HOW RODOLPH VALENTINO IMPRESSED A MOVIE FAN BY ETHEL SANDS
THE BEST MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN
Complete Set of Drawing Instruments

Yes, I will give you this complete drawing outfit absolutely free. The instruments are in a handsome high class, plush lined folding case. They are regular draftsman's working instruments. Besides I will give you absolutely free, a 20x25 inch drawing board, a 24 inch T square, a 12 inch rules, a supply of drawing paper, two triangles, a French curve, pencils, erasers, thumb tacks, etc. The complete outfit is delivered to you at once. You have them to work with from the very first day. Find out about this offer. Write today.

Be a Draftsman
Draw $3,600 Per Year

There is an urgent demand for skilled draftsmen. Companies are issuing calls every day for men to fill positions paying $3,600 per year. Work is light, pleasant and profitable.

I Guarantee to train you until you are placed in a position paying $250 to $300 per month.

Chief Draftsman Dobe
Dept A128, 4001 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

Without any obligations, please mail your book "Successful Draftsmanship," and full particulars of your liberal "Personal Instruction" offer to a few students. It is understood that I am obligated in no way whatever.

Name.......................................................... Address..........................................................
Post Office.................................................. State..................................................

Send Coupon for My Big New Book

Put your name and address on the coupon and send it to me today. I will send you my new book "Successful Draftsmanship," and the great special offer that I am now making on which you get the complete Draftsman's Working Outfit absolutely free. Get in line for a big paying position. Get the book and full particulars of the special offer is the first step.

Chief Draftsman Dobe, Dept A128, 4001 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.
In America's Great Orchestras

What a significant fact it is, that the artists who interpret the works of the masters, who paint again the great tone-pictures of the symphonies, use Conn Instruments in the expression of their art! Conn Instruments meet the high standards of these conductors and players in every detail, giving life and color to the composition with the brilliant beauty of their tone, and responding instantly to the player's control in the most difficult passages.

Hear the Conn Radio Concerts!

Several series of popular concerts arranged by C. G. Conn, Ltd., will be broadcast from radio stations in New York, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco and other cities. Dance to the music of America's most popular orchestras; hear solos by artists! Tune your receiver to the nearest station, or watch for the announcement by your local Conn dealer. More concerts will be announced later, watch for them.

Send for This Free Book, "Success in Music and How to Win It," by John Philip Sousa and others. No obligation, the coupon brings your copy, with details of Free Trial, Easy Payment Plan. Use pencil on coupon; write clearly.

C. G. CONN, LTD., 689 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Indiana

New York Conn Co., 223-5-7 W. 47th St.
Detroit Conn Co., 262 E. Grand River Ave.
Southern Conn Co., 317 Barney St., New Orleans, La.
Northwest Conn Co., 1405 3rd Ave., Seattle, Wash.
McDougal Conn Co., 127 10th St., Portland, Ore.
Cleveland Conn Co., 1220 Huron Road

Chicago Conn Co., 62 E. Van Buren St.

Please send me Free Book, "Success in Music and How to Win It," and details of your free trial easy payment plan on any instrument. ( Mention Instrument. Write in pencil.)

Name:

Street or Rural Route:

City, State, County:

Instrument:
PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE
CONTENTS FOR
JUNE, 1922

What the Fans Think ........................................ 8
An open forum of discussion about picture plays and players.

The Calendar of Past Performances ....................... 17
Johnson Briscoe
What your film favorites were doing years ago.

Griffith's Musical Secrets .................................... 18
Charles D. Isaacson
How the master director assembles the accompaniments to his pictures.

A Picture in True Colors at Last ........................... 21
Marion Lee King
A glimpse of "The Glorious Adventure."

How Cool These Screen Lovers Are! ......................... 22
Grace Kingsley
Love scenes old and new in striking contrast.

What Every Woman Wants .................................... 24
Peter White
Rex Ingram explains his theory about it.

To the Ladies—Ramón the Romantic ....................... 25
Margaret Ettinger
The man Rex Ingram expects to create the next sensation.

Making "The Masquerader" .................................... 26
Edwin Schallert
How a famous stage play is being made into a motion picture.

Rubbing Aladdin's Vacation Lamp ......................... 28
Gordon Gassaway
Where the stars are going for a rest.

The Latest Return ............................................... 30
Edna Foley
Theda Bara is coming back to the screen.

The Observer ..................................................... 31
Editorial comment on timely topics.

The Old Hokum Bucket ......................................... 33
B. T. Clayton
A plea for a new kind of motion-picture theater in behalf of discriminating audiences.

Srnerita Manhattan ............................................. 34
Malcolm H. Oettinger
An unusual pen-portrait of Miriam Cooper.

Favorite Picture Players ......................................... 35
Portraits in rotogravure of prominent stars.

Poor May McAvoy ................................................ 43
Harriette Underhill
An amusing recital of some of her woes.

A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood ......................... 44
Ethel Sands
At last she meets Rudolph Valentino, the popular hero.

The Indiscretions of a Star .................................... 49
Inez Klumph
Further confidences of a matinée idol.

One Little Jane .................................................. 53
Grace Kingsley
An intimate interview with a newly made star.

The Screen in Review ........................................... 54
Alison Smith
A critical estimate of the latest film productions.

Romances of Famous Film Folk .............................. 58
Grace Kingsley
The juvenile courtship of Doris May and Wallace MacDonald.

Continued on the Second Page Following
Take the little trouble to telephone the theatre

If you can get a good show simply by asking a question, ask—

Is it a Paramount Picture today?

Your theatre manager will appreciate your interest. He is always puzzling how to please most of the people most of the time.

When he finds that you like to know where a photoplay comes from, as well as its title and star, he will take care to announce it in future.

Paramount has finally taken the best film entertainment out of the stunt class and put it into the class of the world's greatest entertainment.

The stars, the directors, the plots, the sumptuous presentations, make every Paramount Picture an artistic event and a personal thrill.

It is a real loss to let many days go by without seeing a Paramount Picture.

So—make a bargain with us—if we continue to make the better pictures, as we shall—Paramount, you verify the dates of their showing at your theatre!

Quit paying your good money for anything short of the best.

---

When are these coming? Use the phone!

BETTY COMPSON

"The Green Temptation"

See beautiful Betty Compson as the dance-idol of Paris! This picture is the real thing in Parisian night life. From "The Novelette," by Constance Lindsay Skinner. Scenario by Monte M. Kaltenborn and Julia Crawford Ivers. Directed by William A. Taylor.

"The Woman Who Walked Alone"

Dorothy Dalton

A GEORGE MELFORD PRODUCTION

Dashing Dorothy Dalton as the madcap sportswoman of English social life! Lovers galore, and then—the terrible scandal, the trial, and "the woman who walked alone!"


THOMAS MEIGHAN

"The Bachelor Daddy"

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S PRODUCTION

"The Man From Home"

An Italian Prince with KIRKWOOD makes passionate love to a pretty American girl, in an attempt to win her millions. "The Man From Home" arrives, and then the lightning begins to fork and play!

From the play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Scenario by Ada Bergeere.

When are these coming? Use the phone!

"Is Matrimony a Failure?"

T. Roy Barnes
Lila Lee
Lois Wilson
Walter Hiers

In a certain village a group of young couples suddenly find that their marriages are illegal! There they are sweetheating without regular license! Enough laughs in this tangle to make a mummy laugh!

From Leo Ditrichstein's adaptation of the play by Oscar Blumenthal and Gustav Kadelburg. Directed by James Cruze. Scenario by Walter Wood.

WILLIAM DE MILLE'S PRODUCTION

"Bought and Paid For"

with Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt

How do things work out when a young millionaire marries his pretty stenographer? This fascinating drama, which has thrilled thousands of audiences on the stage, shows you.

From the play by George Broadhurst. Scenario by Clara Beranger.

WALLACE REID

"Across the Continent"

Wallace Reid in a crackер-jack automobile picture! Geose line, perfume, pretty faces, a mile every minute— that's the mixture in this great show!

By Byron Morgan. Directed by Philip E. Rosen.

---

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town
WHO IS POLA NEGRI?

PEOPLE who were wise in the ways of motion pictures said there was nothing new on the screen. And then came Pola Negri.

Never in the history of motion pictures had there been any one quite like her. She came almost unheralded—and one picture, "Passion," established her in the front rank of screen artists. She created a sensation among critics, and made motion-picture fans of people who had never cared for them before.

But the regular fans did not idolize her the way they do American stars. She interested them; she didn't attract them, particularly.

But some of the men! That is another story. Pola won the impressionable ones with her mysterious charm.

Who is this foreigner who is so magnetic—and yet so different from our stars? Where does she come from? What is she like?

You might get a dozen answers to that question from as many interviewers for Pola Negri impresses people so differently. The only way really to see her as she is, is to get a composite impression of her from many people, see her many-sided personality through sympathetic and unsympathetic eyes.

PICTURE-PLAY will give you this great novelty next month—will show you Pola Negri as she impressed Charlie Chaplin, George Fitzmaurice, Anna Q. Nilsson, Ruby de Remer, and other prominent players. It will also show you how she impressed David Howells who first imported her pictures to this country—and Ralph Kohn, assistant secretary and treasurer of Famous Players-Lasky, who now has her under contract. It will tell you the striking story of her life, the story of a poor little girl who became one of the most sensational figures in Central Europe.

Just as Pola Negri brought a new sensation to the screen, she now provides one of the most striking novelties in our magazine.

Her story is unlike any you have read before. She is unique, magnetic, enthralling. You will enjoy reading about this fascinating personality.

This is only one of many unusually interesting features in the July number of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. Don't miss it!
For your Baby, use the
Mellin’s Food Method of Milk Modification

We will be pleased to send you our book, ”The Care and Feeding of Infants,” also a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin’s Food.

Mellin’s Food Company, Boston, Mass.
The Critics—Once More.

I WONDER if Maurice Castleton and Mrs. Scott would allow a third party in their friendly argument? I should hate to feel I was intruding, but I hope they will accept this the way it is meant.

I do not wholly agree with either of them, though I really think each has some good ideas.

I find that many of the pictures that really make a hit with the public are the very ones which the critics knock. Are you all too tired of hearing about “The Sheik,” or may I mention that as an example? It would be impossible for any one to deny that that picture was a genuine hit. Strange to say, however, not one critic had a good word to say for it. Of course, they are supposed to be giving their honest opinions when they criticize, but are they in a class all by themselves, that they can’t even enjoy what we fans like? In speaking of critics agreeing—well, in this matter they seemed to agree with each other—a lot, but, oh, my, not with the public!

And even here in our own Picture-Play last month the critic said that “The Lane That Had No Turning” was “fairly acted.” Fairly acted, indeed! When it featured Agnes Ayres and Theodore Kosloff! I think it was acted very well!

But there—I’m turning critic myself, am I not? Criticizing the critics! A puzzling business, this.

Chicago, Illinois.

Some Observations by an Oxford University Man.

It may interest some of your readers to know how the undergraduates at Oxford University are impressed by the movies.

Recently I attended a program that included Frank Mayo’s “Lasca” and Viola Dana’s “Eliza Comes to Stay.” “Lasca” was received in comparative silence, that is to say, no pungent comment was expended upon it. Cheering—pronounced with a dash of J in the initial—took place at its close. My companion and I, and, I think, the majority of the audience, enjoyed the settings and approved of the story. There was none of that infernal silly slush about it. That’s what undergrads dislike—slush.

“Eliza,” however, was thoroughly approved of. Moi et mon ami (note that it is “mon” ami) hugged ourselves—not each other—with delight over it. It is just the kind of picture that goes down well here. I overheard a man saying, as he went out, “That is the best picture I’ve seen.”

Clean, straight comedy drama is the stuff to give Oxford.

Concerning Viola Dana, and with all due respect to her, I do not think she is as pretty as her sister. She is like the stone which, when one falls on it, it is broken; her sister is like the stone which, when it falls upon you, crushes you.

Talking of crushes, she is mine, and may we, please, have an interview with her? I, personally, should love to, but don’t misunderstand me; I mean, may we have an article about her, to renew pleasant memories? Being her faithful fido, her “Cur de Leonie,” one feels these things. I always think of her as the Shrimp after seeing that picture “When Love Was Mad,” in which she runs away with a car, and it runs away with her. Into a pond they went, and she had to jump for it, all ready, dressed in her bathing suit, looking like nothing but a shrimp. Incidentally, I wonder what would have happened had the car not run away with her. I seem to remember that she was trying to escape from somewhere. Suppose she had, still clad in her bath suit? Ooo! Heck! A little awkward!

However, in return to the dislikes of undergrads, I said that they disliked slush. It is the subtitles that offend for the most part. It must be awfully hard to suit everybody, and the majority of cinemaniacs this side just revel in that kind of thing. All the same I am sure it cannot be good for their subconscious selves, and I think that something ought to be done about it. Still, we like the best and the worst. The best we enjoy; the worst we sharpen our wits upon by commenting freely. The nondescript picture with which we can do neither, excites our baser passions, and we do not like them at all.

E. F. NAPIER JONES.


Let’s Be Up to Date.

This is another plea for modernity. A little while ago I saw Gareth Hughes in “Garments of Truth” and according to my ideas the picture was very poor. Now I may be wrong but many of my friends were of the same opinion. Of course Gareth Hughes was wonderful. But why—oh, why do they insist on those awful town characters? They simply ruined the picture.

Sideburns and chin whiskers are ancient history. Town councils no longer consist of four or five Methuselahs. I live in a small town myself and know what I say is true, yet in every picture of small-town life there are the same sideburns, the same chin whiskers, the same baggy clothes of the style of fifteen or twenty years ago, and, above all, the same old-fashioned fogies. (Of course, in every town there are one or two of

Continued on page 10
Do You Know How to Behave?

No, this is not a joke. So many people do not know how to behave, do not know the right thing to do at the right time, the right thing to say at the right time. They are always embarrassed and ill at ease in the company of others. They make mistakes that cause strangers to misjudge them. Pretty clothes and haughty manner cannot hide the fact that they do not know how to behave.

AT THE DANCE, at the theatre, as a guest or in public—wherever we chance to be, people judge us by what we do and say. They read in our actions the story of our personality. They see in our manners the truth of our breeding. To them we are either well-bred or ill-bred. They credit us with as much refinement and cultivation as our manners display—no more.

Very often, because they are not entirely sure, because they do not know exactly what is correct, people commit blunders. They become embarrassed, humiliated. They know that the people around them are misjudging them, underestimating them. And it is then that they realize most keenly the value of etiquette.

Etiquette means correct behavior. It means knowing just what to do at the right time, just what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America, and that serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

What Etiquette Does

To the man who is self-conscious and shy, etiquette gives poise, self-confidence. To the woman who is timid and awkward, etiquette gives a well-poised charm. To all who know and follow its little secrets of good conduct, etiquette gives a calm dignity that is recognized and respected in the highest circles of business and society.

In the ballroom, for instance, the man who knows the important little rules of etiquette knows how to ask a lady to dance, how many times it is permissible to dance with the same partner, how to take leave of a lady when the music ceases, and he wishes to seek a new partner, how to thank the hostess when he is ready to depart. The lady knows how to assume correct dancing positions, how to create conversation, how to conduct herself with the cultured grace that commands admiration.

Would You Know How

to create conversation if you were left alone with a noted celebrity?
to acknowledge an invitation to a formal dinner?
to arrange an informal home wedding?
to set the table for a formal luncheon?
to be an ideal guest if you were invited to a house party?

What It Will Do for You

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do in a certain embarrassing situation, what to say at a certain embarrassing time. Etiquette will banish all doubt, correct all blunders. It will tell you definitely, without a particle of a doubt, what is correct and what is incorrect. It will reveal to you at once all the important rules of conduct that others acquire only after years of social contact with the most highly cultivated people.

Do you know the correct etiquette of weddings, funerals, balls, entertainments? Do you know the correct table etiquette? Do you know how to plan engagement parties, wedding receptions, dances and theatre parties; how to word invitations and correspondences?

The existence of fixed rules of conduct makes it easy for you to do, say, wear and write only what is absolutely correct. Etiquette tells you exactly what to do when you receive unexpected invitations, when people visit you for the first time, when you are left alone with a noted celebrity. It tells you what clothes to take on a week-end party, what to wear to the afternoon dance and the evening dance, how to command the respect and admiration of all people whom you come in contact with.

The Famous Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. This splendid work has entered thousands of homes, solved thousands of problems, enabled thousands of people to enter the social world and enjoy its peculiar privileges. To have it in the home is to be immune from all embarrassing blunders, to know exactly what is correct and what is incorrect, to be calm in the assurance that one can mingle with people of the highest society and be entirely well-poised and at ease.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find all the correct and modern etiquette, dinner etiquette, reception etiquette and the etiquette of correspondence. There are interesting and valuable chapters on correct dress, on how to introduce people to each other, on the lifting of the hat, the usual every-day courtesies. You may often have wondered what the correct thing was to do on a certain occasion, under certain puzzling circumstances. The Book of Etiquette solves all problems—from the proper way to eat corn on the cob to the correct amount to tip the waiter in a hotel.

Send Coupon for Free Examination

Let us send you the Book of Etiquette. It is published in two handsome cloth library volumes, richly illustrated. Our free examination offer makes it possible for you to examine these books without expense in the comfort of your own home. Just send the coupon—no money. We want you to see them for yourself, to examine them, to read a chapter or two. You may keep them at our expense for 5 days, and after that time you have the privilege of returning them without obligation or sending us $3.50 in payment.

Don’t delay—mail the coupon now. This may be your last opportunity to examine the Book of Etiquette free. Clip the coupon and get it into the mail-box at once, this very minute!

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 406, Oyster Bay, N.Y.


Without money in advance, or obligation on your part, you may receive the handsome two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books to you or I will charge you $3.50 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obliged to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.

Name...

Address...

□ Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full leather binding at five dollars, with 5 days examination privilege.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

I'm not in love with him, nor are any of the other girls. You know.

Girls always get crushed on him and feel they have to write to him to get it out of their system, I suppose. But what I contend is that the average girl of good sense is not going to write to that silly stuff.

It's more than disgusting to read articles that tell how the women fight for favor of a certain star, and how madly in love with him they all are. I admire Miss Lonach, Mrs. Meighan, and a host of others, but as yet I haven't lost a minute's sleep over any of them, and I'm not the only girl who feels this way.

Women, in particular, are subject to ridicule of every kind, so why pick on them any more than is necessary?

J. A. C.

Hollywood Apartments, South Seventh and 1 Streets, Tacoma, Washington.

This Fan Defends Movie Crushes.

We are always hearing about the stars' new automobiles, homes, and hobbies, and about the ridiculous amount of money that is their divorce money. It seems to me these faithful women should come in for a word of appreciation once in a while. I mean the women who are in love with Rudolph Valentino, for instance.

Mrs. Tom Meighan, Mrs. Charles Ray, and dozens of others that have stood loyally by their popular husbands for years. Being a star's wife is not as easy as it looks from the outside. For example, including Mrs. Val, Mrs. Bryant Washburn, Mrs. Conrad Nagel, and Mrs. Douglas McLean, have all held their husbands against countless other women, and still do keep them happy.

I do hope every one of these faithful women will do keep them happy and contented, as their faces show every time we see them.

How much more their success means to them with these wonderful wives to share it with, than it would be alone! All our most popular men stars are married, except Rudolph Valentino, and he will be some time in the future when he finds the right one. I am hoping he will get the right one next time.

The difference would be good for him. I am sure Tony Moreno and Gene O'Brien would be more popular today if they married instead of staying single.

We fans do like to have our favorites married, especially the parents of the children of the present-day stars. There is a very wide discussion of the present-day lapper that is causing such much newspaper talk. Nearly every woman present had a lapper daughter, so naturally every one was interested.

There was not one mother that did not prefer to have her daughter in love with a movie star than one of the boys here at home. They all said it was much better and a lot safer to have their daughters standing in line at a Prince Charming on the screen than to be sitting with a real one on the parlor sofa or out joy riding in a car. More lappers have told me they get more enjoyment out of their screen crushes than they possibly could over one of the boys in their set. Personally I think it is a good thing if they keep their crush until they're a certain age, and it would probably prevent so many young marriages, elopements, and divorces.

Two sweet little flappers stopped in this morning to tell me "The Sheik" and "The Four Horsemen" were coming back next week, and asked me to go with them.

They saw them both twice before, and I suppose they will see them as many more times. They were fine pictures, and I...
$500 to $2,000 for a Scenario

Critical shortage of screen plays causes nation-wide search for new writers, with free test for you.

Five hundred to two thousand dollars—and more!

That is what producers are paying today for screen stories. Hundreds of scenarios are wanted: the revived industry faces its supreme crisis in the shortage of photoplay material. The little group of trained, capable photoplaywrights are hopelessly behind the demand. The very small percentage of fiction adaptable for the screen is virtually exhausted.

That, in brief, is the situation in the studios today.

It explains why the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, the world’s largest clearing house for the sale of photoplays to producers, has undertaken its nation-wide search for new screen writers; why the Corporation invites you to clip the coupon below and receive the free questionnaire test which will indicate whether you are among the men and women whom the re-awakened motion picture industry so desperately needs.

The Kind of Ability Required

Everybody cannot write and sell photoplays. But actual test and experience have shown that adult men and women of imagination and fair education (not necessarily writers), who possess natural creative ability and the feel of the drama, can easily be trained in the technique of screen writing; and that persons so gifted, and adequately trained, can sell and are selling stories to producers.

Through the Palmer Course and Service men and women heretofore unknown to the screen have been started on the path to fame and fortune. The course equips them in every detail, to turn real talent to large profit. The Palmer plan is actively inspirational to the imaginative mind; it stirs the dramatic instinct to vigorous expression. So stimulating are the forces brought into play for screen dramatization that the Palmer course has become a recognized aid of incalculable value for authors who write for the printed page; and for men and women everywhere whose field is creative, its benefits are immediate. Primarily, however, it is for the screen.

To discover men and women of natural aptitude is the object of this advertisement; to test them in their own homes is the purpose of the Van Loan questionnaire which the coupon below will bring to you free and without obligation. Through this questionnaire the Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding talent in homes and offices all over the land—talent of which its possessor was unaware until this remarkable and highly fascinating home test was applied.

Send for the Free Van Loan Questionnaire

It is a searching analysis of the creative processes of the mind. It will determine for you the question whether or not you are warranted in attempting to write for the screen. The questionnaire is and does exactly what its designers (H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, formerly of Northwestern University Faculty) claim for it. You shall have the Van Loan questionnaire free by merely clipping the coupon.

What Will It Mean to You?

Give an evening to thoughtful application of this remarkable test to yourself. Serious attention to the questionnaire may prove to be the most important step you have ever taken. If the test reveals in you sufficient talent to warrant training, you will be given, without cost, a complete explanation of the Palmer Plan and interesting facts concerning the motion picture industry and its present needs. It will then be for you to decide whether you wish to enter this profitable and most fascinating of professions. If the test shows you lack the qualities sought, you will be frankly and confidentially advised.

Clip the Coupon and Try

It will cost you nothing to investigate yourself. In all sincerity, and with the interests of the motion picture industry at heart, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation invites you to give an evening to this interesting questionnaire. For your convenience the coupon is printed below. Clip it now before you forget.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Department of Education, Y-6
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

NAME ........................................................................
ADDRESS ................................................................

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

Continued from page 10

I Knew You’d Make Good

I always felt you had it in you to get ahead. But for a time I thought your natural ability would be wasted because you didn’t make anything do anything well. Yes, I was afraid you would always be a jack of all trades 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 efficient—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 worthwhile. And those hours you spent 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 can mean the difference between selling better jobs and bigger salaries to thousands of men.

Mark and mail it today and without cost or obligation, learn what the I, C. S. can do for you.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 4554-C SCRANTON
Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I mark and mail the coupon.

---

A Doll’s House’ a Disappointment.

Having read the interview of "Nazimova—Herself," by May Ridgeway, in your March number, I naturally looked forward to reading "A Doll’s House." The picture came—I saw it—and my cry goes out for the real Nazimova! She is, as Miss Ridgeway so aptly described, "one of the screen’s most personal and attractive personalities," yet she disappointed me a great deal in this picture. Somehow, she looked very old and plain in some of the scenes. Is it possible we are losing the Nazimova of the screen? Was it the pictures themselves, or are there many other fine things she has done for the silver sheet? Judging from articles written by some of the critics of the drama, she is indeed making her way slowly but surely into the background; and if not that, it is surely a dreadful state of mediocrity. Unless she affects a "come back" in a story worthy of her rare ability and the excellent "artistic personality"—who knows? Will “Salome,” perhaps, be that vehicle?

That’s What We Try to Do.

I have been wondering why Picture-Play is my favorite magazine of the screen, and have finally decided that it is the personal touch, the feeling of intimacy with the stars, which 1 have gained from reading it which attracts me so strongly. No other magazine makes the players appear to be so human, so real, as yours. That is so much better than trying to make them out as evolved beings. I consider Ethel Sands the luckiest human being in the world. If you ever need of another young Alice for Film Wonderland, pick out E. R. D. 372 East Clay Street, Portland, Oregon.

A Suggestion for the Players.

Having read Evelyn Bowen’s letter in the March issue of your magazine, I feel that I wish to make a suggestion at the narrow-mindedness of those who think that movie people as a whole are “wild.” But I am even more disgusted with the producers and actors who are responsible for this idea. If it is rapidly spreading and taking firm root.

Bad plays and movies scandals have blackened screenland’s eye in general, and what a pity it is that such pictures as “Sentimental Tommy” and others have, as the Observer puts it, gone begging for patronage? It is because the majority of the public do not appreciate such plays and have lost interest in pictures. As far as they are concerned the movie world “has been an important fine art and characterized itself.” Ministers, denounce picture shows and reformers state that unless something is done picture shows will have to go out like saloons. And why all this prejudice? Because certain producers, for the sake of box-office receipts, have been sacrificing the respect and dignity of the greatest of all modern arts, through cheap, sensational, bad pictures. They have been catering to the appetites of the weak-charactered and the immoral, instead of leading and elevating their taste.

With eight picture houses in our town, it is not uncommon for all of them to be running poor pictures at the same time, and I am often forced to go to a vaudeville for amusement instead, though I much prefer to see a good movie.

I read a newspaper article which stated that certain producers were going to provide a clause in their star contracts demanding that the stars in private life live up to their commitments. If this is true, and stars will be "afraid of exciting about the class of plays they star in—for the really big stars owe their success largely to the high type of plays they have been able to give. They will have better pictures, and movieland will regain the respect of that portion of the public which it has lost. And only by doing this can it be really prosperous.

Let it be understood, the writer is a real fan, and not, as this letter may suggest, a knocker. I am, indeed, deeply concerned in the welfare of the movie industry. For this reason I have presented my views as a fan, and I sincerely hope, for its own good, that the motion-picture world will create for itself a better reputation and regain its place of dignity and respect in the general public's eyes.

THOMAS JOHNSON.

Nashville, Tennessee.

Some Like the Old Faces Best.

Not long ago I read a magazine article concerning the return of many of the popular stars, which aroused my indignation. It intimated that the public was tired of certain stars; that their faces no longer satisfy; and that we are in great need of new, fresh, youthful faces.

I am a great lover of the movies, and I would like to say, not only for myself, but for others that they do satisfy! We are not in such a hurry to have new ones thrust upon us.

Your March PICTURE-PLAY was a disappointment to me. I felt like a stranger in a strange land. I enjoyed the articles about Wallace Reid and Elsie Ferguson, but missed my other favorites—Mr. Meighan, Elliot Dexter, Gloria Swanson, and Talmadge, sisters, Mae Murray, and others.

When I have an evening to spend at the movies, I am always the first to look at the names of the stars and then that of the director. This is true of the famous stars, but for the most part I look at names to post them.

MRS. BEATRICE LAW COPPING.

1359 Massachusetts Avenue, S. E.
Washington, D. C.

Free to Writers!

A wonderful book—worth the money.

Title: How to Write What the Fans Think

Authored by MRS. BEATRICE LAW COPPING

A HOME STUDY COURSE

10 lessons, 300 pages, full of the most helpful advice for the young writer. Tells you exactly how to fix a story, how to create plots, how to write out a character and make it come to life. It is packed with all the secrets of successful writers, so that you can write pictures that will entertain and please thousands of fans.

AUTHORS’ PRESS, INC., 45-2, AUBURN, NEW YORK.

From a Canadian Fan.

Do you know what we like in Canada?

Mary Pickford is very much liked here by the girls and boys, though I will say if Marguerite Clarke had continued acting child parts she would have been a favorite.
My Wife Eh!
what have you got to say-

UNJUSTLY accused of forcing unwelcome attention on the wife of the man you most admire and respect—

What would YOU do?

To tell the truth meant impeaching the honor of his superior’s wife—hurting the girl he loved who believed in and loved his own brother, the real culprit—disgracing his brother whom he had sworn to protect and keep straight.

To remain silent admitted his guilt, his own dishonor and possible dismissal from the service to which he had dedicated his life. And more—it killed forever his hope for happiness with the girl he loved.

What would YOU do?

DON'T miss this powerful, en thrilling drama of the great North-west, the most picturesque, soul stirring story ever told of the romance, tragedy and adventure of the North.

By America's greatest story-tel-

EDWIN CAREWE
PICTURES CORP.
Distributed by
AFFILIATED DISTRIBUTORS, INC.

C. C. Burr Presents:

I am the LAW!
by the author of “The River’s End”
James Oliver Curwood

ALICE LAKE
WALLACE BEERY
THE GREATEST GALAXY OF STARS EVER ASSEMBLED FOR ONE PICTURE
What the Fans Think
Continued from page 12
Now, if the companies would produce plays such as "The Sheik," "The Four Horsemen," "The Old Nest," "Over the Hill," and "Just Around the Corner," they would certainly draw crowds. A show just has to advertise Rodolph Valentino's name and you could not more think of getting near the show than getting in it. He certainly is the leading actor here.
What people want is something different, not, as Miss Cook said, the every-day things which occur. They do not want pictures to remind them of some work which is undone at home, or some worry. They want pictures that make them forget their worries, to carry them away from the world for a time, to give them a different view, a happy view of the world. I wish to say that I also think a show like "The Old Nest" has probably set a lot of people on the right track again, and has changed the minds of those who were going to leave home.
When I went to see "The Four Horsemen" I did not like the ending, though if it was meant to bring tears it certainly did. Those crosses brought back vividly FREE Dancing Lesson

I B 'Id' N Y N

"THE PHOTOPLAY in the Making"

Dress Designing Lessons FREE

Women -- girls or older, can easily learn Dress Designing and learn enough to make your own clothes at home. No teacher required. Dress Designing Lessons QUICK and EASY. Hundreds learned in a few lessons, freed from dressmaker, saved $50 and more. 

We are specially attractive and

CITY OF RICHMOND,

The fans have a new name for the place the Studio is located. It is called "the set," at home, or at play, and they like it. The fans have a new name for the place the Studio is located. It is called "the set," at home, or at play, and they like it.

CELEBRATED AUTHORS

SPECIAL OFFER

For a Limited Time Only
We are offering introductory subscriptions of seven months for One Dollar. The regular subscription price is $2.50 a year. In this July issue, set your horizons wide and where the movies are made enables us to know what is going on. Studio secrets, opinions of the players and one hundred exclusive illustrations make it a magazine of irresistible appeal.

SPECIAL OFFER

$1.00 BRINGS 7 ISSUES

For a Limited Time Only
We are offering introductory subscriptions of seven months for One Dollar. The regular subscription price is $2.50 a year. In this July issue, set your horizons wide and where the movies are made enables us to know what is going on. Studio secrets, opinions of the players and one hundred exclusive illustrations make it a magazine of irresistible appeal.

MAIL THIS COUPON

INTRODUCTORY OFFER
SCREENLAND PUBLISHING CO.
DEPT. 400 MARKHAM BLDG.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Gentlemen: I enclose One Dollar for which please send Screenland for the next seven months.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Piano Lessons

$45.00 to $100.00 a Week

Piano Lessons

Arthur Murray School of Dancing, Studio 716, 160 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Dress Designing Lessons FREE

Women -- girls or older, can easily learn Dress Designing and learn enough to make your own clothes at home. No teacher required. Dress Designing Lessons QUICK and EASY. Hundreds learned in a few lessons, freed from dressmaker, saved $50 and more. 

We are especially attractive and

CITY OF RICHMOND,

The fans have a new name for the place the Studio is located. It is called "the set," at home, or at play, and they like it. The fans have a new name for the place the Studio is located. It is called "the set," at home, or at play, and they like it.

CELEBRATED AUTHORS

SPECIAL OFFER

For a Limited Time Only
We are offering introductory subscriptions of seven months for One Dollar. The regular subscription price is $2.50 a year. In this July issue, set your horizons wide and where the movies are made enables us to know what is going on. Studio secrets, opinions of the players and one hundred exclusive illustrations make it a magazine of irresistible appeal.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

INTRODUCTORY OFFER
SCREENLAND PUBLISHING CO.
DEPT. 400 MARKHAM BLDG.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Gentlemen: I enclose One Dollar for which please send Screenland for the next seven months.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Piano Lessons

$45.00 to $100.00 a Week

Piano Lessons

Arthur Murray School of Dancing, Studio 716, 160 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Dress Designing Lessons FREE

Women -- girls or older, can easily learn Dress Designing and learn enough to make your own clothes at home. No teacher required. Dress Designing Lessons QUICK and EASY. Hundreds learned in a few lessons, freed from dressmaker, saved $50 and more. 

We are especially attractive and

CITY OF RICHMOND,

The fans have a new name for the place the Studio is located. It is called "the set," at home, or at play, and they like it. The fans have a new name for the place the Studio is located. It is called "the set," at home, or at play, and they like it.

CELEBRATED AUTHORS

SPECIAL OFFER

For a Limited Time Only
We are offering introductory subscriptions of seven months for One Dollar. The regular subscription price is $2.50 a year. In this July issue, set your horizons wide and where the movies are made enables us to know what is going on. Studio secrets, opinions of the players and one hundred exclusive illustrations make it a magazine of irresistible appeal.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

INTRODUCTORY OFFER
SCREENLAND PUBLISHING CO.
DEPT. 400 MARKHAM BLDG.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Gentlemen: I enclose One Dollar for which please send Screenland for the next seven months.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Piano Lessons

$45.00 to $100.00 a Week

Piano Lessons

Arthur Murray School of Dancing, Studio 716, 160 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Dress Designing Lessons FREE

Women -- girls or older, can easily learn Dress Designing and learn enough to make your own clothes at home. No teacher required. Dress Designing Lessons QUICK and EASY. Hundreds learned in a few lessons, freed from dressmaker, saved $50 and more. 

We are especially attractive and

CITY OF RICHMOND,

The fans have a new name for the place the Studio is located. It is called "the set," at home, or at play, and they like it. The fans have a new name for the place the Studio is located. It is called "the set," at home, or at play, and they like it.

CELEBRATED AUTHORS

SPECIAL OFFER

For a Limited Time Only
We are offering introductory subscriptions of seven months for One Dollar. The regular subscription price is $2.50 a year. In this July issue, set your horizons wide and where the movies are made enables us to know what is going on. Studio secrets, opinions of the players and one hundred exclusive illustrations make it a magazine of irresistible appeal.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

INTRODUCTORY OFFER
SCREENLAND PUBLISHING CO.
DEPT. 400 MARKHAM BLDG.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Gentlemen: I enclose One Dollar for which please send Screenland for the next seven months.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Piano Lessons

$45.00 to $100.00 a Week

Piano Lessons

Arthur Murray School of Dancing, Studio 716, 160 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Dress Designing Lessons FREE

Women -- girls or older, can easily learn Dress Designing and learn enough to make your own clothes at home. No teacher required. Dress Designing Lessons QUICK and EASY. Hundreds learned in a few lessons, freed from dressmaker, saved $50 and more. 

We are especially attractive and

CITY OF RICHMOND,

The fans have a new name for the place the Studio is located. It is called "the set," at home, or at play, and they like it. The fans have a new name for the place the Studio is located. It is called "the set," at home, or at play, and they like it.

CELEBRATED AUTHORS

SPECIAL OFFER

For a Limited Time Only
We are offering introductory subscriptions of seven months for One Dollar. The regular subscription price is $2.50 a year. In this July issue, set your horizons wide and where the movies are made enables us to know what is going on. Studio secrets, opinions of the players and one hundred exclusive illustrations make it a magazine of irresistible appeal.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

INTRODUCTORY OFFER
SCREENLAND PUBLISHING CO.
DEPT. 400 MARKHAM BLDG.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Gentlemen: I enclose One Dollar for which please send Screenland for the next seven months.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Piano Lessons

$45.00 to $100.00 a Week

Piano Lessons

Arthur Murray School of Dancing, Studio 716, 160 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Dress Designing Lessons FREE

Women -- girls or older, can easily learn Dress Designing and learn enough to make your own clothes at home. No teacher required. Dress Designing Lessons QUICK and EASY. Hundreds learned in a few lessons, freed from dressmaker, saved $50 and more. 

We are especially attractive and

CITY OF RICHMOND,

The fans have a new name for the place the Studio is located. It is called "the set," at home, or at play, and they like it. The fans have a new name for the place the Studio is located. It is called "the set," at home, or at play, and they like it.

CELEBRATED AUTHORS

SPECIAL OFFER

For a Limited Time Only
We are offering introductory subscriptions of seven months for One Dollar. The regular subscription price is $2.50 a year. In this July issue, set your horizons wide and where the movies are made enables us to know what is going on. Studio secrets, opinions of the players and one hundred exclusive illustrations make it a magazine of irresistible appeal.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

INTRODUCTORY OFFER
SCREENLAND PUBLISHING CO.
DEPT. 400 MARKHAM BLDG.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Gentlemen: I enclose One Dollar for which please send Screenland for the next seven months.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Piano Lessons

$45.00 to $100.00 a Week

Piano Lessons

Arthur Murray School of Dancing, Studio 716, 160 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Let’s Give Katherine a Chance.

To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine:

I only discovered What the Fans Think yesterday, much to my chagrin, but as you see I’m prompt in using the opportunity to say a few words myself.

As a starter I want to defend Katherine MacDonald. I saw what one art- fan of Bert Lytell said: “Well, I’ve said all I want to, except I think Katherine MacDonald is the most beautiful actress in pictures, and the least talented.”

I had been wondering if she wasn’t going to make such a remark, and it is exactly what I had been thinking—until I saw those words in black and white. That set me thinking. After all could I blame Miss MacDonald altogether? Allowing that she isn’t a wonderful actress yet, she has done well to go through the story that is given to her and still look beautiful! Isn’t it a fact that the roles you have had were minus a good plot, minus character, and, well—minus everything else that goes to make up a good picture? Can she go wrong to show us anything that requires energy? Then, suffering grandma, give her a chance to do it, and please let’s not be so hard on her just yet.

Yours sincerely,

Lawrenceville, Illinois.

Censure and Praise.

Some time ago I saw “The Affairs of Anatol,” and I considered it an insult to the intelligent people of to-day. Are we to be entertained by magnificent sets, beautifully gowned women, and a matinée idol—while we have neglected to have been original when Adam inhabited Eden?

When Gloria Swanson is capable of a “Something to Think About,” can she consider herself a modern’s model? The thread of the plot, which was weak to the point of breaking, hung about Wallace Reid, as Anatol. But who could have believed that such an unbelievable story when he has discarded everything save looking adorably handsome, driving around in motor cars, and attracting the attention of women? It doesn’t seem one of her natures to beg him to forget the girls, forget the grand stand, and get to work; forget he’s the ideal modern hero, and give us some real acting, such as he and Geraldine Farrar used to do?

Bebe Daniels and Elliott Dexter were the only two in the cast who acted. They both deserve big roles. Bebe is too much of an actress, has just the right spark of vivacity, and she shouldn’t waste herself on flapper roles. Let players like Wanda Hawley take care of them.

Why can’t we have more “Four Horsemen” straight there are only three essentials—story, a director, and some actors. In closing I wish to lay my tribute at the feet of two men of the screen. They are both symbolic of the supreme thing—be it Richard Barthelmess and Rudolph Valentino. Valentino is youth in its sophistication; he is romance personified; he shows us something of which we have dreamed, yet is never realized. Barthelmess is the opposite—he is real—we all know a boy like Richard Barthelmess—or wish we did; there is one in every girl’s heart; what he does we have seen done time and again—what he feels we feel—he is youth, yet in the background is manhood in its weakness and—strength! Yours most sincerely,

Oak Harbor, Ohio.

L. M. F.

Let’s Give Katherine a Chance.

New Easy Way to
Become an Artist

NO matter what your previous experience or education has been—no matter how modest or how extensive—begin the study of drawing—this new method quickly teaches you Illustrating, Cartooning and Designing. You learn at home in your spare time, yet the work which you send in receives the personal attention and criticism of one of America’s most successful artists. It is just as if this great artist had put his elbow giving you the little secrets of successful drawing.

You will marvel at the simplicity of the process and at the rapidity with which you learn. First you start with straight lines, then curves. Then you learn how to put them together. Now you are drawing simple pictures. Shading, Action, Perspective and all the other essentials. If you are drawing pictures that bring you from $50 to $100 over—pictures that were an actual pleasure to make.

EARLY WHILE YOU LEARN

You aren’t going to wait until you have completed your course before you are paid for your drawings. We have had work on the line, the earning power for many years before they had finished it. Here are a few:

Many of the last lesson was returned, I have said big words of drawings in some and sold and ideas for Alfred E. Fleming, Newark, N. J.

Since enrolling with your school I have had all the work I can handle. I am working on a case for A. H. Darwent. The Lake City Union.

I have received some of my work, W. F. DOOLEY.

You can start your training now, I have already started.

John H. Booth, Hulibre, Kansas.

Before enrolling your course, I was able to dispose of some of my work,

Washington School of Art, Inc.

$75.00 for One Days
Pleasant Work

$75.00 for One Days
Pleasant Work

New Easy Way to
Become an Artist

Ever thought of a good business for men or women? Learn to draw. The prospects are wonderful. Anyone can become an Artist in a few weeks by using the method we teach. Thousands have learned this method and are now earning from $50 to $100 per week, and some are earning $500 or more per week. This method will train you in the same way.

Big Opportunities NOW

Get into this uncrowded, high-paid field now! Commercial Art is a secret in its infancy. Each day there arises some new demand for men who can draw cartoons or comic strips, who can illustrate stories or draw magazine covers, for Fashion Artists, Advertising Artists, or Commercial Designers. Newspapers, Magazines, Department Stores, Business Houses—all are eagerly searching for trained Artists to handle their Art Work, and they will pay any price to get them.

Whatever your present ability may be, we can prepare you for this fascinating profession. Many of our graduates had never touched a drawing pencil when they first started with us. Yet those who studied under this amazing method rank among the most successful Artists of to-day—men and women like Frank Godwin, who has drawn covers for Ladies Home Journal; Holcomb Wynn, who draws for Shadowland; Grenville Field, The New York Illustrators; Louise Roeben, the Fashion Artist; Burwell, the Cartoonist. And this wonderful method will train you in the same way.

Send For Free Booklet

Learn the details of this amazing new method and how you can quantitate your for this pleasant profession so free from drudgery and routine work. Mail the attached coupon and we will send you our handbooks—Illustrated Free Booklet, "How to Become an Artist" and details of a special Free Offer of Complete Artist’s Outfit. Never before has learning to draw been made so easy—art before has been such wonderful opportunities for the learned artist. Mail coupon TODAY!

Washington School of Art, Inc.

1829 Marden Blvd., Washington, D. C.

Please send me your Free Booklet, "How to Become an Artist" and the details of your special Free Offer. No obligation to me and no solicitor will call upon me.

Name ___________________________ Address ___________________________

Short Story Writing

A Come of Forty Lessons, taught by the Editor of The Writer’s Monthly.

One pupil has received over $1,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time. How to become a short story writer to the leading magazines and the best producing companies.

Also comes in Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, Verifica-

The Home Correspondence School

150-Pages illustrated catalogs free. Please Address

THE LESTER PARK-EDWARD WHITMAN photo-

$500.00 "EMPTY ARMS" Prize Contest

THE Lester Park-Edward Whitsman photo-

yon in song "Empty Arms." A third verse was written, and the winner of the best one submitted a prize of $500 cash will be paid. This contest is open to everybody. You must use the words "Empty Arms"—it is not necessary that you see the photographs before doing so. Send your name and address on a postal card or sheet of paper and number will be issued upon the words of the song, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this photograph. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Send your entry today to "Empty Arms" Contest Editor

World M. P. Corporation

24 West 47th Street, Dept. 6029, New York, N. Y.
Eight Colors in the same sheer Voile Blouse ~
Salmon pink (fabric color), light and dark green, light and dark blue, orange, yellow and brown—

washed 26 Times without fading ~

From an actual photograph.
Blouse now on file, with owner's statement, in the Procter & Gamble office.

How she washed this embroidered blouse (from her letter:)

"I placed it in salt water for about an hour before the first washing to set the colors.

"I put a teaspoonful of Ivory Soap Flakes in a wash bowl and poured hot water on them, whipping up a stiff lather and adding enough cold water until I had a half bowlful of lukewarm suds. I then immersed the blouse, shaking it up and down in the thick suds for a few minutes. No rubbing was necessary. After rinsing in clear water and squeezing out with my hands as much water as possible, I wrapped the blouse in a dry cloth for a short time, then ironed it while it was still damp."

FREE—Enough Flakes for several delicate garments.

A generous sample of Ivory Soap Flakes, with a booklet of complete directions for use, will be sent free if you will address a post card to Section 47 PF of the Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WE WISH you could see the fresh tints in this embroidered blouse!

When the young owner offered it as an exhibit, it had been washed twenty-six times with Ivory Soap Flakes. Except for a slight sun-fading around the shoulders, every color is still as fresh as when new.

You know from your own experience that of all difficult colors to preserve, cotton colors give most trouble. Cotton fabrics do not absorb dyes like silk and wool—the dye simply clings to the outside of the cotton fibres. Anything but the purest, mildest soap suds, gently squeezed through the threads, would have rubbed away, or bleached, the dye of this cotton blouse, and faded its silk embroidery.

You have probably always known that Ivory Soap harms nothing that water alone will not harm — even a baby's delicate skin.

Ivory Flakes is simply Ivory Soap in the form of convenient thin flakes. It melts the instant it comes into contact with hot water. It foams into fluffy Ivory suds for quick, harmless washing of silks, woolens, laces and all other fabrics that require utmost care.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES
Makes dainty garments last longer
The Calendar of Past Performances

As Revealed by
Johnson Briscoe.

1. 1903—FRIDAY.—Billie Burke, after touring in vaudeville for several years in European music halls, was rejouning in her first regular stage part in London, being "Missy Bag" about as "Coral Hawes" in "The Country Girl," and singing of the song, "My Little Canoe," immediately captivated her audience.

2. 1915—WEDNESDAY.—Marion Davies was among those present in the pulchritudinous chorus surrounding Fred Stone in "Chin Chin," then concluding an all-season's stay at the Globe Theater, New York.

3. 1891—WEDNESDAY.—Tally Marshall entered into the spirit of the minor role in a play entitled, "Policeman Gentleman," starring E. H. Sothern, which saw the light of day for the first time at the Hyperion Theater, New York, which was unprecedented—and was never heard of thereafter.

4. 1905—THURSDAY.—Clare MacDowell, one of the best actresses upon the screen to-day, was gathering every opportunity to display her fine series of feminine roles with the Grand Opera House Stock Company, Syracuse, New York, upon this special occasion appearing in "The Two Orphans."

5. 1915—SATURDAY.—Eulid Bennett, who has been a notable role of the season, was enjoying a personal season in the ", S. S. Venetian scheme, of which our screen hero is connected, a pet of the household and the Adelphi Theater, New York.

6. 1906—WEDNESDAY.—Low Cadry was engaged in anything but the screen to-day, her acting being as captivating feminine hearts, for her features were the kind which makes, it possible to admire Ida Rubinstein's star quality. This was the first appearance as the "Nell Blythe Givin" in "The Ziegfeld Follies of 1906,"

7. 1905—WEDNESDAY.—June Mathias, with no idea of the fame before her as a scenario writer, was hoping for the best as she struggled through the first performance of "Eugene" Mills' hit, the first appearance as the "Eugene," at the Lyceum Theater, Rochester, New York.

8. 1914—MONDAY.—Franklyn Farnum was facing a strenuous summer as principal tenor of a stock opera company, at Rolf's Glen Theater, Elmhurst, New York, this date getting under way with "The Prince of Pilsen," in which our screen hero of to-day played the title role, no less.

9. 1908—TUESDAY.—Jeanne Macpherson, who would probably have registered utter bewildment had you suggested scenarios to her, was doing her best with the part of Wilma in that classic, "East Lynne," in which Mildred Holland was starring, at the Yorkville Theater, New York.

10. 1902—TUESDAY.—Monroe Sallbury was dispatching himself in the silks and satins of old English comedy, swagging along the board to "Country." and profound was the impression created upon these gathered beneath the roof of the Victory Theater, San Jose, California.

11. 1908—THURSDAY.—Ethel Grey Terry brought just the right note of sweetness in her role of Violet Lansdale in "Girls!"-little thinking then of her ultimate screen adventures—which was the dramatic bill of fare at the Chicago Opera House, Chicago, Illinois.

12. 1905—MONDAY.—Will Rogers was his usual bland, unruffled self, though probably concealing a nervous interior, this date being the occasion of his New York debut in a leading vaudeville theater—accompanied by his faithful harp, of course—this at Kelly's Union Square Theater.

13. 1896—SATURDAY.—James Neil gracefully accepted the tribute paid him with a speech, introducing a new role each week, which moment being devoted to "Courtly Cordes" in "The Masquerader.

14. 1911—WEDNESDAY.—Marguerite Snow cannot have feared hard work in these days, for, as leading lady of the Vagabond Players, in Washington, D. C., she had not only a new role each week, but this date discarded Glory Quayle in "The Christian." for Yara in "Waverly."

15. 1908—MONDAY.—Mae Murray has undoubtedly written this date large in her life's history, as it marked her first appearance as the "Nell Lukens Gun" in "The Ziegfeld Follies of 1908," and that summer she was the toast of Broadway.

16. 1914—TUESDAY.—Madaline Traverse was making a bid for New York fame in the highly honored role of the adventures, "Myer Thornhill," in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," which was in its closing nights at the Gaiety Theater.

17. 1906—SUNDAY.—Thomas E. Race was revealing in the gayeties of musical comedy—yes, indeed, singing right with the best of them—this as the "Marquis de Brancol," in "The Rounders," with the Chester Park Opera Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

18. 1907—TUESDAY.—Mack Sennett was on the road not letting the future hold something better for him than holding up the back of the stage as "A Servant in 'The Boys of Company B,'" then in the midst of a lengthy engagement, at the Lyceum Theater, New York.

19. 1905—MONDAY.—Harry Myers believed that while Edwin Booth may have been an excellent actor, there were plenty of young men deserving of mention, a fact he endeavored to demonstrate as William Lovelace in "The Man from Mexico," at the Summer Theater, DuBois, Pennsylvania.

20. 1900—WEDNESDAY.—Marguerite Snow was making a bid for great things and was trying her utmost to do justice to the part of Montague in "Oliver!" which pleasant old ones was the dramatic bill of fare of the Duquesne Garden Theater, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

21. 1902—SATURDAY.—William Farnum was having a very strenuous summer as principal tenor of a stock opera company, at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, New York, this day devoting himself to the part of the Chevalier Maurice de Vaudrey in "The Two Orphans."

22. 1915—TUESDAY.—Justino Johnstone, in all her bland gorgeousness, was a feast for the tired business man's eyes as she trailed majestically about the Folies of 1915," at the Amsterdam Theater, New York, which incident made as Columbia indeed breath-taking.

23. 1909—WEDNESDAY.—George Beban was causing the tears to flow sufficient to start a river, this with the portrayal of the Italian, "Pietro Massena," in "The Knack" sketch, "The Rink of the Rose," and great was the emotional upheaval at the Alhambra Theater, New York.

24. 1901—MONDAY.—Bert Lytell, with two years' experience as an actor behind him, upon this occasion opened a most pleasant summer's engagement, with Bartley McCallum's company, at Cape Elizabeth, Maine, his initial role being nothing more or less than Lorenzo in "The Merchant of Venice."

25. 1906—TUESDAY.—Elisa Ferguson had every right to feel proud of herself in having obtained an engagement to act in London, and this night she made her debut before the British public, supporting Cyril Maude, as Elsa Smeda in "The Earl of Parnuckle."

26. 1913—THURSDAY.—Carter de Havn and his wife, Flora Parker, who had not only heard the call of the celluloid, were devoting their energies to musical comedy, adding their resumes to "The Fool's Errand," the summer batt at a New York theater roof.

27. 1914—MONDAY.—James Kirkwood was a forbid, impassioned Edmund in "The Man Who Dared," the story of a man always at the proper cue, "The world is mine!" while the audience bowed its enthusiastic applause. The best picture was "The Arrival of the Train." The train came into the station, passengers alighted, met their friends and walked about, and all the bustle incident to affairs of this kind was shown performed and this was just six-and-twenty years ago!

28. 1896—MONDAY.—Lambert's Cinematograph was shown for the first time in New York this night at Keith's Union Square Theater. According to one enthusiastic observer: "The best picture was 'The Arrival of the Train.' The train came into the station, passengers alighted, met their friends and walked about, and all the bustle incident to affairs of this kind was shown performed and this was just six-and-twenty years ago!

29. 1914—SATURDAY.—June Elridge was a handsome, statuesque adornment to "The Passing Show of 1914," at the Winter Garden, New York, and also celebrated her twenty-first birthday.
DID you ever realize to what extent music can be used to create additional illusion to that produced by a picture play?

You probably have if after having always seen pictures at some "Little Gem" or "Bijou" theater where they were ground out to the tiresome accompaniment of a thumpy player piano or an untrained piano player, you have had your first opportunity to visit a picture palace with a splendid orchestra—or better still—a Griffith picture, properly presented in a large theater by one of Griffith's own companies.

For just as Griffith leads all other producers in sounding the farthest depths of human emotions through the screen, he is a master at placing his pictures in the kind

**Griffith's Musical Secrets**

A New York music critic analyzes Mr. Griffith's methods of building up his musical settings for such productions as his "Orphans of the Storm," now being widely shown.

By Charles D. Isaacson

Author of "Face to Face with Great Musicians," etc.
of musical setting best calculated to play upon the feelings of his spectators—and audience.

He was, you may remember, the pioneer producer to send out his own music with his pictures. He started the practice with “The Birth of a Nation,” and it was the talk of the entertainment world—how the Ku-Klux Klan was ever accompanied by that weird cry in the orchestra. Even when the fighters didn’t appear on the screen, the muffled repetition in the music told the frightened audience that they were close by—in hiding.

Recently I went to see Griffith’s “Orphans of the Storm.” I had been present in the studios during the making of part of that production, and now, if Mr. Griffith doesn’t mind, I am going to tell some of his musical secrets, for I have talked with him about music, found him a great lover of it, and being utterly immersed in the subject myself I have come to look upon David Griffith as an important element in American music.

For the purpose of pointing out the growing possibilities of screen music, I want to attempt a brief analysis of the score of “Orphans of the Storm” and then to show by a reverse process how a similar picture would be “musicalized” by the David W. Griffith method.

Griffith’s musical secrets are threefold.

1. He realizes that he can foretell the actual dramatic idea with an appropriate and familiar bit of melody.

2. He knows that there is a memory sense in his audience which permits him to further enhance the characterizations of his players by giving each a distinctive musical theme which always accompanies that person.

3. He has acquired the ability to give voice to the action, the mood, the idea which dominates each episode, and thus to intensify each mood.

Let us see what each of these secrets amounts to, what it points to, and how it can be used in other connections.

By means of the first idea Griffith places his audience in a certain state of mind in advance of the screen demonstration, and so makes it easier for the screen to create its atmosphere. In “Orphans of the Storm” the secret is used in several instances. At the opening of the show the orchestra plays an overture, composed of French popular airs familiar in the days of the drama. Then comes a dead pause; the house becomes pitch dark. We expect to see the title flash on the screen—but it doesn’t come. A thunder roll by the drums and the entire orchestra predicts turmoil, excitement, plunder. This roll is used to show tyranny and selfishness. It puts the audience in the mood of watching a great masterpiece built around the French revolutionary period.

In Griffith’s “Way Down East,” at this juncture, you may recall that a plaintive violin solo played “Home, Sweet Home.” It was so unexpected, so simple, so familiar and tender, that the whole audience felt like crying, remembering the olden days of home, sweet home. The device could not have been bettered. Its very simplicity proved the genius of the creator. Consider the situation. The audience, excited, eager to see this great masterpiece which it has heard so much about, ready to criticize, to find fault, and to underestimate, is suddenly grabbed by the heartstrings, and told by the subtest of processes: “This is a simple, home story.” And so, when the screen lights up after about two minutes of this sort of music, and there is disclosed a little country street, a small house, and the parlor of an old-fashioned home, the atmosphere is already established.

The scene becomes idealized, intensified, made heroic in its way.

Griffith’s secret there was in finding the keynote to his story—the “Home, Sweet Home” idea—the idyllic character of the drama, and, in advance, setting his audience in the frame of mind to understand. What was coming thought the audience?: Is it war and revenge as in “The Birth of a Nation”? Is it a quavering tragedy as in “Broken Blossoms”? What is it? “Well, here it is,” says Griffith, and everybody settles back, in the proper frame of mind.

In this newer and grander picture, “It is war, hate, turmoil!” announces the orchestra, and the audience settles back, ready for it. This in a certain sense is equivalent to the prologue before the big feature appears on the screen, which is so rapidly coming into wide use. Of course, “Orphans of the Storm,” being an evening’s full entertainment, is sufficient unto itself; but in the varied program, the prologue seeks to establish a state of mind in advance of the picture. (At least, it is supposed to do—though it seems to me that only the good saints above can figure out what most of the prologues are accomplishing in this direction.)

This “channelizing” of the minds of the audience is not confined to the beginning of the picture. Griffith also uses it at the beginning of each important episode throughout the drama. In the “Orphans” there is pompous music for the ravishing lawn fête when the members of royalty are exhibited in their lasciviousness and lust and the introduction of the Beethoven Minuet when they dance the minuet, is one of the fascinating moments of the picture and adds distinct charm and quaintness so necessary to make the particular atmosphere.

There is sad, mournful, soulful, and longing music when the beggars cringe and moan and loll about in their hunger and filth.

There is the beautiful Schubert “Serenade” ever present when Chevalier de Vaudrey touchingly and tenderly makes love to Henriette Girard, which fairly makes the onlookers feel every atom of his intensity of affection for her.

In “Way Down East” Griffith foretells in prophetic
manner the disaster of Anna Moore's mock marriage—he foretells the tragedy when first Anna talks with Lennox Sanderson—it is in the music which mysteriously gives a feeling of foreboding. Always a little in advance of the dramatic action and yet not interfering with the continuity of the story as it progresses, Griffith provides the actual episode with the musical prophecy. This, and perhaps the more noticeable secret is Griffith's use of the character theme. He labels each important character with what is known as a motif. Griffith has learned that his audience has a memory sense of hearing. Not only is Lillian Gish remembered for her face, not only is she the character she represents, but she is also that sweet melody which always is played during her most poignant moments on the screen, and which seems to exhale the simplicity and beauty of her unsuspecting character. Not only is Sidney Herbert recognized for his sneaking effrontery, by his costumes, by his walk, by his name, Robespierre, but by his musical theme, which blaringly and blazingly announces his presence in the trumpets of the orchestra. Just as in "Way Down East" not only is Vivian Ogden the old maid, Martha Perkins, but she is that musical theme which chatteringly and remorselessly scandalizes with its tongue-rolling accents in the violin. And so on through the cast of all Griffith productions.

This is not new to music. It is somewhat new to pictures, however. In grand opera, especially those of Richard Wagner, every character has his leit-motif which is woven into the musical design. As the opera unfolds, the orchestra calls forth, "This speaks of Siegfried," and "This is the moaning of Isolde's love" and "Now comes Parsifal."

Griffith is merely applying the most classical methods of the ultrarevolutionists in music to the screen. And it is proving a success. The method can easily be handled by any other musician or musical appreciator who can use ingenuity and delicacy.

In Griffith's pictures it is interesting to observe the way in which the orchestra introduces each character. At first the audience does not get any more than a key to the nature of the character. But with the repetition of the mood, the memory sense becomes assertive. Very tactfully and cleverly does Griffith use this psychological result. Toward the end of a picture he becomes quite daring and even at times when certain characters do not appear in the forefront of the screen but seem to be exerting influence upon the drama, the orchestra gives away the secret and says, "There's the king!" or "The Chevalier de Vaudrey is coming," or "Here comes the hateful old Mother Frochard."

Therefore the second secret of David Griffith is in his manner of labeling the players of his drama. It is necessary to make each label distinct and true, I could think of nothing finer than the chatterbox theme of Martha Perkins in "Way Down East." It is so good that one can see her lips moving and her tongue clattering, and her unscrupulous, scandal-mongering heart beating. I laughed aloud as she came down the road hurrying with her secret, bursting with her importance, figuring how she would tell it to Squire Bartlett, without regard for its effect upon poor little Anna Moore—I could see her breathing, as that music rolled and gibble-gabbled, jabbered, cackled, blubbered, and blabbered. The Lillian Gish theme in that picture is very tender and sympathetic. On the other hand the villain theme is a blaring, brassy, impudent call, which shatters the nerves of the listeners. Personally, I didn't like that particular bit. It annoyed me. But perhaps the very effect Mr. Griffith had sought was accomplished in its effect upon me.

The third Griffith secret is the way in which ideas, emotions, or words can be accentuated and intensified by music. As I have said Griffith knows how to make the music describe the setting. Thus in the "Orphans" there is the most exciting, throbbing, furious, tumultuous music for the climax which is worked up to just before the end of the first half of the picture. It has the most stimulating and stirring effect on the audience, and leaves them exhausted, hot, and so fagged out when the curtain drops every one is uncomfortably warm and blames the heat of the theater—when I know it was not the heat—it was not the scene. It was the music. Without the musical setting at this particular climax, the effect would not have been obtained, it could not—it would have fallen flat. Moreover, any other music than that selected might have ruined it. This was one of the greatest moments in the picture to illustrate the force of music.

Many persons have wondered whether Griffith's scores are all original compositions. No—Griffith productions are composed principally of familiar classics such as "Home, Sweet Home," Schubert's "Serenade," Wagner's "Flying Dutchman." It is Mr. Griffith's present practice, as I understand it, to prefer this method to original compositions, because he believes the audience likes to describe characters, situations, et cetera, in terms of familiar music. Also the process is simpler from his angle and from that of his musical director.

Of course where there is the need of a special idea this is composed for the occasion and blended in. I think that most of the character themes are specially composed.

There is another aspect to Griffith's pictures which I would seek to discuss. I talked with the musicians. I was told that at the present time there are many "Orphans of the Storm" companies, each with a musical director and ten men as a nucleus. Around the ten men additional local musicians are added, generally up to twenty-five. This means probably fifteen conductors and three hundred or more musicians. This is a very liberal use of music. It is worthy of mention because those who wonder whether music is a good investment are here given the testimony of the films' foremost producing director.

I discussed the musical score with the director. He told me that the credit for the whole thing must go to Mr. Griffith.

"Griffith's ideas have been followed all the way through," he said, "he has even gone to the details of the themes. Mr. Griffith selects most of the main themes or motives which he uses in his productions. Although not fitted to do such technical work as orchestration and the like, he has studied music somewhat."

Then the musical director made a distinction which was rather interesting. "The musical score for the Asta Nielsen 'Hamlet,'" he said, "has been called a masterpiece of musical arrangement for a picture from a musician's point of view. A Griffith orchestration is made

Continued on page 84
A Picture in True Colors at Last

Gone are the blurred outlines of old colored films; after many attempts a picture has been made successfully in natural colors.

By Marion Lee King

The Glorious Adventure" was all of that for its producers. Not because it was the first starring vehicle of the inexperienced Lady Diana Manners—because as it happened Lady Diana proved to be a skilled actress, an untemperamental and good-natured workman and photographically as near perfect as any one could be; not because it was made in and near London, which is not considered the best atmosphere for taking pictures, but simply because it was one more determined effort to succeed where dozens of others had failed—to take a whole picture in natural colors.

The adventure—the experiment—call it what you will—has proved a great success, and you can mark it down now in your memory as one of the milestones of motion-picture history. This picture will undoubtedly be the forerunner of many other picture plays in natural colors and in time the dull-toned ones of to-day may even be entirely supplanted.

The credit for this achievement belongs to William VanDorn Kelley who perfected the color camera and J. Stuart Blackton who had faith enough in it to risk using it on this expensive production. The film has already been exhibited in London at Covent Garden where it created a sensation, and within a short time it will have been shown in all the principal cities in America.

There have been feature pictures in color before; perhaps you remember one of them. Probably you don't remember more than that because nobody in his right mind ever went to more than one unless he was studying them and working toward their advancement. The pictures were usually grotesquely unnatural because of the blurring and fringing of colors, and they strained the eyes severely.

Perhaps you recall how in those early attempts at colored photography the brooks and waterfalls lapped over into the sky, and Mary's very pink dress frequently blurred on Johnny's waistcoat. And there were always complications when any one moved suddenly or a dog wagged his tail. It was awfully hard to distinguish the colored drama from slapstick comedy when the idea of both seemed to be to mash things all over one another. And one couldn't get a crush on a hero whose features seemed to run all over his face. But the color process of "The Glorious Adventure" is quite another matter. This picture was actually photographed in natural colors, not tinted after the film had been exposed. The outlines are natural and clear cut, not

Continued on page 86
How Cool These Screen Lovers Are!

They are letting their love scenes fall far below normal while they stand around thinking up epigrams. Of course, the censors are partly to blame.

By Grace Kingsley

LOVE, making in the film drama is cooling off sadly of late. Have you noticed it? It's away below boiling point nowadays—say at least ten degrees Fahrenheit off.

Something like the cooling of the earth's crust is, so to speak, the cooling of the screen lover's crust. The cave men are all gone and their caves are to let.

The censors of course are largely to blame for this. Screen lovers now kiss with the meter on. The good old clinch, too, is fast dwindling away, and the screen lover is losing his grip. Even Gene O'Brien and Tony Moreno are counting their kisses, and I've seen Wallie Reid and Lew Cody meander through hundreds of feet of film with the girls of their hearts without once stopping to kiss 'em.

No longer does the hero crush the heroine to his breast. Instead, lighting a cigarette, he stands half a kilometer away talking in general terms, usually in epigrams, about love. But does he ever stop to demonstrate? He does not. And more's the pity.

As I say, he seems to be talking about love all right, but he might just as well be talking about the weather for all the good it does the girl. And he is so nonchalant about it too. It's as if he said that if the girl got what he was talking about, well and good; if not, he should worry. There were plenty of other girls in the world who would. She can just take him or leave him.

Of course in his very warm moments he may lean across the piano and work his eyes when she warbles a love song, or, growing very expansive indeed, he may lean over the garden seat and tickle the back of her neck with whispered sweet nothings. But in the main he's very stand-offish, the present-day film hero.

I really think that if he were to give the girl a good, old-fashioned hug, she'd think that he had gone violently insane and ring for the police!

Cupid goes to work nowadays with a ruler, and he never permits a screen lover to be less than a foot taller than his girl.

How different from the pictures of the good old days! Then you didn't have to use a thermometer nor a stethoscope to find out whether a man was in love with a girl.

Take "Was the Girl to Blame?" "The Lure of Devilish Broadway," "Paying the Price," "Old Hell Bill's Girl," "The Poisoned Bathing Suit." Was there ever any doubt about the hero's love in those pictures? I should say not. His love making simply burned up the film.

He used to be such a trustful boy, too, that screen lover of other days. He never appeared to be scared of suits for breach of promise or anything. He'd throw his all right at the heroine's feet.

Maybe that all didn't amount to much. Usually he was more of a liability than an asset; still, such as he was, he was all hers. He was a jealous fellow, too, by all accounts—used every once in a while impulsively to mistake his girl's long-lost brother for her lover and take a shot at him. Screen brothers of those days were much more affectionate than they are now, by the way. Nowadays screen brothers call their sisters names, listen at peepholes, and try in every possible way they know how to make their sisters' lives miserable.

But to get back to the old brand of screen love. I re-

The hero might just as well be talking about the weather for all the good it does the girl.

The cave men have all disappeared and their caves are to let.
member an actress once telling me what an awful time she had with her make-up in the love scenes and what trouble she had in keeping her hair unruffled and her organdie dress pressed out. I remember that her leading man was King Baggot, and she was threatening all the time, she said, to send him the bills for the ruin he wrought.

Mind, I don't say it's by any means all the hero's fault that he's cooling off. Some ways he's had a pretty dirty deal. He can't, for instance, just grab his girl and give her a hug and kiss when he happens to feel like it. She won't stand for it. He's got to wait until she has on a becoming costume and is standing in a pretty spot under a tree where the light falls through her hair just right, before she'll permit any nonsense. Sometimes in real life we make love in unbecoming spots, like the back porch or in a Ford, but on the screen Cupid is a very fussy little person. You really don't see sometimes how nature is ever going to be permitted to take its course at all!

Then, as I said before, there's the censor. Along he came and told the hero he couldn't kiss his girl in more than five feet of film. No wonder the hero has taken to philosophy, epigrams, and cigarettes!

Also I must say the heroine seems very well able to look out for herself. She seems to understand the hero's system all right, and to come right back at him. She's a witty thing, the screen heroine of to-day. In real life sometimes human beings get fussed and lose their wits in presence of the beloved object. Not so in screen life. The harder they love the more brilliant they become. The real lover always thinks the next morning of the clever things he or she might have said, but the screen lover is always right there with the Anita Loos stuff.

It's all so darned cold-blooded and calculating nowadays. Cupid goes to work with a ruler. He never, never, for instance, permits a screen lover to be less than a foot taller than his girl. If she chances to fancy a man say her own height or a bit shorter, you know very well that screen fate will never, never permit her to be his. In real life, of course, you often see the most ardent love affairs going on between big fat women and little skinny men, between tall ladies and little male shrimps, but on the screen it's different. Royalty itself isn't more fussy about its matings.

No wonder indeed the hero sometimes seems to fancy the baby vampire! She's a cute little trick, and she's very much in love with him as well as being mightily amusing into the bargain, whereas the heroine is often a damp woman with a great many troubles. But he knows, poor fellow, that the baby vamp is not for him—that, come what may, he's got to marry the damp heroine at the last.

If these latter-day film writers would only take Shakespeare as a model. There's the boy! He knew life. There's the only cold lover he ever depicted, Hamlet, drove his sweetheart crazy with his epigrams.

No wonder! Heroines weren't used to the epigram hounds in those days. Yet Hamlet, if living to-day on the screen or stage, would be looked upon as a prize lover. He did say such neat things about Ophelia's dodging old papa! And wasn't he a perfect scream when talking to the king! His Ophelia wouldn't go crazy, either, in a present-day drama. She'd hurl wise cracks right back at him, and instead of hieing her to a nunnery, she'd hie her to a business college and learn to stenog!

Imagine Wallie Reid playing Romeo! Can't you just fancy him down underneath Juliet's balcony waiting to light a cigarette or to think up an epigram before he climbs up to embrace her? And I'll tell you what would happen if he did. Juliet would catch an awful cold up there in her negligee, and wouldn't have to go and spend the rest of the night in a Turkish bath. Then when she came out and her nose all red, she'd be so mad she'd go and marry the old gink her parents picked out for her. Probably after that Romeo would come hanging around her drawing-room, making careful love—just enough to keep Juliet stirred up, but not enough to get himself into the divorce courts.

As it's only the villain now who is still an ardent lover, sometimes you wonder a bit why the heroine doesn't turn to him for a little harmless petting anyway. So tired must she become of her lover's long-distance love making.

Of course, Rudolph Valentino is doing all he can to inject a little old-fashioned ardor into films, but even he sometimes gets tamed to the tepid level of the times.

I may be behind the times, but I like to think of the days when the shrinking heroine had something to shrink from. But perhaps instead of indulging in vain regret, we should look forward to "The Prisoner of Zenda." Still, you can't ever tell nowadays; even he might turn out a blase or hashful boy.

Why, even at the end of the pictures nowadays, you don't see lovers kiss. You see them about to do it—the other side of a window—and then they suddenly grow coy and pull down the blind!
What Every Woman Wants

Rex Ingram proved that he knew when he presented the romantic, fiery Valentino to the public. And Valentino wasn't just his discovery—he was part of his theory.

"Now the romantic lover has seized upon her mind and heart. She doesn't want a man who conducts his battles over a desk top with pen and check book. She wants instead the duel—the rapier—and an equal finesse in love making. It is the heyday of the subtle lover, a dangerous day for the American husband."

Women's craving for something different than the men she meets is responsible for the present vogue of costume pictures, Rex Ingram believes. "They revive the romantic age," he says, "where there was uncertainty, a chance for dependence on man's greater strength."

"It was with this in mind that I undertook the production of 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' I sought, immediately upon my decision to make the picture, for a personality with the qualities that make the big appeal to women to-day. Ramon Samanegos as Rupert of Hentzau has all of them, I think. He is like a rapier, insinuant, sparkling, with a courage that is enhanced rather than harmed by his gay villainy. It is he, the scintillant sinner, who appeals to American women to-day."

You recall, perhaps, that it was Rex Ingram who first rescued Rodolph Valentino from heavy villain parts and presented him in his true métier. It was a Julio in "The Four Horsemen" that he first became the magnet of thousands of hearts. And now Rex Ingram intends to wrest similar honors from the public—the feminine public—for this other young Latin, Ramon Samanegos. He feels sure Ramon will be the next big star.

YOU might just as well make up your mind to it—Rex Ingram thinks that as lovers American business men are the bunk.

Of course the erudite Rex wouldn't express it quite that way. In his own words, "As a lover the American business man is definitely obsolete." And, considering the sensation, Rodolph Valentino's appearances on the screen have made, in contrast say to those of Herbert Hoover—I know this isn't logical because H. H. has never had a chance to do love scenes in his Screen News appearances, but even if he did I'd bet on Valentino—it looks as though Rex Ingram were right.

"The American woman," Ingram insists, "is tired of the bright young business man and his weary elders. To arouse her interest a man must have an exotic, instant appeal, awakening feminine curiosity, stirring feminine imagination, giving her some quality of the unknown to ponder on. The Latin type of man offers that as no other type can. "The American business man is too easily read, too frank, too obvious. To the American woman he is like a book, a rather naive book which she has read and yawned over many times."
To the Ladies—
Ramon the Romantic

Rex Ingram will present this interesting young foreigner in “The Prisoner of Zenda”—and he thinks you will like him as well as you did Valentino—or even better.

By Margaret Ettinger

It is a grave responsibility introducing you to this latest find of Rex Ingram’s. I want to tell you that he is all you might expect, and more, and yet I hate to rob you of any of the thrill of surprise of seeing him for the first time. So, I am not going to rave about him as I would like to; I am not going to tell you of his amazing charm and good looks; I am just going to tell you the story of his struggles for recognition as he told it to me—all the things you will want to know about him after you have seen “The Prisoner of Zenda.”

I really thought of Mr. Samanegos as a struggling poet when he told me his story the other day, at the Metro studios, for it is such an attacky existence that he led. He was wearing the picturesque uniform of scarlet and blue—the very one that transforms him to Rupert of Hentzau, while he told me all about how he became Mr. Ingram’s “discovery,” and the dashing costume contrasted oddly with the drab surroundings and the story he told.

“I determined to get into pictures when I came here from Mexico with my little brother. I applied at every studio for work. I sat for hours at a time on the battered ‘extra’ benches. I wore out pair after pair of shoes trudging from casting director to casting director. I couldn’t get work of any sort. I used every known persuasion, to no avail.

“And,” he continued, stroking the black beard he had grown especially for Rupert, “it was the usual thing I suppose—but both my brother and I needed food. We were about to be turned out of our lodging house and there was no work in sight. I could not write to my family, for you see they were not at all in sympathy with a picture career for me. I made a sign; hung it outside the door. It read ‘Music Teacher’—nothing more. I had studied music in Mexico, but I had never given a lesson in my life, and I was a bit panicky when my first pupil put in an appearance. I didn’t have to play the part of music teacher long, though, for in a very little while I met Marion Morgan. I loved dancing, though my experience had only been at school parties. However, Miss Morgan wanted to make a pro-

Continued on page 99
HE scene was a reproduction of the British House of Parliament. Beneath the heavy carved balconies on either side of the massive, somber structure rose tier after tier of benches, crowded with picked actors in frock coats. In the middle, at the top of a huge dais sat the chancellor, wigged and gowned, beneath the canopy emblazoned with the royal arms.

In this impressive setting, lighted by a single spotlight, stood Guy Bates Post, who, though he had played the two leading roles in “The Masquerader” hundreds of times during its run of more than five years on the spoken stage, was going through as nerve-racking an experience before the camera as that of any novice. For, veteran trouper though he is, this was to be his first appearance in the films. And I have an idea that directors rather enjoy getting a stage veteran under the Kliegs for the first time, and that they give them something of an initiation. Post, however, as he stood in the center of the impressive scene, where he was making the speech that is one of the climaxes of the play, appeared outwardly calm enough, and when the order to “cut” came, and the scene was ended, he admitted to me that it was really less exhausting than playing before an audience.

“When I appear on the stage,” he said, “I’m all keyed up. The tension lasts throughout the performance. Sometimes I finish almost in exhaustion. This is more like rehearsing. Though you’re working for the public, you’re not working before the public.”

You probably know “The Masquerader” in its stage version. It was presented in every large city in America during the long tour of the company. Later, it was played in Australia. Post has had several successes like this during his career and he has gained an unusually large following on the road, a following which no doubt will welcome his having been at last recruited by the films.

The piece is an adaptation of a novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston that had a great vogue about twenty

Once the story is under way, “Chilcote” disintegrates rapidly. Barbara Tennant plays the part of the slavey in the picture.
Ruth Saunders has the role of "Eve Chilcote."

The setting representing the British House of Parliament is the most spectacular one in the production, and a faithful reproduction.

The encounters between Chilcote and Loder in these double-exposure scenes show...
Rubbing Aladdin's

How some of the stars expect precious days when they are

By Gordon

"I am going to Egypt," chimed in Constance Binney, who happened along just then. "My vacation if it is long enough this year is going to be as Oriental as Egypt can make it. I've looked at pictures of the Sphinx on cigarette boxes and billboards until I have just got to go up and shake hands with it—or her—or him—or whatever it is.

"And if any one is interested to know it, I am going to stop at the Bahamas on my way over. I just want to soak up a lot of atmosphere all the way. By the way, you can say that if I ever, ever get married I'm going to spend my honeymoon in Egypt. At least I think I am, if this vacation trip over there doesn't change my mind, because some people tell me that parts of Egypt smell awful bad!"

Our animated little group of three, in the shadow of the Lasky casting office, was suddenly augmented, but not very much, by a half-portion star. It was May McAvoy who joined us, dangling a sunbonnet by its strings. She was wearing a yellow wig over her dark curls.

"Where are you goin' for your vacation, May?" questioned Wanda, shaking her bobbed head in the way she has. "Or don't you know yet?"

"Certainly, I know!" replied the little McAvoy, her blue eyes sparkling. "I'm going to shove a surf board through the waves at Waikiki. I've got out my swimming papers and everything, and I have learned to play the ukulele from Herb Rawlinson."

Incidentally, a curious thing about Miss McAvoy is that she has never been cast in a swimming picture, though she is a natural water baby. She loves to swim as well as she loves to dance, and she is just naturally going where they swim before breakfast!

New York is the summer objective of some of the movie vacationists who have spent a long time on the Coast. Marie Prevost, out at Universal City, is going to revel in Fifth Avenue for as long as she can be spared from the studio. Mary Miles Minter has abandoned all her plans and gone to the Orient. Gloria Swanson is making no secret of her vacation plans. She has been reading large and heavy volumes on the lore of the ancient cave.
Vacation Lamp

to direct themselves during the free from the studio time clock.

Gassaway

dwellers who avoided landlords by digging themselves in on the sides of the plateaus of New Mexico.

Gladys Walton has bought a bay-going little motor boat which she is going to use for her vacation. It will be spent at San Pedro, which is just another name for the harbor which lets the bootleggers from Canada get within striking distance of the Western film capital—though she says that fact has nothing to do with her selection of a vacation locale.

Yacht cruising is a popular outdoor pastime with some of our most eminent producers, and Marshall Neilan, Mack Sennett, and Tom Ince are going a-cruising in the summer months.

Priscilla Dean, one time wild cat of Paris, is going to trek off to the wilds of Canada. But her vacation is not going to be entirely devoted to roughing it, for she will stop at Lake Louise, that favored region for honeymooners, and of course at Banff. She has been invited to officiate at the formal summer opening of the resort in July, and Priscilla will be there, as she quaintly puts it, with her hair in a net!

The home bodies of the movies will not stir far from their own firesides. Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel are going to put in a glorious vacation watching baby Ruth grow. Cullen Landis is very much of a home boy, when he isn’t tramping in the California hills, and he is going to vary his vacation with a bit of baseballing in the interests of the Long Beach team of his home town, tramping, and sleeping in his own bed. Theodore Roberts, of the animated cigar, is going to vacation in his garden. He told me that he has played at being a wicked old man in so many café scenes that the simple life looks very good to him.

“I’m going away somewhere where no one knows me and raise a beard.” Wallace Reid confided to me in his dressing room the other day. “I’ve spent so much time on location in the mountains that I am fed up on pine trees that think they have to sing you to sleep every night, and the sad sea waves work overtime trying to be sad, though I never could for the life of me figure out why poets called ‘em sad. Most of the waves I’ve met have been pretty flip. I am going to get into a car and just turn the throttle loose with my toe and go high, wide, and handsome!”

To hike through the wilds of Canada is Priscilla Dean’s plan.

South America is luring Bebe Daniels. With her grandmother as guide and mentor she plans to first visit Colombia and then Buenos Aires. Mrs. Eva de la Plaza Griffin, her grandmother, was born in Colombia and later married the American consul at Buenos Aires, so there is very good reason for Bebe’s decision.

Dorothy Dalton is going to take every minute of her vacation time to visit—guess where! Chicago. Her parents live there, and she wishes to be with them.

Dreams are coming true if Helen Ferguson can make them. But not for herself. Her vacation is going to be devoted to the inmates of the Strickland Home for Boys near Los Angeles and to the children who played with her in "Hungry Hearts."

Dorothy Dalton will spend every minute with her parents in Chicago, her home town.

Continued on page 90
The Latest Return

The foremost vampire has at last abandoned the footlights and returned to the films.

By Edna Foley

Theda Bara is back. She is soon to appear in a picture directed by her husband, Charles Brabin, which will feature her abilities as a vampire to the utmost—or at least as far as the censors will permit. It is said that her first vehicle will be made from a famous story, but she hasn't admitted the name of it yet. Now everyone can take out all those rusty old jokes that used to be so popular and air them; you know the kind, "Others may be fairer, but Theda is Bara" and comments about her "vamping on the old tent ground."

It seems to me that other motion-picture players ought to give Theda Bara a vote of thanks. With only one or two protests, she has shouldered more abuse and more unthinking criticism than any other player, and the rest ought to realize that if there hadn't been any Theda they might have been the victims.

But, anyway, fans will welcome her.
We have had several letters demanding that The Observer start a campaign for lower admission prices in theaters. We are for it, just as we are for lower rents and for cheaper street-car fares. But we do not believe prices will be universally cut.

In all probability there will grow up in every large community—it is only in the cities that the prices really are high—two classes of theaters. There will be the fine, new theater with a large orchestra and elaborate program which will charge an average of fifty cents and will give probably only four or five shows a day. Then there will be the smaller theater—with probably just as good pictures—that will show nothing but pictures. The orchestra will be small, the shows will be short, and the price will be reasonable.

In New York, for instance, Loew's New York has prospered with an admission price, which, as things are now, is comparatively low, on a nothing-but-picture basis. Across the street the Rivoli, Strand, Rialto, and Capitol, with big orchestras and elaborate trimmings, are making money with a price as high as eighty-five cents.

If you are like The Observer, you care little about anything but the picture, and you probably will welcome the "grind" show—meaning the show in which the operator keeps going continually. If you lean toward music and prologues you will be willing to pay twice as much for a motion-picture show that includes these things.

If we were running the motion-picture theaters of the United States we would cut the prices of all of them and would cut the shows, too. We want pictures and nothing else. But, alas, it seems that the world does not agree with us. It appears that theaters that have tried cutting the expensive orchestras and the elaborate prologues, and that have made a corresponding decrease in admission fees, have found that the attendance fell off. So what can you do about it?

Probably, instead of The Observer regulating affairs, it will have to be left to George W. Supply and Demand who seems to regulate almost everything. If the people in your neighborhood do not want a cheaper show your theater manager will find it out if he's a good showman, and your protests will avail you naught.

But even if the prices are not materially reduced, there are indications that the standard of the general run of pictures is going to be better from now on.

The recent far-famed and much-weep-over slump in attendance at motion-picture performances has brought theater owners face to face with a fact that should have been obvious, but wasn't. That fact is that Barnum was not entirely right when he said the people like to be humbugged.

Theaters and producers of pictures are learning what the merchants of the land have known for years—that there is no profit in delivering bad merchandise, and that the fellow who succeeds is the chap who is building the confidence of his customers.

Motion pictures are just shedding the circus man and the traveling show trouper. These were the fellows who first went into the business of showing motion pictures, and their methods were the ones used by motion-picture theaters.

A traveling show is an institution for which the theater accepts small responsibility. If the local opera house books in a minstrel show, advertises it as the funniest show of the year and the performance proves to be a waste of time and money for the people who pay at the box office, the citizens of the burg seldom blame the fellow who runs the opera house. They know that he has to take pretty much what comes and, properly enough, they put the blame on the show, which by that time is playing the next town.

The motion-picture theater, however, is a town institution. The manager of the theater—not the can of film—is held responsible for the performance. The public knows that it is possible for the motion-picture theater to get good pictures and when it is humbugged it knows that the manager put something over on them.

(In justice to the managers, let us say that sometimes they in turn are humbugged by the distributors, but investigation shows that the general average of the manager who tries to get good pictures is always far above that of the fellow who tries to see how cheap he can get his pictures.)

Therefore the theater manager who is a dishonest merchandiser, who takes a man's quarter and does not deliver twenty-five cents' worth of entertainment, is bound to lose trade just as fast as the grocer who gives twenty cents' worth of sugar for twenty-five cents.

The same goes for the producer who tries to get more for his films than they are worth.

All of which finally has convinced the producer and the theater manager that there is not much money in ordinary medium-class motion pictures.

This means that beginning next fall, in the best theaters—not in the very cheap ones—the general average of entertainment will be higher—and probably the comparative cost will be lower—than you ever have had before.

The theaters are finding that it is better to book one good picture for a week than two ordinary ones for three days each. The producers are finding that the weak stars, the ordinary directors and the uninspired production managers must be dispensed with.

And so you already are finding men and women who formerly were hailed as stars, taking ordinary parts in productions and very glad indeed to earn an honest living. You are getting combinations of high-class directors with high-class stars, all working peacefully together and having very little argument with the adver-
The motion-picture industry, in other words, has been cutting out a great deal of its monkey business, for it has found that the public won't stand for it. The public is no longer in a mood to believe that an actress is a star just because her name is of a certain size in the advertising. It has no patience with directors who are so busy trying to make reputations for themselves that they forget all about making good pictures. The public is waiting to reward the folks who deliver good shows, from the theater manager back to the man who writes the story, but for the people who still believe that humbuggery is profitable the public has nothing but the toe of a fast-moving boot.

And the motion-picture business now knows it.

We have a letter from a reader who has harsh words to say about the chains of theaters, all under one management, that are spreading through the country and that in many cases are crowding out of business the local theater man.

From the local theater's point of view the chain is a pernicious thing. A good citizen decides to invest a great deal of money in a motion-picture theater. He operates it at a profit and to the satisfaction of the community for several years. Then suddenly an outsider who operates theaters in a number of cities decides to enter this community with a new theater. The local man must sell to the syndicate—perhaps at less than his property is worth—or face keen competition. Usually the chain theater is the victor.

The economic side of the chain idea is of importance only to the owner of the theater that was first in the field. The public will go to the place where it can get the best entertainment for its money, regardless of whether the theater is controlled by local capital or by Wall Street. It has followed this policy with chain drug stores, chain groceries, cigar stores, and five-and-ten-cent stores. Usually the chain theater is able to give better shows at less money, since it buys film cheaper than does the individual theater and it books pictures more expertly.
The Old Hokum Bucket

This article either will appeal to you strongly or it will make you angry. It is written by a dramatic critic of a large newspaper, and it represents the views of a large group of persons who, though dissatisfied with most pictures of wide, popular appeal, are keenly interested in the possibilities of the screen, and who are looking forward to the day when they can have an "art theater" of their own in which critical standards shall obtain.

By B. T. Clayton

The public does not want better pictures.

So say the producers.

Despite all their luted cacophonies in the public prints over "Better Pictures," "New Faces," and Art with a large A, the producers were long ago convinced by the extraordinary success of such yap-dazzlers as De Mille's "Anatol," that what the people want—to-day, yesterday, and to-morrow—is the good old hokum.

Despite their hynming in the press the glowing prospects for each New Year, it was their unofficial but sincere belief that the photo play of 1922 would be no farther advanced than the photo play of 1921, which was in turn no higher level than the photo play of 1920.

It is the belief of at least a great many of the men higher up in the industry that the cinema has reached its zenith. That it can go no farther because it is primarily a Coney Island sort of amusement for the masses.

This is not true, of course, the record of "The Amorous Antics of Anatol" to the contrary. It is only partly true. Sooner or later a theater guild movement will take place in the movies. It is the eventual solution of the theory of limitations.

Not long ago, in one of Los Angeles' million-dollar seductive temples of Thespis, I laid an eye to Anita Stewart's impassioned blurb "Playthings of Destiny:" one of those fatuous fictions, full of wronged women, suffering heroes, tiny, golden-haired toots, and the sanctity of motherhood. Little Richard Headrick, most offensively sunny of all screen children, ran rampant through the picture; toddling downstairs in his pajamas, almost—but unfortunately not quite—drowning, kneeling against mother's evening gown—in the spotlight—to say his prayers, and lastly, uniting his estranged parents in one final welter of mush.

There was not a dry eye within ten feet of me when little Richard climbed into his mother's lap, patted her cheek, and subtitled, as the baby-spot haloed his golden curls: "Don't cry, mummy, Dod will make it awight."

But what does it prove; that the public does not want better pictures?

Absolutely not. It merely shows that there are enough lovers of slush to make such blatant heart-throb stuff a box-office triumph. It shows why the producers keep turning out sap-teasers with one hand while with the other they write sonorous sermons on the infancy of the industry, and so forth.

But it does not conclusively prove that the taste of a large proportion of the present devotees of the screen precludes the gratification of the taste of those who are not satisfied with what they are getting, and of the countless thousands who would like to see pictures if a different type of films were offered.

At one time the celluloid collar trade greatly outnumbered the patrons of linen neckwear. The parallel is obvious.

Probably in about 1955 some bold revolt will venture a Little Theater and be utterly dumfounded by the result—as was the New York Theater Guild, which started in a cellar somewhere near the Battery and awoke one bright day to find the art-starved populace flocking to its dugout in hordes, fairly sobbing with gratitude.

One theater for the intelligent-sia, one for the patron of "Her Crimson Sin," "A Telephone Girl's Temptation," and "The Millionaire and the Policeman's Wife."

One theater for the story of lingerie, lily love, and languid Lotharios dabbling in tepid triangles, and another for the throbbing, passionate symphonies of Lubitsch and La Negrí, the swashbuckling fanfarade of Fairbanks, the pastoral of Charlie Ray, and the intellectual operas of William C. De Mille.

And gradually the patrons of the one would become more regular attendants at the other. The kindergarten pupil would, in time, become the high-school student.

In my dreams I have visioned the Little Theater of the movies. There would be no news reels, no educationalists, no travelogues, no incantations, no forty-minute prologues and no forty-piece orchestra playing "The Poet and Peasant" overture. Just an Ollendorf sketchograph, perhaps, or a Felix cartoon, and the feature film; and perhaps, if the picture were short, a one-act play such as Gaspell's "Woman's Honor" or Dunsany's "Night at an Inn." There would be no red and purple lights, no tall vases, no near tapestries, no artistic lighting effects upon sumptuous imitation velvet curtains, and above all, no children. Just a little intimate affair chastely decorated in soft gray and pale gold and a hidden organ

Continued on page 104
Señorita Manhattan

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

As I revolved into the hothouse warmth of the Plaza lobby, Mae Murray, bundled modishly in fur coat and turban, revolved out to her panting black-and-white.

"Mademoiselle Manhattan," I murmured to myself.

But I was on my way in to meet Miriam Cooper, whom it is barely possible you may know better as Raoul Walsh's wife, or Seena Owens' sister-in-law. For such she is. However, as it turned out, I met Raoul before meeting Miriam. He, husbandlike, knew naught of her whereabouts. In the tea room, perhaps. And it was in the tea room that I finally found her, debating whether the girl across the room was Marguerite Clark.

I assured her it was not, and the interview was on.

The brunette Cooper is, if I may say so, Señorita Manhattan. She has youth, but not the coyness that usually renders youth banal. She is, in years, an ingénue, but surely no one would have the temerity to classify her. There is about her the delightful air of having lived and enjoyed it. Coupled with this, a pictorial quality that associates her with Madrid or Barcelona, or some equally torrid Andalusian climate.

"But how do you know it isn't Marguerite Clark?" she persisted.

I was glad enough to have found her, without troubling myself further concerning the identity of the Unknown Tea Rose.

"What do you care, anyhow?" I demanded. "You see enough movie stars every day to satisfy you, don't you? Why worry about Marguerite Clark?"

Her eyes widened.

"I know very few stars," she said. "The Gishes, and Mae Marsh, and the Talmadges, that's all. And I've always liked Marguerite Clark, and so I wanted to know if it was she."

And there you are. Miriam Cooper spent months in Hollywood making her last play, "Kindred of the Dust," and yet she might as well have been in Saskatoon, South Bend, or Scranton.

"We don't go out when we're on a picture. We can't afford to do it, physically. I suppose lots of people have told you how hard picture work is. Well, they told you the truth." She smiled, a rich, red smile emphasized by the gleam of her teeth. "Here it's different. We just returned from the Coast. We aren't doing a picture. Our next stop is Palm Beach, then we start for Europe and more work. But now—have you been to The Rendezvous? Last night we tried the new Club Royal, and liked it."

She was smartly tailored; her face, a sensitive, thin, mobile face, looked sophisticated without being bored. She looks like a twenty-five-year-old edition of Lorna Doone. Perhaps a trifle knowing, but wouldn't Lorna have learned?

"In Europe," she told me, "I should greatly like to do something Oriental—or Egyptian—or 'Sheiky.' Everything must be 'Sheiky' nowadays, you know?"

I knew.

"Raoul expects to do a picture in the shadow of the Sphinx—chasing round the pyramids, Tangier, Algiers, you know the atmosphere. I'm the type to do the Arabian girl, and I want to do it. The desert, you know, offers pictorial advantages, and Oriental stories offer great dramatic possibilities."

Miriam Cooper began at the greatest university of the picture play that ever was: Griffith's Biograph Class.

"I started with Mae and Lillian and Bobby and the rest," she said. "In 'The Birth' I had my first wonderful part. My next was in the modern episode of 'Intolerance.' I didn't realize what sort of rôle I was portraying or I shouldn't have done it."

"What connection is there," I asked, "between the rôle you play and you?"

"Of course," she replied, "I would do it now. But then I was more of a child than an artiste. Of course—it doesn't make any difference what sort of thing you play, so long as you do it well."

In those days, she told me, Griffith thought Lillian Gish would never reach the heights. "It isn't in her," he would say. Mae Marsh he considered the great actress of the screen.

"And I don't know," said Miriam, "I don't know what it is that has held Mae back. Luck, perhaps. Poor pictures, more likely. But she is such an expressive creature, such a fine actress, it's a shame that she shouldn't hold her place on the screen. And Lillian—Lillian is unquestionably the great actress of the silver sheet. I love her. We all do."

"It's always seemed that Lillian and Mae and Dot and I have belonged to one family. Then after I married Raoul, and George married Seena, why the family grew! We all have heaps of fun together. When we're not tied up on a picture, she added, a trifle ruefully, "Picture making does cut in on one's free time," she murmured.

"It's a sense of humor and a strong sense of business acumen mark her personality. She follows the financial progress of her husband's pictures as zealously as any First National vice president."

"We went from Griffith," she said, "and Foxed it a while." (I would say here, en passant, that the Walsches accomplished something rarely accomplished by any one else, even the greatest; they made a genuinely fine production despite the fact that it was under Fox supervision. I refer to "The Honor System.") "After 'arriving' with a couple of big features, Raoul decided to chance it alone—at least independently."

"The Oath" was among the better First National specials they have spooled: in it la belle Miriam splashes forth with some real emotional pyrotechnics. "Kindred of the Dust" is costarring material for Miriam and Ralph Graves.

"He's a charming boy," she said warmly. "And he never should have had to play the prize fighter in 'Dream Street.' I'm surprised that D. W. cast him for that part." She smiled impishly. "That's what I like about being in my husband's company. I don't play parts that I know are all wrong. I'm a type, and I stay within the bounds of possibility. I think almost every one is a type, but that few are willing or wise enough to admit it." She relaxed into the depths of the lounge on which we were seated.

"I wonder," she murmured, "I wonder if that was Marguerite Clark."

The evening before she had seen Laurette Taylor in "The National Anthem" and felt certain that the part was "made for her," filmatically. If possible, she will do it, under Raoul's direction, "after," she added, "the 'sheiky' picture that we make in Europe."

"The sophistry of Manhattan plus the decorative motif suggesting Spain—that's Miriam Cooper: Señorita Manhattan."

Miriam Cooper has metropolitan manners and Old World beauty.
HERE'S a new Marjorie Daw—with out curls and smile. But being engaged to Johnny Harron and playing in "A Fool There Was," would naturally make one feel dignified.
MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE is one of the few fortunates who is never "between pictures." She will next devote her talents to the Ince special, "Finding Home."
At almost every photograph of this girl we wonder, "Who is this fascinating creature—never saw her before!" And we thought we knew Betty Compson! Her latest picture is "Over the Border."
If you were May McAvoy and had been working hard and learned you were going to have a vacation in New York, this is the way you'd look. It was during her vacation that Harriette Underhill had the chat with her that you'll find on the opposite page.
ART decreed that Miriam Cooper couldn't dress up once in her latest picture, "Kindred of the Dust," so she had this photograph taken to show how beautiful she can look.

Photo by Edwin Howser Heuer
DORIS MAY continues to attract new followers by her amusing escapades in R-C comedies, the latest of which is “Gay and Devilish.”
A NOTHER Doris, but what a different type! The surname of this stately beauty is Pawn, whom you all know as leading lady for various screen heroes.
MADGE BELLAMY has appeared in only a few pictures, but her ability prompted Maurice Tourneur to give her the much coveted title rôle in his latest production, "Lorna Doone."
Poor May McAvoy!

She gets up at six in the morning, doesn't get a chance to go shopping, and sees only about one play a year!

By Harriette Underhill

May McAvoy doesn't seem to be one bit spoiled, but I am quite sure that she is, because she couldn't very well help being so.

In the first place she is only nineteen years old and despite all the talk about falling stars and falling salaries her salary is soaring somewhere between that of the vice president and the president. Perhaps it is not quite so big as Mr. Harding's, but, I infer, it must stack up very well beside the one received by Mr. Coolidge for being assistant president of the United States. At the time I write all of the ad lib directors are fighting over her trying to get her to promise to go in their next picture if she can get a leave of absence, and her press agent is going about with a memorandum in his hand which reads, "See Miss X . . .

at eleven at the Hotel Grandum for interview; see Mr. B. at twenty-thirty at the Atlas for story; meet Miss H. at one for luncheon and interview; be at Bazaar of Little Mothers at four-thirty to sell chances; be at home five-thirty to receive six interviewers; be at Hotel Clarissa to address Woman's Club on 'Better Pictures' at eight o'clock," and so on. Poor May McAvoy!

Recently we have been deeply interested in a story of motion-picture life which ran serially in a weekly magazine. The stars are treated by the author with beautiful levity, and one of the things he writes about is "Merton's" mixed feelings when he pores over the fan magazines. Merton marvels that all of the celebrities, whose very names set his heart to pounding madly, should be so unspoiled and simple and home loving. It seems that each interviewer goes into the sacred presence in fear and trepidation, and comes out feeling that he or she never has met such a truthful, generous, unaffected soul. The men are all so noble and true. The women are all so beautiful, intelligent, cultured, simple, natural, and devoted. And as we read that part of the story we wondered if our interviews sounded like that to people who read them.

The fact that one or two of them have made the people we wrote about angry is, of course, an encouraging sign. People don't usually get mad at you because you have said that they are noble—and true and beautiful and faithful.

At any rate it made us think—a thing every one should do once in a while—and we wondered if we wrote those banal and pleasant things which ring about as true as a lead nickel. So we resolved to put our glasses as a precaution against any mental astigmatism and see our future interviewees as they really are, or at the very least, as they really appear to us.

May McAvoy is beautiful in a quaint, unobtrusive way; her coloring and her features are perfect and yet we waited for her in the lobby of one of the big hotels for luncheon and did not recognize her. When we met her, we said, "I didn't even see you. You don't make the most of yourself."

"I don't want to," she replied. "I hate being recognized."

All around were smart-looking flappers with short skirts and woolen stockings and bobbed hair flying, and Miss McAvoy wore a plain little brown coat suit and a mushroom hat just the blue of her eyes, and let me say right here that May McAvoy has the most beautiful eyes we ever saw. They are a regular marine blue and about twice as big as other people's; and the lashes are jet black and stick out all around like fringe. She is a regular Irish beauty—marvelous pink-and-white skin and black, wavy hair. She is not five feet tall and weighs only about ninety pounds and still she is plump. So you can see what a tiny thing she is, this girl who gave such a wistfully sweet performance in "Sentimental Tommy."

It is less than four years since Miss McAvoy started her career in motion pictures and then she was cast for a little girl who went to the corner grocery to buy some sugar for her ma to use in baking pies. The film was an advertisement of a certain kind of sugar and that was all; but little May, who was only fifteen years old, put her heart and soul in that rôle. Just previous to that she had had a letter of introduction to the casting director of one of the biggest film companies and, while he admired her beauty he feared her inexperience. But after the sugar picture it was different. He went to look at that, saw that little May photographed, as he expressed it, "like a million dollars," and engaged her. He realized as soon as he saw her on the screen that the camera had a way of getting at her soul, and that is what any director is eager for. If the camera doesn't find that quality, it's because there is no soul or possibly because it's so hidden beneath other things.

But Miss McAvoy is so close to nature that you can almost hear the birds sing as you talk to her, and while we were quite frank to say that that isn't our idea of life at all, Miss McAvoy seems to be perfectly happy. She was stopping at one of the biggest hotels here in New York and yet she arose at six o'clock, about the time a lot of us New York folks are getting ready to call it a night. She is out of the hotel at eight. She had three weeks' vacation to spend in New York and she spent one of those weeks in New Hampshire!

"I really don't care for New York at all any more," she said, "although I was born here. I want to go back to California as fast as ever I can get there and never leave it again."

"But you haven't any theaters out there," we ventured, "I mean any new plays."

"I don't care for the theater and one new play a year satisfies me," replied Miss McAvoy, while our own idea of the promised land is one long Rialto bounded on the north and south by a shopping district. Here, too, Miss McAvoy disagreed with us.

"Oh, I think shopping is the greatest bore on earth!" Now fancy any one having several hundreds of dollars a week to spend for clothes and not spending it.
AFan's Adventures in Hollywood

She meets Dorothy Dalton—whom she likes immensely—and Rodolph Valentino who gives her a lesson in horseback riding.

By Ethel Sands

WHEN we movie fans rave about some new idol that has appeared upon the screen, or when we even go about carrying the wildest kind of "crush" for him, we are styling ourselves after Rodolph Valentino, didn't we think? Of course we did. And it's not only fans who did; the world was doing it. And millions of fans were doing it. But that's a whole story in itself, because it's not just through Rodolph that we picture ourselves as his leading lady, or sweetheart—well, no one is surprised. They sort of expect it of us.

But I doubt if any fan considers that maybe the real leading ladies of such a screen idol, or the beautiful film actresses with whom he comes in contact might get crushes on him, too. Did you ever think of that? I never did. I always imagined that no matter how wonderful an actor or actress seemed to us fans—the rest of the players themselves wouldn't think of them in anything like the same way—that, being so used to such extraordinary, good-looking superbeings, they didn't see them the way we did at all.

Well, here is something that I discovered in Hollywood: The movie actresses themselves can get crushes on some irresistible player the same as we fans do. I'll tell you how I learned it.

I was to meet Rodolph Valentino. You don't blame me if I wanted to boast just a little bit of it, do you? There were no fans around to talk to about him, so I used to mention it to the actresses I met.

I may be exaggerating—but it certainly did seem to me as if almost every movie actress in the film colony was crazy about Rodolph Valentino.

Anyway, any one to whom I mentioned having met him would get as excited as a high-school flapper might and ask me how I liked him, what he did, and what he said. Some of them boasted proudly that they had danced with him quite a bit, or had gone out with him; one was almost overcome because she discovered that a picture of herself in the gallery section of some magazine was placed so as to face one of Rodolph's—they all call him "Rudie" though.

One actress told me quite excitedly of her experience with him. Upon completing her work in a picture that was made at the same studio where he works, she went over to him to say good-by. "I don't mean to say that he was trying to 'vamp' me or anything, but he just took my offered hand," she said, "and looked into my eyes, and I was halfway through with 'I want to say good-by, Mr.——' and with him looking at me like that I just completely forgot his name! Now, isn't that funny? I felt awfully foolish, but I couldn't think of it to save my life!"

So and it went with them.

As a fan, I resented this a little. It was like "stealing our thunder" for them to get crushes, and on our pet idol, too. For, surely with all those beautiful stars and leading ladies worshiping Rodolph Valentino, it couldn't mean nearly so much to him to have just us mere fans crazy about him. I imagined he must be awfully spoiled at that rate.

Then I met him for the first time.

I went over to the Lasky studio to watch Dorothy Dalton work in some interior ship scenes they were making there. I had already watched how boat scenes are actually filmed out on location when I went along with the Bebe Daniels company, you know, so I was anxious to see how they took the interior shots.

The Lasky company had just returned from San Francisco where they had worked on a schooner for five weeks.

It was while they were making "Moran of the Lady Letty," so you see how it happened that I saw Rodolph Valentino as well as Dorothy Dalton.

The cabin was built up high on a sort of platform and to get to it we had to climb up a ladder. The reason the set was so high was because it was built on huge rockers. At certain times while they were filming the action several men would get at both ends and when their numbers were called out they would rock the whole set so that the cabin had all the appearance of being in a rolling ship. Great black curtains were hung all around—"To keep the daylight out," Dorothy Dalton explained.

I wasn't on the set two minutes before I spied Mr. Valentino. We know him to be usually so immaculately dressed and so well groomed that it was rather a shock to see him in the rough sailor costume and cap—but it was Rodolph Valentino none the less.

Well, I wasn't quite so bad as one of the fans who wrote and told me that if she ever had a chance to see Rodolph she would be "like a cat when she first sees a dog—her hair would stand straight up!" But when Arch Reeve called him over and I saw him coming toward us—I did feel sure they were rocking the set, I felt so thrilled and wobbly.

He speaks in a low, deep, steady voice with just the slightest trace of an accent which makes it all the more alluring. I don't know just what it was he said at first, because all I could do was just stare as if I were hypnotized. Then I looked at Dorothy Dalton to see if she was being affected that way, too, but she didn't seem a bit dazed, strange as it may seem, and was arguing about what was the hardest part of learning to ride horseback.

You know, Arch Reeve had been racking his brains to think up some "adventure" I might have with Rodolph Valentino—when all the while I would have been grateful to even just get a glimpse of him—and then they discovered I didn't know how to ride, so, as Mr. Valentino is an expert horseman, it was decided he should teach me. I had always been crazy about horses and longed to know how to ride, and with the thought of having Rodolph Valentino teach me—well, is it any wonder I only came to when I became aware that he was asking me whether I had the necessary wardrobe department would fix me up with all that.

Mr. Valentino has ridden since a boy. He was taught by an Italian cavalry officer and they are noted as being among the best riders in the world. To test whether they are thoroughly expert they must be able to ride with a silver half dollar between each knee and
the horse's side. The director, George Melford, called him to work then, so Miss Dalton and I went over and sat on chairs just outside of the set.

Now I want to tell you about Dorothy Dalton, because I like Dorothy ever so much, and you would, too, if you met her.

The first thing I noticed was her bobbed hair, of course. It seems strange to think of the stately Dorothy Dalton with bobbed hair, but it is even more becoming to her than it appears on the screen. She can wear it just plain, too; not stringy straight though, as it is cut in bangs and curls under at the neck. Her hair is a silky, natural pretty brown, untouched by henna or anything. Dorothy is a very natural person all around. She is pleasant and frank in both her speech and manner. There is no pose or pretense about her, and you almost forget she is a star and a stage actress of fame and experience. She was dressed much the same as Mr. Valentino, with a coarse, gray blouse and frayed trousers, and she looked surprisingly young in that garb.

"My rôle in this picture is a welcome change," she said, "because you know I always played more or less womanly parts, and it is only now that I'm commencing to do more youthful characters."

She liked her costume, too, because it enabled her to just browse around the studio any old way, instead of having to worry about her hair getting disarranged or expensive gowns getting soiled.

"I really bobbed my hair just for this picture," she told me when I asked her why she did it, "at least it put the idea into my head. This Moran, you know, has been brought up like a boy on these ships and had to have straight, short hair, and, as a straight wig always looks so unnatural, I decided to cut mine."

"Why," I noticed, all of a sudden, "you have hardly any make-up on!" The reddening of the lips and green shading above her blue-gray eyes had given the impression that she had the regular make-up, but on a keener glance I saw she had only a slight covering of powder on her face and none on her neck.

"No, I don't use a very heavy make-up," she explained. "Besides it wouldn't be natural for this girl to look too artificial." Which I think proves Miss Dalton to be one of the worth-while stars who aren't afraid to sacrifice a few aids to beauty for the better interpretation of her character.

"As a rule I don't have to use more than a light covering of powder in making up," she went on, "because I happen to be lucky enough to be free from any blemish that would show up on the screen."

She is really slimmer than she looks in pictures, most of the players are, but she is not thin. She told me how she used to go through all sorts of dieting and exercise to keep from getting fat and only succeeded in making herself nervous and weak, rarely losing much in weight, anyhow, until she discovered something for herself that keeps her the same weight without going through any drastic measures.

"Then during the filming of this picture it was necessary to eat some stew for several of the scenes. Of course we had to rehearse the action several times and the stew happened to be so good that Rudie and I ate the whole bowlful every time. At the end of the week I discovered I had gained five pounds!"

I was having a grand time with Dorothy Dalton all to myself to talk to and at the same time watching Rudolph Valentino walking around on the set and going through the action of his scenes. Could anything be more interesting for a fan?

"I've often wondered," she said to me, "what it would be like to write a story or article and then to see it published in print word for word as you thought it up in your mind and wrote it. I've always wanted to know what that was like. How does it feel?"

Well, it certainly struck me as funny to have a movie star ask me how it felt to do things—me, who had always gone around longing to know what their feelings were about everything, but I told her as best I could.

She thought my job a dandy one, said she wouldn't mind having it herself, going around meeting all the different people.

"I used to write scenarios and vaudeville sketches when I first went into pictures with the Ince company.
It's strange that though all the parts I have ever taken have been dramatic, I once wrote five comedy sketches for vaudeville."

If you were a fan interviewer you would want to interview Dorothy Dalton more than almost anybody. Because she doesn't dazzle you so that you are awed until you are stupid, nor is she sweetly patronizing, which makes you feel small and insignificant. She talks freely and in a friendly way about things in general and only about herself when bombarded with questions. But she doesn't hold herself aloof or reserved so that you feel timid about asking her things, either.

A crowd of men who were appearing in "Moran" as rough sailors, lolled around on benches telling stories and joking with each other. The deep-dyed villain of the piece, Walter Long, was strolling around petting a big white Angora cat he carried in his arms.

A young girl with her hair hanging loose down her back came out of one of the buildings. She was wearing the most ravishing costume of pale blue and silver lace, silver slippers, and carried a hat with a high, dashing feather in front.

We both recognized each other at the same time—it was Betty Compson, and she called out a greeting to us.

"Don't think I have forgotten that picture I promised you," she said to me.

"Please don't," I begged. And she didn't.

Soon came around and I went to lunch with Dorothy. When we came back to the studio she took me up to her dressing room which was in a two-story frame building on the lot. "Miss Agnes Ayres," "Miss Lila Lee," "Miss Betty Compson," I read on the different doors as we passed through the hallway. Miss Dalton's was at the head of the stairs. The dressing rooms are furnished rather simply, but are of good size.

Just a dressing table, chaise longue, porcelain washbasin, and clothes closet. Nothing elegant—just the necessary appointments.

Dorothy sent her maid for two glasses of soda. She told me she has a new French maid at home—Miss Dalton lives in the Hotel Ambassador—who has a habit of misplacing the things that Dorothy wants.

"She does it every time," Miss Dalton complained, "and sometimes I get so vexed I want to scold her, but the funny thing is, whenever I want to talk fast or get excited my French runs into English, and the maid just looks at me and shrugs her shoulders. She doesn't know what I'm talking about. I can't scold in French. By the time this maid translates it to her it has lost all its force—and she goes on making the same mistake every time."

We drank our sodas and went downstairs on the lot again. Dorothy borrowed a penknife from one of the men and sat whittling a stick. She cut her finger once, but she kept right on. When I left I carried with me that impression of Dorothy Dalton sitting there on the steps of the board walk, whittling away—a picturesque boyish figure in that rough costume and bobbed hair, quite a contrast to the gorgeously gowned sister stars who paraded back and forth.

After that I went up to the big wardrobe department and tried on a half dozen riding habits, which took so long that it was night when I finally got out on the little studio street again. Some companies were still working—C. B. De Mille's, I believe—and the stages were flooded with the weird green light. To one who loves the fascinating make-believe, yet real atmosphere of the studios, it was like an enchanted little city.

I stood on the steps in the darkness for a moment and just drank this all in before going to the businesslike publicity offices. I just let my imagination go. I never felt so much like a movie star in my life as I did that night, being able to walk around that studio at will all by myself—knowing there were ever so many who would like so much to be in my place and have Rudolph Valentino teach them to ride.

A few days later a car was sent for me to take me to the Los Angeles Riding Academy in the city. The camera man was there, Mr. Don Keyes. Mr. Keyes had come along the first day I arrived in Hollywood and had since taken so many pictures of me I was used to him, so it wasn't like having some body strange going along to make you nervous for fear they were laughing up their sleeve at your fan worship.

"Think of all the girls that are envying you this adventure," he said. But he didn't need to remind me. I knew it!

Mr. Valentino was late. He phoned that his car had broken down on the way.

The woman in charge kept looking at me strangely, and I wondered why. I thought perhaps she, too, was
thinking what a lucky girl I was, and then she ventured, in an awed voice, "Are you the young lady that played with Mr. Valentino in 'The Sheik?'"

I was so surprised and flattered at her mistake I just looked at the camera man and he looked at me and we both had to laugh.

"Oh, I just thought you looked something like the girl who played in that picture," she went on, when I reluctantly admitted I wasn't Agnes Ayres, though I don't understand where the lady saw the least resemblance, unless it was just because I was wearing a riding habit.

Then he arrived. Rudolph Valentino, I mean.

He apologized for being late. Of course, I couldn't hold that against him—not when he looked so handsome and immaculate in his pearl-gray derby and light-gray riding habit. His attire was perfect, even to the corner of a silk handkerchief tucked just so far out of his breast pocket.

The lady suggested we might go out to their Beverly Hills Academy, as it was more pleasant in the open and better for pictures.

Wasn't I glad though, that meant all the longer ride for me in Rudie's—I mean Mr. Valentino's car!

With him at the wheel of the high-powered roadster, it gave me a grand chance to look at and study him to my heart's content—without his being aware of it—at least I hope he wasn't—for when he'd turn his head in my direction I'd look straight ahead so he wouldn't know or feel embarrassed by my hero-worshipping attitude.

When he looks at you his gaze is steady and inscrutable. In real life his eyes are more enigmatic than expressive, I think. He rarely changes his expression, it being nearly always a calm, rather somber look which keeps you puzzled and wondering just what are his real thoughts and feelings—except when he suddenly flashes a smile and coming unexpectedly as it does, you are more or less dazzled.

He is the typical Latin type with olive complexion, and his hair is blue-black and sleek, just as it looks in pictures. He is not the excitable, gesticulating kind, though—he is more calm and very intense, I think—in everything he does—driving, riding, or acting. I don't see how he could help being a success in anything he undertakes, he throws himself into things so.

"A sheik must be just like him," I thought, so I asked him if he liked playing one.

"No, I did not like myself in 'The Sheik,'" he said, much to my surprise and disappointment, "because they would not let me play it the way I wanted to. I wanted to play it more brutally, so that when love comes there is a greater contrast. That is the way 'The Sheik,' was, you know—the Arabs hold women very lightly.

"My next rôle may be with Gloria Swanson. After that, Paramount will give me a contract to star." Then he told me the story of the Gloria Swanson picture. He told it wonderfully. "But I am not sure whether I will decide to take that rôle or not," he added. I gasped.

"I always feel miscast if I am called upon to play an American or Anglo-Saxon," he told me, "because it is so useless, I look so Latin. So there is no chance of my being convincing in anything but Latin characters. What can I do? I cannot change my features."

Well, we fans wouldn't want him changed a bit, would we? His Latin charm is just what makes him so fascinating and so different from the rest.

"What sort of parts do you like to play, then?" I asked.

"Well, of course, I would like to play best of all in pictures with good stories—such as 'The Four Horsemen,' for instance. That was a wonderful story, and I had a wonderful part. Unfortunately there are not many such stories available."

He did not care particularly for his rôle in "Moran," either, though I should think he would have, as he had always longed to be a sailor when he was a boy. When he was fifteen, the presence of so much shipping in the harbor of the city Taranta, Italy, had excited his imagination and he dreamed of a life on the ocean wave.

So he was sent to Venice to take examinations at the naval academy, which was preparatory to the institution from which youths were graduated as ensigns.

In Venice he found that there were some three hundred aspirants for about thirty vacancies in the naval ranks, but he determined to win one. So he started "cramping" as hard as he could. He studied night and day, consuming innumerable cigarettes and cups of coffee—and then lost out because he was one inch shy on chest measurements.

It was his first real disappointment, but it wasn't the fault of the cigarettes, either. Up till then he had smoked sparingly, as it was against the rules of the
Dorothy is a very natural person; there is no pose or pretense about her.

You are supposed to place both hands, still holding the reins and crop, on the horse's neck, just above the saddle—place one foot in the stirrup and, giving a spring, throw your other leg over the horse's back. It looks so easy when they do it in the movies, but you have no idea how difficult it is when you're inexperienced with horses, they seem so high and big. The stirrup was so high I couldn't get my foot up to it without losing my balance. But Mr. Valentino said when you're with a gentleman he always assists you, of course, so you mount differently. You place your foot in their clasped hands instead of a stirrup and spring lightly up that way. That made me all the more self-conscious, for I was afraid I'd never make the ascent gracefully. However, Rudolph Valentino is very exacting and believes in doing everything with extreme precision and insisted on my mounting the right way. So I said, "Do or die!" If I mounted, all right—but if I didn't, and did something clumsy—I'd die with mortification, I was certain. However, Mr. Valentino is very strong, so I managed somehow to clamber on the horse's back without mishap. The English saddle which was flat and very slippery was nearly the cause of me sliding right off on the other side, but I managed to stay on somehow. I would have died if I had disgraced myself by bumping off that horse right before Rudolph Valentino wouldn't you?

Then he showed me how to turn the horse—to the left you draw the reins close, pulling them over the right side of the horse's neck and press your left heel against his side. To start him you press your heels against his flanks, and to turn him around you touch his side with your crop. I tried to follow instructions and turn my horse around and slapped her as hard as I could on the hip, but she wouldn't budge. "That's because you're putting her," Mr. Valentino said.

Continued on page 92.
The Indiscretions of a Star

A popular screen hero discloses the real truth of his fascinating adventures.

As told to Inez Klumph

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

CHAPTER IX.

It happened that I knew the chap Sarah Grant was so devoted to rather well; we had worked for the same company when we first went into pictures, playing small parts. He'd come from a stock company, and knew all the ropes; I'd come out of ordinary life, and a real-estate office hadn't done much to prepare me for the movie world.

Barry Stevens paused a moment, and stared at the throng below us. "Funny where they've all come from, isn't it?" he commented. "Some of them out of the gutter, one, at least, from the Four Hundred of New York. And where are they going?"

"Where most of the rest of the world is going—in search of success," I answered. "Go on and tell me some more about Sarah Grant; I'm beginning to suspect that you married her at some stage of your career and kept it dark."

"Nope—we didn't quite reach the altar. But as I was saying. I knew this chap she was crazy about; I'll call him—oh, what can I call him that won't sound like his real name?"

"Stewart Lyons," I answered promptly, smiling to think of how completely that disguised his real name.

"All right—I knew Stewart Lyons. I knew some of the underhanded little tricks he'd played; how he'd jumped contracts, and stolen scenes, and done all that sort of thing. He was going to be starred shortly, by the way, and he'd been told how to color—or discolor—every little act of his with extraordinary significance. There have been, perhaps, more wild tales about Barry Stevens than about almost any other star. In most of them he has been the helpless victim of his position, but there have been times when Barry has been to blame for his predicaments for having to have a genius for getting himself into compromising positions. Barry at last decided to tell the true story of his "indiscretions," as he calls them, to Inez Klumph, who, month by month, is recording them for you. He has read of his "indiscretion" with Nadine Mallory, the pretty and clever comedy actress, and of how he only extricated himself from that in time to plunge into another escapade with Sarah Grant, the downtrodden secretary of a temperamental woman star. Last month we told how because of his kindness to Sarah he incurred the wrath of this star, who discharged the girl. Much unpleasant notoriety followed, and Barry chivalrously offered to marry Sarah, and was tremendously relieved when she told him he was in love with another star. So Barry promised to get her a job as publicity agent for the other man's company.

"What you doing now?" I cut in. I had to ask, for, like lots of men in the movies, he'd tried to make a hand at nearly everything. He'd played in comedies, done character stuff, written scenarios, been assistant director—I'd even seen him take a turn as cameraman once, when somebody else fell down on the job.

"I'm publicity director for J and S," he answered, naming a company which happened to be one of the biggest producing organizations in the game—you see, I'm as good as you are at making up noms de plume offhand," and Stevens grinned at me boisterously. "I jumped on him before he could go on. 'Want a girl who'll be a pippin at your work—knows the movies—has been secretary to Madame —' and I told him about Sarah Grant."

"Sure—I'd try anybody who can pound a typewriter," he answered. 'Send her over to my office this afternoon.'

"So I phoned Sarah, and the next morning she was formally installed as Bill Simpson's assistant."

"She had a nice little office, looking out over the studio lot, and she loved her job. She did publicity stories on everybody and everything, and she got into just one difficulty, which was so funny that it went the rounds of the studios."

"At that time one of the J and S stars was talking about retiring. She was a woman who was fairly well along in years, and who had gone from playing sweet-young-girl roles to young married women, and then to emotional stuff. Finally she'd reached the stage where it was dowagers or character stuff for her, but she wouldn't give in. They told me that she had to paint her double chin a raving red and all but make a mask of grease paint, so that the chin and the lines in her face wouldn't show. And her camera man and the electricians who worked with her would slave for hours, getting a lighting effect, with all the strong lights thrown from below, like footlights, so that the shadows would be right.

"But she wouldn't give in. She said she'd retire before she'd take to the aged stuff. She'd say one day that she was going to retire, and another that she wasn't. When Sarah joined the company, she was talking retirement."

"Sarah had to do a story on it, one of the first days that she was there. It was supposed to be a statement made by the star herself. And the greatest difficulty was that nobody knew how old the star pretended to be. She was 'way off on location somewhere, so they couldn't get word to her to ask her, and the company wanted the..."
statement sent out at once, before she could change her mind.

"She must be at least fifty-five," Simpson told Sarah, at last, after all efforts to learn the truth failed.

"Oh, but she wouldn't want to tell that!" Sarah retorted. "Suppose I give her ten years off, and make her forty-five."

"All right—forty-five it is," he told her, and Sarah sat down at her typewriter and hammered out something like this:

"Although I am broken-hearted at the thought of leaving the screen, I am fortunate indeed to be retiring at forty-five, while the public which I adore does not yet think of me as old."

"The story of which that was a part was sent out all over the country, and when the lady most concerned came back to Los Angeles, it was in print."

"And, oh, the storm that broke over Sarah's head! The star was for tearing her heart out and feeding it to Pepper, the Mack Sennett cat. She raged and stormed all over the place—Sarah told me that it was quite like being with madame again! But Bill Simpson stood up to the lady, and she finally agreed that she'd call off her temperament if the company would send out a retraction of the statement. They did that, though of course nobody believed it, and Sarah made a vow never to mention ages again!"

CHAPTER X.

As Barry Stevens paused a moment, I studied him. What a precarious life he led, after all. He reminded me of a tight-rope dancer in motley garb, gliding on his swaying wire high above the heads of a crowd that would jeer as quickly as it shouted its approval. Let him have an accident, just a minor one, that left one arm limp, or made one leg drag ever so slightly, or scarred his face unpleasantly, and his career would be over. Let him begin to show signs of age, and his place would be gone. He must look ever ahead, to see where his course lay, and yet look ever back, to see that those who were coming behind did not outdistance him in the race.

He could feel secure, perhaps—yet, looking back at men like Jack Kerrigan and Bryant Washburn, who had once been the focus of the public's admiring glances, and then looking at the popular favorites who followed them, and at the young chaps of to-day—Dick Barthelmess, Rudolph Valentino—who were crowding them—thoughts of them would make him give up a vacation trip and pore over new stories, searching for some gift of the gods like "The Cheat" or "The Miracle Man" or "Stella Maris," that would live always as a great production.

"That new job was exactly the thing for Sarah Grant in more ways than one," Barry went on, after a moment. "She began to get back the self-respect that Madame had deprived her of, for one thing. People supported her work; Bill Simpson wouldn't tell her so, but he told me that she was a crackeraack, and I told her, of course. She was so happy over it that she looked actually pretty for a moment.

"Then the woman who had charge of designing costumes for the big productions took her in hand. Sarah had done some fine stories on her, and had landed them with the magazines, and Mrs. Lee was grateful. So she got busy with Sarah, and told her how to dress. She designed one dark-blue dress that was rather unique, and told Sarah to have everything, no matter whether it was an evening gown or a gingham dress, made on that one pattern. She told her what colors to wear, too, and had the studio hairdresser do her hair. And first thing any one knew, Sarah bloomed forth, not a beauti-
of Bill Hart—and a couple of photographs that the company's stars had autographed for her, and besides her desk there was a table in the room, and a wicker chair stood by the window that looked down into the lot. It was a nice little place to loaf, especially when they were doing something exciting down below, and before long Lyons began to hang out there most of the time. He was always showing up to take Sarah to tea. I discovered, and two or three times when I phoned her to ask her to go somewhere and dance with me, Lyons would answer the phone, and then explain that he'd done it because she was busy at the moment and didn't want to be disturbed unless it was important.

"She never could go with me; she always had an engagement with him. And oh, the publicity he got along about that time! Bill Simpson had gone to the company's Eastern studio, and Sarah was holding down the biggest part of the work—and concentrating on Lyons.

"Better cut it out," I told her one night, when I had gone over to the studio, and found her down on the floor, watching Lyons do a big rain scene. The aeroplane propellers they used for wind machines were just tuning up, and the water, that came from overhead pipes, was beginning to pour down—and Lyons, looking his best, was standing talking to the director, his yellow oilskin coat buttoned to his chin, his sou'wester in his hand. He was stunning—I don't deny that!

"It's my job to do stories about Stewart," she told me. I could see that she didn't like my calling her.

"That's true—but you don't have to give him every­thing there is going in the way of publicity, do you?" I asked. I was getting pretty well fed up with the way things were going. 'First thing you know, you'll lose your job.'

"Well, you needn't be afraid that you'll have to get me another," she fired back. 'Stew and I are going to be married as soon as he finishes this picture.'

"So that was his little game, I told myself. I didn't mind her being snappy to me; I thought perhaps she was worried about something. But for her to be en­gaged to Stew Lyons—oh, gosh! I looked at her, and admitted that she was better looking than she'd ever been before, and all that—but I couldn't see Stew Lyons marrying her in a million years. That close-up hound married to a publicity writer who wasn't earning over seventy-five a week—it just wasn't possible! I knew him too well for that. If he ever tied himself down with marriage, he'd told me once, it was going to be worth his while. So you can see why it sort of hit
me amidships when Sarah told me that he was going to marry her.

CHAPTER XI.

"I hope you weren't fool enough to tell Sarah Grant that," I told Barry Stevens. "Why, the surest way to throw a girl straight into a man's arms is to tell her disagreeable truths about him."

"Yes—I found that out when I tried to show up Stewart Lyons," Barry answered. "Oh, I was a fool, I can see that. But I couldn't bear to see Sarah make such a fool of herself over a worthless idiot like Lyons."

"He'll never marry you, never," I told her. "He's just playing this little game to get all the publicity he can. Oh, I know that some of the stars offer you money to get extra stuff printed about themselves—"

"I don't take it!" she blazed.

"Sure you don't—but Stewart Lyons wouldn't even do that. He's a sneak and a cheap skate, and I——"

"But she wouldn't let me finish. She turned and stalked off to the corner of the set where Lyons was getting ready to work, and then as the wind machines got under way and the water began to come from the overhead pipes in a steady down-pour, Stew dragged on his sou'wester and strode into the storm, and Sarah stood there watching him, with her very heart in her eyes. I beat it—there was nothing more that I could do right then.

"I didn't see either Sarah or Lyons for a week or two; the picture I was working on seemed to have a jinx running it, and everything on earth went wrong. We stayed up nights to do retakes, so that the picture would be out on schedule time, and then things would go wrong in the daytime and hold us up still further. We were working with a big mob, doing sea stuff in the tank at the studio, and one or two people got hurt; after that the extras got into their heads that we were hoodooed, and were scared to death to try anything at all risky. A new director was working with me; a young chap, who'd been working as an assistant for a year, and this was his first picture. He'd been forced to push his way through the crowds to get his chance. He'd be a hero if he turned it out on time. and his bills weren't big, and I could tell by her voice that she was crying. 'But I've got to see you—can't you come down to the office?' she asked.

"I was unusually cautious. 'That won't look very well,' I told her. 'My reputation's no good, but think of yours.'

"'I don't care a whoop about mine,' she answered, and I could tell by her voice that she was crying. 'But it'll be all right; they're working on the lot to-night."

"'I'd come home with my make-up on, I was so tired, and I smeared some cold cream on my face and mopped it off with one hand while I managed a cup of coffee with the other. I'd been doing heavy stuff all day, climbing up the deck of a shipwrecked boat, dragging a heroine who should have taken off about twenty pounds, with me, and I ached all over. But I got my road-starter and started for the studio—I couldn't let Sarah appeal to me like that and then turn her down.

"Long before I got to the studio I could see the glare of lights in the sky that told me they were working on the lot—you know that white reflection on a dark-blue sky—how stunning and eerie it is. And when I got nearer I could hear the kind of music that goes slithering up and down your backbone—a sort of dull booming of a drum, and waily sounds from a bunch of flutes, and a blare from a horn every little while. Gosh—my flesh crept into regular ruffles all over me!

"'I cut through the studio building straight to Sarah's office. She was standing at the window—she just turned around and held out one hand when I came in, and I stood there beside her, holding it, and feeling like a Dutch uncle. She was shivering with the cold, and her hand was icy, but she had the window thrown wide open, and that sinister-sounding music was surging up to us.

"'But it wasn't the music she had the window open for—I saw that at the second glance. The first she showed me the director's platform, with the cameras ranged across the front, and below it the crowds—there must have been about five hundred people there—all pushing and jostling their way toward the temple that was built at one side of the front, almost beside the camera platform. The people were all in native garb of some sort—supposed to be East Indians, I think—and the whole thing was brilliant with gaudy colors, in the blue-white glare of the lights.

"The second glance showed me Stewart Lyons, in the uniform of an English army officer. It was tattered and stained, and from the rehearsal they were running through I got the drift of the action. Evidently he was to push his way through the crowds to the temple steps and fall there, exhausted. They tried it a couple of times, with the crowd pushing in close behind Lyons as he staggered toward the temple, and then he went back to the starting place and touched up his make-up a bit, and the director picked up his megaphone—his assistant had been in charge of the rehearsals, and all the lights went into action, and the cameras began to grind.

"'Come on, Lyons—through the crowd—shove in behind him, you fellows!' the director yelled. Lyons forced his way along, a revolver in one hand, thrusting the people aside with the other, yelling at the top of his voice, and the crowd yelled too, and pressed closer.

"Suddenly Lyons staggered; then he stumbled to his feet, and made his way to the edge of the crowd and across the little open space before the temple in a queer, zigzag run, his body swaying clear over on one side, his hand pressed to his breast. It was effective—I was hit by it, and wondered how on earth Lyons ever happened to think of it. It looked like the last heartbreaking effort of a dying animal. He kept looking back over his shoulder, too. And then he crumpled up on the temple steps, his arms thrown high over his head—a beautiful fall.

"'Gosh—wonderful stuff!' I cried to Sarah. 'Great— I didn't know Stew had it in him.'

"But she didn't answer; just stood there, staring down at Stew's body, and I could see her throat contract, as if she were trying to choke something back.

"'Good work, Lyons—come on and do it once more!' Continued on page 90
One Little Jane

She is a full-fledged star now, but Jane Novak can—and does—cook, not property stuff, but the real thing.

By Grace Kingsley

WHEN you come over to see me you'll find me in the kitchen making a salad," Jane had said.

"Oh, yes," I thought, "I know your game, Jane Novak! You'll have on a freshly starched Sassy Jane kitchen apron, the range will be so shiny that you can see your face in it, the cook will be somewhere in the background ready to prompt you, and you'll be just finishing what the cook has started. And there'll be the inevitable photographer hanging around."

But it wasn't a bit like that. Quite as though she was accustomed to it, Jane cooked the whole dinner. Yet Jane had just been made a picture star of the Chester Bennett Productions, with a suite of dressing rooms and the regular upstage concessions and everything.

She came into the room by and by after I'd said hello to Sister Eva Novak, and had patted her little daughter on the head in the way approved by everybody except the youngster so patted; and she was all rosily flushed from her kitchen exercise; there was a dab of actual grease on her kitchen apron, and tiny beads of real, not glycerine, perspiration bespangled her brow.

And there was no photographer anywhere in sight. I can prove it, can't I, by the fact that this article is not illustrated by any pictures whatsoever of Jane cooking and serving?

It was out at the bungalow in Hollywood owned by Jane and her sister, Eva, and Jane's little four-year-old daughter, Virginia, whom Jane calls "Mike" and "Micky," nobody knows why, was essaying a piano obligato to the interview until Mother Jane came down hard on the performance. Stopping Virginia at anything she happens to be doing isn't as simple as it sounds, but Mother Jane is firm.

I looked at Jane's hair. Yes, sure enough, there it was—the tiny, naughty little lock that's always flying over her left ear!

"If ever you marcel your hair or even slick it back, I'll—I'll take you across my checked apron!" I warned her.

"Don't worry," Jane came back at me. "I don't look well with my hair combed."

"How does it feel to be a star?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm getting dreadfully spoiled," smiled Jane. Then she proved it by hopping up from the table to get Sister Eva some more coffee.

"I start to do things for myself sometimes on the set," she went on, "and somebody is sure to yell out in horrified tones, 'Oh, let me do that for you, Miss Novak!' I answer them, 'What for? I'm not a cripple.' Then somebody will say, 'You need powder on your nose, Miss Novak! Here, Jimmie, bring Miss Novak her powder puff!' When, as everybody knows, I'm perfectly used to carrying my little old make-up box around all day! I'm used, too, to having them say, 'Be made up at nine in the morning on the set.' And now they remark carelessly, 'Whenever you feel like coming to the studio, Miss Novak—'" But I

Continued on page 98
A critical inspection of the

By Alison

The plot of “The Green Temptation” involves many nationalities but its more important mission is to give Betty Compson many interesting opportunities.

through the motions of a trivial, meaningless rôle which any doll-faced ingenue could play and which as completely disguised her real quality as if she had played it with a mask. This is what I mean by waste, and it seems an excellent starting point at which our new director, Will Hays, may well begin his economy.

All this wail of gloom is just a prelude to a whoop of joy because Norma Talmadge has this month arrived in a film which is worthy of her. Not since “The Social Secretary” has she been blessed with a story which brought out her endearing qualities as does the plot of “Smilin’ Through.” It might have been written for her; in fact if you saw the play, it might be well to forget all about it and go to see the film as a fresh experience. For she gives you a new and most refreshing viewpoint on this romantic story of two generations who suffered through misunderstanding and were united by a gracious and lovely ghost.

The play was so popular on the stage that its principal figures must be familiar to many, at least by hearsay. There is the bitter old godfather, whose bride was hot on their wedding day by a jealous lover and who vented his undying wrath upon the son of that murderer. There is the young girl, Kathleen, rebellious against the ancient grudge keeping her from that son whom she loves. And there is the quaint and plaintive Moonyeen, the bride of long ago who returns to her old lover as a beautiful phantom and changes his venomous hatred into the love that forgives because it understands.

Miss Talmadge plays both the Kathleen of the modern story and the Moonyeen of crinoline and curls. Her interpretation is softer and more illusive than that of Jane Cowl, who created the rôle behind the footlights. This may be due partly to the silence of the screen and partly to the advantages of illusion possible in the ghost scenes. But I think most of the credit goes to Miss Talmadge herself for a quality of moving sincerity which makes you half believe that Moonyeen did return to her old lover in the moonlit garden.

The picture has been made with just the right combination of realism and fan-
in Review

Smith

tasy. There is a suggestion of the supernatural, however, in all of the scenes, a something in the atmosphere which prepares you for the beloved apparition and makes it seem perfectly natural. Also there is an especially good supporting cast which includes Wyndham Standing as the godfather, Harrison Ford as the young lover, and Glenn Hunter in a particularly amusing picture of puppy-love. But the real bouquets go to Miss Talmadge. And now won't she please forget about some of her past misfits and give us an encore as excellent as this picture?

"The Seventh Day."

After having purred with joy over Norma Talmadge, we now turn to the painful task of grumbling at Richard Barthelmess—or rather at his producers. "The Seventh Day" is a perfect example of what we mean by waste in the case of a magnetic and brilliant star. Perhaps if it had not followed so closely upon the heels of "Tol'able David" it would not seem such an anticlimax. But it did, and while Richard is himself again and as charming as ever, the story is not.

It is a somewhat priggish yarn about a seafaring youth and his sister and a crowd of wild young city folks who are stranded from a yacht in the little fishing hamlet. This younger set is as wicked as F. Scott Fitzgerald says they are in "This Side of Paradise." They play toddle-top and drink cocktails on Sunday, and oh, how they Yacki-Whacki-Whoo to the latest jazz. But not for long. One young roué falls in love with the

The best thing in "Come On Over" is Colleen Moore who, despite her name, is less aggressive in her wearing of the green than other members of the cast.

little sister and is reformed and another, a flapper—beautiful and almost damned—learns the emptiness of it all from Dick Barthelmess who looks unusually noble in oilskins and skipper's cap. There are bits of direction which are excellent except for the preachy scenes which might have been introduced by the Lord's Day Alliance. Perhaps the real thing that set my teeth on edge was the subtitles. I'll believe if I must that Porter Emerson Browne wrote the story. But no one could force me to the theory that these bromides were ever penned by the author of "The Bad Man."

"The Loves of Pharaoh."

Heywood Broun, the reviewer and "columnist" of the New York World, says you should let sleeping Egyptians lie, and, as a general proposition, I agree with him. I loathe those
"superproductions" where everybody goes about in the guise of a mummy with their fingers pointed straight out as if they had frozen that way. But, in "The Loves of Pharaoh," Ernst Lubitsch makes the Egyptians thoroughly human. Not to say the Ethiopians. It is a tremendously impressive spectacle drama which, unlike so many spectacles, has not lost sight of its human interest in the shuffle of battles and mobs. The actors dominate even the fall of the ancient cities. This is partly because Emil Jannings plays the great Pharaoh, and Paul Wegener plays the King of the Ethiopians and Dagny Servaes—a new Austrian actress—plays the heroine, a slave girl. But it is chiefly because Lubitsch inspires them all with that fire and sincerity which he gave to "Passion" and "Deception." In many ways, it is the most thrilling and picturesque of the foreign pictures to reach our shores. Don't let the title deceive you. Pharaoh—in this version—had only one love, and she was his wife. But, oddly enough, this makes it all the more exciting. Perhaps it's the novelty of the idea.

"The Sheik's Wife."

Pharaoh's desert reminds me of another picture of love and sand which I found particularly interesting, but which was not received so kindly by the other pen drivers in the daily prints. This was a French picture called "The Sheik's Wife" which, I add hastily, is not a sequel to the film in which Rodolph Valentino masqueraded so boyishly as "The Sheik." It is an Arabian story, really filmed in Arabia—and this was what got me from the start. The palms and tents and caravans were so genuine, so different from the usual studio stuff. Even the camels seemed to know the difference and humped themselves over their native sands as they never did over the Hollywood lot. It proves again that the Sahara is the Sahara and the Mojave is the Mojave and never the twain shall meet, even under the most gifted megaphone. However, if you don't care about the background you won't care for this film, for the acting and story leave much to be desired.

More of the "Mistress of the World."

Incidentally, I find also that I am greatly in the minority in my regard for this German serial—at least, I was in New York. I'd be interested in knowing what the out-of-town readers think of it. Here again, I was captivated by the exotic scenery and settings. And the acting was so queer, I thought it rather fascinating. But most people seemed to think it just queer or rather "quare and dull" as they say in Synge's plays. In this second part our travelers are attacked by natives, lost in the desert, snapped at by crocodiles, and finally emerge before the magnificent door of the Lost City of Ophir. "These natives believe in human sacrifice," says a subtitle darkly, as the episode ends.
"Come On Over."

This is a Rupert Hughes picture which is far more Irish than St. Patrick's Day in County Cork. Personally I'm utterly sick of this type of comedy which is so full of "wurra, wurras" and jigs and fights and pigs and shamrock. I believe the Irish are, too. The best thing in this film is Colleen Moore, who, despite her name, is far less aggressive in her wearing of the green than the others in the cast.

"Pay Day."

I saw this latest release by Charlie Chaplin in a projection room, and directly afterward they ran another comedy of much the same length and type. I'm not going to tell its name, because it was made by a comedian whose films are exceedingly amusing except when they suffer by being placed side by side with the greatest comedy actor we have on stage or screen. But suffer they certainly do. It is like drinking soda-pop after a glass of "Mumm's" extra dry. All through the slapstick action, you keep thinking how much funnier it would be if Chaplin had done it. Just what it is that he does you don't know—it isn't a matter of action or acrobatics. He seems to humanize every bit of action until what really convulses you is the thought of yourself or your fat uncle in the same predicament. But as for his technique—you'll have to ask Charlie.

"Pay Day" is a slice of life from a day-laborer diary. There is the usual comedy with bricks and building elevators and the usual ferocious boss. There is even a stout wife with ideas of her own about the pay envelope. Through it all Charlie flaps his feet and cocks his quizzical eyebrows and wriggles out of his entanglements with that ingenuous charm which can at the same time make a baby laugh and set learned professors to explaining his art in a dozen different languages. Not being a learned professor or a learned anything, I am not going to try to explain him. I can simply tell you he is there and that you mustn't miss a flicker of "Pay Day."

"Wild Honey."

With pathetic confidence I went to see this film with Cynthia Stockley's name on it because I have always loved her stories of Africa. But this story—as filmed—has little of the atmosphere and none of the action of those sunlit tales of veldts and nyanzas. The sandy wastes
of South Africa look tiresomely like Hollywood, and
the plot meanders through them with an astonishing
lack of vitality. Priscilla Dean as usual is active and
good to look upon, but she is handicapped by hit-or-miss
direction. We haven't yet discovered whether the scene
where the hero feeds the heroine wild honey and gets
stung on the lip by a bee, is comedy or tragedy.

"The World's Champion."

"The Champion" was a Broadway hit which makes
its adaptation into scenario form a particularly thankless
task. It is doubtful if a stage success ever can be
adapted to please everybody. Those who have seen the
original have the cast and their different types firmly
fixed in their minds, and they are always looking for
the bright lines in the play which don't appear in the
subtitles. This screen version is no exception, although
Wallace Reid creates a character which is all his own
in the impersonation of the prize fighter. Lois Wilson
is Lady Elizabeth.

"Bought and Paid For."

Here is another stage adaptation although this suc-
cess happened so long ago that to many in the audi-
ence it will be a new story. Times have changed since Julia
Dean refused the glass of champagne which Charles
Richman, as the soured husband, pressed upon her. It
is Agnes Ayres who performs this heroic act in the
screen version, and an audible sigh of regret went over
the anti-Volstead audience as she did so. This isn't the
only point in which the age of the tale is shown; the
entire story creaks a bit from long inactivity in the
storeroom. If anything could put life into it, it is Jack
Holt, who is far more interesting as the husband than
the resigned Mr. Richman. Agnes Ayres as the wife
was not the wayward girl that Julia Dean once made
her; in fact her nobility begins to get on your nerves
after four reels or so. It is a significant fact that this
type of heroine, like the label on the champagne bottle,
has gone out of date.

"Travelin' On."

Bill Hart wrote this himself for himself and his fa-
vorite pinto. It is as if he searched his memory for
all the incidents he had ever played in a film about the
wild West and then combined all those incidents into
one scenario. There is the crude little Arizona town
and the frail blonde as pure as Phoebe now and fright-
ened by the rough ways of "the boys" and the wander-
ning stranger who jes' naturally aims to protect her with
both of his two six-shooters. Then there are dance
halls and bad men and wicked sirens thrown in for
good measure. If you happen to have read that mas-
terpiece of the year's fiction "Merton of the Movies"
—and if you haven't, you should—you will recognize
this film. It was the one Merton was training for when
his faithful old pal, Dobby, threw him off into the mud.

"The Green Temptation."

There was at least one film reviewer who expected
this story to be about "the activities of a young Irish
vampire." As it happens, however, the temptation is
not green in that sense. It is an emerald which lured
Continued on page 100

Romances of Famous Film Folk

Doris May and Wallace MacDonald had a nice, wholesome,
old-fashioned courtship that you'll enjoy reading about.

By Grace Kingsley

I AM never going to marry. I am old enough to know
my own mind—I'm seventeen—and nothing can shake
my resolution.

I find this hard-headed remark recorded in black and
white against Doris May, in an interview I had with her
a couple of seasons ago.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?" I de-
manded of the young lady, the other night, when I visited
her and her husband, Wallace MacDonald, at their pretty
home in Culver City, just outside of Los Angeles.

Mrs. MacDonald blushed, but not nearly so much as
she ought; and her husband spoke right up:

"Well, she hadn't met me then, you know!"

Forgive the egotism of the young husband. I just had
to when I looked into his merry black eyes.

He was her very first sweetheart, in fact; though, alas,
due to the cruel exigencies of art and the irony of fate,
Wallace wasn't the first man who kissed her. That was
Charlie Ray—and she says she felt terribly about it at
the time, as though the whole studio must be thinking that she was a
dreadful woman.

Doris May did hold to her non-
marital resolution—for almost two years! Now she is the wife of Wal-
Doris May's first job was doubling for Mary Pickford.

But it was Christmas Eve by the time Wallace got the courage actually to propose.

"He came wandering in, limping, with a cane." Doris told me, "trying to make me think he was hurt. He got my sympathy, and inside ten minutes he was saying, 'Will you marry me?' Then he suddenly got well, and when he went away it was without his cane."

Mrs. MacDonald has the hardihood to declare she was astonished at the proposal. But that when she saw the diamond ring he had right ready with him in his pocket, she had to believe he meant it.

They wanted to be "different," these two, so they got married at five-thirty in the morning. The day was May 5th, Wallace MacDonald's birthday. They were wed at a church in Hollywood, by a priest who was a friend of MacDonald's and then they went to their wedding breakfast. No, it was not at the Ambassador or the Alexandria, but at John's, in Hollywood. Because it had romantic associations, that being the very first place they had ever dined together.

Then they drove up to Santa Barbara for a few days, after which they came home in order that Wallace might begin work in a new picture for which he had been engaged.

In some ways they have had parallel careers. Both had to go against parental objections to enter theatrical...
The Hydra-headed Author

If you think that the person responsible for a motion-picture story is a single individual, you're mistaken. He has almost as many heads as a cat has lives.

By Gerald C. Duffy

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

SOMEWAY more than five sixthths of the authors of plays which daily amuse and torment the audiences of motion-picture theaters have never written a word of plot in their lives.

This perhaps astounding statement is not an exaggeration or an accusation; it is not even an insult. For the author of a screen play is never one man or one woman; it is a composite, hydra-headed being composed of six or seven or even more persons, and the plot devised by this being is the mixture of numerous cranial products.

To say that the writer who first creates a picture story is the author of it would be as untrue as to say that the mother of a child is the child's parents. A motion-picture story has invariably half a dozen parents at least; often it has more.

Among the heads which are put together to manufacture a photo-dramatic plot are those of the writer, the director, the star, the casting director, the cutter, and the title writer. Should any one of these factors be seized by a vicious nature, or should one of them become lazily negligent, he could completely and irrevocably demolish the most artistic, most efficient, most perfect work of all the others, rendering it inane and effete. Also, and more fortunately, practically any one of the aforementioned can often take a feeble-plotted, inert picture, vivify it, stimulate it, and return it to the projecting machine a robust, powerful story.

At no time is the writer alone the author. His name appears on the screen as the author, and the audience, not knowing what you will know when you have read this article, assumes that he is responsible for the interest or the lack of interest of the picture. The writer receives the credit or the blame, as the case may afford, yet the writer never deserves the full burden of praise or of ridicule.

As proof of this statement, I shall ask you a question and then answer it for you. Have you ever read a book which stirred your interest and your admiration, and then, lured by the title, gone to see the picturization of what you supposed to be that story, only to be disgusted at finding the plot mutilated almost beyond recognition? You have—often. In these instances you have not blamed the writer, because you have previously read his version, but you have not thought of exonerating the writers when you have not known exactly to what extent they were implicated in the production.

Yet there is nearly always a good reason for bending stories out of shape. Frequently a producer purchases the rights to a popular book because the title is valuable. He is not dismayed by the fact that his star does not "fit" the story. This difficulty is blandly overcome by cutting the story over to make it fit the star. So some of the things you liked are lost. When the star, who is naturally more interested in herself or himself than in the story—reads the script the objection is raised that other characters are too prominent and will "steal the picture." So the other characters—perhaps characters you were very fond of—are subordinated or entirely murdered and dragged out of the plot. Again you lose a friend.

In rewriting the script to add splendor to the star's part the scenario writer may think of an original twist which so startles and pleases him that he injects it into the story. Whereupon the director, who is never without ideas and audacity, elaborates this twist, gives birth to a few more characters, adding them to the characters who have traveled safely from the remote regions of the book, and starts to bring them to life in film. Halfway through, it may be discovered that an important episode takes the characters to Greenland. There being no ice in California, and the manufacture of a substitute being expensive and bothersome, the players are sent to Pasadena instead of Greenland; and, says the director, the houses in Pasadena are more modern and impressive than the snow-huts of Greenland, anyway. When you finally see the motion-picture version of your favorite book upon the screen you are dumfounded. The only person who is more dumfounded is the man who wrote the book.

DID YOU EVER leave a picture show saying, "What an awful story! I could have written a better one than that." If you have you'll be interested in this article, which explains some of the things that happen to a story during the process of making a picture, and the reasons why the final result is sometimes disappointing.

It may interest you to know how the hydra-headed author builds a story; to learn the ravages that can be wreaked upon a plot by collaboration without coordination; to see how the poor, helpless idea is manhandled before it is presented to you to laugh at, to pity, or to admire.

The first author leaps out of bed in the dead of night and grapples with an inspiration. He subdues it and puts it down where it can't get away from him. The idea is next turned over to the second author, the scenario writer, who "sees something in it." What he
sees is either something very slight and weak and in need of much plotty nourishment, or else it is wonderful, inspiring, exhilarating. If it is weak he gives it treatments of technique, removes portions of it, alters other portions, and inoculates it with some ideas of his own. If it is wonderful he gives it treatments of technique, removes portions of it, alters other portions, and inoculates it with some ideas of his own.

An idea is a plastic thing. Like sculptor's clay it can be twisted and squashed into countless forms, some graceful, some grotesque—but still it is the original clay. Every director knows this.

After two or six or eight weeks of labor, the scenario writer hands the story, in its present and temporary state, to the director, who "sees something in it." Always he expresses his opinion of what he sees in one of two adjectives. Either it is "awful" or it is "m-m-m-fair." Never until he has overhauled it is it "great." Then, invariably, it is "great." To achieve this transformation he gives it treatments of technique, removes portions of it, alters other portions, and inoculates it with some ideas of his own.

At this juncture the story is turned over to the casting director, who is just as much an author as any one else for the reason that the characterization is completely in his power, and characterization is of as much importance to a story as intrigue.

The casting having been accomplished the time arrives for the collaboration of the star. Here all of the preceding work can be ruined instantaneously, or it can be improved. According to the work of the star the heroine can be made piquant or wooden.

Assuming that the story passes through the hands of all the authors thus far without sustaining any serious injuries and that it has constantly acquired qualities, it has still the bloodthirsty cutter to confront. The most conservative director will expose a minimum of sixty reels of film in photographing the story, yet this must somehow be contracted into five or six reels—without losing the story in the shuffle, if possible. If not possible, the story is lost. It is the duty of the cutter to throw away at least nine times as much as he uses without throwing anything away. I have never known of a production where the percentage of waste was not even in excess of this.

By far the most dangerous of all the authors is the cutter. With his weapon he can assassinate every person in the play, he can gouge every idea out of the plot; he can even extract the plot itself. And, since he is not always personally acquainted with a plot upon sight, even if he has seen it before, there is a constant possibility that it will disappear.

Having been lacerated, the story is handed to its final author, the title writer. Here it is more likely to find aid than damage. Many a decrepit and dying story has been revived by the title writer's literary pulmotor. Not until it has passed through this final reconstruction can any one say what the story will be, for each author may make a change that will completely alter the plot and even the theme of the picture. When it has last undergone this complicated process the story is completed. What the author of the original story sometimes thinks on seeing the finished production may best be left to the imagination.

Whether or not this combination system of authorship is advantageous compared to the usual method of story construction is a matter of conjecture, for as yet the hydra-headed composer is an erratic being who has no set standard of ability. He has made wonderful pictures from anemic plots, and he has made pitifully anemic pictures from wonderful plots. Beyond doubt the recognized masters of fiction consider him a deadly monster who devours manuscripts and kills young ideas before they can mature for the mere pleasure of slaughter. But the picture producer always has the ready and forcible reply that, since two heads are admittedly better than one, it is a mathematical necessity that six heads are a great deal better than one.

Both sides of this question are supported by impenetrable arguments. It has been proven absolutely that the hydra-headed author is best. Also it has been proven absolutely that the hydra-headed author is not best.

To sustain the former claim there exists the immortal example of "The Birth of a Nation." No one who read "The Clansman," from which the famous picture evolved, considered it to be a literary giant. It was not. There was "something in it," and essence of the book plot was part of the picture story; but Thomas Dixon, who wrote the book, was author of less than half of the film. Yet, the film rocked the world by the applause it received. I mention this picture only because it is one which every screen follower will remember, but there are numerous other examples which prove that the many brains of the hydra-headed author are better than a single brain.

On the other hand, however, there is the recent explosion from Fanny Hurst, which also rocked the film world at least. "Star Dust," in its original version, the novel, was a powerful story; but "Star Dust," as a
The News Reel

Unwinding the latest events in the film capital and disclosing pertinent and impertinent facts about film favorites.

By Agnes Smith

They Say It's True.

FOUR a.m. and the Penrhyn Stanlaws company has been working all night in a snowstorm near Truckee. (Truckee is the one town in California that may be relied upon to furnish snow for film companies.) Sam, the Italian teamster, has to move the big eight-cylinder aeroplane motor which makes the wind. The horses are struggling in the snow. Sam is encouraging them with a fine line of American prolixity.

"— ! ! ! —" he shouts in accents wild.

Betty Compson puts her fingers to her ears.

Several other women in the company wear hurt expressions.

"Please, Sam, oblige the ladies by swearing in Italian," says Mr. Stanlaws timidly.

"What's da use," answers Sam, "de horses no understand Italian!"

Helen Ferguson has a pet charity. She likes to entertain the boys at a probation farm. Most of the kids are children under fourteen who have been arrested for minor offenses. The spokesman of the outfit, in thanking Miss Ferguson for her interest in them, made the conventional bid for autographed photographs.

Miss Ferguson can't be flattered.

"They'll get no pictures," she said, "but they will get a collection of autographed doughnuts."

The Harold Lloyd studio has a zoo. It consists of one bear and eight goats. Mildred Davis says she would rather have the bear than the goats get loose on the studio lot.

Smub Pollard is making pictures so fast that he always forgets the name of the "current vehicle." Under the genial but watchful eye of Hal Roach, Harley Walker, C. H. Wellington, and Tom MacNamara, the cartoonists are thinking up funny stuff to put in the comedies. And, of course, Jean Havez leads the band.

Maud Ballington Booth, of the Volunteers of America, had luncheon at the Roach studios and paid a real tribute to Harold Lloyd. She said she always went to see his comedies because she was sure of enjoying some true and wholesome fun. She meant it. Mr. Lloyd couldn't be present at the luncheon because he was ill. But Mildred Davis was there—a little shy and very much impressed with Mrs. Booth. As for Mrs. Booth, she loved the studio and was especially interested in Hal Roach's brother, because he has a long and honorable war record. Bill Beaudine, the director, broke up the luncheon.

"Guests or no guests," he shouted, "you come back to work!"

Familiar Sights.

Actresses trying to look like Gloria Swanson.

Women authors trying to look like Elinor Glyn.

Gentleman authors trying to look like William De Mille.

Actors trying to look like Rodolph Valentino.

It can't be done.

A rainy day at the Ince studio. No companies working.

"What's the matter?" asked an inquisitive visitor.

(All visitors are inquisitive around studios.)

"A director wants to push an actor into a quagmire—in a scene. The actor refuses. He says it's too wet."

Jackie Coogan's next production will be "Oliver Twist," with Jackie as the youngest Oliver. She has been offered to Charlie Chaplin and that Chaplin was considering the offer because of the enormous prestige he won by playing in a picture with Jackie.

Literary evenings are popular in Hollywood. The hostess furnishes clippings of scandal stories from newspapers all over the country, and these are read aloud by the guests. After a substantial repast of sandwiches and near beer, the merrymakers gather around the fire and tell the newest jokes on the efficiency experts.

Because she is one of the most beautiful blondes on the screen, because she is a capable actress and because she has been leading woman for Charlie Chaplin for several years yet never announced her engagement to him, Edna Purviance will be starred in her own productions. The pictures will be made at the Chaplin studios under the supervision of Charlie and Brother Sydney. Sydney, the business manager of the family, may appear in some more comedies. Charlie is finishing a series of two-reel comics so that he may go in for Shakespeare or something like that.

Oh, yes, at the present writing Charlie's favorite dancing partner is still Lila Lee.

Jack Holt is going to be starred in Western dramas. Holt used to play society villains until the public discovered that he wasn't really a bad man but a good husband and father. And a quiet sort of chap. With Bebe Daniels, he will appear in "North of the Rio Grande."

Lasky has been having a hard time finding a girl to play the siren, Dona Sol, in "Blood and Sand." Bebe was first chosen for the part, but then the selection veered around to Anna Q. Nilsson. At present, Nita Naldi is scheduled to play the rôle. May McAvoy won't be seen as Carmen, the neglected wife of Gallardo. Lila Lee has been given the coveted rôle. May probably will appear in George Fitzmaurice's production of "Hap-
ness," a J. Hartley Manners play. Both Fitzmaurice and his wife, Ouida Bergere, have arrived in Hollywood. Heretofore they have made their pictures in New York and London.

Mabel Normand has completely recovered from the nervous breakdown she suffered after the Taylor case and has gone back to work in "Suzanna" at the Sennett studio. Mabel has taken up golf and looks extremely fit. As for Mary Miles Minter, she has gone to the Orient for a rest. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Jack Pickford, have returned to Hollywood. Jack Pickford has sold the rights of "A Tailor Made Man" to Charles Ray.

They're all coming back. Ethel Clayton has returned to the Hollywood film fold, thereby making the home of motion pictures a better and brighter place.

And, strange to relate, Eric von Stroheim is back at Universal City. He will settle down and make pictures just like any one else. Although Universal is said to have mourned bitterly the famous million dollars spent on "Foolish Wives," the company realizes that Von Stroheim is a "man you love to hate." Stroheim may give up villain roles and go in for something like the Charles Ray pictures. But that is mere idle hearsay, and so you probably won't see him in a film version of the Rollo books. However, off the screen, Von Stroheim is a good husband and expects to become

When the Metro studio opens again—it has been closed all winter—there will be considerable change in the line-up of stars. Mae Murray and Clara Kimball Young will make their pictures there. Although Rex Ingram has signed the declaration of independence, he may return to the old home for several pictures.

You won't see "The Count of Monte Cristo" until some time in the fall. Fox is making the picture, with Jack Gilbert playing the heroics. But they say that "The Fast Mail," with Buck Jones, will be something of a thriller.

After finishing one picture apiece, Norma and Constance Talmadge quietly left Los Angeles. Whisper it softly; it is said that they spent most of the winter in Florida. While Joseph Schenck has business interests in Los Angeles, they do say Norma, his wife, prefers the East. As for Mrs. Peg Talmadge, she went to New York to pay the family income tax. And that's a big job.

Three Selznick companies are going to work at the United Studios, and Hollywood is ready to welcome Owen Moore, Elaine Hammerstein, and Eugene O'Brien, all confirmed Manhattanites.

It is impossible to refrain from writing about Rudolph Valentino. The production of "Blood and Sand" has begun with a bang under the direction of Fred Niblo and with June Mathis as supervising writer. That means that Miss Mathis is on the set from nine in the morning until half past five. The production is the most-talked-of event in Hollywood.

Valentino is enthusiastic over his role and after seeing him at work, I am willing to predict that you are going to like Gallardo, the bullfighter, better than anything he has done. Rudie hasn't been starred for so long that he is bored. He frankly admits that he enjoys himself. And he takes an immense interest in the details of the picture. Shortly after production started, I saw Valentino.

"Telegram from Mexico City," he shouted. "Two bulls shipped this morning."

And then he began to explain his headress. He wore Spanish side-burns and a pigtail at the back of his neck. The pigtail was neatly pinned in place with invisible hairpins.

"When I go into the bullfight," he told me, "the hair comes down and is tied with wool ribbons."

"Who fixes your hair?" I asked.

"Hattie, of course."

Hattie is the colored maid who created the famous coiffure for Gloria Swanson.

The Spanish café scene found Valentino right in his element. His dance, which he had been rehearsing for weeks, was better than the tango in "The Four Horsemen." And he amused the Spanish dancers by playing on the guitar and singing. Of course, the action for the scene was carefully rehearsed, but the gayety was impromptu.

Theodore Roberts can't get out of work. An attack of rheumatism kept him away from the studio for three days. But then some director had the bright idea of casting him in a wheel-chair rôle. So he was ordered to report for work.

It is likely that Nazimova will not make any pictures for several months. She is going to take a rest and see some other part of the world besides California. Charles Bryant, her husband and director, will accompany her, but the rest of her production staff will remain in Hollywood.

Just before she left California, Connie Talmadge proved that she could qualify as a professional dancer. Maurice was her constant partner. Maurice isn't working in pictures, but he spends much of his time around the studios.

Eve Unsell, scenario editor for R. C. pictures, says that the next time an amateur writer submits the story of "The Birth of a Nation," she will reject the manuscript without the usual consideration. But the amateur writer is not the only sinner. Recently a well-known member of the literati sent in a story called "Her Perfumed Past in Paris."

Antonio Moreno is tired of waiting for Vitagraph to give him some noteworthy pictures. One of the first of the Vitagraph stars and one of the most popular men on the screen, he feels that he hasn't been given a fair opportunity. So he has accepted the leading rôle in "The Bitterness of Sweets," a Rupert Hughes story.

Moreno will play opposite Colleen Moore.

Colleen is starving to death, and it's a long, sad story. During the first scenes of "The Bitterness of Sweets,"
GOSSIP is always brewing when Fanny

"She is about half dead, you know, she is so tired from making personal appearances. She says that she would give up and die if it didn't take any effort. Her personal-appearance tour started out on the Coast three months ago and she has been making several appearances a day since then. Every time she gets ready to go on she says to herself, 'Brace up, Viola! This may be the eighty-ninth time you've dragged yourself out on the stage, but it is the first time those people out there have seen you, and they've paid good money for the privilege, so don't disappoint them.'

"She's made a big hit everywhere, and I guess it is because she always makes up her act on the spur of the moment. There aren't many stars that could do that, but Viola's got a hair-trigger brain.

"She looks even younger than she did four years ago when she was making pictures here. Maybe it's the short skirt, and that reminds me that if anyone is thinking regretfully of wearing long ones they can be sure that Viola will be with them in wearing short ones.

"She let me pick out the material for one dress, a lovely chiffon one, and I chose gray just the color of her eyes. Every other minute the models would glide into the fitting room to show her some new gowns, and it made such a funny scene that I hope she does it in a picture some day. The models were all very tall and statuesque and haughty. Imagine trying to sell Viola the kind of frock that looked nice on them. Viola, being only a motion-picture star, was small and unassuming and good-natured she didn't even call them down for wasting her valuable time. She just stood and gazed up at them as though she were looking at some amazing skyscraper and said, 'Oh, no, I don't want any summer dresses. I knit a lot of weather while I'm waiting to be called on the set, and mamma just makes me little plain gingham dresses to wear with them.' The models were simply floored.

"And speaking of clothes, Mabel Ballin has fourteen changes of costume in her next picture. She doesn't like dressed-up parts at all, but her company has begged her and Hugo to make two or three modern pictures, so that is
Teacups
the Fan starts to talk about motion-picture players.

Bystander

what they are doing. She has a cream-colored lace dress that is beautifully quaint, and two suits that I bet a lot of girls will copy. And she is a real motion-picture star at last. No; it isn’t a contract. It’s an ermine coat. That’s the mark of a star. A star with her own company adds a string of pearls and some diamond bracelets to the trade-mark, but an ermine coat is an absolute necessity. There are so many of them now that a row of stars at an invitation showing of a picture looks like a box of gigantic marshmallows.

“The Ballins have sold their beautiful country home in Westport, Connecticut, to the woman who invented kewpie dolls. It is just the charming sort of place that you would imagine Hugo Ballin would design. They took me up with them last week-end to say good-by to it, and I wept copiously, but they were composed as could be. They’ve been so busy the last few years that they’ve hardly had time to go up there at all.

“We went to a motion-picture show in Norwalk to see Alice Lake in ‘The Hole in the Wall,’ and I just wished that Alice might have heard all the lovely things that were said about her. She really is wonderful sometimes. She moves like Norma Talmadge, and she has the same depth to her characterizations often.

“Several people recognized Mabel, and I was terribly surprised because I think she doesn’t look a bit like her screen self. She is so ethereal and spirituelle in pictures, and in real life she is almost a flapper. Not the kind of flapper that wears collegiate hats with bobbed hair sticking way out on one side, two-toned elkskin shoes, and skirts up above her knees, but the sort of awfully young girl who always looks stylish and who reads everything, goes everywhere, and always seems to be having a good time. Hugo says awful things, and she is his best audience. He said the other night that the difference between a bank director and a motion-picture director is that one is known by the money he saves and the other by the money he spends. He also remarked that there were two kinds of pictures, those that moved and those that didn’t, and that the only way to succeed with a good picture was to give it a bad title. By that time I was so awed by his cleverness that I couldn’t talk—”

“I can’t imagine it,” I broke in stiffly.

“Oh, but we were talking about clothes, weren’t we?” she said, ignoring my remark entirely. “Rubye de Remer brought trunkloads of beautiful things home with her from Europe, but what do you suppose she wears most of the time? A gymnasium suit! And it is the strangest-looking gymnasium suit you ever saw. There is a heavy woolen affair that comes to her ankles, and over that a sort of blue bathing suit. Her trainer comes every afternoon to give her exercises and play medicine ball with her. It is all part of a campaign to put on weight, but I don’t understand it at all. Most people exercise like that to get thin.

“She brought a beautiful police dog home with her from Belgium. He is the only all-black one in America, and his name is Lux. He has a fine war record, and Rubye is so proud of his trench tricks that I wouldn’t be surprised any day to find all the furniture in her

While girls all over the country are trying their best to look like Jacqueline Logan, she amuses herself by trying to look different in each picture. In a recent R-C production she succeeded in looking like a heavy.
Dorothy Gish is kept busy attending openings of "Orphans of the Storm" all over the country.

Over the Teacups

person. The last time I saw her she could still smile in spite of all the awful scenarios she had been reading in search of material for her next picture.

"But have you heard about Alice Brady's son? He was born in March, about two months after she divorced her husband. Everybody feels terribly bad over the way her marriage turned out, but maybe the baby will be a consolation to her.

"And speaking of trouble, Seena Owen is suing George Walsh for a divorce and has named Estelle Taylor co-respondent. Estelle has filed a suit against Seena Owen asking one hundred thousand dollars for alleged defamation of her reputation, all of which is rather odd, whichever way you look at it, because, you know, Estelle was just recently chosen as the best vampire to play in 'A Fool There Was.'"

I tried to look properly scandalized, or improperly scandalized, as it were. "Can't you talk about something less shocking?" I reproved her. "Here comes the strawberry shortcake. Maybe that will make you think of June, and June will make you think of romance, and——"

"No," Fanny announced in a matter-of-fact way. "It always makes me wish Colleen Moore was in New York to go around with me and try the shortcake in all the hotels until we found out which made the best. And then my second thought is of a darling pink dress Mae Murray had last summer.

"She had a lovely pink evening frock on the other night at the Sixty Club Ball for the Actors' Fund," Fanny went on ruminatively, as she consumed an enormous quantity of crushed strawberries. "They raffled off the privilege to dance with her, and the bidding went up to two hundred dollars. Just before the bidding closed some one gave an extra fifty and got it. It was Bob Leonard, her husband."

"They go cheaper out on the Coast," I broke in. "But probably it is because there are so many more of them out there. At a dance given for the benefit of the American Legion clubhouse they raised money by selling dances with Helen Ferguson and Patsy Ruth Miller for a dollar apiece."

"And speaking of dancing," Fanny chimed in—speaking of anything is likely to remind Fanny of anything else—"speaking of dancing, have you heard what Charlie Chaplin did the last night of Maurice's appearance at the Ambassador in Los Angeles? After Maurice and Leonora Hughes, his partner, did their regular exhibition dance, Charlie got up and danced with him, burlesquing it. The spectators simply howled, he was so funny, and every one was having such a good time no one wanted to go home. Charlie was giving quite a big party that night; besides Maurice and his partner he had

Photo by Kenneth Alon

Wherever she goes, Betty Blythe is a striking figure.

house built up into a barricade just so that the dog could have practice pulling it down. She is going to move out into the country soon because the dog doesn't seem to like the city."

"That sounds like Hope Hampton," I murmured.

"Yes," Fanny assented unwillingly. "I wonder if Hope will move out to Yonkers again this summer for the comfort of her Pekingeses. And that reminds me I haven't seen her in ages. She finished a picture weeks ago, and hasn't said a word about starting another yet. Perhaps the excitement over 'Star Dust' tired her out. After the author and some critics had panned it unmercifully the public insisted on liking it, and Hope had to rush around from theater to theater to get some of the applause in
Rubye de Remer brought home trunkloads of wonderful clothes from Europe, but she is spending most of her time dressed in an odd-looking gymnasium suit—in which she refuses to be photographed.

"Sonny," she rushed off to Jacksonville to play the lead in the new Charles Hutchison serial, 'Speed.' And when she got there, they weren't quite ready for her so she had two or three days to play golf.

"The company is having a wonderful time down there in spite of the risky stunts they have to do all the time. They are going on to Miami and St. Augustine for some scenes when they finish in Jacksonville, and then perhaps they'll go to Cuba. The picture has Spanish atmosphere, just to prove that serials are up to date, and Lucy has a wonderful part. Her biggest boosters are Charles Hutchison and his wife, so I guess that professional jealousy plays no part in that company.

"Dorothy Phillips has bobbed her hair, Gloria Swanson is going abroad, Mary Miles Minter is overcome by recent disclosures that she has gone to the Orient for a rest. Probably she won't write many letters in the future.

"Nita Naldi has gone out to the Coast to play the wicked Dona Sol in 'Blood and Sand,' and Anna Q. Nilsson is back

Continued on page 88
No small part of Alice Joyce's popularity was due to the fact that she was always beautifully gowned. Up the stairs and through the doors of a massive white mansion which houses a famous modiste's in New York a girl rushed. Ignoring the attendants inside and a group of people waiting, she fairly slid along the thick, velvet carpets and up the marble staircase to the library where the designer herself was at work. The usual formality of the establishment meant nothing to her at that moment, so she dashed right into the long room, where she found the designer at work. She was watching a gorgeously gown manikin as she walked to and fro, and dictating suggestions to a young man who sat beside her, notebook in hand.

"Oh, Frances," the girl panted, ignoring the work that was going on. "I have my chance at last. Won't you dress me for it? I can't pay you right now, but I know I'll land another engagement if I do this one right. It's a society part, and I'm afraid that if any one but you dresses me I won't feel like the real thing. Will you?"

And hardly waiting for a reply she went on, "I'm not making much now, but I could squeeze out thirty dollars a week to you until the dress is paid for, and when I'm making a lot I'll always come to you. Won't you help me?"

"Of course," said Frances simply, as though it were the most natural thing in the world to put her services at the disposal of any young girl who asked it. She had been appraising the girl as she spoke and decided that she had depth as well as beauty and would be worth helping.

"Give me the script if you have it," Frances added. "Or tell me all you know about your part."

She studied the girl intently for a few minutes and then sent for her head assistant. And the girl went away fairly walking on air, for she knew that whatever clothes could do for her was to be done. She knew that she had working with her the same woman who had assisted in the ascent to stardom of Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Pearl White, Mabel Normand, Alice Joyce, Catherine Calvert, and dozens of others. But to go back to Frances.

She took the very essence of that girl's charm and spun it into a frock; she made plain cloth and thread and flowers, cunningly fashioned of metal, become articulate. And when the girl went on the set to play her little part, the director noticed her—before she even had a chance to show that she could act, and decided that he wanted her for his next picture. And it was that picture that launched her in her career as one of our most popular stars.

That director didn't realize that half of her distinction and queenly bearing was in her dress. Men—even directors—are like that usually, but not always, as Madame Frances can testify. For once a theater owner came to her and said, "Frances, I'm interested in Miss Blank, who is making..."
pictures for the — company. I know she’s capable of big things, but there is something wrong with her. Maybe it is the way she dresses. If you can fix her up I think I can swing a starring contract for her. Won’t you see her? Don’t let her know I suggested it, because she is awfully proud—but find out what is the matter with her.”

“I know now,” Madame Frances remarked casually. “I’ve seen her in a picture. Her waistline’s in the wrong place, makes her look bulgy. She could be stunning if her waistline and neckline were right.”

So Frances made the first dresses that put Miss Blank’s waistline where it minimized the faults in her figure. And since then many other world-famous modistes have made similar gowns for Miss Blank, for she is one of the most prominent stars today, and the privilege of dressing her is one that designers all over the world contend for.

Having taught actresses what she knows about how they should dress—Madame Frances makes no particular effort to hold their trade. She is more interested in the new ones who come to her door and say, “Please, Frances, won’t you help me?”

During the shaping of their careers, almost all of the big stars have consulted her, and she has sent them out with the stamp of her particular genius enhancing theirs.

“But after they become famous,” says Frances, with a knowing smile that is reminiscent of her very dear friend, Pearl White, “some of them don’t come to see me any more.”

And that remark opens up a subject which has never been frankly explained in a fan magazine and one which is of interest to everyone.

How much do the stars spend on clothes?

“Why don’t they come to you when they are famous and rich and can afford your gowns?” I asked her, and she told me that it was because other modistes are willing to sell clothes to stars at ridiculously low prices for the sake of the advertisement.

“One of the most prominent stars gets gowns that other people would have to pay three or four hundred dollars apiece for, for forty dollars,” Madame Frances told me. “She came to me and offered to make the same arrangement. But I told her that the hundreds of girls who work for me, and the thousands of girls like them all over the country were the ones who go to her pictures, the ones who are directly responsible for the magnificent salary she receives. Surely, it is only common justice that she should be willing to pay enough for her gowns so that the girls who make them can afford to go to her pictures.”

Madame Frances is more than a great designer to the stars like Norma Talmadge, Alice Joyce, and Pearl White, whose rise to world fame has been coincident with hers. She is a definite part of their world. When they were struggling for recognition, Frances too was just forging to the front in her profession. With them, Frances—every one who knows her drops the Madame—graduated from street cars and occasional taxicabs to luxuriously appointed Rolls-Royces. She goes everywhere, knows every one in the theater world, and can’t go to a fashionable resort without seeing some of her own creations.

Continued on page 95
She Began at Seventy-Five

Mrs. Anna Townsend, who now is becoming well known for her grandmother roles wasn't content to sit by the chimney corner.

By Caroline Bell

“And I’ve come to love him just as if he was my very own boy,” she pays him a pretty compliment, but a sincere one. “He teaches me things and he’s so tender and kind.” Everybody, for that matter, is good to “Granny”—they baby her all over the lot, for a dearer or more lovable soul never lived than Granny Townsend.

Her career is really a startling one, in these days of flappers who feel blasé at sixteen, old at twenty, and positively decrepit at twenty-five.

About four years ago, her children all having long since grown up and married, with youngsters of their own, “Granny” at last was left alone in “the old nest,” a house in Los Angeles where she had lived all her life. “But Lawy me,” she chirped, in her sply little way like a cricket, “why should I have stayed there to hug the fireplace? Why should I sit home and mourn for the nestlings who have flown away? Why shut yourself up from the world when you’re only seventy-nine?”

Instead of doing that she hied her elf out to Hollywood and got a job as an extra. Since then she has risen to playing screen grandmother roles, shares close-ups with stars, and even has some alone.

“What made you choose the screen?” I asked her.

“Well, I’d been on the stage when I was a child—just a leetle, leetle bit, about seventy years ago. I grew up, married, children came, so, like hundreds of mothers, I gave up my ambitions. But the fascination of acting never quite left me. So when I found myself alone and had to occupy my time somehow to keep the memories and longings from hurting too much I just decided I’d go into the movies. Hard work? Why, no indeed—it’s nothing compared to raising a brood of children and keeping house and all those things they say is a woman’s heritage. This is play, child.” (Never before have I heard an actress so deilY na te her mark!)”

“Afraid?” she continued. “Well, not exactly. But I’ll tell you a secret, honey, I’ve never felt safer than here at this nice Hal Roach studio. Everybody is so nice to us girls. That talk about ‘the temptations of the studio’ is all rot. Why, nobody’s ever bothered any of us.”

“Granny’s” success— in fact her career itself—came as somewhat of a shock to her own brood. She had been working in pictures for a long time before they knew anything about it. One day one of her grandchildren came running home from the theater, amazement speeding her feet, and cried breathlessly to the assembled fam­ily: “I just saw Granny in the movies! She’s Harry Carey’s mother!” Can you imagine the stupefaction that greeted that announcement? (Continued on page 95)
Another Youthful Star

Glenn Hunter joins the ranks of the newcomers whose names are appearing in electric lights.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

The girl usher was plainly suspicious of me. She sniffed audibly when I gave her a note to be delivered to Glenn Hunter behind the scenes, and even looked askance at the neatly engraved bit of silver which I offered as an inducement for speed and accuracy.

It was at a performance of "The Intimate Strangers," a Booth Tarkington effort which is, in comparison to "Clarence" and "Seventeen," a drink of very weak tea after a demi-tasse and a spicy liqueur. Even Billie Burke's luscious personality could not save it from being flimsy, and at times almost stupid.

But when Glenn Hunter came on the stage I suddenly straightened up. In the first place, I had to interview him after the performance. In the second place, he supplied the first bit of humanness that had been inserted in the so-called comedy. He played the part of Johnny White, a neighbor boy who is brushed airily aside by the young flapper he adores because "we're used to him."

It was a character such as Tarkington revels in, and it was made intensely real by the artistry of Glenn Hunter. His scene with Billie Burke, when, spurred by his beloved's attitude of indifference, he asks the older woman if he can't see a great deal of her "in the future, as it were," was received with delighted chuckles even by the most elderly gentlemen in the audience. It seemed to recall things to them from a long time ago.

At the close of the performance, the girl usher was waiting for me. She led me around to the stage entrance, where the doorman gave...
Another Youthful Star

me another disappointing inspection. He said something
about two flights, and I clumped up the iron stairs, try-
ing to look blasé and professional. Secretly I was thri-
led to death at being behind the scenes.

The door of dressing room number six was open,
and there was an intriguing smell of cold cream, grease
paint, and cigarette smoke.

"Come right in," said Glenn Hunter, and swept a chair
clear of neckties, collars, and shoes.

He was still, off the stage, the same type of sincere
youthful American that he was in the play: True, there
was no suggestion of calf-eyed adolescence about him,
and he was plainly older than Johnny White was sup-
posed to be. But he had a rather eager way of talking; he
said "bully" a lot and was "awfully keen" about so
many things. What did he look like? I don't exactly
remember. Except that he was nice. Nice eyes and
mouth, and his hair was parted in the middle. He didn't
look like an actor at all. The dressing room, save for
the presence of cosmetics and grease paint, might have
been the untidy, yet perfectly comfortable, room of a
college boy. There were no autographed pictures about,
no scrapbooks of press comments. We talked first about
the play, he, meantime, removing his make-up with a
towel before the mirror.

"Do you like it?" he asked me.

"No; do you?"

He turned to grin at me.

"I have to; I play in it. Of course, it doesn't com-
pare with 'Clarence'—I played Bobbie in that—but
when you work in a play you think as much about the
kind of people you're associated with as you do the
kind of lines you have. Miss Burke is charming, and
Alfred Lunt is a prince. That means a lot, I think,
don't you?"

It struck me that he looked sleepy. In fact, a little
thin.

"Do you go to many parties after the show?" I in-
quired. (Nothing is too impudent for an interviewer to
ask.)

"Great Scott, no!" he said emphatically. "I work in
pictures all day and here at the theater until eleven—
I go home and sleep then. You know, don't you, that
I'm making my first independent picture?"

I nodded encouragingly. I'm making my first independent picture?"

"Believe me, it's no easy job. I think I'm going into
a decline from worry. But I'm awfully keen about it.
It's a story of a sort of Booth Tarkington boy, who
grows up under the handicap of 'Sweetie' for a nick-
name. The picture is called 'Apron Strings,' and I think
it will get by—I'm surely working hard enough
to make it a success."

It occurred to me, then, that I had seen young Glenn
in plays before.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I'm quite a veteran. That's the
correct thing to say, isn't it?"

"Absolutely," I remarked.

He finished removing the last of the make-up and
adjusted a collar.

"I'm awfully keen about pictures, too. I don't see
why so many theatrical people pretend to despise them.
The whole business fascinates me. The acting end of
it primarily, and then the directing. I should like to
direct a picture."

"One of your own?" I asked him.

"No, I don't think so. I don't believe that any actor
should direct himself. He needs another person's view-
point."

He shoved himself into an overcoat, pulled a battered
and very collegy-looking hat down over his ears, and
said he'd take me home in a taxi. The one he hailed
was one of those seagoing affairs built for rough
weather and wild nights. We decided before we had
two blocks that the driver was either a fugitive
from justice or was planning suicide. The car went
around the corner on one wheel and a half, and the con-
voy became detached sentences beginning in the
middle and ending in mid-air.

"What pictures did you say you——"

"We barely missed a gasoline truck."

"I played with Constance Binney in 'The Case of
Becky,' one of those calf-eyed parts where the young
man just waits around for the final clinch, and after
that——"

"Hang this driver—pardon me—I was saying that after that I
played with Norma Talmadge in 'Smilin' Through,'
that was a bully picture——"

We dodged around a corner and nearly flattened out
a portly gentleman and a messenger boy.

"We missed 'em," Glenn said gravely. "Better luck
next time."

"Are you ever going to do a Tarkington picture?
I should think——" I fell neatly into his arms, by rea-
sion of another fancy turn.

"Yes, he's going to write one for me," he answered,
putting me back in my own corner. "Did I tell you
that when he found he could get me for this part in
'Intimate Strangers,' he wrote a scene specially for me?
The one with Miss Burke where I tell her I'd like to
'have a sacred feeling' for her——"

Bam! We both pitched forward by reason of the
brakes applied suddenly. We had almost made connec-
tions with an earnest-looking fire wagon.

"Is your mother in New York?" I asked while
straightening my hat.

"No; she and dad are out on Long Island. Both he
and she were hurt in a motor accident the night that I
opened with 'The Intimate Strangers.' I had to go on
without knowing whether they were dead or alive. Say,
my mother is great. Is yours?"

"She certainly is. Isn't it a wonderful thing to have
some one think you're by far the most brilliant person
in the——"

"Yes," he gasped, falling over on my shoulder, "that's
the way she is. She's so proud of what success I've
made—and I'm the only black sheep of the family, too.
No one else ever wanted to get on the stage or——"

Conversation languished while the taxi driver shouted
at us to find what address we wanted. We shouted
back, and careened lustily onward.

"Is Glenn Hunter your real name?"

"Yes, it is. I'd rather make something of my own
name than to coddle along a stage name until it was
famous, don't you think——"

The driver was blowing his horn in a frenzy because
another taxi was going faster than he was. The other
driver responded in kind.

"How old are you?" I screamed above the din.

"Older than I look," he roared in my ear. "Not ter-
ribly old, though, I did my first bit on the stage six
years ago. Don't you think there is a demand for clean,
youthful screen comedies? I'd like to——"

I never knew what it was he'd like to. For the taxi
pulled up with a flourish at the curb, and I was still
conscious enough to note by the number on the door
that it was my house.

As the taxi dashed away, Glenn put his head out of
the window.

"Say! Will you have lunch with me——"

The rest was lost in the distance.

"Yes!" I shouted after him into the stilly night. But
I am still uncertain as to whether we have a date or not.
Our Modern Picture Palaces

No longer is artistic picture presentation confined to a few large cities. Better theaters are springing up everywhere. This article describes the latest developments along the line of theater building and the arranging of programs.

By Myrtle Gebhart

Throughout the country there is a steady increase in the building of large, handsomely appointed theaters devoted to motion pictures with more or less elaborate programs, musical numbers, big orchestras, prologues, classical dancing, and the like.

This movement for more artistic and expensive presentation, which began in New York when S. L. Rothapfel introduced his famous “unit program” idea in the Strand Theater, has spread so extensively of late that at last it is becoming one of the greatest developments in connection with motion pictures.

Just now Los Angeles seems to be taking the lead in motion-picture presentation. At least it is claimed that more money is spent there for this purpose than in any other city, and that Los Angeles now has the greatest display of beautiful motion-picture theaters in the world. There seems to be one on almost every corner—and whenever you see a plot of ground being dug up and ask what is to be built there, somebody is sure to remark, “Oh, just another movie house.” At present there are eight or nine major houses, where the presentation of pictures has reached a fine art after costly experimentation, and any number of smaller show houses in the downtown district who copy their big brothers with more or less success. These, in addition to some half dozen that play both vaudeville and pictures and the hundreds of neighborhood theaters that thread the suburban byways in glittering chains of beckoning lights—not small, inconsequential theaters playing “hand-me-down” pictures, but beautiful little shadow palaces boasting “first runs” and just as exquisite in their vest-pocket way as the bigger places downtown. A glimpse at the Los Angeles theaters and

ceilings, marvels in mosaic work, fine paintings upon the walls, gold-framed mirrors, upholstered divans and chairs that make waiting for a friend a luxury and not a tiresome thing.

The draperies in these theaters are carefully planned by the art decorator who, of course, bears in mind the construction and period of the theater’s architecture and carries out the same scheme in eloquent velvets and furniture especially made. Lighting effects also are given the most minute consideration, to give a general restful tone to the ensemble. Rest rooms and writing rooms are as large as an ordinary home and are beauti-

Are you satisfied with the way in which pictures are shown at your theater? Do you like prologues and elaborate stage settings, musical numbers, and the like, in connection with motion pictures? Or do you think all this is just an excuse to charge exorbitantly high admission fees?

Whatever the theaters throughout the country are doing in the way of theater building and picture presentation is in response to what the theater managers believe to be the popular demand. We know that they would be especially interested in reading “what the fans think” on this subject, and we hope this article will inspire many of our readers to write to us.

Photograph shows a male chorus and an especially designed setting used as a prologue for a costume play at the Capitol Theater in New York.
fully furnished. I understand that one of the new theaters is to have a smoking salon for women. In the lobby of Grauman's Million Dollar Theater is an electric signboard which indicates the unoccupied seats, thus obviating that helpless feeling that you have upon entering a dimly lit theater, having to grope for seats over the laps of paunchy gentlemen, only to discover them occupied. Usherttes—chosen from among the city's loveliest young girls, in many cases disappointed film actresses—are costumed in keeping with the general idea and are by no means the least decorative factor.

At the openings stars of the silver sheet come out to shine in all their panoplied glory of evening dress and jewels and often put on acts of their own. At all times are the theaters crowded, especially during the tourist season, and from eleven o'clock in the morning long lines may be seen forming for a block around the most fashionable of the shadow tabernacles.

In the City of the Angels, the Grauman interests have been most successful in the presentation and the maintenance of the prologue. In his Million Dollar Theater and his exquisite little Rialto, Sid Grauman has brought theater presentation to a fine art. More than four years ago, when the present Grauman scheme was outlined by the late J. D. Grauman and his son, Sid, it was forecast to eventual failure. But just recently was celebrated the fourth anniversary of the dedication of the Million Dollar Theater, an example of theater possibilities being copied now by show houses from coast to coast. Paramount Pictures are closely affiliated with the Grauman interests and through cooperation the two have achieved the acme in presentation. Runs of one week are the usual thing, though the Rialto often boasts engagements of several weeks.

Within a few weeks the new Metropolitan, costing more than three million dollars, will open its doors. It will be the largest cinema temple in the West and will seat forty-four hundred persons. One unusual feature will be a hydraulic orchestra floor, raising and lowering the pit with its full orchestra, the organist and the organ controls moving conversely with the orchestra pit. The stage will be large enough—and there will be adequate equipment—to put on anything from a simple screen play to a grand opera. The Grauman interests also are building a new theater in Hollywood, which will face a large court in the center of which will be a fountain spraying over multicolored lights.

Sid Grauman bases his prologue conception upon psychology. Upon the basic pivot of contrast and comparison he builds the "acts" that accompany a picture. Sometimes the effect of harmony is obtained by a prologue given in a costly setting that carries out the atmosphere of the picture. Illustrating the attraction of interest through contrast was the Western prologue accompanying William S. Hart's "White Oak." A mining camp was used—but the wily exhibitor did not make the mistake of providing too much excitement. There is so much red blood and Indian dust in the picture itself that a contrast was obtained through—Grand Opera! It was what was least expected, yet was presented so in accord with the setting of the story that it created the atmosphere to follow. Had the prologue been one of shooting and riotous excitement, the audience would have reached the heights of response beforehand—and the picture itself would have fallen flat.

For the Christmas music there was sung the "Hallelujah," which was entirely in keeping with the day. Then—as a surprise—came Christmas music from foreign lands, the novelty being a Russian song a thousand years old which had its birth in Kiel's oldest church. This expressed what Mr. Grauman calls "variety in unity." Accompanying Wallace Reid's comedy drama, "Rent Free," were a dozen Oriental entertainers and "The Ballet of Light," given by Denishawn dancers. Another theory of Mr. Grauman's that has worked out happily is that fathered by George M. Cohan, who said, "Always leave 'em laughing when you say goodbye."

From all over the country Mr. Grauman gets his dancers and singers. Often local talent is used. I know of several singers—among them Mabel Burch, a soprano with a certain future—who have obtained their start at his theaters. The pupils of various Los Angeles dancing schools often contribute programs. Their pay is not large—I understand the children receive but two and one half dollars a day—but it serves them also as experience and gains them the notice of other theatrical producers. Occasionally grand opera singers are imported.

Accompanying the showing of "Saturday Night" at the Rialto was a singer, who gave an aria from "Pagliacci," an organist at the big Wurlitzer playing a light fantasy, and the usual interpretative musical score by the theater's orchestra. The Rialto, of course, does not have such massive prologues as the Million Dollar Theater, containing itself with an occasional demi-tasse dance act or song. The musical score interpreting the picture is arranged by the orchestra leader many weeks in advance and often requires the use of excerpts from fifty or more compositions.

Continued on page 86
The handsome man with Miss Murray in the picture above and on the opposite page is Robert Frazer, who plays Carrita, a toreador.
A Glimpse of An Island Wife

The languorous Corinne has been making a picture in a setting well suited to her particular charms.

"Lovely" seems to be Corinne Griffith's word. Whether she is wearing hair ribbons and the knee-length dresses of a child, a gorgeous evening gown, or the most unconventional costume, the word always fits her.

What could be more attractive, for instance, than the picture above, showing her as a languorous lady of the South Seas? It is a scene from her latest picture, "Island Wives," in which Corinne as the wife of a trader, has some startling adventures—is rescued from death by a millionaire yachtsman and—but we mustn't spoil the story.
Here is Nazimova in a pose from the Dance of the Seven Veils, described in detail in the pages following. In the background you can discern the black-clad girls who aid in the dance. In this pose she appears clad only in the silver sheath which is the symbol of nudity.

A New Screen Version of "Salome"

Nazimova is about to burst upon the silver screen in the most individual and bizarre of her screen creations.

Here is a glimpse of what you may expect from Nazimova's version of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," which is described at length on the second page following by Edwin Schallert. The story is treated, as you see, in somewhat the same futuristic way as was her "Camille." But "Salome" is even further from conventional realism. Costumes and settings were suggested by the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley, that curious figure in the aesthetic movement of the late 80's and early 90's, who illustrated the Wilde play. At the left is Nazimova in one of the mood-interpreting costumes, and below in a characteristic Nazimova pose.

Photos by Rice
An innocent but spoiled child, a creature of many moods and naive willfulness, who did not know good from evil but wanted only what pleased her, is Nazimova's conception of Salome, and that is the way she plays her. Nazimova never plays any rôle according to tradition, but her interpretation of Salome promises to be extraordinarily different from previous conceptions. Below is a scene from the picture showing two characters wearing the exaggerated headgear which follows the generally extravagant mood of the production.

Photos by Rice

Nazimova as Salome before Herod ready to begin her Dance of the Seven Veils. As she dances the veils will be removed one by one by the four girls in the black costumes.
A few years ago only one or two of the largest cities could boast of having a real picture palace with a full orchestra, artistic programs, a large, airy, and beautifully decorated and appointed auditorium and promenade.

But what a difference today! The picture above is not from a New York or Chicago theater, but from one in Terre Haute, Indiana. Below is a group of Denishawn dancers, appearing at Grauman's Los Angeles Theater.
The character of the programs in the finest theaters vary according to the ideas of the managing directors and the size of the buildings. The tiny Criterion Theater, in New York, is especially well adapted for the presentation of delicately intimate prologues, such as the one shown above, the effectiveness of which might be lost in a larger auditorium. The Rivoli and Rialto theaters seldom use such prologues, but are more likely to employ solo dancers such as Vera Myers, shown at the left, and Lillian Powell, on the opposite page.
At the huge Capitol Theater, the largest in the world, are presented some of the most effective programs ever assembled. Color, volume, massiveness, brisk movement, and perfect precision are the characteristics of their offerings. The orchestra of seventy pieces—which for special pictures has been increased to ninety—is one of the finest in the country, and one of the most attractive features of the Capitol's splendid programs. Many persons regularly attend this theater for the musical part of the program, regardless of what picture is showing.
Mae Murray listened to the call of Spain—dreamy, romantic Spain, tried on some lace costumes, mantillas and black fans—and succumbed. She made a Spanish picture. It is called “Fascination,” and as Dolores de Lisa, the American daughter of a Spaniard, Miss Murray seeks to forget an unhappy love affair in the Old-World atmosphere of her father's country. Although her rôle is not that of a professional dancer, she does a dance—in the costume she is wearing in the picture below—at a private entertainment which is one of the high lights of the picture.
The New Salome

A critical and scholarly impression of Nazimova's latest production of which you have seen glimpses on the two preceding pages—a production the like of which has never before been seen—and perhaps never will be again!

By Edwin Schallert

SILVER and jet—a symphony. ... Night and its great spaces. ... The light of a milk-white moon. ... Turgid torch flames climbing into nothingness; incense smoke languidly ascending. ... Faces—faces bizarre and grotesque; faces hectic and wan; tired faces, colorless; faces heavy laden with red and black—eyes glimmering dully; lips sealed icily, or red like a pomegranate. 

A woman. ... A woman paler than all; more fevered, burning with a dead fire; desirous; willful—as a child. 

A dance—a symphony of black and silver; a dance like the night. 

Tragedy—brooding, restless, black, delirious, mad. 

Such is Salomé, Nazimova's Salome! In all the world of the cinema there has never been a film just like it. In all the world of the cinema there probably never will be again. There is only one Salomé, there is only one Nazimova, and it is hard to imagine them wedded more than once. 

You know, perhaps, that Nazimova is now carrying out some of her most cherished ideas in pictures. She is doing what, by her knowledge and training, she is best fitted to accomplish, namely, visualizing the plays in which she gained celebrity on the stage, or what is more, those plays which she herself loves ardently. 

Salomé represents a new departure in her personal art. Its antecedent, in a way, is Nazimova's Camille. It has something of the same futuristic quality. But, whereas in Camille the futuristic touch was bounded by the confines of a resemblance to life and its actuality, Salomé promises visions and poetry. It is neither a story nor a play, neither life nor its mirror—drama, action, and thought, yes, but chiefly, above all, a mood—a mood given body and substance; a symbol, clothed and bedecked with ornaments and jewels; an organization, as the modern painters call it, of weird emotion that will mean much or little you are susceptible to a change from sunshine to gloom; the transition from light to darkness, to the memory of a perfume or a melody. It will require the highest sensitiveness, in a word, for its highest appreciation.

In this respect, it will, I believe, differ not at all from the Oscar Wilde "Salomé." If you have read this, you will recall its peculiar emphasis on effect, rather than reality—in other words, its pseudo-impressionism. The opening colloquy on the terrace, for instance, between the young Syrian and the page of Herodias—how meaningless in words, how significant in ideas!

One character talks of Salomé, the other—at cross purposes seemingly—of the moon. Yet there is a strange intermingling of their similes and metaphors which suggests that Salomé is herself symbolized in the moon. This is borne out later by the fact that virtually every person as he or she comes on the stage makes reference to the moon, indexing his or her own relation to the title character.

Salomé, too, defines herself in her observation—"How good to see the moon! She is like a little piece of money, a little silver flower. She is cold and chaste. I am sure she is a virgin. Yes, she is a virgin. She has never defiled herself. She has never abandoned herself to men like the other goddesses."

This, I know, is the character of Salomé as Nazimova interprets her.

Nazimova told me that the Salomé she would bring to the screen was to be nothing more than the child—a little spoiled child," she declared naively. "She knows nothing of evil and nothing of good. She has lived her life in the court of Herod, with evil all about her, but she herself is not evil. She has never loved. She is bored with the men about her."

"When she sees Jokanaan he fascinates her, but only as a child. He is different. Altogether different from the men of the court, whom she despises—the Greeks with their painted cheeks and frizzed hair, the Egyptians
with long nails and russet cloaks, the Romans with their uncouth jargon—from Herod whom she detests because he is always looking at her.

"She does not know why Jokanaan fascinates her. She does not understand his words. She knows only how the women about her act and she wants to kiss his lips. When he calls her a daughter of sin—pushes her away, she is hurt, just like a child; but being a petted, spoiled child, she wants her way and so she dances before Herod and his court and then demands the head of Jokanaan so that she may kiss it.

"You do not see the head. It is hidden in a deep curved shield.

"When I stoop over it, a veil is thrown over my head. When I raise up again, it is like—how shall I say it?—it is like—well—"

"You know it is told how certain saints to whom some terrible thing has happened, begin just then to see a great light—well, it is like that with Salome. I show the wonder, the marveling, the great uncertainty of my realization. I am momentarily transformed and then—"

Madame's gesture was amply indicative of what followed—Herod's abrupt command, "Kill that woman!" and the inky close of the picture.

Virtually all of "Salome" transpires on a single set—a huge one. It is the great terrace in front of the palace of Herod, leading directly down into the banquet hall. As in the play, the time is reduced to a Greek minimum. The tragic events all take place in an evening. The picture is consequently just about five reels in length.

Had the drama all been confined to the terrace, it would have been less, but Madame chose rather to sketch some of the dialogue in action. Consequently, there is a brief sequence devoted to the epicurean feast of Herod, there are several shots of the dank depth of the cistern where Jokanaan is imprisoned and there are iridescent glimpses of Salome in imaginative possession of the gifts of pearls, diamonds, and topazes, rubies and emeralds, of the cloak of feathers and the amber bands, of the gorgeous white peacocks, all of which Herod promises her if she will relinquish her demand for the head of Jokanaan.

The terrace set is one of the most remarkable in its lavish simplicity that I have ever seen. In its general lines, it is copied after the art work of Aubrey Beardsley, a noted illustrator of the latter nineteenth century, who provided a number of curiously clever semisatirical drawings for Oscar Wilde's "Salome." Beardsley had little use for periods or actualities. He was concerned chiefly with vivid impressions, with outstanding features of the spirit, as well as the flesh. His influence can be traced strongly in the kaleidoscopic costuming of Nazimova which follows the changing moods of the play. It may also be noted in the settings in the flowerlike intricacy of the grillwork which adorns the corner near the cistern prison of Jokanaan, and in the silver-and-black tracery on the portals of the palace.

The silvery color tone, which is dominant in the set, gives a sheen to the background. This sheen pervades the entire picture. In the instance of the various characters, it is heightened by the use of gold paint. Finger nails and eyelids are touched with this, and the result is a halation ever so slight, but uncannily effective.

The Dance of the Seven Veils—which has always proved a sensational obstacle, has been treated in such a way as probably completely to avoid censorship. Instead of removing one veil after another, as is done on the stage, Nazimova has four girls clad in black robes assist her, and as she dances, they unwind four of the veils. Then they remove two more, leaving her clothed in a silver sheath from bosom to knees. This sheath is the symbol of nudity. Finally, the girls fling over her a large veil—the seventh—swathed in which she completes the dance. All the while, six dwarfs, ugly, misshapen figures, again suggested by the Beardsley drawings, play various instruments, jumping up and down. One dwarf is covered with cymbals, on which he beats with other cymbals as he moves with ungainly steps.

The dance is designed to be weird and amusing at once. The intent throughout the picture, in fact, has been not to take the Oscar Wilde play too seriously, but through presenting it in a somewhat fantastic manner—as it is believed Wilde intended it to be performed—to avoid the bars of censorship which "Salome's" sensational fame would invite.

Griffith's Musical Secrets

Continued from page 20

from the point of view of the picture producer, primarily, rather than for its real value as music." In other words, Griffith senses, or knows, through long experience, to what type of musical theme and to what manner of handling of these themes his audiences will best respond, just as he has learned through experience how much and what kind of action, plot, emotion, suspense and the like, his audiences prefer.

After selecting the main themes or motives, Griffith calls in a high-grade technical musician, the sort who prepares orchestrations and operatic scores. The producer goes over the picture with this musician, indicating in certain places how he wants each theme developed, by singing "ta-ta-ta-ta," at the same time indicating such things as crescendos and the like. As soon as the picture approaches completion, that is, when it is first assembled, in much longer form than the finished one, the music is completely worked out and orchestrated. For the last two weeks or more, while they are cutting the picture, they have an orchestra which plays during each of the try-out performances. The orchestra for "The Orphans" cost them eight thousand dollars they say. After each performance, for every inch that is cut out of the film, so many bars or notes are cut out of the music. For the most absolute precision has to be attained in the synchronizing of the picture and its musical accompaniment. During this time some twenty or thirty copyists are at work copying the score for the different units which are to open simultaneously in several large cities. This, they say, is done to save time, as to get the score printed would take longer.

It's very interesting to watch audiences with this musical setting. Everybody gets it—everybody. We sometimes notice the crowd, leaving the theater. People will be humming this or that theme. Everybody seems to get a favorite which sticks in the memory, which, after all, is the best tribute to its effectiveness.

Inspired by the success of "The Three Musketeers" and other elaborate productions, popular stars are beginning to make the most massive motion pictures they have ever attempted. Towers of medieval castles are beginning to show their spires above the homes of Hollywood, and quaint old villages are springing up on the studio lots. Great treats are in store for motion-picture fans, and Edwin Schallert will tell about these good things to come in an early issue of "Picture-Play."
"Lemme Tellya Sumthin'"

An interview with a handsome young motion-picture actor who gave an embrace when asked for an opinion.

By Caroline Bell

There is one point on which motion-picture audiences are pretty evenly divided—and that is whether Richard Headrick, the blond baby who patters about in shiny satin pajamas and reunites mamma and papa in the last reel of the Mayer photo plays ought to be allowed to live or not. And if you line up with the enthusiastically negative side it may interest you to know that I used to be one of you, but having met Richard, am no more. I am converted. In the future I will greet every roguish smile, every almost-too-cute action with joy instead of disgust, for I know now they are natural with Richard, not the affectations of an overtrained stage child.

When I went to see "Itchie," as he calls himself, he was sitting at the switchboard in the outside office of the studio with the telephone operator. He was intent on a piece of paper in his lap and a pencil clutched tightly in his hand. He was all excited because he had just drawn a picture of a mountain with two trees growing on its heights.

"Lemme tellya sumthin'," he said with a cunning baby lisp when we were introduced. "Mr. Mayer is the bes' studio owner in the world—Uncle John is the bes' director, and Uncle Charlie Tondon is the bes' publicity man."

"Not," I decided, still cynical. "If he taught you to make that little speech."

But I had to admit that the baby seemed to do it spontaneously.

I asked Richard if he liked to swim—he is a champion child swimmer, you know.

"I luv it," he assured me solemnly. "But I don't wike cold washer. Uncle John knows I don't wike it, so in 'The Child Ow Caves Me' when I had to jump in a pool of cold washer, dey told me it wuz warm. Dey started takin' the pitcher on's I got in. A man wuz standin' on the bank an' he fought I wuz drownin'. He jumped in an' spoiled the pitcher, and Uncle John said, 'Oo poor boob, dat baby can swim better an' o lens..."
Our Modern Picture Palaces

A Picture in True Colors at Last

Continued from page 74

The West Coast Theaters, Inc., operate a chain of sixty show houses, most prominent of which is the Kinema of Los Angeles. They order prologues and pictures in wholesale lots, keeping in mind the local temperaments of the many audiences to whom they cater in the various towns. Within the past twelve months this organization has grown into an important factor in motion-picture presentation. It has a prologue and vaudeville department of its own, with managers whose business it is to book the “acts.” Other prologues are built locally around the picture to be shown, and rehearsed to the point of perfection weeks ahead. Now associated with the New York Concert League, the West Coast Theaters have a mighty drawing list of vocal and instrumental talent. Victor Herbert recently played a week’s engagement at the Kinema — I understand he is touring the circuit at a weekly honorarium of twenty-five hundred dollars. Sasche Jacobson, The Six Brown Brothers, and others equally well known will follow him. In connection with the showing of “The Lotus Eater,” appeared a noted violinist, Jan Rubini, in his own interpretation of Beethoven’s “Kreutzer Sonata.”

The West Coast Theaters recently inaugurated a “wireless orchestra,” the first of its kind out here. By means of the radiophone the Kinema orchestra supplies the music for the sixty theaters on the West Coast chain, each of which is equipped with receiving apparatus. Between orchestral numbers, the wireless transmits little news from the smaller towns on the circuit. Service of music and news reaches as far away as Mexico, Denver, and Seattle. Ships out on the Pacific “tune in” and enjoy the same concert being played for patrons of the Kinema Theater.

The famous beauties and not a small part in the story.

Lady Diana Manners is worthy of the honor of being the star of this first production in natural colors for she is a famous beauty and not a small part of her charm lies in her exquisite coloring. Other motion-picture stars have appeared in brief scenes in natural colors — Lillian Gish in “Way Down East,” and Mae Murray in “Peacock Alley” among others — but those were scenes in which there was very little movement. The camera which photographed “The Glorious Adventure” met all needs of dramatic action.

All of that made it nice for Lady Diana. She had the advantage of being photographed in the colorful lustrous fabrics that were most becoming to her, and subtleties of shading in the soft tones of her skin and hair were caught that never would have registered if an ordinary motion-picture camera had been used. But the scenario was not so kind to Lady Diana; in fact, if you have an idea that Lady Diana just walked through this story looking beautiful, go to “The Glorious Adventure” and you will have the shock of your life.

The story concerns a great lady of the seventeenth century, who was in desperate financial straits. She took advantage of a law of that time which absolved a woman from her debts on her marriage, and married a criminal in Newgate Gaol thinking that he was to be executed the following morning. But the Fire of London breaks out, the criminal escapes, and he seeks his beautiful bride.

The man who plays the part of the criminal she marries is Victor Mc.-

Appreciation and love of color is not contingent on breeding, on intelligence or on education. It belongs to the savage even more than to the man of culture. It is inherent in almost every one, and because of that there is a big future for the natural-colored films of which “The Glorious Adventure” is the first.
The Coming of **Crusoe**

By Edna Foley

The greatest of all shipwrecked heroes is about to make his appearance on the screen.

"The "Movie Fan's Mother Goose" used to contain, among many others, the following parody:

\[\text{Poor old Robinson Crusoe,} \\
\text{I wonder how they could do so,} \\
\text{They've filmed the hero of every tale} \\
\text{Save poor old Robinson Crusoe!}\]

Now it's quite likely that no one would ever have dreamed of putting poor old Robinson on the screen if Universal had not conceived their idea for a new kind of serial, based on history or classic legend. *Robinson Crusoe* never would have done as the hero of a five-reel feature, but his adventures furnished enough material for a fifteen-episode "continued in our next," and you'll soon be seeing them.

Can you guess who they picked to play the part of Crusoe? Probably not, unless you've already been told. If the choice of an actor for the part had been obvious—as obvious, say, as Rodolph Valentino for the rôle of the bullfighter in "Blood and Sand"—it would not have taken Universal officials weeks to decide who should play the part. And they did puzzle over it for a long time.

Do you recognize him in this make-up? Well, possibly. You all grew to know him so well in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" that you'd probably be able to penetrate any disguise Harry Myers might put on.

Yes, Harry Myers is the man. After weeks of examining candidates for the rôle of *Robinson Crusoe* and taking test films of them he was given the part. After he had made a few scenes, the people in the company wondered why they had ever considered any one else, for he made a *Crusoe* that they are proud to introduce to the thousands of children and grown-ups whose idol in literature is *Robinson Crusoe*. 
from abroad and is going West soon to play in some Famous Players-Lasky pictures. Norma Talmadge and her husband came to New York, but left right away for Palm Beach; Constance expected to do likewise—but without her husband—but her mother was taken ill and Constance stayed in New York to be with her. Norman Kerry is back from abroad. He attracted such a crowd in the lobby of the Palace Theater the first night he walked up Broadway that it seemed almost as though the Pickford-Fairbanks family was making an appearance. Alice Calhoun has the hiccups.”

“Fanny,” I remonstrated. “You have all the fluency of a train announcer. I know. But stop, please, and tell me the details.”

“Doris May is having the time of her life making ‘Gay and Devilish’ and Bessie Love at last has a part worthy of her in the Burston special production ‘Forget Me Not.’ Every one is so pleased about Bessie,” she slowed up long enough to remark. “She had such awfully bad luck for such a long time until Sessue Hayakawa broke her jinx by giving her a good part in ‘The Vermilion Pencil.’ Constance Talmadge has finally succeeded in buying the screen rights to ‘East Is West’ and Norma has ‘The First Year.’ and they will start working on them soon—that is, as soon as they can hear to tear themselves away and go back to California. But have you heard about Wallace Reid?”

“No,” I gasped, breathless from following her remarks. “He has signed up to drive a car in the automobile races at Indianapolis May thirty-first. Oh, I hope that nothing happens to him!”

“Something always happens to Walie,” I protested; ‘he’d be bored stiff if it didn’t.”

As usual Fanny lost interest in the conversation as soon as I ventured a remark. She gazed out of the window languidly, nodding to acquaintances as they passed by, until suddenly she clutched me by the arm.

“There’s Betty Blythe,” she announced with as much awe as though she had never heard of Betty. “Did you ever see any one look so marvelous in your life? Oh, well,” she sighed, “she always does! The other night at the Motion-Picture Directors’ Association dinner there was only one discussion that the guests took any real interest in. That was over who was the most beautiful woman there, Betty Blythe, Corinne Griffith, or Mae Murray. I’d hate to try to decide, but I am sure that Betty was the most striking looking.

"If Elsie Ferguson had only been there, the whole thing would have been much more complicated—because, oh, well, you know it doesn’t matter how beautiful any one else is, in her quiet way Elsie Ferguson always looks more distinguished. And that reminds me, she is going to start work again right away. She’s going to make ‘Outcast,’ one of her most successful stage plays, and I’m terribly afraid the censors will tear it to bits.”

“James Kirkwood has left New York. You know, he wanted to stay here in the East, but there are only a few productions being made here, and he got such a wonderful offer to play with Priscilla Dean in ‘Under Two Flags’ that he simply couldn’t resist taking it even if it did mean going back to California.”

“Olga Petrova has been throwing out mysterious hints about returning soon to pictures, but it is too much like crying, ‘Wolf, Wolf.’ I’m not going to take her seriously now until she actually starts work on a picture. Theda Bara is going to start very soon, and that reminds me—you know Theda Bara never used to go to public functions and never went out on the street unless she was heavily veiled. Well, that is all over now. Maybe her husband has persuaded her that keeping aloof from the public and maintaining a general air of mystery about her person is all flap-doodle. Anyway, she goes to parties now given by organizations in the industry and shakes hands with the exhibitors just like any other real person.

“And speaking of Theda Bara always reminds me of Lillian and Dorothy Gish because they are so different. The Gish girls spend all their time dashing from one part of the country to another appearing at the openings of ‘Orphans of the Storm.’ The last opening to be announced was London, and they were awfully sorry that they couldn’t go all the way there just to see the picture start its career in England.

“They went to Washington a while ago and were entertained at luncheon at the White House. President and Mrs. Harding are such motion-picture fans that they always receive all the stars that come to Washington, but Lillian and Dorothy and Mr. Griffith are the first ones to be invited to luncheon.

“Of course, Mary Pickford will always be known as ‘America’s Sweetheart,’ but I’ve an idea that gradually so many people will begin to think of Lillian as ‘Every One’s Little Sister’ that the name will become her own. And I think it is a warmer, more personal tribute than that paid to Mary.”

She paused to wave airily at Doris Kenyon who was hustling by.

“How Doris ever has time to do everything she does is a mystery to me,” she went on. “She is playing on the stage in ‘Up the Ladder’ and making ‘The Curse of Drink’ in pictures and writing poetry on the side.

‘But have you heard about Snub Pollard?’ Fanny was positively aghast. “He’s gone and got married, and it isn’t to Marie Mosquini. He married Mrs. Elizabeth Bowen, a nonprofessional. Oh well, a man never appreciates the rose that grows in his own back yard!”

She took a pair of horn-rimmed eyeglasses out of her bag and put them on, leaning over to study the effect in the mirror of her vanity bag.

“What now?” I asked weakly.

“I thought I’d wear them at the next meeting of the Central Park West Literary Society. That’s Alma Rubens and I, you know. We meet every week or so at her house and talk about the wealth of literature that has never been touched by the films.”

“Touched!” I said vindictively. “You mean trampled on, crushed.”

“The meeting usually opens,” Fanny went on, ignoring my remarks. “with Alma asking me if I’ve read something or other of Stevenson’s. ‘It’s a wonderful story,’ she’ll add with an expressive shrug of her shoulders. And I say, ‘No; I haven’t,’ very meekly, and ask her if she’s read it herself, and she admits she hasn’t, and then she changes the subject to hats, and we call off the meeting and go shopping. Last time Constance Talmadge was there, and she kept us in an uproar all the time. A man telephoned Alma and Constance answered and imitated her voice so perfectly that he didn’t know the difference for a long time.

“Every time Alma and I would start talking about something serious Constance would put a jazz record on the phonograph and do a funny little dance. Oh, how that girl can dance!”

Fanny was obviously so jealous that she didn’t even want to talk about Constance any more.

“I know lots of news,” she went on. “Dorothy Dalton is coming East for a vacation as soon as she finishes ‘The Cat That Walked Alone,’ and Ethel Clayton has gone West. and—”

“Fanny,” I told her, “your brain works just like a carpet sweeper.”

“Oh, does it?” she retorted, taking offense at my innocent criticism. “Well I guess I’ll just leave you to pay the check then, and run up to Ruby de Remer’s to see what I can take in.”
Underworld types are a feature of this picture, for the action centers in the wildest joint in dog-land. This intrepid soul just has to stagger out of the café once in a while for a breath of fresh air.

As befits the star of a production, Brownie is shown in the photograph above and at the left. This is studio gossip, of course, but they do say he bit his leading lady when he saw that his director was giving her a close-up. You see, he favors the little poodle in the picture below.

**Mutts**

Not an elegant title for a picture, but these actors never put up a howl about it.

By Edna Foley

To get real human interest in a picture, as Will Rogers has often remarked, they have to put in animals. And no more distinguished animal actor is there than Brownie, the Century wonder dog. With his popularity growing by leaps and bounds what could be more natural than for his director to say, "If one dog makes a comedy good, then a lot will make it better"—and forthwith decide to make a picture with a cast composed entirely of dogs. The comedy is "Mutts" and in it Brownie, the star, is supported by nine other talented dog actors and a redoubtable police force of fifty Pekingeses.
Continued from page 52

"She had to get work of some kind, though, for she still had her brother and her mother to support, and that meant that she'd have to buck the game again, and do it soon. She'd lost her job at the J and S studio, and didn't know where to turn.

"Why not make a new break, then?" I asked her. "Get a job with somebody else, and clear out of here. You'd be happier."

"She agreed that she would, but said she didn't know where to get one. Luck was with her, though; I knew of a company that was going abroad, and wanted somebody to send home publicity stuff. Sarah got the job, through Bill Simpson's influence, and sailed from San Francisco two weeks later.

"After she got to Europe—they went all through the Orient on the way, so she had a fine trip of it—she stayed there. Two or three small companies that wanted a representative in England engaged her, and she worked into bigger things right along. Then she began to write scenarios. She cashed in on every bit of suffering she'd experienced because of Madame and Stewart Lyons. She thought things over when she got away from Los Angeles, you see, and realized what an awful mistake she'd made, and what an escape she'd had. And now—well, she's at the top of the ladder. Her stories sell like hot cakes. She has two straight plays going on in London, and looks like she's one of the stunningest women in the industry, and one of the cleverest. You wouldn't know her for the girl she was the night she and I got kicked out of Madame's house."

"Or for one of your indiscretions?" I asked him. He laughed as if he were looking at me through a water glass.

"Then I went to see her. She looked ghastly, and I was afraid that unless I could interest her in something she'd try to kill herself again, as she had that other time. But she didn't seem to care enough even to try that.

"She had to get work of some kind, though, for she still had her brother and her mother to support, and that meant that she'd have to buck the game again, and do it soon. She'd lost her job at the J and S studio, and didn't know where to turn.

"Why not make a new break, then?" I asked her. 'Get a job with somebody else, and clear out of here. You'd be happier.'"

"She agreed that she would, but said she didn't know where to get one. Luck was with her, though; I knew of a company that was going abroad, and wanted somebody to send home publicity stuff. Sarah got the job, through Bill Simpson's influence, and sailed from San Francisco two weeks later.

"After she got to Europe—they went all through the Orient on the way, so she had a fine trip of it—she stayed there. Two or three small companies that wanted a representative in England engaged her, and she worked into bigger things right along. Then she began to write scenarios. She cashed in on every bit of suffering she'd experienced because of Madame and Stewart Lyons. She thought things over when she got away from Los Angeles, you see, and realized what an awful mistake she'd made, and what an escape she'd had. And now—well, she's at the top of the ladder. Her stories sell like hot cakes. She has two straight plays going on in London, and looks like she's one of the stunningest women in the industry, and one of the cleverest. You wouldn't know her for the girl she was the night she and I got kicked out of Madame's house."

"Or for one of your indiscretions?" I asked him. He laughed as if he were looking at me through a water glass.
In Cashmere Bouquet Talc you have a fragrant, refreshing after-the-bath powder to comfort the skin from head to foot. As a finishing touch to the complexion, you will enjoy the same fragrance in a soft, clinging Face Powder.
said, and he had to turn her for me.

It took quite some time for all this to sink into my head enough for me to remember it and then I suddenly became aware that we had an audience sitting on the little platform overlooking the inclosure. A group of people, mostly women and girls who, I noticed, were leaving when we first arrived, must have been informed who the "handsome foreign-looking gentleman" was, for they returned and didn’t miss a thing we did. You can imagine how proud I felt. Wouldn’t they have been surprised if they had known the girl that he was teaching was just a fan! But Mr. Valentino didn’t seem to see them—he always pays strict attention to what he happens to be doing.

After riding around the big arena with him several times, we went over to the hurdle where he was going to jump his horse. He did it three times before he was satisfied that it was done right.

The horse was a noted jumper that had appeared in many pictures, but he didn’t like to do it over again and pranced and snorted. Then he would come galloping madly and jump. In the brief moment that the horse and rider were poised for an instant over the hurdle—outlined against the sky—I held my breath in thrilled admiration. It reminded me of the picture of Conquest in "The Four Horsemen."

Mr. Valentino tried to assure me that that was very bad jumping I had seen as he hasn’t kept himself in practice lately—but I didn’t think so. "You must love to have a chance to ride in pictures then, don’t you?" I asked him.

"On the contrary, I don’t," he answered. "You see, it is almost impossible to get a really good horse for camera work, because they do not like to repeat a performance, and the reflectors annoy them. You can imagine how nervous energy which he said he has always had—even as a boy they called him "Mercury" because of it—and always kept him impatient for something different all the time, seems to have clung to him.

How different he must have felt immediately after the hardships he had experienced there years before! You know, soon after he had come to America and his main hope—the landscape job—fell through, he found himself without money, his clothes going fast, and only a few friends. Growing more lonesome and often finding himself hungry, one night he drifted into Maxim’s café where he had a friend who was orchestra leader there. It was he who suggested that Rodolph Valentino become a dancer.

He did not like the idea of dancing as an occupation, but he had little choice, so he took his friend’s advice.

After being the dancing partner of Bonnie Glass and Joan Sawyer he felt the restless urge to change again and worked his way westward—hoping to get away from dancing. However, several unsuccessful attempts at other occupations led him to return to dancing in Los Angeles cafés. Finally a movie director saw possibilities in him, and he was given fifty dollars a week to play the heavy stel lar role in "The Married Virgin." As luck would have it, difficulties arose and the picture was not released until three years later.

Meanwhile, he appeared in some Mae Murray and Carmel Myers’ pictures—with Katherine MacDonald and also with Eugene O’Brien in one film. He was in "Eyes of Youth" with Clara Kimball Young and with Dorothy Phillips in "Once to Every Woman," but he began to attract attention. I remember particularly how a party of fans, myself included in the group, had remarked on Dorothy Phillips’ poor taste in that picture play, in not marrying the "dark, handsome one"—Rodolph Valentino—instead of the hero in the story.

He was usually cast to play villains, because of his dark complexion and his somewhat foreign aspect. It was a source of regret to him, too, because he realized that the "heavy" men have usually slight chance of attaining the most profitable and desirable positions in the movies, despite the skill frequently needed to portray these roles.

But June Mathis, the scenario writer, had seen him in one of his worst roles in some picture, and had immediately selected him for Julio of "The Four Horsemen." After that—I guess you know the rest—you’d be a pretty poor movie fan if you didn’t.

We reached my destination and when I said good-by and thanked him for his kindness in teaching me to ride, he flashed one of his sudden smiles and in his deep, low, accented voice, said, "It was great pleasure!"

With that I staggered into the house and immediately ran to the window and peeked from behind the curtains, watching until his car drove out of sight. Whereupon I sank into the nearest chair and tried to realize that it had really happened—that I had been out with Rodolph Valentino!

Is it any wonder that I remained "dazed for days" as the author of "Right Off the Grill" gave me away—now I ask you, what fan wouldn’t?

**Right in the Thick of Things**

**How** would you like to be a motion-picture player on the studio lot with Viola Dana, Alice Terry, and other Metro players? How would you like to play in a picture with Alice Lake? Sounds thrilling, doesn’t it? Well, it was, all of that. Ethel Sands did it, and found out more about what it is like to be an extra from actual experience than she had ever learned from observation. Read the story of her experiences next month, and then see the Metro picture, "Kisses," which she tells you about playing in.
How A New Kind of Clay Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose pictures you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one's complexion in one short half hour.

I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been marked, sallow and lifeless; my skin had been coarse, sullen and lifeless. Now it was smooth and beautiful. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and imperfections had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath? What was this new kind of magic? You see, I always had a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It was used to be so coarse and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear overnight—and as for blackheads, I never could get rid of them.

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned as my skin became only more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But strangely I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin—and I assure you I gave up massage quite quickly.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? There wasn't anything I could do—without wasting time and more money? And it was very discouraging, and I was tempted more than once to give it up—especially when I saw that after a while even my skin was more dull and coarse than ever before.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved never to use anything but soap and water again. But then something very wonderful happened—and, being a woman, I promptly changed my mind!

Why I Changed My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and is replaced in your hand? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind about soap and water. It explained clearly, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when dead skin scales and bits of dust clog the pores. Imperfections form in the clogged pores—and the result are not concealable.

The announcement went on to explain how someone had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in one simple application, drew dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Complexion Clay, in only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities when it was removed the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

My Extraordinary Experience With Complexion Clay

I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that when I used the Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and settled myself comfortably for a half-hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragment mask. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling, I could actually feel the pores breathing, freeing themselves of the blemishes and imperfections that had stifled them, giving up the bits of dust and the accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface. It was a feeling almost of physical relief; every inch of my face seemed stirred suddenly into new life and vigor.

At nine-thirty I removed the Complexion Clay and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been revealed. Every blackhead had vanished: the whole skin had changed; texture of the skin had a translucence; pores were clear, smooth, clear and charming!
THE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

JANE.—The romance of the Wallace Reids was printed in the January, 1921, issue of Picture-Play, and that of the Thomas Meighans in the July, 1921, issue. If you wish copies of these magazines send me twenty-five cents in stamps for each copy and I will have them mailed to you.

RUTH O. D.—No, Helen Klumpf is not an "actor." She is one of Picture-Play's staff of writers. Agnes and Alison Smith are two different persons. Both of these young women had their early training on New York newspapers and they are close personal friends. At present Agnes Smith is in Los Angeles. Address any of the magazine writers, care of Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Doro.—I'm afraid my influence with the stars isn't as powerful as you seem to think. However, I can mention your wishes anyhow. Joseph Schildkraut is twenty-two years old, weighs one hundred and fifty-eight pounds, is five feet eleven, and has black hair. His eyes are large, brown, and brilliant, and, I am told, cause extraordinary heart flutters of the girls who "go into them." Which, I suppose, makes you more interested than ever.

LEADER OF THE K. K. K.—So glad you explained the K's. I instantly suspected the Ku Klux Klan, and was relieved to find they stood for nothing more dangerous than the Kant Kiss Klub. Art Acord was born in 1890, Charles Bryant in 1887, and Muriel Ostriche in 1897. You have missed a lot if you never saw Wallace Reid or Antonio Moreno; I don't see how anything could make up for that.

NANCY FROM SOMEWHERE.—I cannot take your part in your controversy over whether Bebe Daniels, Corinne Griffith, Antonio Moreno, Norma Talmadge, or Katherine MacDonald has had worse vehicles, but perhaps some of my readers will.

PEG.—Welcome back! I was beginning to think you had forgotten me. Little Arlen on Norae appeared in the First National picture, "The Family Honor," and in the Pathé production, "The Heart Line," which were released in 1920 and 1921 respectively. Bryant Washburn has the leading role in the Goldwyn production, "Hungry Hearts," with Helen Ferguson playing opposite him. Niles Welch has been devoting himself to Elaine Hammerstein in her recent pictures. Harry Benham was born in Valparaiso, Richard Bennett in Bennetts Switch, and Julianna Johnstone in Indianapolis, Indiana. Your only dressed up temporarily, because his latest picture, "Thron of Lost Valley," starring Dorothy Dalton, is the wildest kind of a wild Western.

KATY-PUS.—Goodness, do they allow you to have stars' pictures on your desk at school? I had no idea that teachers had become so converted. Or perhaps you enjoy special privileges at the school you attend. Really, I don't see how you can do any work with Rudolph's eyes fixed on you all day long. You probably don't. I enjoyed your letter, but you didn't ask any questions, so I suppose you will correct that oversight immediately.

MILDRED DAVIES AND RICHARD BARTHELMESS FOREVER.—Mildred is nineteen years old and is five feet tall. Harold Lloyd was born in 1893; he is five feet nine. Pronunciations are our Waterloo—that is, writing names so that people will know how they should be pronounced. The way you say you pronounce Mahal Talliferro's name is correct—Tally-a-fer-o, short a, accent on the third syllable, long o. Yes, Harry Tell played with Charles Ray in "R. S. V. P." Marjorie Daw was born in 1902; Doris Pawn in 1896.

MISS BRIGHT EYES.—Pauline Frederick recently married Doctor C. A. Rutherford, of Seattle, Washington. They have been friends for years—in fact, were childhood sweethearts. Miss Frederick has been married twice before, to Frank Andrews and Willard Mack. Cullen Landis has brown hair and blue eyes. He is married to a nonprofessional, and has two children.

AMBIGUOUS.—You could not have been reading The Oracle very faithfully. Otherwise you would know that I cannot advise anybody about getting into the movies. However, for the benefit of all those fans who are seriously interested in screen acting and do not know exactly how to go about the matter, we have published a ninety-six-page booklet called "Your Chance as a Screen Actor." After reading this book you can tell whether you are fitted for the work, and if you are, what steps to take in order to get a chance. I really think it the most helpful booklet that has yet been published on this subject. You can secure a copy by sending twenty-five cents to the Book Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

HISTORIAN.—Some of the pioneers of the motion-picture business who are still very prominent are D. W. Griffith, director; Mary Pickford and the Gish sisters—Lillian and Dorothy—actresses, and Anita Loos, screenwriter; King Baggott was a popular actor who took up directing a short time ago; Jeanie Macpherson was an actress before she became a scenario writer for Cecil De Mille, and Cullen Landis was a cameraman before he began acting. Any more? The first important feature pictures were released about ten years ago.

L. R. B. V.—Have you ever seen Anita Stewart? Certainly she is as unlike Anna Q. Nilsson as two people could be. Anita has brown hair, touched with gold, and dark-brown eyes. Ann and Allan Forrest are not related. Allan recently married Lottie Pickford.

Continued on page 106
How Clothes Make the Star

Continued from page 69

A million dollars' worth of business is transacted yearly in the great white house where Madame Frances works. She loves best the making of gowns for stage and picture players, but she also is responsible for the frocks worn at many big society debuts and weddings.

She is most proud of the work she has done for Norma Talmadge and Alice Joyce, for she has dressed both of them since their early work in pictures, and both have made international reputations for being beautifully gowned. Recently she made some striking creations for Corinne Griffith which that exquisite young star wears in "Island Wives."

"The secret of making most people look their best is a simple matter of waistlines and necklines," Frances told me. "As a general rule, I try to attract attention away from their bad points, and make the most of their good ones. Most stout people don't dress simply enough, and they're apt to have their waistline too high. But you can't generalize about how people should dress. There's a new theory for every new personality."

It is because she believes that every one has some distinction that can be brought out in their clothes that Madame Frances is a power behind the stars. And I believe that indirectly she is teaching girls everywhere the greatest lesson in being well groomed — the effectiveness of simplicity. And I am sure, since delving into the stories of what she has done that if a fairy godmother or a lamp genie were to appear before a girl who aspired to sudden success in motion pictures and tell her that she might have one wish granted, she ought to say, "I want to be properly dressed."

She Began at Seventy-five

Continued from page 70

The family all bundled into a machine and hurried over to Granny's house. "My, yes," she answered their startled inquiries, "I've been an actress for quite a spell now. I didn't want you children to know until I'd made good."

And now a dazed brood of children and grandchildren are finding Granny a splendid person to cultivate — though, to be sure, her children have all been lovely to her, she says. (What grandmother doesn't?) But I fancy her soul thrills anew to this unusual adulation, this being the center of the spotlight again as in that bygone youth.

The Price You Pay

For dingy film on teeth

Let us show you by a ten-day test how combating film in this new way beautifies the teeth.

Now your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. It forms the basis of fixed cloudy coats.

That film resists the tooth brush. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. That is why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

Keeps teeth dingy

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germ breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. And, despite the tooth brush, they have constantly increased.

Attack it daily

Careful people have this film removed twice yearly by their dentists. But the need is for a daily film combatant.

Now dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. A new-type tooth paste has been perfected to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it, to fight the film twice daily.

Two other effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which otherwise may cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every use gives multiplied effect to Nature's tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Modern authorities consider that essential.

Hundreds employ it

Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The results are seen everywhere — in glistening teeth.

Once see its effects and you will adopt it too. You will always want the whiter, cleaner, safer teeth you see. Make this test and watch the changes that it brings. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 947, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to
Companions of the Spring

SWEET SPRING, which comes with vio­lets in her hair and crowns her beauty with the rose, is Nature's symbol for the rebirth of trees, of flowers, of the thou­sand different living things.

To man, the Spring brings new life, too. But man must sometimes aid Nature in the work of rejuvenation.

You will find in Nature's Remedy Tablets an ideal vegetable Spring Tonic and corrective, which will aid in relieving the tired out feeling, constipation, biliousness, headaches and other distressing symptoms which come after the inactivity and sluggishness of winter.

Nature's Remedy Tablets do more than a laxative. It tones the stomach, increases the assimilation and elimination, helps to cleanse, purify and enrich the blood by aiding Nature to re-establish the vigorous and harmonious functioning which makes the body feel like new. Nature's Remedy Tablets are companions of the Spring.

All Druggists Sell
The Dainty 25¢ Box of
Nature's Remedy Tablets
Used for over 30 years

AMBITIOUS WRITERS, send today for FREE copy of America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems. Instructive, helpful.

WRITER'S DIGEST, 624 Butler Blvd., Cincinnati

Golden Glint Shampoo

The difference between beautiful hair and ordinary hair is very slight—usually something about its shade, a little something which makes it attractive if present or just ordinary if lacking. Whether your hair is light, medium or dark, it is only necessary to supply this elusive little something to make it beautiful. This can be done. If your hair is dull or lacks lustre—if it is not quite as rich in tone as you would like to have it—you can really give it that little something it lacks. No ordinary shampoo will do this, for ordinary shampoos do nothing to cleanse the hair. Golden Glint Shampoo is NOT an ordinary shampoo. It does more than merely clean. It adds beauty—a "lilt lit"—that little something which distinguishes really pretty hair from that which is dull and ordinary. Would you really like to have beautiful hair? Just buy a package of Golden Glint Shampoo. At your dealer's, or send 25c direct to J. W. KOBI COMPANY, 375 Spring St., Seattle.

Companion of the Spring

WE ARE NOT GOING TO BE MARRIED

Marjorie Daw and Johnny Harron have taken radical means of convincing Marshall Neilan that there is nothing in recent reports of their engagement.

The News Reel

Continued from page 63

Colleen is supposed to weigh ninety-eight pounds. During the last half of the picture, her weight is to be one hundred and twenty pounds.

Normally, Colleen tips the scales at one hundred and ten pounds and so this is the plan of action. For two weeks before production, Colleen must eat nothing but pickles. In other words, she must follow the regimen of Irvin Cobb. The first scenes of the picture will be taken with Colleen as a mere shadow of her usual self. Then production will be stopped and Colleen will be sent to a milk farm to gain twenty-two pounds.

As yet, Cecil De Mille hasn't begun work on "Manslaughter," De Mille has reported at the studio, but he is far from being in perfect health. Leatrice Joy, who played in "Saturday Night," as you know, will play the leading role with Thomas Meighan sharing honors with her.

Maurice Tourneur will go to England to produce Hall Caine's story "The Christian." The scenes will be filmed in London and on the Isle of Man.

"Lemme Tellya Sumthin'"

Continued from page 85

winter time as well as the summer and carries himself as straight as a well-trained soldier. Every afternoon he takes a nap. His work is never allowed to interfere with his regular meals and plenty of sleep, and he is not allowed to stay in the studio around older people when it is not necessary in connection with his work. He plays in his own back yard with the other children who live in the neighborhood.

Nothing the baby says is said in the neighborhood.

Do you like acting?” I asked him, wondering how he would react to a regular stock-pattern interview question.

“Lemme tellya sumthin'” he started in again, and recounted a tale of how a violin in a window had struck his fancy, how he had told his father about it and finally got it. He takes lessons now, but his parents think he is rather young for musical training, so he just practices when he wants to.

Itchie got on his bicycle and rode to the door with me when I left. "Do you like acting?” I asked him, wondering how he would react to a regular stock-pattern interview question.

“I want to give oo a bear hug,” he answered. "Please come again another day.”
Poor May McAvoy!
Continued from page 43

"That is why I always am glad when I have a character part to play. I do not care for clothes, and I do not think I wear them well."

"What do you care most for in the world?" we asked.

"Dogs," replied Miss McAvoy, without an instant's hesitation, and right here Larry Trimble joined the party to beg Miss McAvoy to star in his next picture which he is going to make with "Strongheart," that wonderful German police dog. But Miss McAvoy seemed dubious.

"I think dogs are so much more interesting than people that I don't believe any one has a chance doing a picture with a clever dog like Strongheart. It would be lots of fun but bad business, I'm afraid."

Miss McAvoy is a Paramount star, but she is going to have a vacation or a leave of absence or something of the sort, and she had contemplated making a picture during the vacation. That is why all of the directors were around interrupting the interview, and we didn't blame them. If we were a producer we should certainly pick out May McAvoy or Lillian Gish unless the part demanded an Elsie Ferguson or a Pola Negri. Because we so unreservedly approve of Miss McAvoy and her screen methods it seemed strange her ideas of how to spend one's days and nights should be so different from our own. She believes in the early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise maxim, and she loves to live in the country. She doesn't like New York, while the only reason we ever leave it is so we may have the pleasure of coming back to it.

Miss McAvoy said that when she first went in pictures she did nothing but sister parts. She was sister to Madge Kennedy in "The Perfect Lady," and she bore the same relationship to Marguerite Clark in "Mrs. Wiggs" and to Florence Reed in "The Woman Under Oath." Then began a cycle of wives. She was the "other wife" in J. Stuart Blackton's "My Husband's Other Wife," the "woman" with Herbert Rawlinson in "Man and His Woman," and just a wife in "The Truth About Husbands."

Her first really big part came in "Sentimental Tommy." And immediately after this she was elevated to stardom. Every one looked forward eagerly, to her first picture, and when it came, oh, what a flop! It was called "A Private Scandal."

"I made that picture in nineteen days," said Miss McAvoy, and she forestalled the retort discourteous by saying, "I know it looked it."

**Occlusia—Banished now, in sixty minutes!**

Discovery of a Skin Physic Gives Adults the Clear, Clean Complexion of a Child

SIXTY women in 100 have occlusia (occluded or clogged skin pores). People of scrupulous bodily cleanliness with facial pores swollen with waste matter. Not a pleasant condition to contemplate! Thanks to science it need no longer be tolerated. An element that purges every pore it touches has been found. An English scientist, M. J. McGowan, discovered it.

A magnified view of the human skin before and after a thorough movement of the pores would cause any dainty woman to write this specialist posthaste. If you saw just one of the fifty or more demonstrations I witnessed, you would realize the folly of any effort towards smooth skin texture and colorful complexion without first attending to this thorough cleansing underneath. It all happens in an hour. The newly-found skin laxative acts swiftly. The scientific term for it is Terradermalax. Its action is almost immediate; evacuation of every tiny opening in the skin structure is complete. Indescrivable Impurities are expelled—all matters—soft or hard—is passed by the pores. Skin is left relieved, relaxed, and glowing pink. The resultant natural color lasts for days.

Any skin specialist will tell you why every youngster's skin is downy-soft and fair—the pores do not become irregular except with years. Occlusia rarely sets in until one is of age. In other words, complexion at 50 can be as perfect as it was at 16 or 18 now that an unfailling aid to evacuation of pores is known.

Another important result from Terradermalax; it makes powdering perfectly harmless. The fine particles which work down into delicate facial pores are carried away with the rest.

Terradermalax is compounded in a clay of exquisite smoothness. Spreading it starts laxation. Put it on face and neck—in a short hour wipe off—and behold a skin and complexion transformed. Clear and colorful to the eye; clean and wholesome beneath. Not a trace of occlusia remains not a blackhead, pimple, or other unclean accumulation. I have seen positive proof of this at the laboratory where McGowan made his amazing discovery.

Stores cannot handle Terradermalax because the active ingredient is of limited life. The laboratory supplies enough for two months, shipped the day compounded, the label dated. The laboratory fee is only $2.50, paid on delivery. Or, if you expect to be out when postman calls, you may send $2.50 with order. Either way, you may have this small fee back if not delighted and astonished with results. Use the handy form printed here:

DERMATOLOGICAL LABORATORIES
320 Plymouth Court, Chicago

Please send two months' supply of freshbly compounded Terradermalax soon as made. I will pay postman just $2.50 for everything. My money to be refunded if asked. (5)

(Write your name very plainly on this line)

(Complete mail address here or in margin)
One Little Jane

Continued from page 53

must say I never cease getting a thrill out of reading that sign, ‘Chester Bennett-Jane Novak Productions.’

“But even yet I haven’t learned to dash into a private office of a studio manager or director, walking over half a dozen people who are waiting. I just await my turn as humbly as ever. Why, sometimes when the office boy or the stenographer is out at lunch, I even pretend I’m the stenographer. I get a lot of fun out of having people try to order me around and ask me all sorts of questions.”

“Shall you have your little girl act with you in pictures?” I inquired.

“In just one picture, no more,” answered Mamma Jane very decidedly. “I’m doing it only that my friends may see her. I want her to go to school, and to have all the things the other children have.”

Maybe you’ve noticed that Jane is never a mere rag-doll heroine. No matter how big the man-star’s part opposite whom she is playing, she always manages a real characterization.

“I shall do six big outdoor pictures, and then I want to do some other things—emotional roles,” she explained.

Miss Novak says that it struck her as funny when they first asked her to cry in a picture. Instead of crying, she laughed. Though only twenty-two years old now, she has had a good deal of experience, and more than her share of sorrow. She was born just a year after, her marriage did not prove a happy one, and there have been other family sorrows besides. Not that she talks of the other children have.”

“The idea of playing tears,” she explained, “of merely pretending to be sad when one has gone through some of life’s real experiences, suddenly made me laugh, that day that Bill Hart first told me I must cry in a scene. Everybody looked at me so oddly! I couldn’t cry, that was all. It took me the rest of the day to learn to weep for the camera. But once I had wept, the made-to-order grief came easily to me. Ever since then crying has been one of my specialities. Every picture I play in seems to require it.

“Remedy pretended to be crying, but once I had wept, the made-to-order grief came easily to me. Ever since then crying has been one of my specialities. Every picture I play in seems to require it.

“Don’t let any actor tell you the tears he sheds in playing a part are from his soul, even if they’re real tears. He’s spoofing you!”
To the Ladies—Ramon the Romantic 
Continued from page 25

fessional dancer of me, so I gladly journeyed to New York with her troupe. We had a year on the road, but I was anxious to get back to the West Coast, and, though I almost expected to go through the same hardships I had endured before, even then the call was too strong to resist. There was that inner desire to suffer, I believe.

"I did come back and I did struggle as before and again I almost lost hope. Finally one day, I was given an extra part. Then I thought my days of hardship were over. But they weren't. It was months before I was cast as an extra again, and in the meantime I nearly starved. But in a very few days I was given a bit, and that made me so happy I cried all that night and as a consequence could not apply for more work until two days later, when my eyes were again normal. Silly," and before I could make any reply "but you know I had been pen up for so long, I had concentrated on the hope of getting a chance, just one chance and the realization of that desire proved too much. Soon after that I was cast in The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. In that I played the lead. There is some difficulty about releasing it. It may never be shown to the public—but such a beautiful screen poem it is, so unusual."

Just about that time the Community Theater, which has been Hollywood's pet playhouse, put on that pantomimic Spanish play "The Royal Fandango." The casts of the Community productions are usually well studded with the names of famous portrayrs of the silent drama. This particular program featured those in the colony especially trained in terpsichorean art. Margaret Loomis, Starko Patterson, King Vidor's sister, Katherine, et cetera. The leading male role was assigned to Ramon Samanegos. If there is one thing in the world Ramon can do, it is dance, and dance he did. The audience as it always is, was filled with those of the profession. Among the many directors was Rex Ingram. Mr. Ingram was looking for a Rupert, and Ramon was the type he desired. The following day Ramon was sent for. Mr. Ingram gave him a chance, and, if you want to know the director's candid opinion of just what young Samanegos can do, here it is as he told it to me:

"The boy is a real artist, I tell you. He has done every scene beautifully, and I want you to know if I am fortunate enough to be given 'Ben Hur' to direct, Mr. Samanegos will be cast in the title rôle."

"Ben Hur," the most coveted of all! The one play each screen actor, no matter how great or small, has dreamed of some day immortalizing on the screen. Ramon Samanegos indeed must have real ability to inspire Director Ingram's confidence to such a degree as that.

Just by way of identification I will tell you that he is twenty-one years old; a little over medium height; lithe and slender, as most dancers are. Deep-brown eyes, well-chiseled features, and a nicely shaped head, are his. But his personality so far outshines his appearance, you will find if he screens as he is, that you will be impressed by his features only when really studying them—his personality is what will hold you.

There is a quiet seriousness about him. Yet the dashing costume, the black boots, the well-trained beard, and mustache, the military cap and monocle make of him a perfect Rupert.

He has a well-modulated voice which I should imagine he could use to good advantage on the speaking stage. But his screen assets are his genuine smile; his innate gentlemanliness; and his decided newness of type.

Making "The Masquerader" 
Continued from page 27

an interesting contrast in Mr. Post's ability as a delineator of character. He made much of this on the stage. A monologue is the key to nearly everything Chilcotc does. He is fastidious to a degree and full of effete mannerisms. He disintegrates rapidly, once the story is under way. Loder, on the other hand, is a healthy specimen of British bourgeois, presumably keen of intellect and sharp and practiced in observation. He makes a big hit politically and socially in the other man's place.

Post seems, even when you are talking to him informally, to reincarnate essential characteristics of the two men. He has the habit, I believe, of never retiring from character until after the play is over, and, of course, in filming "The Masquerader," he probably maintained the mood of his interpretation for the entire eight or ten weeks the picture was in the making.

---

Beauty Yours! Secrets Centuries Old—Exposed! Bring Magic-Like Results Quickly.

YOU CAN BE beautiful, fascinating, charming! Once I was homely! The portrait above is living proof of what I can do for you, too. If your features are not regular, if you have not been as remarkable as the women you have envied! My Secrets of Beauty tell you how—candidly and my mysteries of the French Courts, toilet rites which kept the flaming French beauties young for many years longer than our modern women, mysteries which will make you younger and more handsome. There are many other beauty secrets and charms compiled in this book and I will give you a copy free complete for you to study at your leisure. It is the one book you must have with you—"Confessions of a Beauty Expert." Free Book—Book of Beauty Secrets Absolutely no obligation to you. Just clip this coupon write your name and address and mail to me today. Don't miss this golden chance to win. "Confessions of a Beauty Expert" costs you nothing to write and you'll be glad all your trouble.

LUCILLE YOUNG
Room 126, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Easy to Play Easy to Pay

Buescher Saxophone Book Free

Tru-Tone Saxophone

Talks when you use Saxophone Book Free

Easy to all wind instruments of any kind. Only in Buescher! How to transpose without strategizing. How to play and many other unknown secrets you should know.

Free Trial You may order any Buescher Saxophone without paying one cent in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If not satisfied, send it back and we will refund the cost. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments

2415 Buescher Block ELKHART, IND. MA 3-3500
The Screen in Review  
Continued from page 38

all the thieves of several continents, but which never left its owner even in the third reel. This involves all sorts of action from a dozen different nationalities and jumps the plot about from Paris to the war zone and back again with discordant breathlessness. It also gives Betty Compson a chance to play an apache, a Pierrette, a premiere dancer, and a Red Cross nurse. This, by the way, was one of the last group of films directed by William D. Taylor.

"The Cradle."

The original play from which this film was taken is one of those works of art which are at the same time so sincere and so illogical that they make one despair of ever getting the other fellow's point of view. In it Eugene Brieux takes his stand against divorce on the theory that an unhappy married pair are eternally bound together if they have a child. I have seen many of these "for-the-sake-of-the-children" plots, and they all seem to ignore one important phase of the problem, namely, that if there is any atmosphere which can be relied upon to embitter and poison a child's life, it is a home where the parents loathe one another.

To me this seems so self-evident as to be unanswerable; yet all the earnest and thoughtful people who take the other side must have answered it to their own complete satisfaction. But certainly this play—or its film version made by Olga Printzlau offers no solution. It is played with dignity and distinction by Ethel Clayton as the wife and Charles Meredith as the husband. Little Mary Jane Irving is the tie that binds.

"Other Women's Clothes."

Our old friend "Bertha the Beautiful Cloak Model" bobs up again from a most unexpected quarter. Mabel Ballin is the little apprentice of a haughty modiste who is adopted by a clean-shaven young millionaire. So shy is he, that when he decides to settle most of his fortune upon her, he tells her that a rich old lady has left her the money. There is also a low villain who spils, as it were, the beans. Aside from the excellent photography and a series of fetching modern costumes the play isn't so different from the original story of "Bertha"—or was it "Nellie"? Either way, cloak models or sewing-machine girls, they don't seem to change much with the changing years and viewpoints.
Moving Picture of a Young Man at the Movies

He calls for his girl at six o'clock.
He waits for her till seven.
He takes her to the Rinaldo.
He sees a jam in front like on election night.
He walks her to the Frivoli.
He stands in a crowd like at a raid on a cabaret.
He rushes her to the Grand.
He waits outside in line for twenty-two minutes.
He waits sixteen more in the lobby.
He listens to improving conversation about the management.
He hears a little music through the doors when an usher comes out for air.
He steps on his girl's feet in the grand rush.
He stands in back of the last row of the orchestra.
He hears the usher say, "Two singles!"
He is a couple—he keeps on standing.
He finally gets two seats in back of two six footers.
He keeps jerking his head from side to side till
He hears some one yell, "Keep still, do you think you're in the picture?" He asks the bug next to him to stop whistling in his ear. He lets the bug keep on whistling the music in his ear.
He stands up to let some one in and just misses seeing the heroine swing one to the villain's jaw.
He stands up to let some one out and just misses seeing the heroine fall off a roof.
He tries to take his girl's hand.
He hears some one laugh like a foghorn.
He drops her hand as if it were a hot potato.
He takes his girl home.
He hears her say, "I had a grand time."
He says, "So did I if you did."

The Movie Fan

I've seen the Western heroes, Watched them tie At least four steers per lariat— They're spry! And I've watched the Western villains (Darn 'em!) die.
I know the mining camp and Gamblers sly, The stage coach and the mountains Towering high, Rough-riding heroines who Do or die, The sheriff and the half-breed— I defy You to find one Western point on which I'm shy, Though the farthest West I've been is Troy, N. Y.

New Dictionary of Movie Terms

STAR.—An actor or actress, and often a plumber, butcher, baker, or candlestick maker, favored by the producers either because their press agents create a demand for them, or because the producers owe them money. Any one who poses in pictures down to extras. A mystery.

SCENARIO.—What is left of an idea after the continuity man grapples with it.

AN EXTRA.—Any one who takes part in a mob scene. One who thinks they are better fitted to stardom than the leading man or woman. Sometimes they are right.

How Do You Look in a Bathing Suit?

Are you proud or ashamed of your appearance? Do you often long to hide your skinny arms and legs, your flat chest or your narrow shoulders? Perhaps you are one of those with a stout abdomen, which not only hinders you in your every effort, but is most unpleasing in the eyes of others. Are you satisfied to go through another summer just as you are today? Or do you have that longing for big, broad shoulders, massive, muscular arms, well-shaped legs and a deep powerful chest? These are the possessions we long for as we step out on the beach. For at this time you are judged by your physical appearance. It is now up to you as to whether others will admire you or scorn you.

Why All This Muscle?

With massive muscles come mighty strength, powerful personality, tireless energy. You will also possess internal organs which function properly thus causing your entire being to fairly thrill with life and vitality at all times.

A Real Strong Man

You can be one. Now is the time to start. You can completely change your physical appearance before the summer is over. You can fill out your chest, broaden your shoulders and develop arms to be just right past of. And with it you will attain the vim and pep that only a real live blooded athlete knows. Those who now look at you and smile will envy you for your physical charm. They will look up to you and respect you. Get busy then, for time flies. Summer will soon be here. What impression are you going to make? Decide right now that this dominant physique will be yours.

SEND FOR MY NEW BOOK

"Muscular Development"

It contains 26 full page photographs of myself and some of the athletes I have trained. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an inspiration to you. There is not another book like it on the market. I want every man and woman who reads this page to send for a copy. It is absolutely free. Remember, this does not obligate you in any way. I want you to have it, so it's yours to keep. All I ask you to cover is the cost of wrapping and postage—ten cents. Now, do not delay one minute. This may be the turning point of your entire life. Tear off the coupon and mail it at once while it is on your mind.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 1406, 305 Broadway, New York

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 1406, 305 Broadway, N. Y. City

Name ..................................................
Address .............................................
City ...................................................
State .................................................
motion picture, according to Miss Hurst's announced belief, suffered grievously by the changes that had been made. Personally, I agree with her in that.

Hardly any one who has read novels and then seen them translated to the screen is without a grievance. Undoubtedly a great many stories have been unposed during their locomotion from fiction to film. And here we have proof that the many brains of the hydra-headed author are not better than a single brain. Or have we rather proved that some hydra-headed authors haven't any brains, despite how great an accumulation of heads they may have?

It is in an effort to please you—the mysterious, unapproachable, demanding public—that most mistakes are made; but there are usually very good reasons why you are more often dissatisfied with picture stories than pleased with them—and there is no doubt that bad and mediocre films outnumber absolute successes.

The principal reason, in my opinion—and my opinion has been formed in mourning murdered stories—has to do with about five sixths of the hydra-headed authors. In beginning this article I said that five sixths of the authors have never written a word of plot in their lives, and this is true; for the writer is perhaps the only one who has any notion of scientific story construction—not picture construction, but story construction, which is building a plot so that it will grip you, hold you, sustain your interest, and give you your money's worth. There are, of course, a few directors who have come from creative fields and who do know something about building a story, but as a rule the other five know nothing about it.

The directors for the most part, like the stars, are unusually good actors; which means that they are adept in portraying what some one else has created, but which does not mean that they can create. Still they blusteringly tear plots to pieces just as though they knew what they were doing.

This is one reason, and probably the most common reason, why you are not always satisfied. There are, of course, instances when a director has built up a picture by little human, heart-throbbing touches which ignite your combustible emotions. They have nothing to do with plot, but they do hold you. As an instance, do you recall Wallace Beery as the German officer in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," hoggishly gnawing an apple while the firing squad committed downright murder before his eyes? It was horrible, but the very horror of it was delicate art, for it made you see through emotion. It is by conceiving such touches that the directorial head of the composite author can help a story.

Now, knowing the secret of the hydra-headed author, what do you think of him? What is your opinion of this queer combination of the Siamese twins, Dr. Jekyll, Mr. Hyde, and the many-headed serpent that Hercules killed? How many times have you felt the impulse to treat him as Hercules did?

And how many times, when you have come out of a theater, have you turned to your admiring escort and said with contemptuous disgust: "I could write a better story than that myself!"

And no doubt very often you could. Suppose you did. Go further and imagine the glorious possibility that you sold your story to a picture producer for a large sum of money. It would be turned over to the hydra-headed author, who would read it, give it treatments of technique, remove portions of it, alter other portions, and inoculate it with some new ideas. At length you would go triumphantly to the theater to see your picture. And, as you came out of the theater it would not be surprising if you were to turn to your no-longer-admiring escort and say, with contemptuous disgust: "I could write a better story than that myself!"

What About the Subtitles?

Good subtitles are like tasteful clothes; the better they are the less the casual observer notices them. It is only faulty subtitles that are noticed.

The writing of subtitles is an art, and one of which the general public knows little or nothing. Gerald C. Duffy, title writer for Mary Pickford productions, and many others, tears the veil from this mysterious process and lets you in on the trials, and tribulations and ultimate victories of a title writer in an article in our next number. His story is rich in comedy, and is genuinely informative, too. If you have ever written titles, if you ever want to, or even if you never even heard of subtitles before, you will be interested in this story.
Romances of Famous Film Folk
Continued from page 59

life. MacDonald’s parents were farm people in Canada. He ran away from home and was on the stage for six weeks in Winnipeg before he had courage to write home what he was doing.

Doris May was always a child of imagination, and always loved drama. She used to put herself to sleep when a very little girl, wondering who her real parents were and why she had been stolen away from them, and when she grew older she and the other girls in the convent used to imagine themselves movie queens, with picture stars as husbands. It may please ‘Carlyle Blackwell to know that he was honored by having Doris May take his name.

MacDonald began his film career as a Keystone policeman. Miss May began hers by doubling for Mary Pickford in “The Little American” in water scenes.

“I didn’t know whether I could remember how to swim or not, because I hadn’t done it for two years,” said Miss May in recounting the experience, “but I asked a man in the company if a person ever forgot how, and he said he guessed not. That’s all the assurance I had that I wouldn’t sink. Of course, they all thought I could swim, but they watched me carefully. It was a pretty shivery bit of business, diving off that raft into the cold water in the dark at San Pedro.”

After that Miss May played small parts for a while, but not for long, as she was soon engaged by Thomas H. Ince to appear opposite Douglas MacLean, an engagement which made her very popular throughout the country.

These roles, however, gave her little chance to show that she could really act. In fact, it wasn’t until Tourneur made the shrewd guess that she was really a talented girl dramatically, that she had a chance to show what she could do.

And it is said that both MacDonald, who has been playing leading roles ever since he came back from the war, and his wife, do the best work of their careers in “Foolish Matrons.”

They don’t play together now in pictures; she is starring in R-C comedies, and he plays leads in various big productions. But they both take a keen interest in each other’s work.

Good luck sign for both! And may the four-leaf-clover stuff continue in their young lives!
rendering music that blends into the picture as the accompaniment blends into a Strauss song.

Moreover, I believe the line which would wait outside the portals of such a paradise would, indeed, be twice as long as that which stands to-night outside the gaudy show house playing "Lips That Lure" or "Her Burning Shame."

Twice as long!

Because while the whims of the multitude are satiate with burning shames and luring lips, there is, in all the land, not one cinema theater in the field solely of artistic productions.

Competition would be nil.

But if there is no Little Theater movement—called that for want of a better name—in motion pictures, still is it true that the public demands better pictures.

Even hokum grows more delicate with each passing year.

Consider the revolver dramas of twenty summers past when the crux of the evening's entertainment lay in the big scene in the lumber mill in which the Curses-on-you-Jack-Dalton villain had the hero bound hard and fast to a Long-Bell log that was slowly slipping down the chute to the whirring buzz-saw.

Compare, the worst motion picture of 1921 to the old familiar drama-turgy of "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model." Is "Anatol"—including Satan Syme—and Colonel Selig's trick leopard, not better entertainment than "The Queen of the White Slaves?" Is "The Rage of Paris" not superior to any play in which some one tied some one else to the railroad tracks just as the limited whisked in the distance?

**Film Clippings**

By A. Split Reel.

Announcing the Films.

"The Bookcase." Food for thought!

"The Perfect Woman." Nothing quite like it!

"The Abandoned Baby." The first of a series!

"The Elevator Boy." Will lift you up!

"The Jailbird." Just released!

"The Happy Honey Moon." For one week only!

"The Black Jack." Will make you forget yourself!

"One Million Dollars." Something worth while!

"The Cyclone." A whirl of excitement!

"The Uppercut." A smashing hit!

"The Kangaroo." A powerful tail!

"Noisy Neighbors." Will keep you awake!

"I only regret that I have but one face to give to every close-up," said the famous fillum star.

The way to a girl's heart these days is to take her to see a picture show three nights a week. All the fellow has to do then is to see how Doug Fairbanks, Bert Lytell, and John Barrymore make love, emulate them, and what girl on earth could refuse a fellow with such an advantage over the rest of her beaus in town?

Many a little boy is sitting this nice afternoon under cellar steps, reading a blood-and-thunder nickel novel while his mamma is out agitat-

ing with the other ladies for "cleaner motion pictures for our children."

Do you remember When D. W. Griffith first Started making Pictures

And you could See Wallace Reid And Blanche Sweet And Mae Marsh And both the Gish girls In the same fillum For five cents? A movie kiss is nothing, split fifty-fifty, and about twice that long.

**An Epitaph in a Hollywood Cemetery.**

Here lie the ashes Of Abie Bloom. He lit his pipe In the cutting room.

The meanest man in the world is the fellow who forces his wife to leave the movie show with him on the first lap of the last reel of the feature picture because the story doesn't interest him, but in which she has taken to heart some of the burdens of the suffering heroine.

He's gone, that queer old man who'd never ridden on a train.

We doubt if he'll be written up in newspapers again.

But his successor now is due: the grand sire with a beard of snow Who tells the smiling public that he's never seen a picture show!
Agents and Help Wanted

A CENTRE OF DETECTIVE OPPORTUNITIES. Write W. C. Liebowitz, 430 Westover Building, Kansas City, Mo.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. Travel, Excellent opportunities. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, American Detective Service, 100 Broadway, N. Y.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, furnishing everything necessary to get in business at once. Write C. T. Liebowitz, 430 Westover Building, Kansas City, Mo.

BIG MONEY AND Fast sales. Every owner buys gold initials for his auto. You cage device, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 170, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS, $60 to $200 a week, Free Samples. Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office Work. Anyone can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to good men. Write Franklin Letter Co., 4312 N. Clark St., Chicago.

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR; $75 to $100 per month. Free Samples. Written recommendations after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write, Trains-City & Stand, Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

LARGE MANUFACTURER wants agents who sell advertised brand men's shirts directly to wearers. No capital or experience required. Free samples. Madison Mills, 506 Broadway, New York.


GOVERNMENT POSITIONS open to men and women, 18 and over. Good salary. Please write for full particulars about these positions and examination. Columbia School of Civil Service, 150 E. 29th Street, N. Y. C.

AGENTS—$65.00-$100.00 weekly putting monograms on automobiles. Be convinced of this big money maker by writing for free samples and particulars. Worcester Monogram Co., Worcester, Mass.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS needed. Write for full particulars and application. Send stamped envelope and free copy of latest examination questions free. Columbia Institute, 83, Columbus, Ohio.


INVENTORS desiring to secure patents should write for our guidebook "How To Get Your Invention patented in the United States," 50 cents. We will give our opinion of its patentable nature. Rand & Co., Dept. 412, Washington, D. C.


PATENTS. Trademark. Copyright. Foremost word service. Correspondence solicited. Results prompt. Charges reasonable. Write Metzger, Washington, D. C.

INVENTIONS WANTED. Cash or Royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 225 S. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS. Write for Record of Invention Blank and free guide book. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest references. Promotions to patentee in reward of services. Victor J. Evans & Co. 767 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

ASTROLOGY—Stars tell Life's Story. Send birthdate for 10 cent copy. H. D. Westport St., 33—74, Kansas City, Missouri.

YOUR FUTURE FORETOLD—Send dime, birthdate for truthful, reliable, convincing trial reading. Hazel Hauze, Box 215, Los Angeles, Cal.


Short Stories and Photoplays

FREE to writers—a wonderful little book on the Art of Writing. Absolutely Free. Just address Authors' Press, Dept. 89, Auburn, N. Y.

WRITE NEWS ITEMS and Short Stories for pay in spare time. Copyright Book and plans free. Foreign Reporting Syndicate (4606), St. Louis, Mo.

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS: $25—$500 paid any one for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary; coming talent Welcome. Producers League, 430 St. Louis.

WRITERS! Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are in great demand. Literary Bureau, 175 Hannibal Mo.

PHOTOPLAYS WANTED for California Producers; also Stories. Submit manuscripts, or, if a beginner, write for Free Plot Chart and Details. Harvard Company, 560, San Francisco.

AUTHORS: Free book on Photoplay writing and marketing. Successful Photoplays, Box 45, Des Moines, la.

EDITORIAL SERVICE for professional and amateur authors—criticism, revision, marketing. Harold Ellington, B-523, Colorado Springs, Colo.

AMBITIOUS WRITERS—send today for Free pamphlet containing name of famous writers of photoplays, stories, poems, songs, stage plays. 20 years' experience. Naney's Digest, 605 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

Help Wanted—Female

BECOME MILLINERY DESIGNERS, $125 month. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Harriet Hynell Institute, Dept. C-822, Rochester, N. Y.

AMBITION WRITERS—send today for Free pamphlet containing name of famous writers of photoplays, stories, poems, songs, stage plays. 20 years' experience. Naney's Digest, 605 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

Help Wanted—Female

80—$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home, experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 110, LaGrange, Ind.

WOMEN WANTED: Become Costume Designers, $140 month. Learn while earning. Harriet Hynell Institute, Dept. C-822, Rochester, N. Y.

Patents and Lawyers

Books, Poems, Etc.

WRITE A SONG POEM, Love, Mother, Home, Comic or any subject. I compose music and melodies, send us your ideas. Edward Trent, 625 Harper Block, Chicago, 111.

SONGWRITERS'! Learn of the public's demand for songs suitable for dancing and the opportunities greatly changed conditions offer new writers, especially those in our "Songwriters Manual & Guide" sent free. Send 10 cents in stamps, for truthful criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate free public performance. Results prompt, Charges reasonable. Write Metzger, Washington, D. C.

INVENTION WANTED—Original Ideas for songs. Send for our free booklet, "How You Can Write the Words For a Song." Leo Friedman, A. J. Snyder & Co., 1579 Madeira Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. Any composer of such songs as "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "DREAMING OF OLD ERIE," etc., is our chief composer. The sales of his songs have run into the millions. Submit ideas or song poems for free criticism and advice, on any subject. We compose music, secure copyright and print. The Seton Music Company, Suite 106, 920 S. Michigan Ave, Chicago, Illinois.

WRITE THE WORDS for a Song. We revise, rewrite, make song suitable for security. Submit poems on any subject. The Song Studio, 159-A Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

SONG WRITERS. Write for my proposition today. Howard Simon, 22 West Adams and 13 pages of this song "Your Amour" you will receive $500. Send your name and we shall send you free the contest rules and words of this song. World Corp., 245 W. 47th St., Dept. 673-A, New York.

WONDERFUL PROPOSITION for song poems or melody writers. Ray Hildiber, D-192, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago.


You write the words for a song. We'll compose music and see the song published. Send song-poem to-day. B. Lenox Co., 271 W. 125th St., New York.

Stampering

ST-STUT-T-TERING And Stampering Cured at Home. Instructive booklet free. 28 page. Tim Potomac Bank Build­ ing, Washington, D. C.

Vaudeville

GET ON THE STAGE. I tell you how! Send stamp for instructive Stage Book and particulars. K. La Delie, Box 557, Los Angeles, Cal.

Wanted to Buy

MAIL old, gold, unused postage, war and thrill stamps. Liberty Bonds, silver, platinum, diamond, gold, emerald, sapphire, 1c, 2c, 3c, 5c, 10c, 20c, new or broken. Cash offered. Henry N. Koehler, 1611 Franklin, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Miscellaneous

MAKE your house "bargue-proof" by using Burg-in-proof window locks. 50 cents each. H. E. Eiseley, 11228 Longwood Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

PHOTOGRAPHY

KODAK ROLL DEVELOPED and six good prints free for stamps. Cowick Studio, Springfield, Ohio.
The Trademark that Stands for Pictures of Exceptional Merit

WATCH for this trademark on the screen at your theatre. It is only placed on pictures made by independent stars and directors, working in their own studios. First National believes that the most individual pictures, pictures that are fascinating and of high entertainment value and artistic merit, are made by independent artists.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc. is a nation wide organization of independent theatre owners which fosters the production of finer photoplays and which is devoted to the constnt betterment of screen entertainment. It accepts for exhibition purposes the work of independent artists strictly on its merit as the best in entertainment.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc.
Ask Your Theatre Owner If He Has A First National Franchise

Bobbed Hair

Wear a National Bob

The woman who is "on-the-minute" from head to toe, appreciates the new comfort and charm of our youthful "National Bob." Alice fashion decreed "bobbed hair!" there was a 'National' demand for the "bobbed" effect—especially from the woman who hesitated to cut her own hair.

So, we originated the beautiful "National Bob" to eliminate curling and burning—can be worn with long or bobbed hair—attached with two tiny combs on and off in a hurry.

Send for free catalogue.

National Hair

Nets or send 65 cents for Boudoir Box of 6. Guaranteed perfect. Swans down, real human hair. State color and type. Send Two Dollars. It's Great.

EMERICK & CABADY
Box 135 Station F
New York City

The Readers of Picture-Play "Discovered" a New Writer:

Emma-Lindsay Squier

And now the whole country is talking about her first book—a wonderfully illustrated volume of the most charming animal stories ever written.

Title: "The Wild Heart." Order it today at any bookstore—it makes an ideal gift.

Price $2.00

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

Miss Galvie Stone.—Your favorite. Forrest Stanley, hasn't been idle since "Forbidden Fruit." After that picture, he moved to "Sacred and Profane Love," with Elsie Ferguson. "The House That Jazz Built," with Wanda Hawley; "Enchantment," with Marion Davies, and he plays with Miss Davies in her latest picture, "When Knighthood Was in Flower." So you can't complain of his being neglected; I guess you just didn't happen to see those pictures in Galveston.

Franey.—Gareth Hughes is not married, but says he'd like to. Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn K. Evans. Your question about Eugene O'Brien has been answered.

Norman W. B.—No, the rumored "depression in the movies" does not refer to a wave of gloomy plays. It just means lack of business.

Margie.—You see you haven't had to work long for your answers. When you ask, you'll be properly grateful. The handsome hero who made Betty Compson see the error of her ways in "Ladies Must Live" is Robert Allen, who in private life is the husband of Miss Negri. People sometimes Robert directs pictures—that's the only reason you haven't seen him more often on the screen. He plays with Marie Prevost in her latest picture, "The Dark Horse." For Gareth Hughes, see the answer to Harriet in this issue.

Selma From the South.—William S. Hart has no brother in pictures, and Katherine MacDonald is not Wallace MacDonald's sister. It seems funny, unless any of the screen players having the same name are related.

Elizabeth M.—If you write to Pola Negri personally I think I will see you photograph. Her answer is printed at the end of The Oracle. Miss Negri is expected to visit this country soon, but we have no current picture from her here hasn't been announced yet. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, Illinois. She is about twenty-six. Sorry I can't help you in "Deception," but none of the players were credited except Pola Negri and Emil Jennings as Du Barry and Louis the XV. in "Passion," and Henny Porten as Anne Boleyn and Emil Jennings as King Henry the VIII, in "Deception."

Grace N.—Mabel Normand is not married and never has been. She has dark brown eyes. Her latest picture is "Suzanne," in which Mabel abandons her Irish characterizations for the role of a Spanish girl.

J. E. H.—George Fawcett, Anders Randolf, Marguerite Courtot, Crawford Kent, Bradley Barker, Ricca Allen, and Helen Rowland are some of the players in "Shattered Dreams." At present writing the picture has not been generally released, although it has had special showings in New York and other places. I believe.

P. Q.—The part of Nancy Webster in the Paramount version of "The Little Minister" was played by Mary Wilkinson, who is sixty years old.

Mary S.—Herbert Heyes was Louis Du Bois in "Shattered Dreams" with Miss Dupont, and George Duray in "The Dangerous Moment" with Carmel Myers. He must be the man you mean.
W., D. - "Excuse My Dust" was released a year before "The Love Special" and "Too Much Speed." Wallace Reid's latest picture is "The Dictator," adapted from the stage play. William and Cecil De Mille are brother, and both are directors for Famous Players-Lasky.

A Genuine Fan - Blanche Sweet is not married and, so far as we know, never has been. Miss Sweet has not made any pictures in some time, because she has been seriously ill. She has recovered now and will probably begin work as soon as she is strong enough. "That Girl Montana" was the last picture she made.

Bobbed Hair - Yes, I go to the movies on Sunday, and I don't feel guilty about it either. The picture you describe sounds like a real treat. Griffith's latest production is "Island Wives," a drama of the South Seas. Rockcliffe Fellowes is in it. Mary Pickford is playing with Eugene O'Brien in his latest picture, temporarily called "John Smith." Mary got her chance through a benefit concert, and "The Beggar Maid," marked her first screen appearance.

Miss Portland 1925 - Nothing sleeping about you, is there? Lilian Russell is a decided blonde and Edna Goodrich is just as decided a brunette. So you can crow "I told you so," to your friends. Isn't it a grand feeling to find yourself on the right side of an argument?

Marjory - There are five Davisons on the screen, C. Lawford, Dore, John, Max, and William Beatman. John was born in New York, Max in Berlin, Germany, and William Beatman in Dobs Ferry, New York. Barbara Bedford was born in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. She is about nineteen. Barbara is starring for a short time, but now she free-lances.

Blondy - Richard Headrick was born in Los Angeles, California, April 20, 1917. Yes, he is a clever younger. Mildred Davis is nineteen.

A Movie Lover - Robert Ellis was Peter, the lucky man who married Elaine Hammerstein in "Handcuffs or Kisses." Edna Williams is married to Florence Walz.

Just Jo-Ann - How nice of you to offer to help the boy who wants to make his hair shiny. I shall pass on your formula to him. He will be very grateful. Mona Mulhall is in "The Beggar Maid," and also in "Broadway Rose." She has recovered from the "cute" type of beauty contest, and a two-reel picture, "The Beggar Maid," marked her first screen appearance.

Miss Portland 1925 - Nothing sleeping about you, is there? Lilian Russell is a decided blonde and Edna Goodrich is just as decided a brunette. So you can crow "I told you so," to your friends. Isn't it a grand feeling to find yourself on the right side of an argument?

Marjory - There are five Davisons on the screen, C. Lawford, Dore, John, Max, and William Beatman. John was born in New York, Max in Berlin, Germany, and William Beatman in Dobs Ferry, New York. Barbara Bedford was born in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. She is about nineteen. Barbara is starring for a short time, but now she free-lances.

Blondy - Richard Headrick was born in Los Angeles, California, April 20, 1917. Yes, he is a clever younger. Mildred Davis is nineteen.

A Movie Lover - Robert Ellis was Peter, the lucky man who married Elaine Hammerstein in "Handcuffs or Kisses." Edna Williams is married to Florence Walz.

Just Jo-Ann - How nice of you to offer to help the boy who wants to make his hair shiny. I shall pass on your formula to him. He will be very grateful. Mona Mulhall is in "The Beggar Maid," and also in "Broadway Rose." She has recovered from the "cute" type of beauty contest, and a two-reel picture, "The Beggar Maid," marked her first screen appearance.

Miss Portland 1925 - Nothing sleeping about you, is there? Lilian Russell is a decided blonde and Edna Goodrich is just as decided a brunette. So you can crow "I told you so," to your friends. Isn't it a grand feeling to find yourself on the right side of an argument?

Marjory - There are five Davisons on the screen, C. Lawford, Dore, John, Max, and William Beatman. John was born in New York, Max in Berlin, Germany, and William Beatman in Dobs Ferry, New York. Barbara Bedford was born in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. She is about nineteen. Barbara is starring for a short time, but now she free-lances.
Susan,

Our company's Journey's boil. New York by me are successful? Is it just? She is more lovely than ever. sweet heart. It is pay for him once. Nothing like S50. If she don't know, she is American. may don't know. My dear, her money. Of today. Poland is the country. He is one inch over six feet, weighs one hundred and five pounds. Guglielm is Rodolph Valentino, Rodolph anymore, but Rodolph, which is a cross between the Italian, Rodolfi, and English, Rudolph. "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik" were made in California.

SOLON.—Write to the players personally for their autographs. I feel sure you will be lucky. If you ask for photographs, better incline a quarter with each request, and you will have a better chance of getting them. The autographs are always printed at the end of The Oracle magazine.

A Fan of Today.—Poland is the country distinguished as the birthplace of Pola Negri. Alice Terry is five feet three and a half, and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. Guglielmi is Rodolph Valentino. Rodolph anymore, but Rodolph, which is a cross between the Italian, Rodolfi, and English, Rudolph. "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik" were made in California.

NEL G. S.—Of course, I am not mad at you for writing. However, who do we run this department? It is for people like you—who want to know things about the players that are not given anywhere else in the magazine. And, of course, we can't write answers if we don't get questions, can we? Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. That isn't a wag! Constance Talmadge was a man! She isn't bald. Why is her hair bobbed? She's had it cut a long time now. I was talking to her the other day, and she was all excited about making "The Man of the Forest," and she was in the stage play in which Fay Bainter starred on the stage in New York. Yes, she looks exactly the same as she does on the screen—you'd recognize her anywhere.

MAUDE.—Thomas Meighan's latest pictures are "The Proxy Daddy." "If You Believe It. It's So," and "The Leading Citizen." He has also been cast for the stage play "Drifting," in New York. Cecil De Mille production. Leatrice Joy will play opposite him. The leading players in "The Man of the Forest" were Carl Gantvoort, Claire Adams, Robert Devine, and twenty years later, Louella Carr; Isabella Strong, John's sweetheart, Vivienne Osborne! Anahid, Isaac's wife, seen in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and "Murphy. All the Carrs mentioned here are Mary Carr's own children, so it is quite natural for her to play the mother of a large family.

SOLOMON.—Write to the players personally for their autographs. I feel sure you will be lucky. If you ask for photographs, better incline a quarter with each request, and you will have a better chance of getting them. The autographs are always printed at the end of The Oracle magazine.

A Fan of Today.—Poland is the country distinguished as the birthplace of Pola Negri. Alice Terry is five feet three and a half, and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. Guglielmi is Rodolph Valentino. Rodolph anymore, but Rodolph, which is a cross between the Italian, Rodolfi, and English, Rudolph. "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik" were made in California.

NEL G. S.—Of course, I am not mad at you for writing. However, who do we run this department? It is for people like you— who want to know things about the players that are not given anywhere else in the magazine. And, of course, we can't write answers if we don't get questions, can we? Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. That isn't a wag! Constance Talmadge was a man! She isn't bald. Why is her hair bobbed? She's had it cut a long time now. I was talking to her the other day, and she was all excited about making "The Man of the Forest," and she was in the stage play in which Fay Bainter starred on the stage in New York. Yes, she looks exactly the same as she does on the screen—you'd recognize her anywhere.

MAUDE.—Thomas Meighan's latest pictures are "The Proxy Daddy." "If You Believe It. It's So," and "The Leading Citizen." He has also been cast for the stage play "Drifting," in New York. Cecil De Mille production. Leatrice Joy will play opposite him. The leading players in "The Man of the Forest" were Carl Gantvoort, Claire Adams, Robert Devine, and twenty years later, Louella Carr; Isabella Strong, John's sweetheart, Vivienne Osborne! Anahid, Isaac's wife, seen in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and "Murphy. All the Carrs mentioned here are Mary Carr's own children, so it is quite natural for her to play the mother of a large family.

SOLOMON.—Write to the players personally for their autographs. I feel sure you will be lucky. If you ask for photographs, better incline a quarter with each request, and you will have a better chance of getting them. The autographs are always printed at the end of The Oracle magazine.

A Fan of Today.—Poland is the country distinguished as the birthplace of Pola Negri. Alice Terry is five feet three and a half, and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. Guglielmi is Rodolph Valentino. Rodolph anymore, but Rodolph, which is a cross between the Italian, Rodolfi, and English, Rudolph. "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik" were made in California.

NEL G. S.—Of course, I am not mad at you for writing. However, who do we run this department? It is for people like you—who want to know things about the players that are not given anywhere else in the magazine. And, of course, we can't write answers if we don't get questions, can we? Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. That isn't a wag! Constance Talmadge was a man! She isn't bald. Why is her hair bobbed? She's had it cut a long time now. I was talking to her the other day, and she was all excited about making "The Man of the Forest," and she was in the stage play in which Fay Bainter starred on the stage in New York. Yes, she looks exactly the same as she does on the screen—you'd recognize her anywhere.

MAUDE.—Thomas Meighan's latest pictures are "The Proxy Daddy." "If You Believe It. It's So," and "The Leading Citizen." He has also been cast for the stage play "Drifting," in New York. Cecil De Mille production. Leatrice Joy will play opposite him. The leading players in "The Man of the Forest" were Carl Gantvoort, Claire Adams, Robert Devine, and twenty years later, Louella Carr; Isabella Strong, John's sweetheart, Vivienne Osborne! Anahid, Isaac's wife, seen in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and "Murphy. All the Carrs mentioned here are Mary Carr's own children, so it is quite natural for her to play the mother of a large family.

SOLOMON.—Write to the players personally for their autographs. I feel sure you will be lucky. If you ask for photographs, better incline a quarter with each request, and you will have a better chance of getting them. The autographs are always printed at the end of The Oracle magazine.

A Fan of Today.—Poland is the country distinguished as the birthplace of Pola Negri. Alice Terry is five feet three and a half, and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. Guglielmi is Rodolph Valentino. Rodolph anymore, but Rodolph, which is a cross between the Italian, Rodolfi, and English, Rudolph. "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik" were made in California.
Don't Commit A Crime Against The Woman You Love

No amount of love will ever atone for the crime you will commit if you make some poor, trusting young girl your wife when you are UNFIT to assume the responsibilities of a husband and father. Her hopes for a happy home, life, her body and soul, will be in YOUR keeping; not in the keeping of an thesbe, but of a man who is sickly and languid. Her life will be a burden to you. Don't put the matter to her, and say we will get along as well as we can. Send for my treat of Physical Culture guarantee going and gay marked to the test.

The world-pitiable. Unless you have Marriage or Son, she will lose utility and make a manly strength again. It's all yours. Lift and stretch machines, unnatural deep-breathing stations, will do as a result of this book. Lillian Rich; you are a man of yourself. It's the a. I don't close and clear our stage Lillian Rich; if you want a copy of this issue will do.

She Thinks...You Are a Man

You think she admires you more than she THINKS you are a real MAN, mentally, morally and physically. She wants you to be a man who is both strong and lovely. Her life is a burden to you; who is to protect her under any circumstances; who will support her financially. Do not expect to take care of her; and finally, who will ultimately make her the greatest, happiest, most ruined child you. Think of kind of children you will make her mother of if you are one of the great, strong, richly, dumb and sick men who bring into the world pitiful little creatures, with no chance in life to be made useful to the race by making the world a better place to live. That's the only thing she wants. Her life is a burden to you. She wants you to do it.

Make Yourself Fit For Marriage

Put your past behind you. What if you have led a gay life and sowed a big heap with one woman or another? That's all. Burned the candle at both ends and feel now like a man who, with your money and his, and his responsibility, will do as he pleases and not think of other folks. Why should you begin now, TODAY, to stop that steady flight, build up your strength again, clean your blood and make a truly restful and well mannered man of yourself. It's the only way to make a man of yourself. She trusts, admires and loves what she. I have developed a real science through the use of this and other lifting and stretching machines, unnatural deep-breathing stations which aid, filling, hopeless, impotent men are restored to the standard of physical manhood. I must do the scientific and modern Methodology to the Summit of Health, Strength, Happiness and Good Stature. I have delivered thousands of others, I can do for you. I guarantee it.

Send For My Book

It's Free

The deepest hidden ills of Nature are clearly explained in my wonderfully instructive book, "Physical and Health Specialist - The Modern Science of Health Promotion." It will make you one into a vigorous specimen of physical manhood, a successful husband, and a happy father. It will show you how you can get all of all ailments and hazards and fit yourself for Marriage and Parenthood. It is a plain book, no I's, no J's, no wordy sub-Union Health. Can't help pay postage, etc. It's a man building book. Send for my free book Right Now-TODAY.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist
Dept. 842 Newark, New Jersey
Established 1885

ADVERTISING SECTION

GREEN GODDESS.—May McAvoy was 18 in New York in 1901. She was starring in Realart pictures, but since that company has been discontinued May will be used in all-star Paramount pictures. "Virginia Courtship," "Morals," and "The Glass Window" are some of her latest pictures. Bryant Washburn has the leading male role in the Goldwyn production, "Hungry Hearts." The Market Bridor, published especially for motion-picture writers, contains the names and addresses of producers in the market for screen stories and the type of stories that they want. It wouldn't be any use to you unless you wrote photoplays. Of course you didn't bore me—I love to read letters.

INQUISITIVE.—I get lots of letters from Missouri—that's natural. isn't it? Leon P. Gurdon was Larry McLeod in "Scrambled Wives." Bebe Daniels is not married. She is busy denying her engagement to Jack Dempsey and various other men. Betty Francisco was in "The Furnace."

BOBBY.—Yes, James Harrison played Robert, Leda's cousin, in Lessons in Love." Thomas Massey, who announced Me-an, accent on first syllable, long e, short a, Barbara le Marr is in her twenties. She played in "The Three Musketeers," and has an important role in "The Second Vision." Catherine H.—Mae Marsh is not related to the Gish sisters, but Mae has a sister, Marguerite, who acts in pictures.

ADRIENNE.—Agnes Ayres has no children of her own, but she has a little niece living with her to whom she is devoted. Rudolph Valentino has no children. Yet, her, who is married to John Gilbert, an actor, Acker, a screen actress. His hair is black and his eyes dark brown. Valentino will probably only make a few pictures this year, as he will most likely be starred in elaborate productions such as "Adventures of Don Juan," the one he is working on now.

PATERSONIAN.—I do not discuss the religion of the players. The man who played the villain in "Way Down East" and "Molly O.," Lowell Sherman. He played the villain in "The White Man" and "Larceny," in which he wins Claire Windsor away from her husband, played by Elliott Dexter. At present he is appearing in a stage play in New York called "Lawful Larceny."

VEMLA.—Of course I don't laugh at people who write to me! Watch your friends of yours see your answer—but they will be sorry they didn't write themselves and find out the things they are probably not interested in. I have written about Rudolph Valentino's history so many times lately that I'm reciting it in my sleep. You probably have read all about him in the last issues. His eyes are very dark brown, his hair dark brown. This is his first picture since "Dream Street." She will probably play in another Griffith production soon, though.

ERMYNTRUDE.—Here is the cast for "The Sage Hen. The Sage Hen. Gladys Brockwell; Her son, as a baby, Richard Headrick, as a man, Wallace MacDonald; Stella Sanson, Lillian Rich; John Rudd, Alfred Allen; Mrs. Rudd, Helen Case; Crany, James Mason; Grote, Arthur Morrison."

CARDY.—It's not fair of you to take all the glowing adjectives for Anita Stewart, although I admit that it's true—she is conservative about her. But do you suppose the other fans are going to do when they want to describe their favorites? What we need is some new words, one hundred and thirty-five pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Jimmy is a free-lance—that is, he's not under contract to any one company, but works by the picture.

ELIZABETH.—In the April, 1920, issue of Screen-Play was a story called "The Mask," by Cyril Maude. It was a sort of motion-picture industry from its beginning. If you want a copy of this issue send me twenty-five cents in stamps and I will have the magazine mailed to you.

NEW ORLEANS ADMIRER.—Leatrice Joy recently married John Gilbert, the Fox star. Did you know Leatrice personally? She was born in your city.

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 842, Newark, New Jersey.

Dear Mr. Strongfort, I am interested in a book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health. The Science of Health Promotion," for postage on which I enclose a 10c piece (one dime). I have marked X before the name in which I am interested.

Names

Street

Age

Occupation

City

State

Address

Name

Address

Dr.

Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 842, Newark, New Jersey.
MARY PICKFORD ALWAYS.—“Little Lord Fauntleroy” was Mary Pickford’s last picture. She has purchased “Tess of the Storm Country” from Famous Players-Lasky, for whom she starred in it some years ago, and will make an entirely new production of it. Mary has not, at present writing, started making her next picture, but it will probably be “Tess.”

JACQUELINE DE MIRACLE

WOMEN'S DEODORANT

Hair-free Underarms

WHETHER your costume be athletic togs or evening gown, the underarms should be smooth. The only common-sense way to remove hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs is to dehair it! DeMiracle, the original sanitary liquid, alone works on this principle.

Unlike pastes and powders which must be mixed by the user, DeMiracle is just the right strength for instant use. It never deteriorates. DeMiracle is the quickest, most cleanly and easiest to apply. Simply wet the hair and it is gone.

FREE BOOK with testimonials of eminent Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists and Medicalmen, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

Try DeMiracle just once, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money.

The Never Fail Bottle, $1.00. $2.00 at all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle
Dept. J-32, Park Ave. and 129th St.
New York City

ADVERTISING SECTION

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Free Book of DIAMOND BARGAINS

Send for the most complete catalog of Diamonds and Jewelry ever published, showing exquisite gifts of every description — article a ready bargain. Anything you select will be sent for FREE examination and approved if satisfied, pay only 25c purchase price—balance in two months. Send TODAY for copy of NO. 64.

SWEET Engagement Ring set with perfectly cut white diamonds.

Price $45
Terms: 5% down.
Saloon back $25 to $1000

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY
L. W. SWEET INC.
1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

was printed in the July, 1921, issue of the magazine. The second group selected by the readers of PICTURE-PLAY who did not agree with Mr. Eddy’s choice, included Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Justine Johnston, Mary Miles Minter, Anna Q. Nilsson, Claire Windsor, Mildred Harris, and Ruby de Remer, and was printed in the October, 1921, issue.

MARGIE VAL—You expect an awful lot of me, don’t you? I shall do my best with your questionnaire, but I’ll have to answer it on the installment plan, because we couldn’t give a whole page to one person, you know. Yes, Rudolph Valentino, like practically all the other prominent players on the Coast, has a car. He may have changed it by the time you read this, but the present Valentino conveyance is an imported roadster. All your other questions about him have been answered. Rod la Rocque appears in “The Challenge” with Dolores Cassini. So you want the names of some “sad” pictures? Most of the sorrowful ones I have seen weren’t intended to be that way, but send a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I’ll give you a list that will keep you in ecstasies for weeks.

A New Perfume

YOU will be delighted to hear of the newest creation of the Rieger laboratories. This perfume is nothing else but a mixture of the choicest perfumes that can be offered. The new color is Honolulu Bouquet.

Lovers of good perfumes are charmed with its fragrance, an exquisite indescribable mixture of the most refined colors. It is unlike anything you have ever seen before.

Perfume 10c per oz. Toilet water, 4 oz. $1.00. Talcum, 6 oz. At druggists or dept. stores.

Send 25c (silver or stamps) for generous trial bottle. Made by the originator of Rieger’s PERFECT TOILET WATER.

The Rieger Co., Boston, Mass.

Send 25c for TRIAL BOTTLE.

Bud Cigarettes

Plain or Cork Tip. Made of selected Pure Turkish Tobacco, with a distinctive blend which is appreciated by smokers of discrimination and taste. 100 Bud Cigarettes securely packed in Mahogany Wood Boxes. Send us 25c (post office, express money order or check) for a box of 100. Sent postpaid to any address. The Bud Cigarette Company, 2 Rector Street, New York City.
Dorothy Dalton's Beauty Chat

Miss Dorothy Dalton, the actress famous the world over for her beautiful complexion, says: "Any girl or woman can have a beautiful, rosy-white complexion and clear, smooth, unwhinkled skin like mine if they will follow my advice for beauty and health. Derwillo in combination with Liska cold cream. Both are simple but very effective toilet preparations. I use Derwillo for the instant beauty it imparts and Liska cold cream to cleanse the skin, and make it soft and smooth. It is easy to apply, absolutely harmless, and has a marvelous effect upon the skin. One application proves it. Try this combination to-day on your face, neck, hands and arms, and you will be delightfully surprised. Derwillo comes in three shades: flesh, white and brunette. At toilet counters everywhere.

Dorothy Dalton

GET THIS WONDERFUL RING. IF YOU CAN TELL IT FROM A GENUINE DIAMOND SEND IT BACK

These amazing, beautiful CORODITE diamonds positively match the genuine diamond at any jeweler's; same color, finish and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. They, alone, stand the diamond tests, including the terrible ultraviolet test. Hundreds of diamond experts used all their apparatus to see any and every wave-length that can differentiate genuine diamonds and are proved of them. Prove yourself. Send for tests.

Genuines are worth up to $2500, you buy this for $3.48. If you fail to be delighted by the splendid color, finish and sparkle of your ring, return it in the box and get your $3.48 back. This is a guarantee. No risk. Give it a try - you'll like it.

Ford Given

A LUXURIOUS SEND. The Wonderful All-Year Car - Elusive STARTERS and LIGHTS

Send direct to manufacturer. Ford Motor Co., Dept. 444D, Detroit 3, Michigan.

Ford William, May 14, 1921, N.Y.

Miss Dorothy Dalton, the actress famous the world over for her beautiful complexion, says: "Any girl or woman can have a beautiful, rosy-white complexion and clear, smooth, unwhinkled skin like mine if they will follow my advice for beauty and health. Derwillo in combination with Liska cold cream. Both are simple but very effective toilet preparations. I use Derwillo for the instant beauty it imparts and Liska cold cream to cleanse the skin, and make it soft and smooth. It is easy to apply, absolutely harmless, and has a marvelous effect upon the skin. One application proves it. Try this combination to-day on your face, neck, hands and arms, and you will be delightfully surprised. Derwillo comes in three shades: flesh, white and brunette. At toilet counters everywhere.

Dorothy Dalton

GET THIS WONDERFUL RING. IF YOU CAN TELL IT FROM A GENUINE DIAMOND SEND IT BACK

These amazing, beautiful CORODITE diamonds positively match the genuine diamond at any jeweler's; same color, finish and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. They, alone, stand the diamond tests, including the terrible ultraviolet test. Hundreds of diamond experts used all their apparatus to see any and every wave-length that can differentiate genuine diamonds and are proved of them. Prove yourself. Send for tests.

Genuines are worth up to $2500, you buy this for $3.48. If you fail to be delighted by the splendid color, finish and sparkle of your ring, return it in the box and get your $3.48 back. This is a guarantee. No risk. Give it a try - you'll like it.

Ford Given

A LUXURIOUS SEND. The Wonderful All-Year Car - Elusive STARTERS and LIGHTS

Send direct to manufacturer. Ford Motor Co., Dept. 444D, Detroit 3, Michigan.

Ford William, May 14, 1921, N.Y.
How I Lost
40 Pounds
through new discovery

And how scores of others are taking off a pound
a day or more without painful diet, special
baths and exercises and medicines or drugs.

"Before I tried your great discovery my
weight was 168 pounds. My blood was bad,
my heart weak, I had such stomach and
sick headache always. I went to different
doctors but I got worse instead of better.
I knew your wonderful method. I am now in
perfect health and I feel better than I have
been for years. I have lost 40 pounds, and
now weigh only 128 pounds, which is my normal
weight. I will be forever grateful to you for
your wonderful method."-Mrs. Verna Arms,
many similar ones.

Within the last few months over 109,000 men
and women have been shown how to reduce
their weight and at least 80,000 are still on
your method of youth through this amazing new
discovery. All without pills, medicines, diets
or discomfort. Many letters have been received
from the reportng weight reduction of from 20 to
40 pounds. They also tell of the great improvement
in health and the wonderful improvement in
their complexions.

By this method you can reduce rapidly or slowly just
as you please. You will lose from one to four pounds
a day as a rule making your reduction more gradual.
For in this way you have control of your weight and
an ideal slender figure you can retain without
hungering or losing another pound or another inch.

The Secret

cause fat can be eaten from the body without
other every day foods in such a way that no fat
will be reformed—only blood, tissue and muscle.
Meanwhile, your excess flesh is consumed and lost, at
the rate of about one pound a week.

Best of all, these correct combinations, which reduce,
are arranged as even more appetizing combinations.
So reducing this way is designed to
be pleasant. It is the safe rather than cause
definite hunger, and is not like the
sadistic way other women and men
will understand. You will never
again be hungry, and you can eat
their meals more thoroughly
and enjoy them,
more healthy and are
provided with
enough to
maintaining their normal weight.

Sent Free

This whole new method has been
explained by Christian in 12
interesting little booklets
written and published by
The College of Health,
Controlled by
the College of Health.
These booklets
are free. Just fill out
and mail the coupon
below and we will
send you 12 free
booklets. Just to
arrive weight
you that you may be able to
see how much weight you lose.

Under this Free Proof Offer you
risk nothing. Pay the post
man $1.97, plus postage,
when you receive your
proof. -but if you are
dissatisfied at any
point, begin to
the privilege of returning
them. Your money
will be refunded.

Malcolm
remember our money back
promise. It is one of our
against risking a

Corrective Eating

Dept. W1955, 43 West 16th St., New York City.
You may send me, in plain wrapper, Eugene Chris-
tian's Course, "Wellness and the Basis of Health.
In 12 books. I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus
postage) in full payment for this course. If not
satisfied with it, I have the privilege of returning
the course whole. Mail now and my money
is to be instantly refunded.

Name

(please write plainly)

Street & Number

City...State

$4 First Payment

This machine
is 100% non-
standard, full-size ma-thics.

A fool there was. Irene Rich. Mah-

...will mark Miss McAvoy's next screen ap-
pearance.

The Secret

cause fat can be eaten from the body without
other every day foods in such a way that no fat
will be reformed—only blood, tissue and muscle.
Meanwhile, your excess flesh is consumed and lost, at
the rate of about one pound a week.

Best of all, these correct combinations, which reduce,
are arranged as even more appetizing combinations.
So reducing this way is designed to
be pleasant. It is the safe rather than cause
definite hunger, and is not like the
sadistic way other women and men
will understand. You will never
again be hungry, and you can eat
their meals more thoroughly
and enjoy them,
more healthy and are
provided with
enough to
maintaining their normal weight.

Sent Free

This whole new method has been
explained by Christian in 12
interesting little booklets
written and published by
The College of Health,
Controlled by
the College of Health.
These booklets
are free. Just fill out
and mail the coupon
below and we will
send you 12 free
booklets. Just to
arrive weight
you that you may be able to
see how much weight you lose.

Under this Free Proof Offer you
risk nothing. Pay the post
man $1.97, plus postage,
when you receive your
proof. -but if you are
dissatisfied at any
point, begin to
the privilege of returning
them. Your money
will be refunded.

Malcolm
remember our money back
promise. It is one of our
against risking a

Corrective Eating

Dept. W1955, 43 West 16th St., New York City.
You may send me, in plain wrapper, Eugene Chris-
tian's Course, "Wellness and the Basis of Health.
In 12 books. I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus
postage) in full payment for this course. If not
satisfied with it, I have the privilege of returning
the course whole. Mail now and my money
is to be instantly refunded.

Name

(please write plainly)

Street & Number

City...State

$4 First Payment

This machine
is 100% non-
standard, full-size ma-thics.

A fool there was. Irene Rich. Mah-

...will mark Miss McAvoy's next screen ap-
appearance.
A Squirrel Hill Fan.—Mary Hay is at present writing appearing on the stage in New York in the musical show, "Mar- joline" and she is very curvaceous and is making a big hit. The Oracle liked her immensely.

Tessie.—Every fan seems to think that his or her favorite is really the only star worth any attention. They get sort of bristly when anyone else gets into ecstasies about a different player, just as you did about Wallace Reid and Thomas Meighan. I suppose you want all the details of Tommy's life. Goodness knows they have been published enough, but I suppose you didn't read The Oracle carefully. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylva-nia, in 1884, and had a rather extensive stage career in this country and in England before entering pictures. He has been on the screen about four or five years, and played leading man to various screen beauties before being made a star by Famous Players-Lasky for his work in "The Miracle Man" and the Cecil De Mille specials. Tommy has been married only once, and he still is, to Frances King. She is six feet one, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, and has the black hair and blue eyes of an Irishman.

Sonny's Mother.—Florence Lawrence's picture has been released. It is called "The Unfoldment." You will soon have a chance to see Enid Bennett as often as you please in the acting opposite Douglas Fairbanks in his new picture, "The Spirit of Chivalry." William Desmond is still making pictures. "Fighting Males," his recent release. You guessed correctly—Charles Hutchinson is married to a nonprofessional. Yes, it's true that Lottie Pickford married Alan Forrest. Ann Little was Alan's first wife. Crane Wilbur is married to Florence Williams.

Vanity Fair.—Didn't you know that Theda Bara stopped making pictures when she went on the stage? But she's coming back. Theda will star in pictures directed by her husband, Charles Brabin. And, what's more, there will be vampire pictures in which Theda will continue to rob women of their husbands and millionaires of all their money. But these pictures won't be as extreme as the old ones—that is, the vampire methods will be more subtle, more in line with the modern vamp. Julian Eltinge was born in 1883, and is five feet eight and a half. Peggy Me Darlin'.—So you can't make up your mind as to who is your favorite actress. The uncertainty must be terrible. One's favorite screen star is such an important matter—no one cannot be careful in one's selection, can they? Miss Longpoint is really a lady. Patty Hartley, then, of twelve to a block.

Peggy Me Darlin'.—So you can't make up your mind as to who is your favorite actress. The uncertainty must be terrible. One's favorite screen star is such an important matter—no one cannot be careful in one's selection, can they? Miss Longpoint is really a lady. Patty Hartley, then, Eric von Stroheim christened her Theda will continue to rob women of theirs husbands and millionaires of all their money. But these pictures won't be as extreme as the old ones—that is, the vampire methods will be more subtle, more in line with the modern vamp. Julian Eltinge was born in 1883, and is five feet eight and a half. Peggy Me Darlin'.—So you can't make up your mind as to who is your favorite actress. The uncertainty must be terrible. One's favorite screen star is such an important matter—no one cannot be careful in one's selection, can they? Miss Longpoint is really a lady. Patty Hartley, then, of twelve to a block.

Peggy Me Darlin'.—So you can't make up your mind as to who is your favorite actress. The uncertainty must be terrible. One's favorite screen star is such an important matter—no one cannot be careful in one's selection, can they? Miss Longpoint is really a lady. Patty Hartley, then, of twelve to a block.

Peggy Me Darlin'.—So you can't make up your mind as to who is your favorite actress. The uncertainty must be terrible. One's favorite screen star is such an important matter—no one cannot be careful in one's selection, can they? Miss Longpoint is really a lady. Patty Hartley, then, of twelve to a block.

Peggy Me Darlin'.—So you can't make up your mind as to who is your favorite actress. The uncertainty must be terrible. One's favorite screen star is such an important matter—no one cannot be careful in one's selection, can they? Miss Longpoint is really a lady. Patty Hartley, then, of twelve to a block.

Peggy Me Darlin'.—So you can't make up your mind as to who is your favorite actress. The uncertainty must be terrible. One's favorite screen star is such an important matter—no one cannot be careful in one's selection, can they? Miss Longpoint is really a lady. Patty Hartley, then, of twelve to a block.

Peggy Me Darlin'.—So you can't make up your mind as to who is your favorite actress. The uncertainty must be terrible. One's favorite screen star is such an important matter—no one cannot be careful in one's selection, can they? Miss Longpoint is really a lady. Patty Hartley, then, of twelve to a block.

Peggy Me Darlin'.—So you can't make up your mind as to who is your favorite actress. The uncertainty must be terrible. One's favorite screen star is such an important matter—no one cannot be careful in one's selection, can they? Miss Longpoint is really a lady. Patty Hartley, then, of twelve to a block.

Peggy Me Darlin'.—So you can't make up your mind as to who is your favorite actress. The uncertainty must be terrible. One's favorite screen star is such an important matter—no one cannot be careful in one's selection, can they? Miss Longpoint is really a lady. Patty Hartley, then, of twelve to a block.

Peggy Me Darlin'.—So you can't make up your mind as to who is your favorite actress. The uncertainty must be terrible. One's favorite screen star is such an important matter—no one cannot be careful in one's selection, can they? Miss Longpoint is really a lady. Patty Hartley, then, of twelve to a block.

Peggy Me Darlin'.—So you can't make up your mind as to who is your favorite actress. The uncertainty must be terrible. One's favorite screen star is such an important matter—no one cannot be careful in one's selection, can they? Miss Longpoint is really a lady. Patty Hartley, then, of twelve to a block.
The EARL now $995

Owners of the new Earl—now $995—say that it is the outstanding motor car value of today. Comparing it with cars that cost 50 per cent more, they express solid satisfaction in its possession. Distinguished in appearance, the Earl is also smooth and powerful in action.

Make an appointment with the nearest Earl dealer to-day for a demonstration. Drive the Earl yourself. Make your own comparisons—then buy the car that gives you greatest dollar-for-dollar value.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

Big opportunity for salesman in making connections with our distributors and dealers. Write if interested. Perhaps we can locate you in territory where you would like to operate.

EARL MOTORS, INC., JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Hazel.—Jack Mower played the role of Lance Christie, the cousin of the opposing political candidate in "Short Skirts," in which Gladys Walton starred. He appeared in the Cecil De Mille production, "Saturday Night," and in "The Crimson Challenge," with Dorothy Dalton. Jack was born in 1890, is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, and has brown hair and gray eyes. He was married, but is divorced.

Esther.—Sorry I couldn't get your answer in the preceding issue, but you didn't give me enough time. It takes more than two weeks to print and distribute a magazine. Constance Talmadge's birthday is April 10th, and she was born in 1900. She is five feet five, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, and has golden-brown hair, bobbed, and dark-brown eyes. "East Is West" will be her next picture. Her address is printed in this issue, at the end of The Oracle.

Marion S.—Yes, Irene Castle is making pictures again, under the name of Irene Castle-Treman. Her husband's name is Treman, and Irene sees no reason why she shouldn't use it. "French Heels" was her first picture since her return, and it has been released some time. "The Rise of Roscoe Payne" is her latest. Sorry I can't print your answer, but I hear of any fans who want to start a correspondence will communicate with you personally.

Addresses of Players

As asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Pauline Frederick, Doris May, Tsuru Aoki, Barbara Stanwyck, and 22 others are now at the R-C Studios, Hollywood, California.

Robert Ellis, David Butler, Priscilla Dean, Miss Dupont, Eric von Stroheim, Marie Prevost, Gladys Walton, Art Acord, and House Peters at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Colleen Moore, Richard Dix, Ruth Hughes, Helen Chadwick, Ellen Landis, Lon Chaney, and Helen Ferguson at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Also Bryant Washburn.

Viola Dana, Bert Lytell, Rex Ingram, Alice Terry, Rosamond Talbot, Barbara Stanwyck in Mars at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.


Vincent Coleman at the Green Room Club, New York City.

Hope Hampton and Miriam Cooper at the First National Exhibitors' Circuit at 6 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City.


William Duncan, Edith Johnson, Earle Williams, Alice Calhoun, Larry Semon, and Jann Paige at the Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Mae Murray and Robert Frazer at Tiffany Productions, Loew Theater Building, New York City.

Harold Lloyd, Susa Pollard, Mildred Davis, and Ruth Roland at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish, D. W. Griffith, Monte Blue, Joseph Schenardt, and Creighton Hale at the Griffith Studios, Oriente Point, Marmaroneck, New York.

Harry Farnum at the Fox Film Corporation, West Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

Florence Vidor, Douglas Maclean, Madge Bellamy, Tyrone Power, Marguerite de la Motte, Frank Keenan, John Bowers, and Maurice Tournier at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Richard Barthelmess, Louise Huff, and Pauline Giron at the Production Pictures Corporation, 365 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Herbert Hayes at the Hollywood Hotel, Hollywood, California.

Marion Davies, Alma Rubens, Forrest Stanley, Pedro de Cordoba, Ruth Shepley, Charles Gerard, and Seena Owen at International Studios, Second Avenue and One Hundred Twenty and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

George Arliss at United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Corinne Griffith and Rockelle Fellows at the Vitagraph Company, 499 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

John Barrymore and Percy Marmont at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

Doris Kenyon and Wesley Barry, care of Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Lester Cuno, care of Western Pictures Corporation, 102 W. W. Helman Building, Los Angeles, California.

Antonio Moreno and Thomas Meighan at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

Madge Evans at Worth-While Pictures Corporation, 1551 Broadway, New York City.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, and Mary Pickford, at the Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, California.

Alice Lake, Rosemary Theby, Gaston Glass, Kay Gilmour, Richard Dix, and Mary Pickford, at Carewe Productions, Los Angeles, California.

May Collins and Anita Stewart at the Los Angeles, California.

Patrick Taylor, Tom Mix, Shirley Mason, Buck Jones, Tom Douglas, and Maurice (Lefty) Flynn at the Fox Studios, Western City, California.

Pola Negri and Elsie Ferguson at Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Will your complexion bear close scrutiny?

Can you be sure that an intimate gaze will find your skin fair and wholesome—your complexion fresh and clear? Are you confident that your skin bears no trace of sallowness, no hint of coarseness?

You can be sure of a fresh, radiant skin. You can achieve a new beauty of complexion, just as thousands of attractive women have, if you begin at once the daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that serves to "tone-up"—revitalize—the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly, it heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections. Used faithfully, it will help you to gain and retain a complexion that is genuinely fresh and wholesome.

Read the booklet of health hints

Wrapped around your jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream you will find a booklet of Health Hints. This booklet tells you the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream—tells you how to use it in treating the common troubles of the skin. Read this booklet carefully. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or one-dollar size. Begin at once to gain a new charm of complexion. It will mean so much to you.

Ingram's
Milkweed
Cream
Frederick F. Ingram Company
31 Tenth Street
Detroit, Michigan

Ingram's
Beauty Purse—An attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids Send us a dime, with the coupon below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

Ingram's
Beautiful
Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

Ingram's
Vélvola
Souveraine
FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—50c.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., 31 Tenth St., Detroit, Michigan.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eider-down powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Vélvola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name
Street
City
State

Ingram's
Milker, Cream
A Discovery that Suddenly Made My Skin Beautiful

Perhaps it was the glow of the lamp-shaded candle on our table. Perhaps it was the quaintness of our surroundings in the little restaurant. Will became suddenly eloquent.

"How exquisite you look with the candle-light playing on your face!" he whispered. "Do you know," he added earnestly, "you remind me of a rare old cameo—so delicate and pearly that you seem almost transparent."

I smiled—and dropped my eyes so that Will could not see, in their brightness, how exultant I was, how elated. But how could he know that only three months ago I despared of ever having a good complexion. How could he know that every treatment I had tried, failed.

Three Types of Skin
—The Secret

Then one day I made an amazing discovery, and the result is that today my complexion is all—yes, all—that Will said it was. Here's how it happened. I was reading a magazine, and I noticed an announcement by a famous specialist that there are three distinct types of skin—oily, dry and normal;

THE LUXTONE COMPANY,
Frank M. Welsh, President,
Dept. 26, 2703 Cottage Grove Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Send me your special Luxtone Beauty Combination consisting of a special soap, a day cream, a night cream, and a jar of the powder-and-cream Beauty Secret. I will pay the postman $2.00 on arrival. (Please check your type of skin.)

FOR □ DRY □ NORMAL □ OILY

Name ..........................................................

Address .........................................................

Which Is YOUR Type of Skin?

Oily Skin Has a greasy, shiny tendency towards enlarged pores and blackheads. Looks coarse; powder does not stay on. Needs special preparations for proper cleansing and to remove excess oil and refreshen the tone and texture of the skin.

Dry Skin Flakes off like fine dandruff because it lacks oil. Skin wrinkles and is affected by the wind and by the use of ordinary soap. Very sensitive—requires soothing cleansers and special creams to supply extra nourishment and make it smooth and soft.

Normal Skin Clear, firm, delicately colored. Soft and smooth. Looks almost transparent in artificial light. Wrong treatments cause normal skin to become either too dry or too oily. Proper care retains beauty.

and that the preparations that benefit a Dry Skin are absolutely harmful to an Oily Skin. But where was I to go to find anyone who could tell me just what to use? The problem was solved for me, quite unexpectedly. I was passing the toilet counter in one of the large department stores, and I heard a woman talking about the care of the different types of skin. She was offering certain Combination Preparations made especially for each type. Just what I was looking for!

Eagerly I asked the young woman what to use for my skin. "You have been using the wrong preparations, my dear," she said. She explained why oily skins, that have a tendency toward enlarged pores and blackheads, need particular skin preparations made especially for their care. And she explained why the woman with a dry skin would require just the opposite kind of preparations.

It was all so clear that I easily understood why my dry skin had always become coarse and flaky when I used powder. Needless to say, I bought one of the Luxtone Combinations especially designed for dry skin. And that was what led to Will's remark in the little restaurant. It was true. All because I am using preparations designed specially for my type of skin.

How You, Too, May Benefit By This Discovery

In order that women everywhere may benefit by this new discovery of science, the makers of Luxtone Beauty Preparations have prepared a special outfit which they will send, together with valuable booklet and information on how to make and keep your skin beautiful.

There is a treatment for each type of skin. Specify in the coupon which kind of skin you have, and the treatment will be sent by return post. In this Luxtone Beauty Combination you find everything you need—soap, day and night creams, and a jar of the famous Luxtone Beauty Secret which is a powder and cream in one.

Send no money. Simply mail the coupon and the outfit will be shipped. When it arrives, just pay the postman $2.00. If you are not satisfied after five days' use, just write and your money will be instantly refunded. But mail the coupon at once, as this special offer may be withdrawn at any moment. The Luxtone Co., Dept. 26, 2703 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Luxtone Company desires women to act as Special Sales Repres.