 6, 1922. He hasn't a home in East Orange. His home is in California, but he has been living in the east for some months now.

GERRY.—It is reasonably safe to assume the Talmages are American. Norma was born in Niagara Falls and Constance and Natalie in Brooklyn. Bebe Daniels isn't married, or engaged—at least, she says she isn't; but this is not the fault of several young men who wouldn't be at all averse to becoming Mr. Daniels. Wallace Reid is working right along at the Lasky studios. He lives in Beverly Hills. So do the Bill Desmonds, Bill Hart, Pauline Frederick and Charles Ray.

ALEEN, OAKLAND.—We're very high toned this month. Richard Dix isn't married. He lives with his mother near the Goldwyn studios in Culver City. Dix plays John Storm in "The Christian." supported by Mae Busch as "Glory Quayle."
SEM-PRAE
JO-VE-NAY

A Smooth Satiny Skin
results from the use of this fragrant complexion cake, requiring three months in the making and composed of the very affinity oils of the skin itself. It cleanses—nourishes—beautifies—rids the pores entirely of dust and blackheads, makes a splendid powder foundation and produces a smoothness as velvety as roses' petals.

Prove to yourself that such a wonder beauty cake really exists by sending your name and address for a 7-day trial use cake free. It will show you why those who use Sem-Pray-Jo-ve-Nay are 'always young.'

Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Company
Dept. 1225
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Gossip—East and West
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

RODOLPH VALENTINO must act for Famous Players or he may not act at all—at least until January, 1924. The courts have decided that a contract is a contract. Valentino claimed he was assured it was like the Meighan contract when he signed it, but found it was very different.

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER is now really recognized. The film producers have discovered him. Three of his best stories, "Java Head," "The Bright Shawl," and "Wild Oranges" are being screened. Leatrice Joy will star in the first, for Famous Players. Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish in the second—by the way, try to imagine the sprightly Dorothy as a seductive Spanish maiden.

BOB ELLIS, who is a good-looking leading man in his own right as well as being the husband of May Allison, used to be a police reporter in New York some years ago. At a little star dinner party the other evening, Bob repeated the definition of news given to him by a famous city editor and it is now going the rounds of Newspaper Row in Los Angeles as well as of the film colony.

This editor was asked by a friend to define news. "What is news, anyway?" asked the friend. "You say this one has a nose for news and this one hasn't. What is news?"

"Well," said the editor meditatively, "It's hard to explain. But we'll say you have a very prominent man in your town—a bank president, very highly regarded citizen. If he walks out of his house one morning, and his dog bites him—that isn't news. It's a paragraph. But if he walks out of his house one morning and bites his dog—that's news."

HUGO BALLIN, who is making "Vanity Fair" with an all star cast composed of Mabel Ballin, Hobart Bosworth, Harrison Ford, George Walsh, and others, says that no one will be able to say his latest film is not historically accurate. It will, says director Hugo, be even more accurate than William Makepeace Thackeray wrote it.

Seems Thackeray didn't like the styles they wore in 1800, so he dressed his characters in the costumes of fifty years later. He mentions in his masterpiece the use of envelopes for letters—and envelopes were not used until

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed,
A DOLLAR will put Yourself in Her Place

MOST women find a lot of fun in window shopping and looking at beautiful styles in catalogs and magazines. But for most of us such fun usually ends in heartaches and even bitterness, because it all seems so far beyond our reach.

No matter who you are or where you live; no matter what your circumstances may be or how little or how much you spend on clothes, I think I can make it all a little pleasanter, easier and more satisfactory in the future. Whatever dreams of stylish clothes you may have, here is an opportunity to make your dream come true. However much you have ever admired some woman of your acquaintance for the clothes she wears, here is an opportunity for you without trouble or bother or extra expense to put yourself in her place.

It seems more like a fairy tale than anything else you can imagine. It may seem almost too good to be true, but I have been doing this for years. Hundreds of thousands of women all over America return to me season after season for all their clothes needs. I never go back on a promise. I guarantee every statement I make.

One Example Among Thousands

On this page I show you a perfectly lovely little model in one of the season’s newest fashions, expertly tailored in all wool Poiret Twill. It is a gem of a style. And as you examine it on the fashion figure you may wonder how you would look in her place. I’d love to actually put you in her place without promise or obligation, without expense or risk of any sort to you.

It would give me no end of pleasure to send you this charming dress to try on, examine and compare just as much as you please. My bargains are my pride. I am incredibly proud of their value. The matter of fashion has always been second nature to me, and I am glad to submit this model as an example of the thousands shown in my latest and most beautiful stylebook.

Pin a Dollar to the Coupon

For just one dollar with your receipt, I will send you this costume prepaid. It is easy to determine the proper size, to examine as carefully as you please, to try on, and return it prepaid, without cost to you. This dollar that you send me with the dress when you return it to your home without one further penny being due. This is a dollar with which you may return the dress that is not satisfactory, without a thought of money until you have decided to keep it and to keep it.

Take All Spring and Summer to Pay

If you find you would rather return it, do so without question. I’ll refund your dollar at once. I’ll also pay the return carriage. Money is the last thing you really need to worry about, because if you are delighted, you can pay balance of your bargain price as you please. I want you to spread the cost over all this spring and summer, taking a full six months, paying little by little in small sums, evenly divided, coming a month apart.

My whole business is conducted in exactly the same manner as this one example.

A Postcard Brings
My Free Style Book

This advertisement is intended simply as an example of my style, my prices, my credit and my terms. My newest style book shows thousands of beautiful fashions, wonderfully complete departments in all lines of women’s wear, as well as for the boys little girl and baby. It is the biggest book I have ever issued. It is nearly double the size of former seasons.

All Selections Sent Prepaid on Approval

With it, for a dollar or two you can make every dream dress come true. Everything will be sent you postage prepaid on approval. There will never be any embarrassment or red tape. I always allow a full half year to pay.

This being my greatest book, I anticipate a much larger demand than ever before, so please and for your copy. A plain letter or postcard in enough.

Here Are a Few Departments:

- Aprons
- Baby Needs
- Bathrobes
- Bloomers
- Children’s
- Dresses
- Evening Gowns
- Fur
- Hair Goods
- Hats
- Silk Gowns
- Skirts
- Slips
- Tights
- Ties
- Vests
- Wool

Spring Selections:

- All Wool
- Free Style
- New Models
- New Colors

All Wool Poiret Twill Dress

I show below an exquisite little fashion that I’d like to send you for just a dollar deposit, postage prepaid. The fabric is guaranteed to be all wool. Poiret Twill exceptionally tailored. It is effectively set off with all around bertha collar of dainty lace. Elbow-length bill sleeves have attractive knife pleated cuffs. A distinctive all around narrow self-material braid, falling in streamers in front, is ornamented with fancy cut-out buttons. Side pockets, placed to match the fold of the skirt. Inside, lined in self material, the graceful form is further emphasized by the large full skirt. Underlining of good grade satin finish cotton that wears excellently. Dress closed at sides with snap fasteners.

Color: Navy blue only. Sizes: 51 to 61 bust measure.

No. E5C10 $1.00 with coupon $2.09 monthly

Price $13.85

P.S. All Wool Poiret Twill Dress No. E5C10. Send... If I am not satisfied with this dress, I will return it and get my $1 back. Otherwise I will pay any extra that may be due, as paid.

Martha Lane Adams Co.
3918 Moserat Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

I enclose $1. Send me on approval, postage prepaid All Wool Poiret Twill Dress No. E5C10. If I am not satisfied with the dress, I will return it and get my $1 back. Otherwise I will pay any extra that may be due, as paid.

Name.

Address.

City.

State.

Also Send Me Your Latest Free Style Book

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Greatest Issue of a Moving Picture Magazine Ever Published!

Do you agree with us? Consider this issue:

My Life Story
By RODOLPH VALENTINO

The timeliest story that could be told. The most scintillant autobiography of today, revealing Rodolph Valentino as only he knows himself. This boy—the idol of the world today—reveals an unusual, many sided personality. The greatest quality of his character, we believe, is his after frankness. In writing his life story he is ruthless with himself. He never for a moment poses. It is a new VALENTINO you will find in his story, it is the boy Rodolph—romantic, yes—but also naive, terribly sincere, boyish, and best of all, with the saving sense of humor that too few stars possess. This installment, UNDER ITALIAN SKIES, is an epic of Italian boyhood, as honest as it is lovable. His next chapter, BROADWAY NIGHTS, is of tragic realism, made bright by the humor which is always his no matter how great his suffering. We are mighty proud to present THE LIFE STORY OF RODOLPH VALENTINO.

The Loves of Charlie Chaplin

The Loves of Chaplin, written frankly and with unusual charm, by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS, presents the truth about the great heart affairs of the famous comedian from his first love to his last.

What Rich Stars Do With Their Money

An article which forever destroys the idea that all stars are spendthrifts. FREDERICK JAMES SMITH presents an amazing array of figures and facts showing what stars are actually worth and how they invest their money. Through his intimacy with the people and history of filmdom, he gives you the facts as no other writer could—and he makes facts as interesting as fiction.

Witty Wallops

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS is a new monthly department inaugurated by HERBERT HOWE, interviewer, raconteur, and PHOTOPLAY’s globe trotter, who has just returned from nine months touring Europe and studying film conditions.

The Kid Who Earned a Million

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS is recognized by the leading magazines of America as one of the most brilliant of the younger generation of writers. She has style, understanding and the true touch in her articles. Read THE KID WHO EARNED A MILLION and, for the first time, realize the romantic phenomena of today—the achievements of six year old Jackie Coogan, with the first complete and authentic story of his discovery, development and financial standing.

The Shadow Stage

The most authoritative and constructive department of motion picture criticism published today. Edited by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, the foremost critical authority on the photoplay and a man who believes that the public wants the best.

Gossip—East and West

PHOTOPLAY has always been known for its live news and comments upon screen activities. The rapidity of its press facilities and the central location of its distribution permits PHOTOPLAY to beat every other screen magazine every month. Coupled with these splendid mechanical facilities is an editorial staff actually on the inside of screendom.

Personality Stories

Interviews and chats that are different because they are written by the biggest writers in the magazine world. This month: Theodore Kosloff, Wesley Barry, and others you are interested in.

The Romantic History of Motion Pictures

The first and only complete story of the evolution of the photoplay written by the one man who knows, Terry Ramsaye. PHOTOPLAY assigned Mr. Ramsaye to this a year before his first article appeared. He was sent across the United States and to Europe to get his facts.

But next month, PHOTOPLAY will be even more interesting. One of its noteworthy features will be NEVER TOLD LOVE STORIES OF THE STARS. The second installment of MY LIFE STORY by RODOLPH VALENTINO will be highly sensational. And there will be many other striking and up-to-the-minute features.
No More Wrinkles!

Amazing New Treatment Smooths Them Away Like Magic

A wonderful new discovery now makes wrinkles entirely unnecessary!
No longer need women fear the little tell-tale marks of time which rob them of their attractiveness. No longer need they dread the tragic lines that foretell the end of youth.

For Science has found a quick, easy and inexpensive way to smooth away every tired line, every laugh wrinkle, every deep frown mark.

With this new treatment it is almost as if some magic wand were waved across your face, banishing every line and wrinkle and restoring the firm youthful freshness of the skin.

Why allow wrinkles to add age to your face, when they can be erased so easily? Why allow deep frown lines to mar your appearance, when they can be harmlessly removed with scarcely any effort at all on your part?

Removes the CAUSE of Wrinkles

This new discovery is based on a simple natural principle. There is no tedious massaging, no painful electrical treatment, no harmful lotions. And unlike many so-called wrinkle "eradicators" it does not attempt to cover up or conceal the lines or wrinkles.

This new treatment acts in an entirely different way. Instead of merely treating the symptoms, it gets right at the cause of wrinkles. By removing the real cause in a perfectly natural and harmless way, the wrinkles and lines vanish almost before you realize it.

Watch the Amazing Results

You will scarcely believe your eyes when you see what really wonderful results this new discovery—called Domino Wrinkle Cream—can bring. Even after the first few days you will find that your face has grown younger looking. Not only your friends, but you, yourself, will be astonished at the wonderful new youthfulness your face and skin quickly acquire.

Domino Wrinkle Cream besides banishing wrinkles contains certain marvelous ingredients which soften and whiten the skin, removing every trace of beauty-spoiling blemishes and molding the skin into a new smooth, firm surface.

Guaranteed to Remove Every Wrinkle

No matter how many other treatments you have tried without results, Domino Wrinkle Cream will quickly and positively remove every trace of the lines that are spoiling your whole appearance. It is guaranteed to banish each and every wrinkle, no matter how deep seated it may be, and a $10,000 deposit in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia backs up this guarantee. If within ten days you are not more than satisfied with the improvement it brings in your appearance, your money will be instantly refunded, without question.

Send No Money

So that every woman may try this great new discovery we are making a very special introductory offer. You need not send a single penny. Simply mail the coupon below and we will send you in a plain unmarked container a regular $5.00 jar of Domino Wrinkle Cream. When the postman hands it to you simply pay him the greatly reduced price of $1.95 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. Surely, you cannot afford to overlook this splendid offer, especially since you have the guaranteed privilege of having your money refunded if you are not delighted with results.

Bear in mind that the regular price of Domino Wrinkle Cream, which contains some of the costliest ingredients known, is $5.00. It is only on this special introductory offer, which may never be made again, that we have reduced the price to $1.95.

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CONTINUED the

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PISO’S—For Coughs and Colds

The king at the Lasky Studios holds court! In other words, Cecil de Mille talks over the details of “Adam’s Rib,” with his players, Pauline Garon, Elliott Dexter, Milton Sills and Theodore Kosloff, together with Jeanie MacPerson, who wrote the story

1890! What’s more, Thackeray put whiskers on his soldier—there was a healthy anti-em in the British army at that time.

Will probably be the last act of the Carlyle Blackwell matrimonial drama is being rehearsed in California. Ruth Hartman Blackwell, sister of Gretchen Hartman (Mrs. Alm Hale), has filed suit for divorce on the grounds of desertion.

The wise of erstwhile idol of the films first sued her husband for separation. Then she brought an alienation suit, naming a cabaret dancer. The Blackwells have two children.

The death of that lovable old actor, Frank Bacon, in Chicago during the fourth year of “Lightnin’” reminds us of how close Bacon and his superb characterization of Lightnin’ Hill Jones came to being enmeshed in celluloid. D. W. Griffith was very much interested in Bacon two years ago and did his best to secure the play and the star for films. But, somehow, nothing came of it.

After playing a mi-treated child of ill fortune for years and years, Jane Novak, in her latest starring vehicle, Marie Corelli’s “Thelma”, appears in some real Paris gowns that cost thousands of dollars. Silver cloth, real lace and clinging satins are very becoming to Miss Novak’s blond loveliness. In fact, she is more beautiful than she ever was in her gingham and calicoes. The frocks were designed by some of the most famous artists in the world’s fashion center, and they’re certainly worth seeing. You will see them in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY in rotogravure.

Mrs. Rudie Valentino danced in public long before she joined the Russian Ballet. Under the name of Winifred O’Shaunessy or Winifred De Wolf she was taken by her mother—in fantastic little costumes—to the afternoon tea dances at the Hotel Alexander in Los Angeles. In stiff silk frocks, with puffed sleeves, poke bonnets and pantaloons, she would do odd, self-created rhythms. She was talked of, then, as a coming dancer, though she was a mere child. And then, at seventeen, she went to Paris with Elsie De Wolf to study interior decoration. And it was not until some years later, when she appeared with Kosloff as Natasha Rambova, that folk remembered her strange first appearances.

It is told—in low tones, however—that Lionel Barrymore and his wife, Doris Rankin, have separated. The news comes as something of a shock, for the Lionel Bryamores have long been pointed out as models of domestic happiness.

In the Pyramid picture, “When the Desert Calls,” a strange phenomenon is apparent. We have heard of the magic of the desert—perhaps this is one of its manifestations. The tents, occupied by the wandering bands of Arabs, are so small and shallow, from the outside, that a man has to stoop to enter. They resemble the tents that we made, as children, with a rug or a shawl draped across two chairs. But, wonder of wonders, when an interior is shown the tent has assumed proportions to make the Central Terminal homeless of itself. Peace conventions and public adenoid unvelings could be held in it without either crowding or confusion.

Jean Ford, the daughter of Hugh Ford, motion picture and stage director, has made good on the stage. She graduated from Vassar last year, where she gave much of her time to college dramatics; and blossomed forth as the second feminine lead in A. A. Milne’s comedy, “The Romantic Age.” Now she is acclaimed as one of the most charming ingenues on the New York boards.

Just because Jean’s father is well known in the theater, and her mother a former actress, doesn’t mean it was easy sailing for her. She wanted to be an actress ever since she was old enough to walk; but her parents, not wanting to lead her astray, told her she must finish college first—and then have her chance. She did.

Any number of young women will tell you that they went into pictures for the very love of it. That they felt the call of art, and
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Gray Hair
by this time-tested method

I invented my hair color restorer to bring back
the original color to my own hair, which was
prematurely gray. Though this was many years
ago and I am no longer young, my abundant hair
is still beautiful as a girl's.

A Statement by
Mary T. Goldman

I ask every person afflicted with gray hair to let me tell them
my story for their own benefit. For I know from experience
what it means to the young and vigorous to discover the first
gray hair and to realize that it will brand them as "getting old.'

Gray hair is as much of an affliction to those who are not so
young, (for gray hair makes you look younger, but one that
need not be endured. For I offer you a scientific restorer which
will bring back the original beautiful color, with perfect results
always assured. Best of all, my restorer actually benefits the hair.

What a blessing I would have felt it, in my young days, if
such a preparation had been in existence when I found my
hair turning gray. Then there were only crude dyes, unsatisfactory
and unsafe, and these I would not use.

Circumstances forced me to invent a perfect and safe restorer which
is now at every gray-haired person's command. Millions have used and are
using it—it is the biggest selling, most popular preparation of its kind in the
world. Over 10,000,000 bottles sold. I offer a free trial bottle with complete
directions for making the convincing "single lock" test. This test proves how
carefully and perfectly this time-tested preparation will restore the original
color to your hair.

What My Restorer Is

Just a clear colorless liquid, clean and pure as water; simply apply by comb-
ing through the hair. Easy to use—no skill required.

There is no unity sediment, no greasy stain, absolutely nothing to wash or
rub off.

Uses of my restorer are never betrayed by discolored hat linings or soiled
pillow slips. Your restorer keeps your hair clean, soft and fluffy. Wash it as
often as you like, for the color can't come off. This is because it is restored,
not crudely dyed.

Restored Color Perfect

But what is most important to you is how your hair is going to look after
you have restored it. It will be perfectly natural in all lights, if you use my restorer.
No one will suspect you ever had gray hair.

There is no danger of disturbing streaks or discoloration, no conspicuous
freakish look. Your hair will be as beautiful and natural as when you were
sixteen.

You can go in swimming in either fresh water or salt, and your hair
will not worry about discoloration. Nothing will affect the restored color.

Let your hair down and dry it in the sun, a strong dazzling light won't
reveal any imperfections. There aren't any when you restore your hair this
safe, sure, scientific way.

Also Restores Faded or Discolored Hair

This will be good news for women whose hair is faded or who have had bad
luck with some dye that couldn't do the work. Hair dressers may tell you
that one dye can't be used over another, but this is not true of my restorer.
It will bring back the perfect original color just as perfectly and surely as it
will restore naturally gray hair.

A New Method of Application

The formula for my restorer has never been changed since I used it to
restore my own gray hair. Then I found that it made the perfect results.
But I have recently discovered a new method of application which proves
to be very beneficial to the hair. This discovery consists of the use of a won-
cderful preparatory powder which thoroughly cleanses the scalp and the hair,
dissolves dandruff and acts as an antiseptic. It makes the hair soft, silky and
beautiful and puts it in perfect condition for the action of the restorer.

A package of this powder comes with the free trial bottle of which I make
mention above. It is part of my patented trial outfit, all sent to you absolutely
free if you will mail the coupon.

Prove These Statements

I don't want anyone to accept these positive statements without proving
that every word is true. I would not dare make them if I could not back them
up with the convincing test I offer.

So I again ask that you seize advantage of my offer of a free trial bottle of
Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Make the test on a lock of hair as
directed and you will realize the sincerity of every word I say.

Mail the Coupon

For your convenience I ask you to return the coupon which appears in this
advertisement and be sure to fill it out carefully, for the information asked
is important. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

By return mail you will receive, free, postage prepaid, my patented trial
outfit, which contains full instructions for making the test.

Then when you know what Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is
and what it will do, get a full size bottle from your druggist and restore all your
hair.

But—don't neglect this warning:

Every successful preparation has a penalty to pay in the shape of competi-
tion by hordes of imitators who offer equally as attractive and substitutes.
Don't be deceived by similarity in the appearance of bottle or package.
If your druggist can't supply you with the one and only Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer, order direct from me.

MARY T. GOLDMAN, 21B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

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The latest Park Edward Whitehead photoplay, “Empty Arms,” inspired the song “Empty Arms.” A third verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of $500 cash will be paid.

This contest is open to everybody. You write the words for a third verse—it is not necessary that you saw the photoplay before doing so. Send your name and address on a postal card or sheet of paper and we shall send you a copy of the words of the song. This is to be a song of a liltarian sort, in keeping with the theme of the photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

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We want to prove that Hartman's prices and terms are the most liberal ever known. That is why we make this extra inducement. A handsome table scarf ABSOLUTELY FREE. Rich blue velour, 48x16 in., 6-in. panels at ends of floral tapestry, Antique gold braid binding.

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Betty’s mother knew why

It was Betty’s first dip into social activity since she returned from boarding school. Naturally, she was thrilled when the invitation came and even more thrilled when she discovered in a roundabout way that Howard was coming back from school for the weekend to attend the same party.

Betty and Howard had been just a little more than mere good friends during their high-school days at good old Flaxworth. Indeed, lots of folks thought they were much more than good friends. You know how a small town will jump at conclusions.

Howard never looked more gorgeous than he did that evening. And Betty found herself more fond of him than ever. The whole party quickly focused itself around her anticipation of the first dance with him. They did dance—but only once.

And all the rest of the evening Howard devoted to girls who were really much less charming than she.

Betty went home broken-hearted. She might never have known the reason but her mother, quick to perceive, and courageous enough to talk frankly with her daughter, knew why and told her.

That’s the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won’t tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouthwash and gargle.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle.

LISTERINE—the safe antiseptic

Marshall Neilan’s “The Strangers’ Banquet” and in Hugo Ballin’s “Vanity Fair,” as Andile. Now she’s headed for stardom, and has already been rumored engaged to Charlie Chaplin—and all in about six months!

AGNES SMITH, who often writes entertainingly for Photoplay, has just announced her list of the ten best pictures for 1922.


Agnes is associate editor of Selznick News, but she admits she enjoyed “Tol’able David,” “When Knighthood Was in Flower,” “Grandma’s Boy,” and some of the other best-sellers.

MARSHALL NEILAN to the rescue! He offers an explanation of why wheels seem to be going backward on the screen while the vehicle itself goes forward. This is a question very frequently asked by audiences, so we give the answer.

“Suppose,” says Mickey, “a revolving wheel containing one white spoke is photographed. The first photograph registered on the film would show the white spoke in a certain position. If the wheel failed to make a complete revolution before the next picture was registered, the white spoke would be shown in the photograph some distance back of its original position. And as succeeding photographs were taken the spoke regularly would appear to go backwards, giving the effect of the wheel turning in the opposite direction from which it actually was turning.”

ELLIOTT DEXTER’S marriage to Mrs.-Nina Untermeyer was performed at Cecil de Mille’s home, in the presence of a few friends. To make his star seem right at home, Mr. de Mille toasted the couple in these words: “To Mr. and Mrs. Dexter: May they never have a retake.”

Mr. Dexter presented to his bride a beautiful home, in the California hills; and the gift of the bride to the groom was a star sapphire ring.

ERNST LUBITSCH is now in California. He will direct Mary Pickford in “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall,” and Douglas Fairbanks in his pirate picture, not yet written. Lubitsch has never worked in America before, although he paid it a brief visit some months ago. He is under contract to Paramount but has been loaned to the Fairbankses for these two productions.

Evelyn Brent, by the way, an eastern actress who has played in Metro pictures, will be Doug’s new leading woman. She has a three-
year contract with the Fairbanks company, Lady Diana Manners will not come to this country to play in "Monseur Beauregarde" because Doug isn't going to do "Monseur Beauregarde" after all.

WALTER HIERS has been made a star, Paramount, which has included him in many casts, has given him individual attention, and his first stellar feature will shortly be seen, with Jacqueline Logan as the leading woman.

The company is thought to have rejected Hiers as a probable successor to Arbuckle whose screen career will probably not be resumed for a long time. The only difference between Arbuckle and Hiers is that Arbuckle is a comedian, while Hiers is an actor who weighs 250 pounds.

If we could get all worked up over pretty Edythe Sterling spending five days in jail for speeding if Bebe Daniels' incarceration hadn't taken the edge off things like that.

MIRIAM BATTISTA is the newest child star. She has stepped up with Jackie, Wesley, and Baby Peggy as an electric-lighted luminary. Her first picture will be "The Lucky Stone."

The mystery which surrounds the adoption by Gloria Swanson of a playmate for her little girl, Gloria II, continues as deep as ever. Apparently Gloria has become the legal mamma of another little girl, but she refuses to talk about it, just as she has always refused to allow anyone to see or photograph her own little girl.

However, Gloria is a rather mysterious person anyway.

It has been said, by certain busy little reporters, that the Mayos—not the famous brothers of Ro hester, but Dagmar Godowsky Mayo and her husband Frank—have been indulging in family disputes that might in time mean a separation. But the fact that Frank has, according to rumor, refused to appear in any picture without Dagmar seems to hint strongly of happiness.

Not all of the ivories that gleam in his closeups really belong to him.

Bill Hart had two teeth knocked out once in a too-realistic screen fight, and he now wears two from the store.

Bill has probably received more smashes than any man in pictures. He had four ribs broken in one fight; and in a scene where he jumped from a window onto his horse's back the horse moved on, and Bill broke his hand.

You remember some time ago there was some discussion about Muriel McCormick making her film debut?

Well, we have heard—never mind how—that Miss McCormick isn't going to make a film debut at all. That she submitted to a screen test, and that the test influenced her decision to seek self-expression in some other artistic channel.

EDNA PURVIANCE is in the hospital suffering from an acute attack of appendicitis. Her illness has held up her first starring production, which Charlie Chaplin is directing.

MRS. MARY FLUGRATH, mother of Viola Dana, Shirley Mason and Edna Flugrath, passed away at a Hollywood sanitarium recently after a severe illness of several months.

Viola and her mother were particularly close chums. During a five months' personal appearance tour that the little star made a short time ago, they were inseparable. Mrs. Flugrath took as much pleasure in her daughter's triumphs as Viola herself. A beautiful home had just been purchased by Mrs. Dana for her mother and father near her own residence in Hollywood.

Biflex
Spring Bumper

Here is Mae Murray, of "Broadway Rose" and much other fame, stepping into her Biflex equipped car. Of course, only the best bumper would do for this petite star. Like thousands of other exacting motorists, Miss Murray insists on Biflex "Protection With Distinction."

It's with the particular buyer that Biflex Bumpers make the strongest appeal. Biflex, the original double-bar bumper, protects adequately in any collision. Strong and flexible. Absorbs the shock and stops the blow. Adds a finishing touch of beauty to any car. Sold everywhere.

BIFLEX PRODUCTS CO., Waukegan, Ill.
EVENmone in the film colony also mourns the death of Mrs. Kerrigan, the mother of J. Warren Kerrigan, who died at her son’s home following a year’s invalidism. The deep devotion between J. Warren Kerrigan and his mother has been one of Hollywood’s most loyal traditions. The screen star was in the wilderness of Nebraska, on location with “The Covenant.” The news came as a shock and made a wild trip by aeroplane and motor but was unable to reach his mother in time.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has a new decoration for his office. It is a framed check. A rather well-known leading lady had been out of work for some time. In the pinch, she borrowed a few dollars from Charlie to tide her over the slump. And she paid him back out of her first week’s salary.

It was the first time anybody had ever done anything like that, so Charlie decided to keep it as a reminder of the good in human nature. And that incident that day—said the Mabel National Bank—could collect all the money she has lent in the past ten years to struggling young picture aspirants and infelicitous characters, she said, without the least work. Anybody can always get a little help from Mabel. It has sailed away to Europe. She may do a serial on the other side.

DOUG has decided not to do “Monsieur Beaucaire” after all. Mr. Fairbanks majors the Tarkington character—a beau of the elegant periods—is not exactly his type of thing; so he is searching instead for a pirate tale as a successor to “Robin Hood.” And Mary’s manager, Mabel Merriweather, who has been loaned to Miss Pickford by Paramount just to make “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall”.

FANNIE WARD is now mother-in-law of a lord. Her daughter, Mrs. Jack Barnato, was married recently, in London, to Lord Plunkett.

NOW that John Barrymore’s “Hamlet” is the talk of New York, the fact can be revealed that Doug Fairbanks rehearsed Jack in his swordplay, which brings to mind the further possibilities of “Hamlet” if Barrymore had called in Charlie Chaplin to help out the Ghost.

DIRECTOR ALAN CROSPAND has just put the finishing touches in New York to Cosmopolitan’s production of Vicente Blasco Ibanez’s “Enemies of Women,” with a cast including Lionel Barrymore, Alma Rubens, Pedro de Cordoba, “Buster” Collier, Garland Hugh, Gladys Hulette, W. H. Thompson, Paul Panzer, Idella Wier (the Pearl White serialist), and Mario Majeroni. Croand took most of this company abroad to shoot certain exteriors in Monte Carlo, Nice, Paris, and along the Riviera. For the first time film fans will have a chance to compare the real Monte Carlo with Erich Von Stroheim’s million dollar duplicate in “Foolish Wives.”

HENRY B. WALTHALL is now appearing in a playlet in vaudeville.

FILM fans will be surprised to learn who backed the Technicolor film, “Toll of the Sea,” which has just had public release. No other than Erich Von Stroheim, who loves to invest in films in which she had no active connection. The process was invented by Professors Daniel Cahn, Herbert Kalmus of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and whipped into commercial shape by Judge William Travers Jerome. But it was Norma who invested most of the money.

GOLDWYN has just signed Erich Von Stroheim and June Mathis. Von Stroheim, who left Universal before finishing “Merry-Go-Round,” his latest production, is now at a studio lot, closely watched, it is suspected, by the Goldwyn efficiency experts. Von Stroheim will, it is predicted, spend much less money in the future on bad temperament.

Miss Mathis will be editorial overseer of the Goldwyn productions and will write the more important scenarios. Her salary is said to be equal to that of the highest paid ingenues on the screen. Why not?

Von Stroheim was in the middle of “The Merry-Go-Round” for Universal when he was suddenly released. Rupert Julian is finishing the picture.

ERICH VON STROHEIM’S first feature for Goldwyn will be a picturization of Frank Norris’ masterful novel, “McTeague.” It was a PHOTOPHAY MAGAZINE writer, interviewing the director, who suggested that Norris’ masterpiece would make a great picture. Von Stroheim was interested; asked the story, and seemed particularly impressed by Mr. Julian’s treatment. Von Stroheim has been working in the studio under a door. That was two years ago, but Von Stroheim remembered; and Von Stroheim is the one man chosen for his first story under his new contract.

Incidentally, the gruesome scene described was the inspiration for one of the most shuddered scenes in “Foolish Wives”—before the censors got at it.

AS soon as the rumor leaked out that von Stroheim was to do “Ben Hur,” every actor and actress in Hollywood made a mad dash for the casting office. “Why, that’s my favorite,” said one pretty ingenue, when she remembered that von Stroheim was the one man who could pay her half salary she got from Universal during the time von Stroheim was making “Foolish Wives”.

MAURICE COSTELLO, once the idol of all the film world, plays a role in Allan Dwan’s production of “Glimpses of the Past,” in which Bette Davis, Norma Shearer, David Powell, Ruyles de Remer, and Charles Girard will have important roles. Most of the scenes have been “shot” at the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, but there have been an occasional visit to Canada for contrasting exteriors.

DICK BARTHELMESS was in Cuba until Christmas filming Joseph Hergesheimer’s “The Bright Shawl,” which is a romance of Cuba a generation before American war. John Robertson is directing and the company was accompanied by Mr. Hergesheimer and Everett Shinn, the artist who made the original sketches. Although Dick has always been a friend of the Goshes, this selection was made over his protests. Barthelmess felt that Miss Gish was not fitted for the role and he sent Natasha Rambova, in private life Mrs. Rodolph Valentino. The discussion between Dick and the powers-that-be of Pictures was heated. Finally, Dick was made a vice president of his company and Dorothy got the part.

FEODOR CHALIPIN, the famous Russian baritone, is considering motion pictures.

LUOTTIE PICKFORD was painfully cut about the face in an automobile accident recently. It was at first reported that Lottie’s doctor insisted she was not a victim; and the Fairbanks home was besieged. The rumor went on to say that Mary would be permanently disfigured as a result of the accident. Lottie, who is in private life Mrs. Allan Forrest, is now completely recovered.
FOLLOWING several months spent in California filming "Peg o' My Heart" under the direction of King Vidor, Laurette Taylor returned to Broadway to start rehearsals of Fannie Hurst's "Humoresque," now built into a footlight play. Miss Taylor plays the mother in the stage version, which opened at Atlantic City on Christmas night.

ONE of the latest tragedies of Hollywood is the suicide of George Bronson Howard—playwright and novelist. He was found dead in his bachelor apartment with the gas turned on. It was the end of a story book career—a strange and often sinister life.

Mr. Howard specialized in books and plays about the underworld and its secrets. Crooks, smugglers, opium fiends—they were the characters that he wrote about. Perhaps because he had lived their lives—had drifted through the dark spots of many cities—he was better acquainted with any other author with their shadowed careers.

NOW that they are doing "Ben Hur," it's time to recall that both William Farnum and Bill—then W. S. Hart—appeared in early stage productions. The former played Ben Hur and the latter Simonides.

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU" is being filmed by Selznick with an all-star cast. No, no—this is a real one. It includes Elaine Hammerstein, Bert Lytell, Lew Cody, Marjorie Daw, Claire Windsor, Bryant Washburn, Hobart Bosworth, Mitchell Lewis, Irving Cummings, Elmo Lincoln and Josephine Crowell.

LARRY TRIMBLE and Jane Murfin have just purchased Jack London's best loved dog story "White Fang," which they will produce with the incomparable Strongheart in the title role. This is to make the greatest dog picture ever filmed, for Strongheart's camera technique is improving all the time, and the material in the London story is unusual. Mrs. Jack London is reported to be particularly pleased that Strongheart and Mr. Trimble are to make her husband's book.

Mr. Trimble has just purchased several new German shepherd dogs, notably "Lady Julie," for whom he paid $8,500. She recently won the prize for the best dog at the show, in the biggest show held in Germany for some years. Lady Julie will be seen as Strongheart's leading lady in "White Fang."

LOIS WILSON is an aunt. Her sister, who is Lois' chum, recently presented the family with a fine big boy and Lois is all wrapped up in the young man.

Speaking of aunts, reminds us of Agnes Ayres. About a year ago, Agnes adopted her brother's little girl, Agnes Ayres II. The other day, Agnes and her small namesake were walking up Sunset Boulevard, when the little one took a notion into her head to cry over something she had been told she couldn't have, and she howled valiantly for nearly a block.

On the corner was a gas station, and with rare presence of mind, Aunt Agnes stopped and said to the man in charge, "May I come into your gas station just a minute until I spank this child of mine?"

The man said she could, whereupon Miss Ayres took her niece into the station, spanked her thoroughly, and proceeded serenely on her walk.

FRANCES MARION, the highest-priced scenario writer in motion pictures, is to make her own productions for Cosmopolitan, beginning the first of the year. Her contract calls for six pictures, which she is to write and direct.

Miss Marion wrote the continuity for thirteen stories for Mary Pickford, including such famous successes as "Rebecca," "Daddy Long-legs," and "Stella Maris," and also directed Miss Pickford in two productions.

In private life, she is Mrs. Fred Thompson.
her marriage to the man who for ten years held the all round athletic championship of the world having been one of our best war romances.

Francis is becoming almost as famous in Hollywood as a hostess as she has been as a writer. She and her husband have been introducing the custom of having buffet suppers, followed by a picture show in their private projection room. On a recent Sunday, after the automobile races, a number of screen celebrities gathered about in the big table. Micky Sheehan and Blanche Sweet, Dorothy Dalton, Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, John McGowan, the Colleen Moore, Mrs. and Mrs. Roy Stewart, Bob Leonard and Mae Murray and Dan Grossbeck, the well known artist and his wife, were among the guests.

Suzanne Vidor is the four year old daughter of King and Suzanne Vidor. Recently, her beautiful mother had been doting extremely to keep a certain weight for a picture, and Suzanne had watched the procedure with great interest but without comment. However, one morning a large plate of doughnuts, beautifully decorated with powdered sugar, was placed on the table for her Daddy's breakfast, Suzanne instantly appropriated one.

"No, no, dear," said Mrs. Vidor, "mama's sorry but you mustn't eat that. Doughnuts aren't for little children of seven and a half."

"Not just one bite," asked Suzanne.

"Not even a bite," said Suzanne.

"Im-in," said Suzanne, "one bite of doughnut, one pound at 50 cents. That's why I can't eat it. But, mama, candy hasn't got a single calory in it. Can't I have some candy?"

She got the candy.

REX INGRAM has been putting the finishing touches to the story of the tropics in Cuba, after three months spent in Florida, Florida. Unusual difficulties confronted Ingram in Florida. Water from the Everglades flooded his studio, and the young star's stay of six weeks stretched out into twelve. At that, Ingram went to use boats to get in and out of his studio. The tale, by the way, concerns a missionary's daughter and a native boy. Ingram is very emphatic in declaring that there is no color problem involved, this particular native having been merely heavily tanned.

FILM companies may as they please with their old pictures. The court has ruled that a star is an employee of the company he is working for and therefore has nothing to say if the company cares to revamp his old films. Douglas Fairbanks discovered this when he was denied a ten per cent interest in a reissue of Triangle, and other companies from revamping their old pictures, including the "Lamb" and "Double Trouble," in which he had a part. The court has decided "over to the picture companies to report their interest in these pictures. Other stars, including Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin, will be affected by the ruling. The reissue of these old pictures may or may not be a sore trial to them, especially when the films are brushed up with new titles and billing.

A NOETHER Arctic expose! The private life of the Eskimo will be further revealed in a new motion picture made in the wilds of Alaska by Harold McCracken, big game hunter and writer. The Eskimo, the flesh-eating animal, will play a leading part.

EVER hear of a motion picture actor named Ray Harman Finigan? Neither did we until he became involved in a divorce case on the Pacific coast. His wife charges that he has on several occasions at a Famped motel set fire to her $60,000 home and is rather annoyed about it. Finigan charges several things, too. We've looked him up in our files and discover we have a record of his appearance with Marie Walcamp in a serial called "The Lion's Claws." He played the villain.

O ur sleuth reports that Leatrice Joy and Bill Hart were seen together at Montmartre, one of the leading dance clubs in New York, seemingly having the time of their lives. Why, Leatrice! Why, Bill!

JACK and Sally have tearfully and tenderly bade each other good-by. Marilyn Miller waved a sad farewell to her young husband—and he hurried back to California. But it won't be for long. As soon as Jack's luggage is in his new apartment, he will join Jack Pickford on the west coast and possibly appear in a picture with him. That will cost him $26,000. Marilyn can't leave her job before then and has to make another picture to follow "Garrison's Finish."

It is said that Jack Pickford shook hands and made up with Florence Ziegfeld, an idea to let bygones be bygones, and all that sort of thing.

IRENE DALTON, formerly an adornment of the Mermikis comedies, has been named in a divorce suit instituted by a Toledo society woman. Irene, it is claimed, disturbed the domestic tranquility of her home; in fact, since her husband encouraged Irene he has been at home very seldom.

"HOLLYWOOD." Frank Condon's little masterpiece of humorous fiction, which Photoplay published in its January issue, is to be screened. And with the most imposing cast ever collected. James Cagney, Shirley Temple, celebrities as Pola Negri, Wally Reid, Gloria Swanson, and many others.

If you haven't already read the novellette, get it at once; and if you have read it, read it again.

HERE'S a neat little mystery for you. The films may be entertaining a French count in disguise. A real French count.

It's like this. Ten years ago Count de L'Arsche, d'Arless Thermes, a thoroughbred from the chateau in France. He left his clothes carefully on a river bank, presumably wishing to be considered a suicide. But the disappearance at the same time of a young count from his household complicated things a bit. With reason, for it was later learned the pair had gone to Canada.

A young woman eventually returned to France but the Count is still missing. It is thought he joined the Canadian army during the war. But that was the last heard of him. He has been declared legally dead. And perhaps he really is. He may have been killed in the war. Just the same, some of his friends are still awaiting the word. And there is a woman who told us a very little about the count and much alive, and working in pictures in one of the California studios. It is not probable that he will be recognized, however, for a real count bears little resemblance to the screen variety.

TWO-THIRDS of a film's life is spent in its travel. The average motion picture spends two-thirds of its little life for the express company, because it is really en route to destination a greater part of the time than it is being shown and being used by the public, and over and over it is considered unsuitable for screening. Did you ever?
exhibition business. Attempts have been made, it is charged, to induce the stars of the Vitagraph Company, especially Alice Joyce, to break their contracts by promises of more money and publicity.

It will be remembered that Miss Joyce, upon the termination of her contract with Vitagraph, retired from the screen.

The Fairbanks, Doug and Mary, have issued invitations to a party which will last eight months—a record even for Hollywood—and which will consist of a trip around the world. Fifty guests have been invited. Among them are Charles Chaplin and Pola Negri, who have been invited to take their honeymoon trip on the Pickfair boat. According to present plans (subject to change without notice), the party will set sail in the spring on an especially chartered Japanese steamer now being refitted. Mr. and Mrs. William McAdoo are among the prominent guests. This is the most interesting excursion to be made since Henry Ford's yachting party to Germany to bring about world peace. If it isn't a press yarn and if the plans go through it would appear that there would be a good many stellar deserters from the screen during the next eight months, and Mary and Doug even threaten to go into permanent retirement in a villa on the Italian riviera.

The Shadow Stage
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

Forsaking All Others—Universal
TIED to his mother's apron strings and a slave to his mother's tears—The hero is at a disadvantage, even though he is Cullen Landis. And even though the lady playing opposite to him is Colleen Moore. A picture nearly as weak as the hero's character. There isn't enough plot to give it any interest. The whole family may see it with absolute safety—if they want to!

The Educator—Educational
LOYD HAMILTON is himself in this comedy. As a Lincolnesque, though chubby, schoolmaster in a wicked little town that doesn't want an education he gives an amusing characterization. He has some of the wistfulness that seems a necessary part of every funmaker.

The Streets of New York—Arrow
"BACKWARD, turn backward, oh time in your flight!"—that's what the producers are saying, ever since "Way Down East." This is another of the more or less lurid classics—involving Wall Street, the Bowery and points north. And of course there's a great storm, and a house that goes over a near-Niagara, and a heroine that's saved just in time. And two villains that aren't.

Broken Chains—Goldwyn
UNDULATED melodrama, with the money-added splendour of "Broken Blossoms" and the dastardly mountaineer bad man of "Tobable David" in a new lumber camp setting. Hardly a worthy $25,000 prize photoplay, but it won that amount in a Chicago contest, but good hokum melodrama for all that. Badly cut and inexactly directed in places but with an excellent cast. Colleen Moore is bad, but best with her in the role is the heroine. Malcolm McGregor displays fine promise, and Ernest Torrence repeats his bad man.

A Weak End Party—Metro
A HOUSE party involving a theft of pearls, and an uproarious game of billiards, and a number of slightly imperfect trouper. And Stan Laurel, who is fast making a place for himself in the hearts of a slap-stick loving public. There is an earnestness about this

Your Skin Needs Intelligent Care and a Good Cold Cream

Most of us do not devote as much time to the fundamentals of beauty as we do to external adornments. Mere artifice of make up cannot work wonders on an improperly nourished, sallow and neglected skin. Study the deficiencies of your skin and then set about to rectify them with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.

If your skin is dry and inclined to chap in severe weather, protect it from exposure by a light application of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream before going out. This will insure comfort in all sorts of weather.

A sallow skin is usually the result of poor circulation. A brisk treatment of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream—used regularly—will stimulate the sluggish blood flow and open the pores to more air. It will give your complexion the natural glow that is due.

But the paramount fault with most skins is the lack of daily attention to and practice of the simple rules of skin hygiene. Women who do housework regularly are often too satisfied with the merest superficial cleansing of the skin. A casual washing of the face sometimes does not even remove surface dirt. Cleansing with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream removes the dirt from and beneath the surface.

Give intelligent thought to the proper care of your skin. Cover the face with a liberal application of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream, let it stay on a few moments, then wipe it away with a soft cloth. Do this every day and thus make your skin more able to resist fresh assault.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream has a long established reputation for reliability. You will find it thoroughly satisfactory in every respect. On sale at all drug and department stores. In tubes, 10c, 25c, and 50c. In jars, 50c, 85c and $1.50.

A FREE TRIAL—Write for a free tube of this perfect skin cleanser and complexion beautifier, Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1033, D. & R. Building, New York.
What Europe Thinks of American Stars [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

curly. "But have you seen Corinne Griffith?"

Bewildered, the waiter shook his head, and I knew then that even the Italians don't know all there is to know about beauty and art.

I found London in the grip of the American movie. Ladies dressed as Chinese maidens were being hauled through the streets by jinrikishas advertising Constance Talmadge's "East is West," which opened under the patronage of the Duke of York. Still more dazzling was the parade of Spaniards who were each attempting to look like Valentino in "Blood and Sand." The Valentino vogue has just hit London and the old town is reeling. At the premiere of "Blood and Sand" I heard the cockney bawds discussing him and his wives as vivaciously as they do at home. I am curious to know what reception Italy will give him. But the Italians are not at heart the provincial souls that most Americans are. They will not feel it their duty to support because he is Italian, and since he is now particularly handsome as Italians go I don't think the signorinas are going to swoon in the orchestra chairs. Doug suits them very well. They love the exotic Americano as we love the exotic Italiano. It is a fair exchange.

In fact, Europe adores it like us by liking best the stars who are most typically American. Surely we may boost that of Doug and Harold Lloyd. In Paris several members of the art colony asked me if we appreciated Chaplin. They were worried lest we would fail to recognize his art, just as we fail to recognize the importance of jazz music as a contribution to art. I assured them that the snobs not realize what the mobs knew a long time ago, that Chaplin is a great artist.

Thus the cinema and the jazz are accomplishing what diplomats never do. They are Americanizing Europe, with Europe's enthusiastic consent.

Pola Negri Speaks

The Editor, PHOToplay Magazine

DEAR Sir: I am quite grateful for the splendid article you ran in November issue of PHOToplay Magazine entitled, "The Real Pola Negri," and I wish to compliment the writer for his interesting narrative and thank you for the splendid complimentary things which your magazine has said about my art.

There is a mis-statement of fact, however, which I wish you would correct. I refer to the paragraph on the second page of the article which says that my "original name" (meaning my own name) is Appolonia Schwartz. It further states that I came "out of the purple shadow of Warsaw and whirled into the spotlight of a cabaretsey." Neither of these statements is correct.

My name is Appolonia Chalupetz. In 1914 I was leading dramatic actress in the Imperial Theater in Warsaw. The same year I appeared in the principal role of the Reinhardt production of "Sumurum" in Warsaw, which was produced by Richard Orydny who is present in California. My debut in Berlin was in the same role in the big revival of "Sumurum" in 1918, when I appeared under Mr. Reinhardt's management. Subsequently I played in cinema productions.

The American press has been generous and kind to me since coming to America, and I am quite sure that you will understand the intent of this letter is to inform you correctly, for the reason that at the present time the story of my life as I have written it is appearing in various newspapers, and mis-statements are confusing to the public.

With expression of esteem and cordially,

Sincerely yours,

Pola Negri.

No Excuse Now

For dingy film on teeth

A way has been found to combat film on teeth, and millions of people now use it. A few years ago, nearly all teeth were coated more or less. Today those dingy coats are inexcusable. You can prove this by a pleasant ten-day test.

Film ruins teeth

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Then it forms the basis of dingy coats which hide the tooth's natural luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So, despite all care, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing, and glistening teeth were rare.

New methods now

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. Years of careful tests have amply proved their efficiency.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. These two film combatants are embodied in it for daily application. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize acids which cause tooth decay.

Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just opposite effects.

It polishes the teeth, so film adheres less easily.

Thus Pepsodent does, in five great ways, what never before was so successfully done.

Used the world over

Now careful people of fifty nations are using Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. You can see the results in lustrous teeth wherever you look today. To millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In one week you will realize that this method means new beauty, new protection for the teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.
"I Knew You'd Make Good"

"I always felt you had it in you to get ahead. But for a time I was afraid your natural ability would be wasted because you had never trained yourself to do any one thing well. Yes, I was afraid you would always be 'a jack of all trade and master of none.'"

"But the minute you decided to study in your spare time I knew you'd make good. You seemed more ambitious—more cheerful—more confident of the future. And I knew that your employers couldn't help but notice the difference in your work."

"Think what this last promotion means. More money—more comforts—more of everything worth while, Tom, those hours you went out on that I. C. S. course were the best investment you ever made."

How about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time.

Opportunity knocks—this time in the form of that familiar I. C. S. coupon. It may seem like a little thing, but it has been the means of bringing better jobs and bigger salaries to the thousands of men.

Mark and mail it today and without cost or obligation, learn what the I. C. S. can do for you.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

By a famous actor.

Without cost or obligation on your part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X.

BUSINESS TRAINING

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TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL TRAINING

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TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

- Phonographic
- Electric Lighting
- Mechanical Engineer
- Mechanical Draftsman
- Machine Shop Practice
- Industrial Positions
- Plant Superintendent
- Architectural Drafter
- Concrete Builder
- Structural Engineer
- Sanitary Engineer
- Agriculture
- Mechanical Drafting
- Mathematics

There came a decision to bluff it through. The subsequent action suggests that it was formulated by the determined T. R. himself.

The following morning when Porter appeared at his office at the Edison studio in New York, he found Dockstader sitting there waiting. Alongside was a stern, dignified person of official bearing.

"I'm pinched," Dockstader announced.

"This man's from the secret service. I've got to give him that negative we made in Washington or go back with him—let's have it."

"Sure," Porter replied, sparring for time.

"I'm sorry, but I sent it over to the laboratory at West Orange to be developed and it will take a while to get it back here. I'll send for it right away."

Then at a hint from Porter, his brother, F. M. Porter, went into the projection room adjacent and began running motion pictures. Porter invited the secret service man to watch the pictures, thus maneuvering to get Dockstader alone.

"I've got that negative in the back room here, but I can give this fellow a roll of unexposed film just as well. He'll log it anyway and they won't be able to tell the difference between it and the real negative."

"Don't do it—give him the real negative. I don't want trouble. This is getting serious," Dockstader wiped a beaded brow.

"Very well," Porter replied, and went out of the room.

Presently he handed the secret service man a little tin can.

"There it is."

The man with the star under his lapel jerked the can open and pulled out the creamy roll of celluloid. It fell in ribbons about him.

"There ain't any picture on this! Don't try to put something over on me, now."

"There was a picture on it until you opened it and exposed it to the light," Porter explained.

"You've spoiled it now. That's undevelopable negative."

"Guess the president won't mind my spolining it."

The secret service man pocketed the film and bade Dockstader and Porter good day.

One evening shortly after that, down in Washington, there was another meeting of the cabinet at the White House. Theodore Roosevelt and his cabinet repaired to a sheltered place on the lawn and there was a lurid brief bonfire as they watched the film burn.

Meanwhile Porter had the original negative developed and carefully put away in New York. Dockstader was unaware of that until months after. He dared not use it in his act. Porter kept it.

More than a year later Roosevelt and Dockstader met at a luncheon table.

"Why did you ever try to put that Booker T. Washington stunt over on me?" Roosevelt asked the famous minstrel.

"You had me all wrong," Dockstader replied.

"I was made up for my stage part. That film was for my own show!"

"If I'd known that I would have let you get away with it," Roosevelt replied. "But it's one on you—you see we couldn't find any law or legal method of getting at the thing anyway."

"But you didn't get the film—it's up in New York now," Dockstader retorted. "You burned a blank."

But fate had its way. The historic roll of film was stored in a chest of Porter's archives in his office at the Famous Players studios where they burned some ten years later. They might just as well have given the film to Roosevelt.

The Washington incident served to bring motion pictures to the first page of the newspapers for the first time. Never before had the motion picture been involved in a news story of national scope. The affair served to bring the screen to the attention of thousands who had hardly more than heard of motion pictures. It also set the politicians and others to thinking of propaganda possibilities. There has not been a presidential campaign since that day in which the motion picture has not figured as a vehicle of special appeal to the voters.

The seed of "The Great Train Robbery" was far flung and sown in many fertile soils in those years in which the motion picture was preparing to concentrate on the development of its functions as a medium of drama. William N. Selig, noted some chapters past in his pioneer efforts in Chicago, was engaged as

When San Francisco was swept by earthquake and fire April 18 and 19, in 1906, the motion picture camera recorded the scenes of devastation. To give the subject more scope and realism Biograph made a miniature set of the city and burned it before the camera. This picture is from the old Biograph negative.
much in the showing of pictures as making them. He purchased a print of "The Great Train Robbery" and added it to his attractions. Thomas Persons, who was operating the Selig black tent picture show with Harry Knight's Carnival Company, showed the picture with such astonishing success that he sent posthaste pleas to Selig to make some "story pictures like the 'Train Robbery'."

Colonel Selig's response was in the making of an amazing one reel "story picture" entitled "Trapped by Bloodhounds; or, A Lyching at Cripple Creek.

It is regrettable that the cast of this first Selig dramatic effort is unknown. The Selig establishment was still at this date at 43 Peck Court, a little alley in downtown Chicago. At the saloon on the corner the cast was picked up and hired for a Sunday's picture work in the wild suburban district of Roger's Park. The wages consisted of lunch and one barrel of beer.

Viewed as a drama, "Trapped by Bloodhounds; or, A Lyching in Cripple Creek" lacked something of the finish of later screen work from the Selig studios. The opening scene depicted the murder of a lone woman, neatly choked to death by a marauding tramp. Thereafter the picture, for some hundreds of feet, consisted of a pursuit by men and dogs, said to be bloodhounds. The dogs did not want to go along and they were dragged through the woods and the picture by the nose. The great dramatic climax was the hanging scene. It was an unusual hanging scene and placed the improvised harness which supported him.

In spite of these minor imperfections the picture was an important success, the first Selig drama. Some hundreds of prints were sold to the trade.

In this period the rising importance of Selig in the film market brought him heavily under the fire of the Edison legal batteries engaged in the suppression of infringers on the Edison patents. The Selig establishment was hardly prepared to cope with the expensive equipped and manned law department of Edison. The situation became desperate serious and it appeared grimmly certain that the little shop at 43 Peck Court would have to be shut down. Help came, most dramatically, at the eleventh hour and from a most unexpected quarter.

Some years before, probably about 1900, Selig had made a series of motion pictures showing the operations of the Armour packing plant in Chicago. The work had especially interested Philip D. Armour, the founder and head of the concern. He had made many trips down town to 43 Peck Court to see his plant on the screen.

In February 1906, just when it seemed that Selig could stand out against the Edison forces no longer, Upton Sinclair's new historic "The Jungle" came off the presses of Doubleday Page and Company in the East. The sensational revelations of "The Jungle," with reference to the packing industry shook the country. The packers were suddenly on the defensive.

Philip D. Armour recalled the motion pictures made by Selig. These pictures would be, he decided, excellent propaganda against the charges of "The Jungle." The plant had been on display parade when the pictures were made and Packington looked its best on the screen.

There was a hurry call for Selig and the films. "I am afraid I cannot do anything for you if you see the Edison company is about to put me out of business in this patent fight," Selig explained.

It was not the way of Philip Armour to let details like that stand in his way. The large, expensive and exceedingly crafty legal machine of the packers was thrown in as eleventh hour reinforcements to the defense of Selig.

Colonel Selig was vibrating between oblivion and success through all those days. His
No Tell Tale Circles!

A French scientist has found the natural way to remove circles under the eyes. He has composed a marvelous snow-white creme for restoring and reviving the sunken and dark tissues and bringing back original freshness. Circles make you look years older and are so embarrassing. I want you to see how thousands of other pretty women drive them away.

FREE PROOF Send No Money

Through my "get acquainted" offer in America you may receive in a plain wrapper a large 25-cent jar of Circle Creme. Simply follow easy directions then, if you are not delighted, return the jar and I will return every penny. Send no money — only the coupon. Pay postman only $1.15 (plus postage) on delivery. My present supply of Circle Creme is limited. WRITE TODAY.

MADELEINE, 966 Edgcmb Place, Chicago, U.S.A.

Send me Circle Creme

Response to emotional pressure came to be readily observable to the members of his busy staff. When the Colonel achieved any important step of progress, from a good order to a legal victory, he was accustomed to signalize his joy by indulging in a long exhaustive session in the barber chair, rubbing the entire gamut of delights — shave, hair cut, massage, shampoo, singe and a splash of tonic.

In February, 1906, he had one of the best hair cuts of his life. "The Jungle" saved the Selig motion picture enterprise through the crisis of Edison litigation and preserved to the world of the films an institution destined to play a large rôle in screen development.

I N the studies of the East, the motion picture industry, having acquired a personnel of picture makers, now with the coming of the drama began to gather to itself actors, many of whom were in time, with the upward trend of the art, to become stars. It was only when the screen began to tell stories with the photo-play, outgrowing its novelty phase, that the need for some sort of authorship and better actors than the mechanics and operators about the studios began to be felt.

This development we have seen in the previous chapter, illustrated by the early screen appearances of G. M. Anderson and J. Barney Sherry. Now at the Edison plant, under Porter, in Twenty-first street, we find one of the first and typical beginnings of the evolution of the scenario. It came about in a rather roundabout fashion.

Percy Waters, who has appeared in earlier chapters, was the principal dealer in Edison films in the East, with his Kinetographe Company, now developing into a full fledged film exchange not unlike those of today. Among his customers was a J. Searle Dawley, a young actor-playwright, who was at the time engaged in putting on actors and novelties between the acts of the dramas presented by the Biograph Co. He used motion pictures for some of these intermissions. He had written a number of plays and had ideas that brought him into contact with Porter, the maker of the Edison pictures.

"Why don't you make a picture of "Paul Revere's Ride"?" Dawley suggested to Porter one day in the spring of 1907.

"It would make a great subject," Porter agreed.

And then and there the motion picture made what seems to have been its deliberate tie-up with the craft of playwriting. On May 13, 1907, remembered principally because it was the thirteenth of the month, Dawley left the Spooner Stock Company and came across the Brooklyn Bridge to the Edison company. He was, as with everyone employed in those days, a general utility person in the picture business. But his major mission then was to take the place that has come to be known as the scenario department. Dawley continued some years with the Edison company, went to Famous Players and continues today among the active directors of 1923.

Through Dawley and his dramatic connections a number of well known names came into the motion pictures. Maurice Costello, of the Spooner Stock Company, came from the haughty dignity of the "legitimate" to play a part in Edison pictures, back there in those beginnings so obscure that even the subjects have been forgotten. Many others followed, among them Ben Wilson, Jack Adolph and Sydney Booth. Porter brought in William Sorrelle, who had played on the stage with Richard Mansfield, Laura Sweeney, Charles Forrest and others whose names have faded from memory.

It was among the duties of Dawley to hunt out actors for the rôle of the simple little dramas of the Edison shop. His favorite hunting ground was the vicinity of Thirty-ninth street and Broadway, where actors out of work, "resting," as they called it, in the euphemisticargon of the stage, stood about hoping to be chosen by some manager.

"I used to pick them out timidly," Mr. Dawley relates. "Of course I could tell an actor just by sight. I had a problem. I had not only to find the type we wanted, but I had to find a specimen that did not look too prosy or funny. Then I maneuvered about and tried to draw the intended victim into a conversation, at last tactfully suggesting a day's work in the pictures. All too often I met a violent refusal.

"In the pictures, sir! Never, never — you ask too to appear in the pictures — why, I played with Booth!" This with gestures of scorn, disgust and annoyance.

Actors who met on the motion picture stages of Edison, Vitagraph and Biograph in those days, kept it a secret between them, a mutual sort of professional skeleton.

"I've been with friends in the country," was the stock excuse and alibi that they gave their friends on their return to the ranks of
those who stood and waited on Broadway. The very phrase "friends in the country" began to be a piece of patois meaning the picture makers in the gypsy language of the players.

One of Dawley's early contributions to the screen was an animal drama entitled "The Nine Lives of a Cat," in which the studio cat held the title role. In the midst of making the picture the star walked out and died. Dawley as the casting director searched the alleys of New York for two days to capture a cat to double the part.

The growing prosperity of the picture trade led to the establishment of the Edison studio in the Bronx, where it stands today. Accumulating cobwebs and the dust of silence, stages piled high with the props and accouterments of the forgotten dramas which brought to fame the names of the old Edison stock company, Mary Fuller, Mabel Trunnelle, Herbert Prior, Charles Ogle and the rest.

The Bronx location, adjacent to Bronx Park, was chosen by Porter, for reasons significant enough in their day and themselves a measure of the status of the industry then. The site in Decatur street was just a five minute walk from the end of the Third Avenue elevated line. It was far enough from Broadway that abashed actors need not fear they would be discovered in the artistic felony of working on pictures. It was close to the outdoor locations of the park. It was a five cent car ride to most any desired location elsewhere.

The executive office of the Edison enterprises thundered with objections when the studio demanded an automobile and at last grudgingly granted the use of a second-hand machine that had been discarded from the personal service of Thomas Edison. Mr. Porter went out to learn to drive it and left it up a tree in the park. At last the West Orange management supplied a truck with twenty-four seats, charabanc fashion, in which the Edison Stock company stylishly drove to locations.

The first member of the Edison Stock company to be employed on a regular salary was William Sorrelle, be of the Mansfield tradition. Mr. Sorrelle had been getting five dollars a day when he worked. There was excitement about the place when it was learned that he had been "put on steady" at thirty dollars a week.

Meanwhile Vitagraph, the Blackton-Rock-Smith combination, was undergoing a similar evolution. The studio on a roof in downtown New York was outgrown and they ventured to acquire land at Fifteenth and Locust in Flatbush.

Same late in 1906 the Vitagraph's picture makers were working on a location near Sheepshead Bay. There was a crowd of spectators gathered behind the camera to see the curious performance of shooting a picture. In that group was Florence Turner, the daughter of an actor family living in the vicinity. Miss Turner made the acquaintance of the pictures there and fell into a conversation that presently led her into a job at the new Vitagraph studios in Flatbush, the first of those who made up the Vitagraph stock company. A bit more pretentiously organized than some of the other concerns of the time, Vitagraph had a method of holding its players by giving them jobs, "doubling in brass." Miss Turner drew eighteen dollars a week as the mistress of the wardrobe. That was a minimum guarantee, in effect. If she acted in pictures, then she received a total of five dollars a day, and, when production conditions were especially fortunate, earn a total of thirty dollars a week, just like Sorrelle over at Edison's.

It was accepted practice then to impress the actors into service as carpenters, scene painters and the like. But when Maurice Costello went over to Vitagraph from Edison a precedent was established.

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"I am an actor and I will act—but I will not build sets and paint scenery."  
Costello drew up majestically and won on his dignity.

G. M. Anderson, now partaking of the fame of a part in "The Great Train Robbery," went out to make the most of it. He joined Vitagraph, carrying with him the idea of making a picture that would absolutely drive the public. He was one of the first to look into the film of the future to the present.

Shortly, Mr. Anderson went west and elected Chicago as his base of operations. He joined forces with Colonel Selig, on the strength of "The Great Train Robbery" and Vitagraph associations. He was the bearer of the flaring torch of the drama to the outposts of the motion picture. In a few months the impetus of Anderson's enthusiasm carried Selig production well into the picture trade.

Then came a day when Anderson felt impelled to move on. He wanted a business of his own. He suggested to Thomas Persons and Tom Nash, the Selig cameramen, that they join him in going out into business for themselves. Colonel Selig met this disruptive idea by giving Persons and Nash shares in the concern.

Anderson, still bent on a project of his own with "story pictures" as the new golden opportunity, knew his chance. He went to the Kinodrome Circuit, showing motion pictures in the Orpheum vaudeville theaters of the West and headquartering in Chicago.

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A district a new film concern was rising to attention. It was known as Kalem, taking its name some what after the same synthesis as Essanay, from E-L-M, representing George Kleine, the Chicago film exchange man and importer of things optical, Samuel Long, who owned four hundred dollars' worth of partitions in a loft building, and Frank Marion, who had a college education with a degree of Syracuse University, some experience with Biograph and capital in the sum of six hundred dollars. Kleine's credit, Long's partitions and Marion's six hundred started Kalem. Kleine guaranteed the account of the company for the purchase of a Warwick camera from Charles Urban in London and Kalem started to work, first producing a comedy at Sound Beach, Conn.

Starting under these auspices, Kalem was not a large consumer of scenarios that day when D. W. Griffith appeared with his manuscript of "La Tosca."

But Marion talked with the author and suggested that down at 11 East 14th street Biograph was working a considerable company and using many stories.

Over there Griffith met Wallace McCutcheon, Sr., the director in charge.

The scenarios would be considered, and also there was a possibility that Mr. Griffith might work in some of the pictures.

He was tried out in a bit and seemed to do rather well.

Soon Griffith was working rather frequently in Biograph's pictures, and Arthur Marvin, a cameraman, observed that this rather quiet young actor seemed to have ideas that set him just a shade apart from the miscellaneous dramatic flotsam of the studio's shifting casts.

RATHER close to this time another young man with a handful of destiny took a ride up the Third Avenue "L" to the Edison studio in the Bronx. He was known, but very slightly known, as Mack Sennett, a bit of a chorus man, spear bearer, and light comedian with a pleasant voice and a naturally whimsical manner. He got a part in one of those early and forgotten Edison dramas, played a few days and came downtown again and also went in the imposing door of the brownstone mansion at 11 East 14th street. He, too, joined Biograph.

But while the screen was thus gathering authors, players and directors in preparation for the great days to come, the commercial path of the industry was torn with dissensions, litigations and wars as remarkable in their own dramatic way as any story the camera has ever recorded.

Actors and stories, which were and are all of the motion picture to the great screen public, were after all but a part, a minor part at that, of the industry in the period under consideration. The greatest dramas of the day were enacted in directors' meetings, lawyers' offices, court rooms and gun fights of employed gangsters battling for picture factions in the dark streets of New York. Something of this phase of the desperado career of the motion picture will be set forth in the next chapter. The chieftains of the picture tribes had seen the glint of gold and there were battling for possession of the promised land.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Film Thefts

THE theft of films has been a Serious evil in the motion picture industry.

Film thieves, pilfering pictures from theaters, or while they were in transportation, have been selling them in Mexico, South America and Europe.

But it is expected this evil will be entirely wiped out as the William J. Burns International Detective Agency has taken over the work of safeguarding the interests of producers and distributors in all parts of the world.

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My Life Story (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

the Royal Academy of Agriculture and study to be a scientist farmer. Italy needed scientific farmers far more than it needed soldiers or sailors. And hadn’t I worked as a scientist himself? I would succeed, as my father had commanded, for Madre e Italia.

Although I was then entering the love-sick period of life when a man is liable to play the fool, I feel some satisfaction in the success I really did achieve at the agricultural school from which I was graduated with the highest honors of my class. It gave my mother happiness.

AS I say, I was in the moon-calf period of youth. The Royal Academy is situated in Santa Maria Ligure, a bit of a village on the mountains about a mile from the Mediterranean near Genoa. The only girl we students ever saw was the daughter of the school cook. She lived above the stables. She was not a romantic vision to rave over, yet such is the fine frenzy of youth that the lowest stable-maid may appear the loveliest queen. We all tried to get assigned to that stable in the hope of flirting with her. One day I was favored with the choice occupation, and naturally I tried to make the most of my opportunity. In tones low and sweet I sang a Neapolitan love ballad until she appeared at the case ment window above the stable doors. A veritable Audrey Hepburn and bushy, she glanced down at me, as I learned gracefully on a pitchfork, passionate gaze turned upward. But this melting scene between the barnyard Juliet and her pitchfork occurred was radically shattered.

A hound of a teacher, lacking in fine sensibilities, pounced out from behind a tree and utterly ruined my pose by yanking the pitchfork away.

That ended the affair for the day. But I was determined my sweet stable nymph should not be torn from me. When night came with its tender minstrels and passionate zephyrs sighing lyrically out of the sea, I sat on the edge of my bed until all lights of the house were out. Then I removed my shoes and socks, cautiously by way of the window, over a stone ledge to the great stone gate and slid gently to the ground. I crossed the short space to the stables and took up my former position, pitchfork whistling softly the refrain with which I had lured her forth before. Tenderly and with feeling I whistled. Suddenly I was terrified by the most fear-ridden commotion that ever shocked a lover’s ears.

It sounded as though some giant, fiendishly enraged, was trying to burst through the stable doors and get at me. I bounded over the sharp stones and climbed with bleeding feet back into my room. The next morning I learned that a new-born calf had nearly kicked the born at the door.

Fate was cruel in my amours. I was always in love. Young Italians always are. In Italy love thrills everything—it is in the seas, sensual perfume, the colors of the heavens and sea, in the rainy glances of Chianni, and the moonlight floating downward like a Titan lady’s hair.

If the Italian finds the most passionate lover in the world it may be because he is the most restrained. Rigid convention denies him all contact with the lovelier girls, who never are free from chaperons. His ardor is inflamed by the imagination, prompted by languishing...
Why My Husband Calls Me

"The Best-dressed Woman in Town"

How I solved the clothes problem in our family and found an easy, fascinating way to earn money at home. A personal narrative.

By MARY ELIZABETH RAWLINGS

A LITTLE while ago, my husband and I woke up to the fact that we were getting nowhere on his salary. At the end of each month we could see nothing—absolutely nothing.

We could spend our paydays on the most fantastic designer's dispensments and we were drifting into a dry, monotonous existence.

We managed to keep out of debt only by grudging without complaint, in we wanted and really needed—particularly in the way of clothes.

The thing that hurt and discouraged me most was that I discovered that my husband was ashamed to go anyplace with me because I had no pretty clothes to wear.

Then one night, as if in answer to my prayers which always precede a new thing happened, I had gone to my room so that no one would know how terribly unhappy I felt.

After a while, as I was thinking, I opened a magazine and my glance fell on a story that attracted me. It told of a woman, just like myself, who, by learning happiness, solved her clothes problem and found an easy, fascinating way to earn money at home.

Almost wild with hope I read every word of the story. It seemed so real—so convincing that I wrote that very night for full information.

In just a few days a beautiful book arrived, telling all about the Woman's Institute and the new method it developed by which women can quickly and easily learn at home, in spare time, to make becoming clothes at home.

I made up my mind that if other women could do it, I could do it, too. So I enrolled for a course in dressmaking.

W HEN my first lesson came, I seized it as eagerly as one would a love-letter and ran up to my room to-devour its contents undisguised. What a thrill! Couture! What a thrill! Couture! What a thrill! Couture!

The lessons are written in language that even a child could understand, and every step is not fully explained in words, but also by full pictures. There are hundreds of actual photographs, and illustrations, and diagrams to tell you the tenth of the finest things about the Institute's course. You start right in. There are no tedious preliminaries.

Why, one of the first things I did was to make three dresses in the first lesson. Then one day, in a shop window, I saw a beautiful printed georgette dress, combined with a valiant effort to be costly, but the price ticket was marked $48 and, of course, I couldn't afford it.

But I knew I could copy it.

So I purchased all the necessary materials and made myself the most wonderful dress I ever had for only $20.40. I had saved nearly $25. Best of all, the dress fitted me far better than I had purchased read-made. I don't think I shall ever forget the look on my husband's face when I stood before him in my first dress. "Mary," he said, "where in the world did you get that dress?" Why, it is the most becoming one you have ever had. You make such attractive clothes.

Soon the neighbors began noticing my clothes and asking me who made them. When I told them that I made them myself, they were just as surprised as my husband was.

Then a happy thought came to me. If I could make such attractive and becoming clothes for myself, at such great savings, why not make them for others, to add to the family income? It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could earn enough known that I would welcome outside sewing. The first garments I made were three blouses, three skirts and three sister-in-law.

Then one of my neighbors asked me to make a wrap for her. It was about a day's work and I sold it for $8. Everybody thought it was a new wrap. When she told me that it was a second-hand one that I had made over, it seemed as if everyone in town wanted me to do them.

That very first month I made $61. In addition to remodeling the wrap, I made a silk blouse, three one-piece percale dresses, a baby petticoat and baby dress, a tinned volle dress with decorative trimmings, and two other very dainty afternoon dresses.

During the last seven months I earned $884, in addition to making all of my own and my children's clothes. There was never a time when I did not have more work than I could do.

Today I have a bank account of my own and the little luxuries and comforts we always wanted. Best of all, my husband has fallen in love with me all over again. He often says that I am "the best-dressed woman in town."

W OULDN'T you, too, like to have prettier, more becoming clothes for yourself and your family for less than what they now cost you? You can!

Mrs. Rawlings is just one of more than 150,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, who have proved by the clothes they have made and the dollars they have saved, that you can easily learn at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.

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It tells all about the Woman's Institute. It describes the courses in detail and explains how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats and always have the latest fashions. It tells how you can get success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.

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WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

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Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your 64-page booklet, "Dressmaking Made Easy," I am most interested in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:

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[ ] How to Make Children's Clothes
[ ] How to Earn Money as a Dressmaker
[ ] How to Plan and Design Becoming Clothes
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TRADE MARK REG.

Bathasweet

Every advertisement in PHOToplay Magazine is guaranteed.

Five Hundred Nights

[continued from page 3]

his first audience, although today his name to a play will bring people half across a continent to see it. David Wistard beside me sat crushing his handkerchief between his palms, a great light on his face.

"Strong stuff," was all I could say. "Written for her by a master."

"For her," said Wistard, "and for no one else."

"In the blood of his heart," I said, patting myself on the back for a neat phrase and figuring just where I would use it. "I said, Wistard, and let his own heart get into his eyes as the curtain brought us Draven again—poor, beaten Anna Glynn.

I THINK now, looking back, that seeing her then I should have been able to guess at what was to come. That from the bowed shoulders of Anna Glynn, the crushed soul of her in the summer eyes, the defeat, of Anna Glynn's face, some inkling should have seeped forth what the future had in store for a woman who lived Anna Glynn—and lived her long. But nothing came to me—nothing—certainly not when Royalla Draven, a little white, for triumph takes its toll, lifted her champagne before us that night and the apartment rang with the shouts of victory.

"Draven! . . . Draven! . . . Draven!"

We roared it with our voices, we hammered it with Draven's silver on the table, we waved it with napkins and handkerchiefs. When not on its vulture gust you will find a dramatic critic is quite human.

"Royalla Draven is an actress from heaven," piped up Barker who writes vile verse at times, and we whooped out that idiotic jingle until we were hoarse, beating time with the clattering of our glasses. Then Barker became ecstatic once more:

"And Wyndham Dane has arisen to fame."

We sang and shouted that until somebody remembered that we didn't know who Wyndham Dane was, where he was, or what he was outside of being New York's newest author.

We pestered Herman Kahn but he grinned, we asked Draven and she—well, she smiled. I asked David Wistard and he was too busy arranging the white carnation Royalla's fingers had just put into the lapel of his dinner coat.

We let it go and minded to get it from the press agents whose business it is to see such things get into print.

Royalla Draven was speaking and we fell silent. "Out of summer, new shoes," she quoted—Anna Glynn again. "Friends of mine, I have suffered tonight as I never thought I could suffer before. But I am happy now."

"Happy now, happy now," raved Barker.

"Every actress knows when she has found her one part as I have found mine. It is Anna Glynn, written for me by a man who put his all into it as I am putting my all into it. The thoughts, the actions of Anna Glynn have been mine and they shall be mine so long as I am allowed to play the part. Friends of mine, I have really come into my own. To Anna Glynn!"

Her hands flashed up her glass. It was a tableau. There was Royalla Draven, white, statuesque, rigid as marble, at her right David Wistard, every one of us envying him his luck, the shining mob of us on our feet for the toast. I wish to God I had never drunk it.

"And to Wyndham Dane who made her!"

And in one voice we cried:

"Out of suffering—happiness!" It was as pat as a play. Our shoes may sometimes be rusty but our sense of fitness is always polished.

That winter I remember, new shoes opened along Broadway like corn popping in a pan. David Wistard I saw only occasionally for months; he looked a little thin and drawn but
his column was as rapier-keen as ever. Of Royalla Draven I saw practically nothing; the current of our lives has drifted apart for the time being although sure to meet later on. Anna Glynn and "White Ashes" had by that time become as much a fixture on Broadway as the Times Building.

They would soon be house—or rather, it being New York, apartment-hunting, for the wedding was set for the spring. And then as March came in, roaring through the parks, Shupe whispered to me. I found Wistard in his cubbyhole of an office at the Star, haggard-faced over a piled desk.

"It's true, God help me, it's true," he said.

"But I swear there is no cause. Look," from the drawer at his side he plucked a photograph, the duplicate of the one that stood, silver-framed, day and night in his rooms—"Is it credible that a woman like that ever cease to love?"

Royalla Draven photographed always in living beauty but she must have posed again and again and yet again to get that look in her eyes for David Wistard.

"But it is only postponed."

"Indefinitely, Roberts. She will give no reason to me, she will not even let me see her. Only a letter asking me not to try to serve her in this—she begs me not to. If ever I read tears in a woman's handwriting they are in hers and she will not let me come to her. I have been refused at her apartment five times in as many days."

"She plays Anna Glynn every night."

"And plays it, Roberts, like the living soul of that beaten woman."

"Sometimes," was the banal thing I said, "a woman can't give up her art."

"She was not to have. She is too great for the stage to lose. It cannot lose her, that would be tragedy." His next words told me just what friendship was ours. "She is my life. I cannot let her go."

I suppose I said what men usually say in such moments, something foolishly mumbled, but a handshake with it. Perhaps Royalla was over-strained; had magnified a slight illness into a serious ailment. But it was Wistard who looked over-strained, torn and racked.

I knew he had been half killing himself over work of some kind, that and the mystery of Royalla was being too much.

A PERPETUAL pass to the theater is in some measure a compensation for a spindling salary, that is, if you like the theater. Some dramatic critics don't, and it gets into their work. My seat at "White Ashes" that week was one of the best, so close to the stage that never a shade of expression on Royalla Draven's face would be missed. You have already guessed why I went there; the cold eye of a third person can often probe deeply and there was bitter need of bringing back hope to David Wistard.

You know already what I saw—perfection. There may have been in the earlier nights of Anna Glynn a little unsmoothness, a little vague awkwardness in the finer shadings of the part—there was none that night. The voice that drove into unforgotten chambers of the mind, the face that was a thing to haunt forever—the beaten woman, as Wistard called her, Anna Glynn. There was the same dreary drop of the head, the fluttering of the wan hands, and the eyes—they were terrible. They went bleakly down into the shadows and saw there unlit things. Royalla Draven had long since gone beyond Art. She had transcended it and gave her house a smashing segment out of life. Anna Glynn in Herman Kahn's theater was really a living woman. But that was all that looking upon Royalla Draven told me.

In the intermission after the third act my card came back to me from her dressing room with a single line of her handwriting on it. "My friend, I cannot see you tonight." Not much of a message to take back to David Wistard, tormented in his cubbyhole; not
much of a message to take anywhere, for Broadway knew me as his best friend. Her motor with its livered chauffeur stood in the stage door alley waiting to bear Royalla Draven home, for, a creature of splendor, she spent money like water and had I known not how many pensioners, some honest but unfortunate, others dishonest and fortunate in that Royalla gave unquestioningly of whatever she had. I knew, for Shupe told me, that her bank account was almost always overdrawn.

I thought of that and of other things as I stood in the shadows of the alley not far from the red globe, waiting for Royalla Draven to appear. The night was drab, not at all the motor-crowded, swarm-packed space that gave before the stage door of the Frolics half a block away where bright young faces, strikingly feathered and排字 errors, thus making out into the night. There are few to wait around the stage door of the legendary waiters and waitresses in that art round about that except Draven's chauffeur, myself and—I saw him in time—David Wistard.

He came in from the street not with the long easy stride that had been his the night of our walk back from his first meeting with Royalla, but stepping quickly with a sharp, nervous tension in his face though he was passed within a yard of me, he did not see me; his eyes were turned inward upon himself. His face was emblazoned with a paper which was still open when the stage door flung open and he met Royalla Draven on the threshold.

"Royalla?

"No, no, David, no!"

The oblong of golden light that had flooded the alley vanished with the closing of the door behind Royalla. From his seat on the cushions at the wheel Royalla's chauffeur stared amazedly of him at a blank wall, incurious as to what these two might be about. It was his business to press certain plusses, handle certain levers and top his trappings as the new regulations of New York. His employer's loves, hates or other affairs would not be any of his affair.

When David Wistard spoke again there was an infinite yearning in his voice. "My girl," that was all he said. "No," said Royalla; and I saw as I had seen before that night the febrile fluttering of her hands. Something electric was passing between them. I was reading each other's thoughts with hardly a word passing their lips. When two people have gone to the depths of each other's beings in the miracle of love I suppose they can do that.

"For my sake, Royalla?"
"For your sake, David, no! Strong, ringing—then came a pitiful weakness. "May I go to my car?"
"You may," said Wistard steadily, "when you have told me that you love me."

The man was hers. I could see it in her face from fifteen feet away but it was not the love he was looking for. There was no soaring ecstasy about it such as I had once seen; it was the dumb, grinding sort of love that is agony to endure. This was immolation.

His hand crept to her arm and at the touch she found voice.

"That was long ago. Long ago. Don't torture me—please, David."

"Royalla?"
"I can't. I—I can't. Oh, David, my dear."

He looked at her and I thought she would break down. Again that strange wordlessness went out between them. They had said little an alien ear could build upon but I knew that Royalla Draven was breaking with Wistard, spending all the strength within her to press the words that were tumbling to them. She passed by him to the door of her motor and as automatically courteous as though there were no sorrow in her heart, spin Wistard opened it for her and barred his head. Royalla's hand caught the door from within and closed it; I think then that Royalla leaned back against the cushions, her face white in the dark, her splendid eyes filmed with pain.

"Good-bye, David."

The words were so low that they scarcely carried to me and Royalla was again in the darkness of the traffic of Broadway. The dawn was old when Wistard reached his rooms. There are many streets in New York and scores of them had heard his footsteps trunching their pavements before sleep came.

Spring passed, summer, the dog days found a dusty, arid Broadway with ourselves condemned to write about nothing. We wanted to write anything at all. Only "White Ashes" held its own through August's heat, and September's tang that got into the theater and blood and wrote new names and new plays glittering into the dark of Broadway found it celebrating its 40th anniversary. But there was no such glorious affair as that which had marked its premiere, away back in the rose-colored past. Royalla Draven sent word to us that she could attend no gathering, David Wistard was away, in the Vorticist hills somewhere on an indefinite leave of absence from his littered niche at the Star. All Broadway knew the cause. Barker, who passed through his house, came back with the news that Wistard was working madly over something or other and looking gaunt as a stork. I wrote him and got no reply.

David Wistard had gone straight to Herman Kahn the next day.

"Drafen," said Herman, all excitement as usual, "is a great actress, great actress. There is nothing wrong with Drafen, Dafid, nothing wrong, Dafid. Drafen can have anything she wants in the world, you know. In her new contract, ready to be signed up. Five thousand more she gets from me and glad, glad to give it to her. Just set to soon as Wyndham goes. We rehearse and we put it on. Bang! Broadway, you get another shock. We get all new automobiles."

Kind old Herman, it never occurred to him that Wistard's questioning was done with a motive. A little bit pale, Drafen; A good girl, who worked hard, Drafen, Dafid, Royalla said, and Wistard came back with the news that Wistard was working madly over something or other and looking gaunt as a stork. I wrote her and got no reply.

"Yes," said David, "my work will go on. She hasn't yet had quite all there is in me to give her."

Royalla Draven I saw twice that summer. Once from a motor on Fifth Avenue a pale, strained face I hardly recognized looked into mine. The second time I met her face to face in the lobby of the Ten Eyck. "David," I said bluntly, too bluntly I am afraid, "is in the doghouse. Looking badly and working himself old."

"I know," said Royalla. Both her hands closed suddenly on her bag. "We all look badly these days.

She switched the conversation to shop. I was thoroughly led up on legs and roofs. At last Wyndham Dane can be counted on to give us a piece with some meat in it. You open it in soon it?"

"Quite soon," said Royalla. "Glynn will be immortal. Royalla! You're ill!"

"I think so," she whispered. She was on the couches of a lounge and I was fanning her, in some way, with a towel while the bellboys for ice water. I had thought that she would faint in the crowd. But she pulled herself together and with a wan smile dismissed me from her side."

"Sometimes, come and see me. When I let

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you know. I always like to see David's friends.

I knew then as I know now that Royalla Draven had never ceased to love him. I wanted to tell her to her white, bleak face that she was killing both herself and him, that he would give his soul to have her, but I only gushed and boggled and then it was too late.

He came back from Vermont in the late autumn to find Broadway buzzing with disquieting rumors. Be sure that Shepe broke the news to him first.

You know the way they rehearse on Broadway for a second play while the first is still on the boards? Herman Kahn, whose fortunes were founded on his uncanny intuition for the run of a piece, was closing "White Ashes" the middle of December and opening the next night in the same house with Royalla Draven in "Cyrano," Dame's new drama.

"It was a good one, "White Ashes,"" he said. "The public liked it, I liked it, my wife she liked it. We shall make it a play to be remembered a long time by shutting her up while she still goes. Five hundred nights and out go the lights—Drafen in a new one. Here is a crisp."

"Why isn't Drafen at rehearsals?" asked Barker pointblank. "Every actor on Broadway knows her understudy is taking her part and the whole company wants to know why she isn't rehearsing with them."

We were allowed into Herman's confidence with a heavy wink. "Do not put it in your papers, boys. Drafen is showing a little bit. She studies her part so hard at home but rehearse—no, no, no. Not until the company is A-1, lines and all correct. When she will come on and knock us dead as mice.

"But remember, not a piece in the paper about it. I do not want all my star's stars thinking that this book I have just started."

"You do not."

I had it on a closer authority than Herman that Draven was working hard. From Royalla since the Ten Eyck there had been nothing but the silence of isolation, but her maid would talk if money did.

"She sits most of the time by the window, sir, when she isn't studying," she said, holding onto the door as though fearful I would insist on moving into the apartment. "Something only I knew. In the night I think I hear her cry out. I haven't let anyone in, sir, in months. No, she doesn't go out any more, only to the theater. Yes, no, sir, she doesn't write to anyone."

I knew that. Between her and David Wistard the invisible barrier was complete. The maid was stupid and could tell no more.

So slowly the rumors of a broken contract died, or rather were overwhelmed by newer and more sensational ones, despite the fact that Anna Glynn still claimed her audiences to be packed hours an evening, drawing on to the climactic sixth night. Wistard heard them all. He wore the air of a man who has completed a big job of work and is resting. Of Royalla Draven he talked to me incessantly. When we love on Broadway, we love.

"A woman of fire, Robert. She gets into your soul and makes it too big for your body. She puts flame instead of blood into your veins. The playwright who couldn't create a masterpiece for her ought to be burned alive on a pile of his own rejection slips. To write the truth about her is a great and pleasant thing."

"Then?" I said purposefully, "come and see whether our friend is a playwright or a carpenter in his next. Royalla has sent word she will rehearse with the company in a few more days. You can write the truth about her then, too, if you like."

"I would go a good deal farther than to Broadway and Forty-fifth Street to see her again," said David Wistard, looking out from the windows onto a barren square, where withered leaves still clung to branches in the dying year.

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This contest open only to amateurs, 17 years old (men). Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

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2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age, and occupation on the back of your drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by February 15th, 1923. Drawings will be judged and prizes awarded by Faculty members of the Federal School, Inc. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to:

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Everyone admires and wants to dance with the person who knows the steps. There is no need of being a wallflower! Arthur Murray, America's foremost dancing teacher, has perfected a wonderful new method by which you can learn any of the newest steps in a few minutes and all of the dances in a short time. Give you a chance to step from another, you can quickly and easily master any step without music and without partner, right in your own home. Your scores are guaranteed. The scores of other socially prominent people have chosen Mr. Murray as their dancing instructor. More than 60,000 people have learned to become popular dancers through his easy-to-learn-at-home methods.

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As a lover of rare perfumes, you will be charmed by the incomparable fragrance of Riegels' new creation—

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Flower Drops is the most complete perfume ever produced. Made without alcohol, Bottle with glass stopper, containing enough for a lifetime. 50 gal. of the Valley, New York. $2.50. At druggists or department stores. 5 cent stamps for guaranteed trials. Made by the originator of Riegels' new perfume.

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Send $2.50 for bottle of 50 cent stamps.

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During the past 25 years, thousands have added to their big size, by means of the famous Riegels' best hair and body by using Riegels. A few drops a week will develop Great Discovery. Use regularly a beauty. Harmless, easy to use, certain results guaranteed. Money back. Writers tests of efficiency. Confidential and proof anything.

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“My Life Story”

By Rodolph Valentino

 Begins in this issue

The true account of an extraordinary career, as romantic as any the famous star has ever enacted on the screen—on page 31.

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like a man who was afraid to get on a horse.

"But—but suppose it was a chap who'd met with a frightful accident or something of the sort?"

"Lost his nerve, you mean, after a fall? But if he were the right sort, he'd never give up riding. Imagine going through life with horses, afraid of them."

"Yes—just imagine. But," pursued Sam, "suppose this—it happened to a fellow I knew. He was riding one day, when suddenly a horse shot by with a child on its back. The horse was running away, and the man knew the road ended in a deep drop. He went after the child, managed to get hold of her and lift her out of the saddle and drop her in the road. There was only a moment's time to stop his own horse. Not time enough. He wasn't killed; but after that, he had no more use for horses. He lost his nerve."

"But he ought never to have let it get the best of him," cried Peggy. "He should jump right on a horse, any horse, every horse, and keep on doing it until he got his nerve back!"

Sam studied her. She was very lovely. And she had courage. If that had happened to her, she would "jump right on a horse, any horse, every horse, and keep on doing it until she got her nerve back." She was made of that kind of stuff. Sam didn't stop to consider just how he was going to go about it, but he made a vague resolve to do something—make good—so she'd be proud of him—he worthy of her—and all that sort of thing.

Bountiful was found early the next morning. A stableman brought the news that Miss Peggy's horse had been discovered in the winter stables, but that, alas, Bountiful was in no condition to run a race. She had indulged too freely in apples and fresh water. She was no longer the safe, sure jumper, the fast Bountiful of yore. She would not race that day.

Peggy's colors would not fly, but she went to the course with the others. Larry Crawford was to ride Cannon Ball; and he wanted to ride either of them, he said; and he had won. His barred allusion to "the great Sam Harrington" was still ranking when Sam himself appeared. A strange Sam, attired as a jockey, and wearing her colors. The day grew perceptibly brighter.

"Miss Fairfax—please," said Sam. "Come over here. I want to tell you something." Peggy had surprised herself by being glad to see him, by the discovery that she would have been just as glad if he hadn't worn a jockey's uniform.

"This is the toughest thing I've ever had.
Will Dad escape the penalty of stiff, lame, sore muscles?

When a set of unused muscles gets hard or prolonged exercise, known that next-day kinks are coming.

The wise play-day knows that the prompt application of Absorbine, Jr. invigorates tired and jaded muscles. No second day discomfort is experienced.

Many mothers appreciate that Absorbine, Jr. is also the safe antiseptic; both preparations so conveniently combined in one container.

Because Absorption, Jr. is safe, and of a clean, pleasant odor, it may be kept handy for the mishaps that befal children, and for other emergency uses.

A few drops applied to cuts, scratches and bruises cleanse the wound, guard against infection and bring nature in healing.

As money dresses $1.25 per bottle.

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To introduce our new catalog, we will send you this genuine La Vega Necklace for only $15 down, balance 50c per week for 12 Weeks.

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An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the fingers tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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

Satisfaction To yellow glossy, enough The entire morning, Easy will come. If silky Absorbine, coming. handy of antiseptic; will be clean, Irene in infection W. R. Absorbine, Jr. don't. Absorbine, Jr. won't. Dad the back. The when your risk; clean, the guarantee the of the three weeks.

'The Hottentot!'

The bugle—and Sam was gone. Threw long, long minutes when Peggy Fairfax hated horses; wished she had never seen a horse. She hoped never to see another one. Didn't care whether her colors won or lost; hated the Hottentot; hated steeples—What if something should happen to him? It would be all her fault. She hid her head in her arms. But she couldn't help hearing Carol Chadwick's excited chatter; Major Townend's ferocious chases of the Gilders' noisy enthusiasm—and a far-away din.

The Hottentot refused the first jump, and Harrington's got managed to stay on.

"Look at them go at the pickets. That's pretty jumping."

"It's three miles, isn't it, the course?" With twelve jumps.

"Larry's getting his horse under control now."

"What's become of the Hottentot?"

"He finally did get over the first jump, about forty lengths behind. He's out of it, but he's going all along right now."

"Cannon Ball's never up to length."

"Onyx refused the board fence and Billy went over alone."

"Look at the Hottentot, will you? When he wants to, he has an angel. He's coming like an express train. Twenty lengths behind, hasn't a look-in; but he's going just the same."

"Who's leading?"

"Cannon Ball. Challenge second. The tail-ender's coming up there. Look at that devil go!"

"The Hottentot! He's going like greased lightning. Gaining on them fast. He caught up with Wayward; he's by him."

"Look at Cannon Ball."

"Hottentot's coming up to Challenge—he's overtaking him—he's passed him!"

"He's outgrowing Cannon Ball. He's got him—oh, you Hottentot!"

"There's only the jumper left. Look at him take that! A race—a race!"

"The Hottentot wins!"

Peggy, half-laughing, half-crying, groped for the cup which Sam held out to her. It was tied with her colors.

"You've won the race," she quavered.

"Yes—it was a miracle, but the Hottentot made it."

"I—I don't know what to say," whispered Peggy. You know what you said you'd say," said Sam, bending over her.

"Sam!"

"Peggy!"

But though his steely chase victory had won him a bride Sam wanted no horses on the honeymoon. And so they spent it differently—studying love and navigation together.

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Install one in your drug store or any public place and get $10 to $20 a day profit. No capital required. Always work. Machine pays the rent. Write for full particulars. H. L. SABRETT, 616 E. Broad St., Columbus, Ohio.

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Questions and Answers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

I N Y U X — Wonder where this story that the Talmadges are English and played on the British stage originated? All three girls were born in this country and never saw England until they were in their teens and could afford the luxury of travel. Norma and Constance are abroad now but Natalie is in New York with her husband and baby. Address the reviewers at the Hotel Ambassadress, Manhattan, if you're in a hurry to get in touch with them.

Anne Flapper—Some are bobbed—and some aren't. Blanche swept bobbed her hair and May McAvoy refused to bob hers. You'd think it would be the other way around. Cecil DeMille is said to have offered May leading role in his production, which is flappers, with the condition that May clip her abundant tresses. May refused. Imagine! DeMille said personally to the players for his pictures; but Lou Goodstadt is general casting director for Lasky. Ned Hay casts for the eastern Paramount studio.

A. C. L., Victoria, R. C.—These films, whose locale is Ireland and the Continent, would mean much more to me if the automobiles were decent and the music was equal to the scenery. I am aware this is not chivalrous; in fact, Christine, it is no thought of mine. The henna-haired one made me put it in. Whenever you read anything you don't like in this department, you will know that it emanated not from my typewriter, but from the busy brain of my super-stenographer. She has to do some of this, you see; so she thinks. Billie Burke has a new play by Booth Tarkington, "Rose Briar." She's not in pictures any more.

Sweet Sixteen—Bill Russell's real name is William Lerche. He is thirty-seven. Helen Ferguson is often mentioned as the prospective Mrs. Russell. Monte Blue, thirty-three, is her brother. I am aware this is not chivalrous; in fact, Christine, it is no thought of mine. The henna-haired one made me put it in. Whenever you read anything you don't like in this department, you will know that it emanated not from my typewriter, but from the busy brain of my super-stenographer. She has to do some of this, you see; so she thinks. Billie Burke has a new play by Booth Tarkington, "Rose Briar." She's not in pictures any more.

D. F., Elizabeth, N. J.—Jack Pickford was married to Olive Thomas in November of 1917. He married Mary Lillian Miller on Sunday, June 8. He is the son of his first wife, Miss Miller's first husband, Frank Carter, was killed in an automobile accident. Mrs. Earle Williams was Miss Florine Wals. Williams L.

Blossom, Boston.—At last—an argument! It is indeed a weighty question you have raised. I was, you allege, in error when I declared that my slyshy smile is the best. You maintain it is so bad they have to decorate it; that the tinfoil is simply a lure to the curious. I should like to hear from my own readers on the subject. I should like to hear from my other readers in the form of candy wrapped in tinfoil, so that I really can be above judging whether it is, or is not, the superlative confections which are so wrapped. Meanwhile, permit me to say that Bebe Daniels is twenty-one years old and unmarried.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120.

How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, another "disappointment." I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B—, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up, and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile." "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B—, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose—. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B—'-s Maid, who was standing near me, when she had a "pug" nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is.

I na flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. dela S. of the new Snapper Co. of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B— in the privacy of her home.

I THANKED my informant and turned my thoughts back to my own situation. I was the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress. I was only now bursting with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. dela S. for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I should like to tell you more about it. I am now waiting impatiently for the treatment to begin. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.

ATTENTION to your personal appearance is nowadays essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must "look your best" at all times.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Kid Who Earned a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

to hang around the theater, to stand in stage entrances, to sit on the knees of stage doormen and pick up the talk and the viewpoint of vaudeville. He had begun to acquire a love of acting, and the thrill of imitation. Without any thought of the future, he began to do bits of business. Just to amuse the folks on the bill, he would do imitations of this one and that one.

One night in San Francisco, little Jackie was standing in the wings watching the eccentric dance with which his father and Annette Kellerman closed the act. It went big—so big that they took curtain call after curtain call and finally, in sheer exuberance of success, Jack Coogan pulled the youngster onto the stage to take a bow.

Even then it might have meant nothing. But something crept from the tiny, appealing figure to the vast audience. They refused to leave their seats. They applauded madly. Jackie made a bow. And finally began one of his imitations quite unconsciously, just to please these people as he had pleased stage-handers and acrobats. Finished up with a little scene his dad had taught him—David Warfield’s great speech from ‘The Music Master.’

It brought down the house. Miss Kellerman decided it was a great addition to the act and offered to pay the Coogans twenty-five dollars extra to keep the hit in.

A day later they opened in Los Angeles. In an aisle seat in the front row sat Charlie Chaplin and Sid Grauman, owner of the biggest motion picture theaters in the west.

Jackie Coogan came on, toddling his four-year-old way across the stage. Instantly Charlie Chaplin was all attention. He watched every movement, every gesture, every expression.

Then and there, the inspiration for “The Kid” was born.

For some time Chaplin had been cherishing in the back of his head a vague idea that he wanted to do a story with a child. Now he was sure of it. Sid Grauman knew the Coogans. He arranged a meeting. Chaplin offered them a contract for the services of Jackie during the production of the picture.

Coogan senior refused. They were doing pretty well. He was getting the biggest salary he’d ever gotten in his life. It didn’t much more than cover expenses but they were all together. It was a start up. He didn’t

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Like nut-meats in their taste

Puffed Grains—grains puffed to bubbles—are the most enticing grain foods in existence.

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Puffed Wheat in milk is the ideal bedtime dish. It is a practically complete food, supplying 16 needed elements. It is rich in minerals. It is easy to digest.

If you believe in whole-grain diet, serve Puffed Wheat in plenty. It makes whole grains delightful.
know anything about the movie game. He couldn't afford to take a chance.

But Chaplin convinced him that he could. That he would be worth enormous stakes, and that if he won he would have something beyond anything years in vaudeville could bring him.

The Coogans decided to stay. Jackie moved onto the Chaplin lot, onto the screen and into Charlie's heart.

His dad got himself a job with Al St. John. Today Jackie Coogan stands in a position where at the end of his present First National contract, he will have earned a million dollars clear.

Jackie's money has all been invested for him. A few months ago his parents voluntarily applied for the superior court of Los Angeles to be appointed a joint guardian of Jackie's earnings. Now an accounting of every penny he earns must be made to the court once a month and no expenditures nor investments can be made without official sanction. When Jackie Coogan is of age, he will find his enormous fortune intact. It is invested largely in Hollywood business property—already income-bearing—in Los Angeles real estate and in municipal and state bonds.

In the meantime Father Coogan has made a small fortune himself. His shrewd theatrical training stood him in good stead. He has two cheap musical companies, one comedy and one western. He bought California oil land and he is the business manager of Jackie Coogan productions. He wrote the stories for "Trouble," "My Boy" and the latest production.

So you see, it's all exactly like a fairy tale, isn't it?

And the little Prince Charming lives in a beautiful palace in Hollywood, and rides in a Rolls-Royce chariot, and I know everybody in the world hopes he'll be happy ever after.

He Danced His Way Into Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

Ballet school. At eighteen he made his début in the old Imperial theater of St. Petersburg. One of the first famous Russian dancers to bring his art to America. He created the part of "Scherazade," "Antar" and "The Legend of the Tartar.

When not a figure in his own rhythmic can- 

vases on the stage he painted pictures which now hang in museums abroad.

From his world tours he came forth a thorough internationalist, speaking German, Italian, Spanish, Arabic and Chinese. Understanding, too, the art and beauty of these peoples whose language he spoke.

An Imperial dancer, a court favorite, and yet—a child-like sort of fellow, a typical naive and likable Russian.

His life is as vivid a romance as he ever conceived for a ballet.

Nine years ago he married his ballet partner, Maria Baldini, a slim, blond, lissome dancer. Sorrow came at the end of their marriage.

The war took everything that they had, even threatening their love by enforcing separation.

Then came the American chapter with fame and fortune, and the return of Theodore and Maria in Hollywood, with their eight-year-old daughter as the star of the house—a house filled with stories and events that are like fragmentary glimpses of all the lands through which the Kosloffs have passed.

A practical and industrious Pierrot is Theodore. You have seen his work on the screen in "Fool's Paradise," "The Green Temptation" and "To Have and To Hold." His screen work started as just a side-line to his great Hollywood experiences which each of them, most of the stars of the film world, but now, as you see, it threatens to leave the school as a side line.

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“ANNA ASCENDS” — PARAMOUNT — Directed by Victor Fleming. From the play by Harry chapman ford. Scenario by m. E. kaye and Cherry moore. Photographed by gilbert warren. The cast: Anna ayyob, alice brady; howard fish, robert ellis; the Baron, david powell; Countess Vronsky, ethel jay; young rival, charles gerrard; slad cory, edward durand; bestie fish, florence dixon; miss fish, grace gisis; Mr. Fish, Frederick burton.

“BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN” — GOLDWYN — By Peter B. Kyne. Directed by E. w. russell. Photographed by John J. maccall. The cast: Jack dryden, agnes ayres; madison brooks, billy hart; kathleen george, katharine emerson; miss appleby, marcia merrill; leonard montagu, leslie howard; susie, rosa dawes; susie, rosa dawes; susie, rosa dawes; susie, rosa dawes; susie, rosa dawes; susie, rosa dawes.

“LOVE IN THE DARE” — METRO — Adapted by J. G. hawks from a story by John moros. Photographed by John arnold. Art director, J. J. Hughes. The cast: Mary Doug, viola dana; tom o’brien, henry darrow; lands; Mrs. o’brien, arline pretty; “red” o’brien, bruce guerin; dr. horst, edward cromely; mrs. horton, margaret mann; robert hardon, john harro; jimmy watson, charles west.

“The Jilt” — UNIVERSAL — Directed by irving cummings. Scenario by r. ramsay. Directed by arthur statter. Photographed by william shawley. The cast: easton marriner, denis o’hara; sandy” sanderson, ralph graves; professor protto, matt moore; his secretary, ben hewlett; ross’s father, harry devere; her mother, eleanor hancock.

“A BLIND BARGAIN” — GOLDWYN — Directed by wallace worsley. Story by barry pinto. Produced by ethel mack; Fixed by julia hale; reno, jack; father dominic, james barrow; don miguel, joseph dowling; john parker, allred allen; cowby, george nicholls; olada, warner oland; mrs. perry, mrs. jessie hebbard; butler, perry williams; caroline, mrs. george hernandez; lastolot, edward brady; mrs. suppleyes, charles lamb; noga, eagle eyes; alexandria, mrs. mattock.

“EBB TIDE” — PARAMOUNT — Directed by george melford. Author, Peter B. Kyne. Scenario by grant carpenter and john Lynch. Cameraman, cameraman C. a. Lyons. The cast: Don mike, forsyth Stanley; kate, catherine o’hara; patsy, alice b. ingersoll; crow; father dominic, James barrow; Don Miguel, Joseph Dowling; John Parker, Alfred Allen; Cowby, George Nicholls; Olada, Warner Oland; Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Jessie Hebbard; Butler, Percy Williams; Caroline, Mrs. George Hernandez; Lastolot, Edward Brady; Mrs. Suppleyes, Mr. Charles Lamb; Noga, Eagle Eyes; Alexandria, Mrs. Mattock.

“When Love Comes” — F. O. — Director, William A. seiter. Story by ray carroll. A ray carroll production. The cast: Helen Jerome Eddy; Peter janson; Harrison ford; aunt susie colorado, Fannie midget; Mary jamison, Charlotte eno; fifty; Mrs. Mathews, Joseph Bell; Rufus Terence, Gilbert Clayton; the Color- idge Twins, Buddy messenger and Molly Gordon; David coloridge, j. barrows; ruffs, Fay MacKenzie.

“A DAUGHTER OF LUXURY” — PARAMOUNT — Directed by Paul powell. Authors, leonard merrick and michael morton. Produced by Nellie Marie Dix. Camera man, bert baldridge. The cast: Mary fenton, agnes ayres; blake walford, tom gallery; eileen marsh, edith yorke; bill marr, howard huntley; lefton halifax, Edward martindel; mrs. walford, sylvia ashton; red cowry, clarence burton; mary casagre, sau Pitts; charlie Owen, Robert Schable; winnie, bernice franklin, dorothy gordon; nancy, mulie MacCormick.

“OUTCAST” — PARAMOUNT — Director, chet withey. Author, hubert henry davis. Scenario, Josephine Lovett. The cast: miriam, elise ferguson; geoffrey sherwood, david powell; tony heffie, william david; valentine, melville merrill; loren Jason; john morland, Charles Wellesley; nellie essie, teddy samson, de valle, william powell.

“The Streets of New York” — PARAMOUNT — Directed by burton king. The cast: Paul Fairweather, Edward earle; Mrs. Fair- weather, mrs. agnes ayyob; swan, dolly; katharine, mackall; gideon Bloodgood, Anders Randolph; lucy Bloodgood, Barbara Castleton; Badger, Leslie King.

“The Educator” — EDUCATIONAL. — Directed by lloyd bacon. Story by archie mayo. Edited by arthur roberts. Art director, jack; photographed by Park J. Fies. The cast: the old teacher, F. B. phillips; a little trapper, Josephine adair; the school board, orral hampshire; the girl, beth hatt; the fruit seller, otto frites; the new teacher, lloyd hamilton.

“The Hottentot” — FIRST NATIONAL. — Directed by james W. Horne and Del An drews, under the personal supervision of Mr. Ince. Distributed by Associated first national pictures, Inc. The cast: Sam Har- rison, Douglas mackean; Peggy Fair- Field, madge bellamy; Mrs. Carol Chadwick, Lila Leslie; Olile gilford, martin best; Mrs. May Gilford, stanhope wheatcroft; sue, ray- mond hatters, major douthit; Dwight Crittenden; Perkins, harryooker; McKes- son, bert lindley.

“Minnie” — FIRST NATIONAL. — Directed by marshall neilan and frank urson. Photographed by david kesson and karl struss. A first national (T. M.) attraction. The cast: Minnie, leatrice joy; newspaper man, Matt Moore; Minnie’s real father, George Barnum; stepmother, Josephine crowley; step- mother; Mrs. Brad, Mrs. Phillips; newspaper salesman, Raymond Griffith; young doctor who helps Matt and leatrice, dick wayne; boarding house janitor, Tom Wilson; local “cut-up,” George Drongold.

“Thirty Days” — PARAMOUNT. — Directed by james cruzo. Scenario by walter wood. Photographed by Carl Brown. The cast: John Floyd, Wallace Reid; Lucille ledyard, Wanda Hawley; judge hooker, Charles ogle; Hunley Palmer, Cyril Chadwick; Polenta, Herschell Mayall; Mrs. Floyd, Helen Dumas; Carletta, Carmen Phillips; Warden, Kena Pasha.

“One Wonderful Night” — UNIVERSAL. — Directed by stuart paton. Story by Louis Tracy. Scenario by George C. hul. Photography by G. W. Warren. The cast: John, D. Carlos, Herbert Kawlinson; Hermione, Miss Stu- bert; Sandy, richard fuller; Z. P. Fane, Sidney De Grey; Chief of Detectives, Joseph W. Girardi; Jean De Carolis, Jean De Bria; sebastian, amasole; amasole, Mender; Jiggins, Sidney Bracey; Minister, Spottiswoode aiken, under the supervision of Jack carty, producer.
THE IMMATURE BROTHERHOOD

THREE heroes I have seen recently emerged intact and immaculate after encounters which would surely have mussed the hair of ordinary men.

In "The Masquerader," when John Collet is discovered in his library by the faithful Brock lying on the floor, dead to the world, and is lifted bodily with the assistance of Blessington, he is in one hand his cane and in the other an immaculate silk hat.

In "The Fighting Guide," when William Dunlap jumped from his horse to the villain's horse, he still had his monocle in his eye after he got up. And finally, in "Giants of the open," Roy Stewart is attacked by five men and rolled in the dust of a mountain road. He is then put face down on a dirty wet log. When he is rescued by the heroine and her father his light suit is spotless.

G. T. B., Washington, D. C.

WALLACE REID'S "ACROSS THE CONTINENT" was good entertainment, but it lacked knowledge of the routes. LeVeque, South Dakota, and Kansas City the racers appear in a scene showing snow-capped mountains on the background. A little later sub-titles indicate a Transportation impossibility—that of the "Overland Limited" passing through Wichita and Dodge City. The railroads just don't run that way.

W. E. TAYLOR, Topeka, Kansas.

PROBABLY BOTH

"IN WILDERS" the remote country house to which the villain carried Priscella Dean was guiltless of wires in all exterior "shots"; yet all interior views showed electric push buttons. Was this indication of optimism—on the part of the owner of the building, or an oversight on the part of the director?

J. H., Reno, Nevada.

A VERY FEMININE MINUTE

I CAUGHT this in Anita Stewart's "A Letter from Home"—question to the heroine: "Are you going to PC's cottage while Anne is there, and she gives him one minute to leave. The close-up of the clock, which is five minutes past one, shows that the minute is up. In the following scene Horse rushes out the door and it is one thirty by the clock.

CARMEN MORRILL, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CONTRADICTORY CAMELLIAS

WHY, in "Camille," does the heroine say, "If I am like the flowers I wear? Very beautiful, but at the slightest touch they fade or break" (or words to that effect) and then later on throw a bouquet of the afore-mentioned flowers in the room to the sister, who puts them on? They are apparently none worse for the experience.

E. P. C., Portland, Maine.

IT MADE A PRETTY PICTURE

TN "The Old Homestead," after Reuben is taken away by the deputy sheriff, Uncle Josh and the two women KWables; he and the two surviving ladies; he and the woman remains. Later, when Reuben escapes and looks back at the old homestead, he sees a house lighted with unusual brilliancy both upstairs and down, especially up. Those walls must be more efficient than electric bulbs.

THOMAS A. FITZGERALD, Lawrence, Kansas.

SOUNDS REASONABLE

YN Zane Grey's "Wildfire," the horse which plays the title role has a small patch of white on his nose when Chalmers mount him before the $5,000 Free-for-all. During the race, the small white patch had spread over "Wildfire's" left eye and down his nose. Do you suppose he would win? I have fear that he wouldn't win the race, or something like that.

MRS. D. M. JOHNSON, Newark, N. J.

AN INDISPENSABLE PROP

WN Richard Dix proposes to Colleen Moore in "The Wall Flower," Colleen drops her fan and rushes up stairs. When she enters the room she speaks to Miss Pamela and nonchalantly waves a fan.

B. J., New York City.

STILL, IF YOU BELIEVE IT—

TN Thomas Meighan's picture, "If You Believe It, It's So," they must have had a most accomplished glibber at work. When Pauline Stark's uncle is thrown out of the saloon, Tom goes in and fights the bar-tender. During the light, Tom breaks a mirror. In the next scene the mirror is intact.

In the same film, the stenographer in the insurance agent's office wrote for a whole ten minutes on her typewriter and never once used the space. I would like to see the letter she wrote. Must have read "Ifyoubelieveit' sits.

TOMMY ROCKERS, Atlanta, Georgia.

MANY REPORTED THIS

SEEMS to me the director could have had a more finished performer for the name part in "The Fast Mail." It looked like an accommodation train. And when Walter West's car smashes into a wagon you can see that the headlights are bent and broken when you drive to the hotel in Vicksburg the car is in perfect condition.

HOMER SCHNEIDER, Philadelphia, Pa.

SOMETHING WILL BE DONE ABOUT IT AT ONCE

DON'T see why directors don't instruct their actors in languages. Or at least not permit French characters to speak English. They should remember that there are lip-readers in the audiences. For instance, in "Monte Cristo," why did Princess Haydee have to have an interpreter? As the picture fades in as she turns the mirror in English "I am Princess Haydee," and as the picture fades in after she has finished her story she says, "—left by my father's sword."

MRS. T. L., Fort Worth, Texas.

VULGARITY, TOO MUCH BULL

I THOUGHT "Blood and Sand" a good picture, but there was just a little too much bull in my estimation. I noticed that while Gallardo was in the arena, the bull, he turned around and looked the bullfro's, then resumed his bull fighting. It must have been a union bull. Either the six o'clock or the lunch whistle blew and he just knocked off.

JUL STUART, Tampa, Florida.
Close-Ups and Long Shots

[Continued from page 58]

to note the resemblance. The director grew very bold, if not least majestic, until the outraged producer cried out:

"Hold! Do you realize to whom you are speaking? Do you realize you are arguing with a man who has made more good pictures than any other in the business? A man who has stood for progress in the art. A man—"

"I can't help it," said the director. "I'd say the same things to the Lord himself."

"Well," said the producer after ponderous reflection, "I guess that's fair enough."

Omar, most daring poet of ancient Persia, secretly wooed the beautiful, the forbidden Shireen, destined to be the bride of the Shah. Fleeing in the night, the Shah's slaves tear them apart. Follows thrill, romance and conflict before the lovers are reunited in a most spectacular and smashing climax. More enthralling than the Arabian Nights.

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Casts of Current Photoplays
[Continued from page 117]

"PEG O'MY HEART"—METRO.—By J. Harley Mannen. Adapted for the screen by Mary O'Hara. Directed by King Vidor. Photographed by George Barnes. The cast: Margaret O'Connell, John Boles, Miss Georgie Palmer, Miss Margaret Nance, Harry Wood, Miss Jane Merchant, Miss Cecilia Cummins, Miss Helen Morgan, William Hamilton; Jim O'Connell, Russell Simpson; Ethel Chichester, Ethel Grey Terry; Brent Christofer, Nigel Bruce; Edith Leitich, Miss Lila Lee, Lona Mattox, Miss Vera Lewis; Mrs. Chichester, Vera Lewis; Mrs. Jim O'Connell, Sdnah Beth Ivins; Alaric Chichester, D. R. O. Harts; Margaret O'Connell (Paul), as a child, Helen O'Malley; Butler, Fred Huntly.

"THE WEEK END PARTY"—METRO.—It is impossible to get the names of the technical staff or the cast of this picture. Stan Laurel plays the lead.

"DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS"—ELMER CLIFTON PRODUCTION.—Directed by Elmer Clifton. Scenery by John L. E. Pell. Photography by Alexander G. Penrod. The cast: Charles Walcott, Miss Helen Morgan, Jack Pickford, Miss Marie Davenport, John Vickers,ocate; Nellie Morgan, Morgan, Morgan; Morgan & Morgan (as a child), Elizabeth Puleston, Helen Morgan, Raymond McKee; Thomas Allen Dexter (as a child), Thomas White; Judy Peggs, Juliette Courtot; Lillian, Chance Vance; The Tenor Clarinet; "Hemmy" Clark, Ada Laycock; "Dot" Morgan, Clan Bow; "Fiddle" James Tuttler; Jake Finner, Patrick Hartigan; Samuel Siges, Private; Captain of the "Charles W. Morgan," Capt. Jas. A. Tilton.

Questions and Answers
[Continued from page 113]

BETTY.—Please call me Betty, you ask. In such a sweet way you ask that. How can I refuse you? All we have screen stars in America and you haven't so many in England—that's true. On the other hand—but perhaps we'd better not talk about that. It is best to bury your home-made enjoyed your letter and hope you'll write again.

MARY FRANCES, TEXAS.—You want to know how to make a sugar loaf. Address him care Lasky, follow the dictates of your heart and you may get a picture. But don't write him all those sweet somethings you wrote me. Wallingford. He married to Dorothy Davenport. His son's name is William Wallace, Jr.; but they call him Bill.

LITTLE NELL.—You can plead very charmingly; and when you tell me you'd like me much better if you knew my name I am tempted to tell you. But I am very strong-minded, and resist the temptation successfully. No, Little Nell—I shall be obliged to worry along without your kind-made candy. And I love home-made candy. It's been so long since I've had any but the Broadway variety which claims to be home-made but certainly never saw a real kitchen.

ROSE, CLEBURNE, TEXAS.—The lachrymose gladiators of future generations will be over-shadowed by these mother-and-father films. I don't know why it is assumed that all screen mothers must be beautiful (and you know some grand mothers I have known are considerably younger than the celluloid depictions of motherhood. "Blood and Sand" has already been released generally. You'll see it soon. Nita Naldi and Lila Lee play Dona Sol and Carmen, the bad and the good loves in Juan Gallardo's life.

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[Continued on page 125]
Here's What Rich Stars Do With Their Money

[Continued from page 38]

of which is $50,000. Besides, this, Chaplin owns considerable real estate, including his mother's elaborate home and much land at Venice Beach, near Los Angeles. A large amount of working capital goes into the financing of his own pictures.

Cecil de Mille is first of all a heavy owner of Famous Players-Lasky stock. He is vice president and a big stockholder in the newly organized Federal and Savings Bank of Hollywood; a director and stockholder in the Commercial National Bank of Los Angeles and a heavy holder in a syndicate subdividing a big tract of land in the Big Bear Valley, north of Los Angeles. He is actively interested in a syndicate owning fourteen oil wells at Tulsa, Oklahoma, owns his home in Laughlin Park, Hollywood, surrounded by seventeen acres. This is valued at $ mo. Mr. de Mille also holds stocks and bonds in many corporations, has a private mountain ranch, Paradise, of 40 acres, and a 107-ton schooner yacht, the Seaward.

A WAY up in the photostatic class is Harold Lloyd. He holds a lot of Liberty and rail-road bonds, owns a Los Angeles house worth $10,000 and is also the possessor of large real estate holdings in Los Angeles. He has invested heavily and is a director in the real estate company handling the Carthay Center tract on Wilshire Boulevard, just beyond fashionable Windsor Square. The corporation owns several hundred acres now being developed and sold for home sites. Mr. Lloyd also owns stock in the Hal Roche company producing his comedies.

Mary Miles Minter can leave pictures tomorrow without worrying unnecessarily about the future. Guided by her mother, she has saved almost every cent she has ever earned. She owns three Los Angeles residences. One of these, her lavish Wilshire Boulevard home, originally valued at $150,000, is now being remodelled at a cost of $100,000, into a model apartment house. This is located in the heart of Los Angeles' fashionable district, within a block of the Ambassador Hotel. Miss Minter's holdings in gold notes, first mortgages and bonds are estimated at $75,000.

Anita Stewart is another star who never need make another motion picture unless she chooses. She has been saving carefully. At fourteen, starting at Vitagraph, Miss Stewart told us. She owns a $150,000 house in Los Angeles which brings her a rental of over $1,000 a month. She owns 4,000 acres of rich oil land. She has a large amount of first mortgages and other realty holdings in California. Her needs total a fabulous amount of money. She has a great quantity of Liberty bonds. During the world war drive she was the largest buyer of Liberty bonds in Bayview, Bayshore, Long Island, purchasing $100,000 in bonds at one time. Miss Stewart still retains a large interest in her productions, which continue to play steadily.

Coupled with the wealth of her husband, Joseph Schenck, Norma Talmadge is easily one of the wealthiest women in motion pictures — if actually not the richest. Norma Talmadge owns over a million dollars in bonds and stocks. She owns a great deal of real estate. She finances many film productions in which she herself is now connected. As, for instance, the recent color film, "The Toll of the Sea." She backs the manufacture of Jackie Coogan kiddie cars. On several occasions she has invested considerable sums in real estate, a half interest in Irving Berlin's Music Box Revue. Last season The Music Box Revue played to an average weekly business of over $30,000. Constance Talmadge's savings are said to amount to about a half million.

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Lillian and Dorothy Gish have each saved $200,000, so invested that they draw $300 weekly in interest. They also have saved $500,000, which is deposited in their mother's name. Here may be noted one of the odd idiosyncrasies of players. Lillian is the proprietor of a tiny restaurant in San Pedro, Cal.

Lillian's restaurant may seem an odd investment for one so ethereal and spiritual. But consider the robust William Russell, who is the vice president and owner of Hepner's beauty parlor in Los Angeles! Russell also owns a block of stores on Western Avenue, between Hollywood and Los Angeles. And, to continue our odd information, let us whisper of the California Laundry, on Vine street in Hollywood; largely owned by Mary Miles Minter.

An interesting commentary upon wealth and sordidness comes in exemplifying the miscellaneous business of D. W. Griffith, who, after all, has been the pathfinder of the photoplay. "I own an fourteen-acre lemon ranch in the San Fernando Valley," Mr. Griffith told us. "I have never been very rich, but it has grown upon me since I bought the place. And I own a velour hat, well pretty worn, three suits of clothes and a watch. Can't think of anything else. Be sure to mention that the hat is worn."

All of which is the truth. Griffith has always turned every cent he has ever made back to his production. He is actually poorer than most of the screen salesmen who sell his products in the small towns. Indeed, his single bit of property, the lemon ranch, has a market on it only broken down. His Mamaroneck, N. Y., studio is the property of a stock company.

Thomas H. Ince is well up among the celluloid wealth and the other at Port Chester, New York. This is how he bought the 120-acre Beverly Hills property, and of which is worth $100,000. This will probably be the finest private home estate in Southern California. Mr. Ince has a large amount of industrial bonds and a huge sum tied up in productions.

Mack Sennett owns his studio, which, with its acreage, is valued at $350,000. There is an additional half million in equipment. Mr. Sennett also owns considerable real estate in Beverly Hills and Griffith Park, Hollywood, besides his own home in Los Angeles.

Mme. Nazimov owns two homes, one in Hollywood and the other at Port Chester, New York. These total close to $500,000. She also owns some real estate in Los Angeles. She has an unusual library of first editions and a remarkable collection of rugs. Into her production of "Salome," the Russian actress put $10,000 in cash and $7,500 in salary. The fact that this production was held up for months involved Nazimov's savings, coupled with her considerable loss on "A Doll's House."

Jackie Coogan is easily earning the largest salary of any boy in the world. Indeed, he has made a record never before achieved in the history of the universe. Jackie's home in the Wildshire district is valued at $80,000 and is in his own property. As his extensive municipal, state, road bonds and his Los Angeles real estate purchases, Jackie, too, has the world's largest holdings in kiddie cars, practically enough to fit the passenger traffic.

Ruth Roland is one of the wealthiest of stars. "Back in the old days at Kalem, when I was earning $25 a week, I saved up and purchased a half-carat diamond ring. That was my first saving. That ring is worth $2,500 lot near now," Miss Roland told us. "Since then Miss Roland has dabbled straigntly in real estate. Recently she paid $350,000 cash for property with Wilshire Boulevard. Miss Roland owns a number of apartments and flat buildings, as well as other real estate in Los Angeles, besides a

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large quantity of bonds and stocks. Her home on Wilshire Boulevard is valued at $100,000.

Jack Holt has laid aside a considerable amount of money, much of which is invested in fine racing and hunting horses, polo ponies and dogs. His Hollywood home is worth $45,000 and he owns other Hollywood real estate and some city bonds.

Agnes Ayres owns a business block on Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Wanda Hawley, on the other hand, has a ranch near Burbank, where she raises Angora goats, pure bred cows and fine draft horses. The ranch is two hours drive from Hollywood.

Theodore Kosloff is the director of a dancing school in Los Angeles. Conrad Nagel has a 300-acre melon ranch in the San Bernardino valley, where he raises Casaba and honey dew melons.

Conrad Nagel, by the way, is just now holding his breath with anticipation. Oil has been struck in his neighborhood and Conrad is hoping!

Mme. Olga Petrova has earned a great deal of money in pictures and vaudeville and, being a very good business woman, she saved most of it. With her husband, Dr. John Stewart, she owns her elaborate home at Great Neck, L. I. When she married Dr. Stewart she made an unusual matrimonial arrangement, by which he divides all expenses with his wife, who is a well known New York surgeon.

Rex Ingram is said to have made nearly a half million in the past year. He, too, has an unusual arrangement with his wife, Alice Terry. He pays all expenses of his home, while Miss Terry deposits every cent of her salary, now something like $500 a week.

Antonio Moreno invested several hundred thousand dollars in the Mexican petroleum oil business. Tony's stock took a bad slump and, for a time, the romantic Spaniard faced bankruptcy. Then things took a turn and Moreno is again able to smile.

Gloria Swanson has practically paid for a $90,000 California residence. Mabel Normand's savings consist of a half million in jewelry. Recently she purchased a home for her parents on Staten Island. Pricilla Dean owns a Beverly Hills house that is valued at $85,000.

William Farnum's wealth is prodigious. His fortune is invested in real estate in California and the East and amounts to about $1 million. His private estate is located at Sag Harbor, Long Island. Mr. Farnum's hobby is boating and he owns seven boats, ranging from a yacht to a motor launch.

Pearl White's savings consist largely of $1 million in Liberty Bonds. "I began buying bonds only recently," says Miss White. "Until then I spent my money in jewels, cars and antiques. Now I'm saving as hard as I can.

Bill Hart has a $60,000 Hollywood home and a ranch at Newhall, California, near Carey's property. He also owns some valuable property in Connecticut.

Louise Fazenda owns considerable California real estate and has some valuable oil holdings. With which we arrive at the end of our list of film aristocrats. Wallace Reid may be mentioned in passing as having dashed debonairly through a merry career without saving much of anything.

And Rudolph Valentino's recent troubles with Famous Players-Lasky came just at the moment he was to first cash in on his remarkable vogue.

The Intruder

A large dog attended a motion picture theater at Ann Arbor the other night, and lay on the floor watching the show quietly and intelligently, not once reading a caption aloud.—Detroit News.

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Without doubt you have discovered the uselessness of electrolysis. And likely you have tried depilatories of every description, only to find that the hairs return faster and coarser. But isn't that to be expected when you merely remove hair above the surface of the skin—giving yourself a chemical shave and leaving the roots to thrive?

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The Loves of Charlie Chaplin

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Charlie wasn't so famous nor so rich in the old days when the whole world knew he and Edna Purviance were sweethearts. The beautiful blonde is the only leading woman Chaplin ever had on the screen, and in those days everyone expected to hear that she had become his leading lady for life. She lived at the Alexandria Hotel, and in her pleasant little sitting room Charlie spent most of his evenings.

Then—work began to absorb Charlie. Edna surprisingly decided on a society career for herself. The first thing everyone knew, Edna was dividing her time between a handsome, newly decorated French aviator and a leading polo player, and Charlie was seen nightly at cafes in company with 17-year-old Mildred Harris.

Incense is sent to every man, and slain, childish Mildred burned her recklessly at Chaplin's side that became familiar to every Boulevarde. May Collins and Miss Deshon had a charming Hollywood bungalow and it became the meeting place for a group of ardent young socialists, intellectuals and artists of all kinds.

It was an atmosphere that Charlie loved. In that setting the bright, witty, fresh personality of little May Collins was an added delight. Their intimacy grew. Their engagement was rumored. Miss Collins first denied, then admitted.

But they were never engaged. Friends have whispered in strictest secrecy that Charlie permitted the announcement to go unchallenged only because of its amount of professional good it would do Miss Collins. And his interest and liking for the younger were strong enough for that.

Until—suddenly, the beautiful Claire Windsor appeared on the scene.

That time, Charlie and Chaplin and Samuel Goldwyn were in great chums. Charlie had gone from the hands of Lois Weber to be a Goldwyn find. Naturally, Claire and Charlie met.

Charlie is reported to have said to a close friend that Claire was the most restful woman he ever knew. At any rate, he found her the most beautiful woman he had seen. He adored her small son. The scene shifted from Socialist headquarters to the splendid mansion that Samuel Goldwyn occupied on the Park Avenue front in Santa Monica. It was summer. Claire, with a fluffy parasol, strolled the sands beside Charlie, and they danced the night away at the Coconut Grove.

Then, something happened. Long after wards, Charlie told a friend that the thing which ended his adoration of Claire Windsor was an ill-advised publicity stunt. Claire fell from her horse in the Park Avenue field and was sup posedly lost. Claire dashed about, offering rewards, leading posses and actually terribly upset. Only, she couldn't suspect in the end it was all a publicity frame-up.

Also, May Collins and Claire Windsor were in many lady-like manner causing him considerable unpleasantness.

Charlie decided suddenly to go abroad.

When he returned he brought Claire a beautiful ermine coat and asked her to meet him at the train.

But he called on May Collins that same evening and presented her with a luxurious set of silver fox.

And that, apparently, was that. He was next seen with Claire again.

Claire Sheridan, famous English sculptor and author, arrived in Hollywood about then. A woman of brilliant mind, great artistic acuteness and high social position, she lighted an instant flame of intense admiration in Charlie. She wanted to make a head of him and during the sitting, a romantic friendship developed.

Chaperoned by Clare Sheridan's nine-year old youngster, the two artists went on a camping trip in the Hollywood mountains. A staff from the Charlie studio cleared an ideal mountain spot and erected tents. And there for several days Chaplin and the brilliant English woman picnicked and exchanged ideas.

In her latest book, Mrs. Sheridan devoted many pages to the charm and genius of Charlie Chaplin. But she returned to England and the rumored engagement was denied.

THERE is a saying along the Boulevard that every man in Hollywood has been in love with Lila Lee at one time or another.

Charlie's turn came shortly after that.

He brought Lila, blushing in bridal white, to Charlie's bungalow, then away again. When he previewed a picture, Lila sat in the place of honor. She took her mother for afternoon drives.

"There's just one girl in Hollywood who could really marry Charlie Chaplin if she wanted to, and that's Lila Lee," said a close friend of Charlie's. To no one, had Charlie ever given the mark of his friendship and public devotion that he showed to Lila.

But apparently this sweet flush of youthful regard—for Charlie used to look like a boy—had soon in him. He seemed to have drifted into a dark and sincere friendship, which endures still but is not the marrying kind of thing.

For a brief, oh a very brief space, Anna Q. Nilsson filled Charlie's heart. It was one of those skyrocket things and its violence was in proportion to its swift flight. But it terminated on the verge of a love at first sight elopement.

And—Peggy Hopkins Joyce arrived in Hollywood from Paris.

As Elmo Olyn has said, there are many sides to a love life. In Peggy, Charlie found the greatest sex-lure he had ever encountered. She swept him off his feet. He was in the throes of one of those phases that have changed the map of the world.

The colony had a chance to see them every Friday night at the American Legion arena, where they sat with heads touching, lost in each other. They dined together every evening. They made trips to Catalina, drove about the country.

Just what happened, probably not even Charlie knew. Mary Pickford and Fairbanks, it is understood refused to receive Peggy Joyce The world-famous vamp was peev ed. She tried to force the issue. Charlie couldn't help her. He took no interest, and started back to Paris.

Charlie was frantic. He talked wildly of following her. She finally seduced him from New York. He started to pack.

Business interfered.

And—the dramatic story that Charlie is distributing. As Edna Purviance and dancing, driving, the world's most famous and exciting vehicle, is the story of Peggy Joyce's life.

The love of Charlie Chaplin for Pola wasn't a first-sight affair by any means. They met in Berlin without either of them feeling the divine spark. Pola had been in Hollywood some time before Charlie became enamoured.

But gradually, it became understood that Charlie was to act as Pola's escort. Pola

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showed odd little flashes of jealousy at parties. The picture of Pola's exquisitely lovely behind Charlie in his big car was no longer startling.

"She's the most wonderful woman I ever met," says Charlie. "She has everything. Such intelligence! Such coloring! Such beauty! Such fineness!"

But if you give a real heart throb to remember Hettie Kelly, and a boy of twenty who stood bare-headed in the rain waiting to see her sleek, fair head and her gentle blue eyes get off a London tram, and who walked with her down an English street.

No wonder Charlie went back to that corner, and watched a tramcar, and dreamed of little Hettie—little Hettie Kelly, his first sweetheart and his ideal. And no wonder he showed away to the little grave and laid just a simple bunch of violets on the white cross that bears her name.

Questions and Answers

[Continued from page 120]

R. GUYRAS.—Thank you for the pretty postcard of the sunset in Manila. It's much more colorful than the sunsets here. It looks just like a background for a subtitle. Mac has conducted the part of the little actress, Laughter, the same role that was played by Manilla Martan five years earlier, in "The Son of Tarzan." You may address Mac care the National Film Corporation, 35 East Street, Hollywood. Lucy Donin is a European actress, and I haven't her address. As for Eugenia Gilbert, I have no record of her at all. I am sorry. Miss Martan has been living personal appearances with "Tarzan" but I doubt if she will go to Manila. Sorry again.

MARY SMITH.—Jes' plain Mary Smith. But you have a heart of gold, I am sure. Tell me you have a heart of gold. Here, Mary, are your heights: Marie Prevost, Bebe Daniels, five feet four; Mildred Davis, Betty Compton, five feet two; Irene Castle, five feet seven.

G. H. E., Toledo.—Of course I have nothing against you. If I ever did, I've entirely forgotten, but I doubt it. I don't harbor grudges, anyway. I'm too absurid. I may have my enemies but I don't know them when I see them. And I'm sure I don't know them in pictures. His latest appearance was in "The Best Man," Howard Hickman is an entirely different person. He's the husband of Bessie Bartisale and is extremely rich in writing stage vehicles for his blonde wife.

Clementina.—June Caprice's last picture was as George Seitz's co-star in "The Sky Ranger." She is younger, temporarily, at least, from the screen. Seitz is not acting now; he's directing Pearl White in her new serial, tentatively titled "Thunder." Yes, "God's Gold" is Neal Hart's most recent picture. Marie Prevost is American, of French descent. She is twenty-three years old. Address Annette Kellerman, 490 Elizabeth, New York City.

DOROTHY ALGER.—You want to see Ramsey Wallace more often. Write to him and tell him what you think it. He is not married, so you can do so without fearing that the eye of a heartless wife will read your letter. No one will read it but Ramsey except—perhaps—an equally heartless secretary. Wallace has never been on the stage.

VIOLA.—William Duncan and Edith Johnson are married. I know Duncan was married before, but I didn't know Miss Johnson was. In fact, I am reasonably sure you're mistaken about that. They are making five reel melodramas for Vitagraph. Ruth Roland is twenty-six feet eight years old; her mistress for Pathe. Not married now. June Caprice is twenty-two.

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

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Mary McF.-It isn't true that Monte Blue is engaged, because he is already married. I suppose I could have been cruel and have assured you only that he isn't engaged; but I am kind by nature and this job hasn't made the slightest difference in my disposition. In the cast of Ballin's "Vanity Fair," are Harrison Ford, George Walsh, Hobart Bosworth, Earle Fox, and Eleanor Boardman; and Mabel Ballin will play Becky Sharp. Vitagraph made the Thackeray classics years ago, with Rose Tapley.

The Young Diana.-You do not aspire to be a Mary Fickford; only a Louise Fazenda. Why that "only"? It wouldn't be easy to be Fazenda even with someスタッフ of Louise as a vamp in "The Beautiful and Damned," the Warner Brothers' picturization of Scott Fitzgerald’s novel with Mary Prevost. Louise with a lovely face and a wicked look startled me. Bert Lytell opposite Betty Compson in "To Have and To Hold."

Frances Corinne.-You were called, originally, only Frances; then you saw Corinne Griffith and gave yourself a second name. I can understand that, Corinne, alas, folks call me Miss Mary of Hollywood for California. She gave her marmoset to the zoo. She offered it to me first but unfortunately there is no place in my humble quarters for such a highbrow marmoset as Corinne's. I say quarters because it sounds better, don't you think? I confess to an ambition, hitherto dimly secret. I wish to live someday in one of those "Mansions" they have in London. I suspect they are just apartments; but I love the letter heads.

Bink.—I won't argue with a customer. Your admiration for Pauline Garon is, however, understandable. That young blonde is a beauty. She went to California to make pictures there, her first being Cecil de Mille's "Adam's Rib." Paramount wished her to sign a five year contract but she turned it down because she didn't want to tie up her talents for such a long period—or so I have heard. Pauline wasn't married.

Gay.—Doris Rankin, Mrs. Lionel Barrymore in real life, is not making pictures now. She is a member of Ethel Barrymore's supporting cast in a play by Hauptmann, "Rose Berna," in which Miss Barrymore is now appearing. The Lionel Barrymores have no children. John and his wife, Michael Strange, have one, a son.

Jean, Wilmette, Ill.—No, no—if someone referred to Charlie's leading lady as "La Pavance" it was just as a mark of distinction. Miss Pavance's name is Edna. In connection with Edna the supposedly French phrase of "Oo la la!" would not be amiss. She is a beautiful and a good actress. She is now a star, as a reward for her work in all the Chaplin comedies; and Charlie himself is directing her first picture, which will be released through United Artists.
This seems to be a Spanish month, doesn't it? And speaking of Spain—did you ever hear of a Castilian cast that didn't boast an Esteban?

ANNE, READING.—Or Anne writing. Mostly writing. Jack MacLean is not related to Douglas Mac Murray's hair is always styled, but very blonde. Mae is now in California with her husband, Robert Leonard, making "Coronation" for Metro. With queens so pass I'm surprised at Mac's interest in the crowning of one. "Broadway Rose" and "Peacock Alley" were the first two Murray-Leonard productions for their own unit.

MINNETTE, MANHATTAN.—At this late date you are wondering if Rudolph Valentino is really handsome! What difference does it make? You mustn't expect me to get excited about it, anyway. Wanda Hawley supports Rudolph in "The Young Rajah." Wanda is married to J. B., Los Angeles automobile man. Betty Ross Clarke is on the stage now. She is very happily married to a business man.

IRENE, SYRACUSE.—You don't have to change your name when you "join the movies" unless you care to. The chief reason for name-changing is to avoid long names which would be hard to adapt to publicity and advertising purposes. I believe Ruth Roland has been injured several times during the making of her serials. She has been making serials, but never very seriously, although the last accident she had while doing a stunt put her in the hospital for several weeks. But what's all the difference? She is a serial star.

K. R., HARTFORD.—Alice Brady is divorced from James Crane, the actor. They have a small son, Donald. Miss Brady's latest picture for Paramount is "Anna Ascends"; and she's making a new one called "The Leopardess." I saw her as Anna on the stage, and she was an interesting character. Grace George is Alice's step-mother. Her own mother died some years ago.

DEAR ME.—So you think the million dollars spent on "Foolish Wives" must have been invested mostly in caviar, Miss Du Pont, or Margarette Armstrong, is not making any pictures at present; but she has not definitely retired, to my knowledge. She was formerly a very popular star. As a baby-sitter, Mrs. von Stroheim is a non-professional, but she appeared as the young bride in "Blind Husbands."

JAMES A. B.—Lon Chaney would be flattened. You really believe him to be a legless man? That was just him playing the makeup "The Penalty." Chaney is the screen's champion crook—and one of the most popular members of the screen colony in private life. He never steals anybody's scenes. Address him at Universal City.

LDA, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—There are few rules for this department. Most of them appear at the head of the first page. There's another: no puns in your non-de-plume. I don't like to be severe, but you punsters will just have to prove your merit little quips somewhere else. Pola Negri is Polish. She is in America now, playing "Bella Donna" for Paramount. Conrad Nagel is playing opposite her. Nagel is very attractive. Murray's new pictures are "Broadway Rose" and "Coronation."

S. R., CLEVELAND.—I would have to be hit on the head, like Newton, before I'd discover anything. Hard knocks do some good sometimes, Joseph Swickard was the father. Marcello DeSonsy, and Pomeroy Cannon the grandfather, Mackerley, in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Harrison Ford is thirty-one; Mae Murray twenty-seven; Mary Pickford twenty-nine.

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