The Best Magazine of the Screen

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&
ANN BROCKMAN
FOUND—An opportunity to read the best and most vigorous, clean magazine. It will be cheerfully returned to its owner upon application. Address, THE SKIPPER, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Heave, ho! Boys! The stanch ship Sea Stories has squared away for the port o' big circulation. With a bone in her teeth, she's running the casting down, all cloth set and not a shadow of anxiety in the minds of her skipper and crew.

She has a big cargo of bang-up, salty yarns, full of action and adventure and all easy reading. Just the thing for an old salt, or a young one, or a landsman who has a preference for clean, red-blooded action.

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is worth any reader's while. It offers entertainment and relaxation and is a fine buy at the price.

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The Latest and Finest Model—Offered Direct from the OLIVER Factory. Price $65 instead of $100.

Until you see and try this new-day typewriter, our most recent offering, you cannot appreciate its great advancements and the countless betterments. Once you see it and try it, you will prefer it. It sets new standards. So we send it to you for five days free trial, and let you be the judge. Invariably, the Oliver sells itself.

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Ship me a new Oliver No. 11 Typewriter for five days’ free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $65 as follows: $4 at the end of trial period and then at the rate of $4 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for. If I make cash settlement at end of trial period I am to deduct ten per cent and remit to you $5.50. If I decide not to keep it, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

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Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Solution and the Remedy," the Speedster catalog and further information.

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- It is a standard machine, a business size for business needs.
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The touchstone of success in the world's new art!

A single artist can produce a masterpiece in painting, in sculpture, in architecture.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her career in pictures, she says, is typical. The first two years she had a high record for blunders, mistakes, and hard luck. But she refused to consider her limitations and forced herself on casting directors until they gave her a chance.

Since then she has played everything from nuns to cabaret vampires and doubled for stars. There have been many failures, many disappointments in her career that might have been avoided had she known when she started the things that she knows now.

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

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

**Elinor Glyn Says:** “I consider ‘What Every Extra Knows,’ by Dorothea Knox, a very practical treatise. It should save many poor little girls from trying to enter a profession for which they are not fitted and prevent those who are eligible from making needless mistakes.”
Win $5,000
Each
Won $5,000
Will you win this time?

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

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

Costs Nothing to Try!
Just send in your list of "R" words. If the judges decide your list of "R" words is best and you have not ordered any, you will win first prize.

Win the $5,000 Prize!
You do not have to buy any Vimogen Yeast Tablets to enter this contest and win a prize. If the judges decide your list of "R" words is best and you have not ordered any, you will win first prize.

$600 Extra for Promptness
The last day for mailing your solution to win any of the above prizes is November 15, 1922. But for every day ahead of that date that your order for goods is received, a special extra prize of $10 for each day will be added to any first prize you win. You can send your order today. Then any time before November 15 you can qualify this order by sending in your solution. $800 extra is to be awarded in this manner for promptness. Try to get this extra $800. In case of ties, duplicate amounts will also be awarded.

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

Yeast Tablets!
The greatest of all yeast products. Something entirely new. A wonderful scientific tablet that embodies all three natural vitamins. Enables your body to derive proper nourishment from the food you eat. Helps build up vitality, strength, endurance. Most all people are undernourished, though many don't know it. Try this scientific way to bring back the springy step, the buoyant freshness of youth, or the youthful natural complexion that all women long for. Think how wonderful life would be without that continual feeling of being hungry. Help yourself to a plenty of energy to work hard and play hard. Take this opportunity to learn what Reefer's Vimogen Yeast Tablets will do for you.

Start Today — Now!
Send today for Reefer's Yeast Tablets and qualify also for the biggest prizes. $30 or $50,000, decide for yourself! Everyone sending for a large size picture will receive, fully prepaid, a package of a world famous, exquisitely scented, high priced Complexion Powder. Send for your free package today sure.
As a movie fan I am, naturally, a reader of your magazine, and I note your fairness in printing both sides of every question that arises. That gives me courage to submit the following doggerel:

TO DIRECTORS OF RURAL PICTURES.

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

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

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

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

Santa Rosa, California.

Another Player Who Reads This Department.

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

Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Two Overworked Words.

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

The first one is "beautiful" and the second one is "star."

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

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

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

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

I want to protest also at the country girl's portrayal on the screen. Some of them must keep hairdressers in their homes. And they walk and act and look as if they had just stepped out of a Fifth Avenue drawing-room. When an actress wants to look like a country girl, she just dons a little gingham dress and behold; we have a little uneducated country girl.

By All Means Write Again.

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

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

The Gishes also are great favorites of mine. Lillian's Continued on page 10
has produced a most unusual picture—a picture of the lumber camps of the great North West—filled with thrills and heart throbs. Did you read the thrilling story of Peter B. Kyne in the Saturday Evening Post? If you did you won’t miss the picture. Whether you have read the story or not you have a real treat in store for you. It’s coming soon. Watch for it. There is an unusually strong cast headed by the beautiful

MIRIAM COOPER

"Kindred of the Dust"

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

FIRST NATIONAL ATTRACTIONS

$1,500 for a Plot

Can YOU Write a Scenario?

Just a few years ago an author was glad to get $15 for a motion picture scenario. Today the average price paid for a plot synopsis is $1500.

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

Not Skilled Writers—Just Ordinary Men and Women

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

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

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

The Fox Plan Will Show You How

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

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

Send for Free Book

In a beautifully illustrated, 32-page book, the Fox Plan is completely outlined for you. It tells all about your opportunities as a scenario writer. It tells about Fox Photoplay Institute’s completely outlined photoplay training program. Fox instructors watch you as you develop and direct your ability along the right channels of photoplay creation.

Fox Photoplay Institute

2537-39 South State St., Dept. 1256, Chicago

FREE if you are interested in photoplay writing. Send the coupon today.

Lillian Gish as Mary Pickford Knows Her A STORY of tremendous interest to every motion-picture fan, a glimpse of the greatest emotional actress on the screen, through the eyes of Mary Pickford, her dearest friend.

Myrtle Gebhart tells it in next month’s PICTURE-PLAY. Don’t miss it.

GET THIS WONDERFUL RING. IF YOU CAN TELL IT FROM A GENUINE DIAMOND SEND IT BACK

These amazing, beautiful CORODITE diamonds positively match genuine diamonds in every way—same glitter, flash and brilliance. Save and send this coupon for a sample. Your name, address and the price printed here is all you pay. No installation charges. And don’t worry whether or not they match genuine stones. Be deceived. Choose your ring now. No 1—Ladies Tiffany Style Satin Gold $5.95. No. 2—Girls Tiffany Style Platinum Finished $9.95. No. 3—Girls Maxvue Platinum Finished $14.95.

E. RICHWINE CO., 333 South Dearborn Street, Dept. 172, Chicago, Ill.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

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

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

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

Lillie Langley Bellamy is a comer. She can act and has great beauty, too.

Gloria Swanson is--Gloria Swanson, also Elinor Glyn and De Mille. Without them there would be much, better, satisfied ...

One of the best actresses on the screen is Agnes Smith. I think hers is a sad bundle of loveliness called Agnes Ayres.

Another letter asks who the public is reading. I have included Harry Myers. This is my favorite. He is so real--after Wanda...

Some day I may write again, if you please print this exactly as it is. and, I hope it will be a boy.

I wish we could have more of Chaplin. I am afraid the throne is topping a little and that Buster Keaton will one day rule the world. After Charlie's trip to Europe he may now wake up and show them who is who.

People are more interested in the pictures that are being released. If they would give us more like "The Ten Dollar Raise," and cut out some of the stars, the public would be satisfied. People now go to see a good, interesting story, and not to watch one person alone through six reels.

Gladys Dillon.

660 Twenty-first Street, Denver, Colo.

An Impulse Obeyed

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

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

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Gladys Dillon.

660 Twenty-first Street, Denver, Colo.

From Another Agnes Ayres Adorer

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

Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin appear so seldom that I go only as a matter of duty. However, I make up for this by means of Elinor Glyn and Kenneth More, and Kathlyn Williams.

I can see every corner of Picture-Play for pictures and mention of Wanda Hawley. I am glad to see pictures with charm and beauty. I think hers is a sad case of stories with no attraction, and I was pleased almost to the point of tears when I read everybody's wish for Wanda.

Wanda Hawley's career seems to have carried off acting honors in "The Affairs of Anatol." I'm not magnifying the tribulation, but it was a mention. I think she is one of the best actresses on the screen and the best-looking one.

Medals should be struck for Lois Weber for her productions and discovery of Claire Windsor; William Fox for his productions and discovery of Darcey Hepburn; and for his general principles; Rex Ingram for some of his productions and for the discovery of Alice Terry; Universal for starring Marie Prevost, and for giving Von husband pictures, but for nothing else; and Cecil De Mille for bringing Kosloff into prominence, and for a few of his productions.

Steve Hart's "Horsemen" and "Uncharted Sea" I settle back and laughed at admirers of Valentino. I didn't see "The Sheik" or "Moran of the Lady"--so let Harlow hug it out in the pictures, but for nothing else; and Cecil De Mille for bringing Kosloff into prominence, and for a few of his productions.

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This is why we search the Nation for Imagination

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

THE WHOLE STORY of the motion picture industry’s supreme crisis is told in the newspaper clippings reproduced above. They refer to the newest picture of one of the greatest stars of the screen. Talent costing millions—a fortune invested in production. 

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

A $10,000 Discovery

Wonderful results are rewarding this search. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation discovered Imagination in a Florida village until we found and trained Miss Kimball, of Apalachicola, Florida, and it is the very essence of motion picture technique.

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

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

The Imagination of a handful of men equipped with money, machinery, their creative task is completed. But the Imagination of thousands is necessary to keep the industry operating. New pictures—and yet more pictures—is the cry of the theaters and the public.

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

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, the industry’s accredited agent for recruiting new talent for the screen, discovered hidden ability in all walks of life, and through its training course in screen technique is developing scenarists whose work is eagerly sought by producers.

Will you take this free test?

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

Persons who do not meet this test are frankly and confidentially told so. Those who do indicate the natural gifts required for the writer’s work and are invited to enter the Palmer Photoplay Corporation’s J. Parker Reade, jr., scenario contest in which they have said: “Search the nation for Imagination. Train it to create stories for the screen.”

People are now paying from $500 to $2,000 for original stories by new writers.

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

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

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION

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

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

Name
Address

Register Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Copyright, 1919, Palmer Photoplay Corporation
For women who have gone through agonies of doubt before washing their new silk or woolen garments, what a relief it always is when they begin to use—

Ivory!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty clothes last longer
Baby Peggy Sets the Pace
The three-year-old Century Comedy star runs through current film fashions so fast that she has to start new ones.

By Edna Foley

Take it from Baby Peggy, a girl has to keep up with current film fashions, if she is to keep her position in the front rank of stars. So she goes in for propaganda and defies an unpopular law as shown in the lower left-hand corner. Just below you see her as Cinderella, her contribution to the movement to bring old classics to the screen. And in the lower right-hand corner she is standing them up with her vocalizing. Apparently she has heard, even if you haven't, that Hope Hampton and Betty Blythe are going in for operatic stuff in their recent pictures, and she intends to prove that she can do it, too. So, having run through most of the current film fashions, she's very busy devising some of her own. They'll be well worth seeing.
A YEAR or so ago, while reading the letters from the fans, printed in Picture-Play Magazine, I noticed that the majority of these letters touched, in one way or another, upon what the writers considered good or bad acting.

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

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

A few years ago, in the days when "a movie was a movie," and no one took any of them very seriously, such discussion could not have taken place. The whole artistic level, if such a phrase can be applied at all to the films of the early days of the industry, was so low that only seldom did an actor have an opportunity to do any really fine work.

The pioneer producers of pictures, handicapped in many ways, and catering to audiences that were far from discriminating, began by striving mainly to present the popular conception of beauty, rather than by bringing any high standard of acting.

They brought to the screen the fairest specimens of masculinity and femininity they could find. They internationalized physical beauty, talked about it—advertised it. They set up idol worship in the flesh—and, parenthetically, it might be said that they have suffered from it ever since.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That states the case in a nutshell.
What Do You Call Acting?

There is, however, sometimes a wide divergence of opinion as to whether or not a certain player is versatile. Nazimova, for example, is usually considered to have this quality in a very marked degree. "Each of her roles is an utter stranger to the rest," writes an admirer. "It is no less than a miracle that the same person can create such different characterizations, each a living, breathing, never-to-be-forgotten individual." But another writer says, "Nazimova is great, probably the greatest of the lot. But to me she is always Nazimova. No knock intended. Suits me fine. I never miss her plays." I don't know who wrote this, but I am quoting it verbatim for it also contains a definite rung for our ladder of judgment: "Wallace Reid can act. If being absolutely natural, or at least seeming to be so, is one of the requisites of an actor—why, then, Mr. Reid is there a thousand ways." It is signed "A Wallace Reid Admirer" of Brookline, Massachusetts. Here is a corollary statement by another writer who says, "'The Miracle Man' impressed me more than any other picture I ever saw, though, oddly enough, none of my favorite stars were in it. But in this picture every player fitted his or her part to such perfection that I felt I was living the story with them."

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

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

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

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

I know a group of young persons who have formed a theatrical club. These young persons are all engaged in business of some sort. Some of the men are bank clerks; many of the girls are stenographers and secretaries. Recently they staged a modern play dealing with business situations, and the clerks found themselves cast as clerks and the secretaries as secretaries. It seemed to be an ideal arrangement. But the professional coach who was brought from the city to direct the rehearsals nearly ruined his otherwise faultless disposition trying to get the clerks to clerk and the secretaries to secretary—on the stage! They simply could not be natural. Each member of this dramatic club now prefers costume plays!

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

To return to Wallace Reid and Rodolph Valentino, they seem to be typical examples of personal exploitation which seems to be what a great many fans demand. For the most part, the public has not required them to act, if acting can be taken at the dictionary term for it, which is “the delineation of character.” Rather, the public has cried to them—“Be yourself! Do your stuff!” The fans do not want to see Wallace Reid in a character part, that is, as an old man or a country lout or a negro comedian. Nor do they want to see Rudy Valentino as a bewhiskered centenarian or in any other rôle that would detract from his pleasing personal appearance. Many are now demanding that he be given only parts in which he can be the fiery Latin lover. Perhaps these are the fans who insist that Bill Hart should stick to his wild-West-gueman parts, that Charlie Ray should be ever the country boob, that Mary Pickford should not depart from the Polly-Continued on page 89

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

"Why did I bob my hair?" Marie Prevost asked. "For the same reason that most women do most things. Just because I wanted to!" Only—unlike many women, I had a lot of good reasons for doing it.

"In the first place, it combines beauty, comfort, and time saving. Aren't those three perfectly justifiable reasons for doing anything?"

WALLACE REID

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

BETTY COMPSON

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

REED TALMADGE

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

MAY MacAVOY

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

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

Ridgway

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

OF STARS YOU KNOW

By Doris Kenyon

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

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

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

CHARLES CHAPLIN
The sweep of fresh sea air;
The loneliness of crowds;
Rachmaninoff in a holiday mood;
An eagle watching from snow-capped peaks
The moles in the valley below;
A king strolling in a beggar’s garb;
A face of sorrow behind the mask of Conus;
Captor of the to-morrow which never comes.
Colleen Moore's is an evanescent, many-sided personality. She is equally appealing in old overalls or fancy costume.

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

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

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

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

When you speak of Colleen's weight, you've struck one of the outstanding features of her career. Ask any of the old Fine Arts directors who knew her as a lanky twelve-year-old. He'll tell you that she had one of those fragile, wistful, starved figures that Lillian Gish made famous and that all of the directors liked to contrast against rugged landscapes. Ask Colleen how she got ready for her part in "The Lotus Eaters." She will tell you it was a matter of putting on ten pounds. Consider her present story, "The Bitterness of Sweet's"—a Goldwyn-Rupert Hughes special production. In it she starts out weighing ninety pounds and she finishes weighing one hundred and twenty. Now to all the tragic sisterhood that is trying to get either fatter or thinner—and that includes almost every one nowadays—changing one's weight is not a matter to be considered frivolously. But Colleen accepts directors' dicta that she be a given weight in time to start work on a picture with as much composure as she does their directions as to how she is to dress the part. More composure, perhaps, for dress is a question of vital importance to Colleen.

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

By Helen

Everybody's

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

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

Klumph

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

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

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

"Critics," she answered pertly. "When Harriette Underhill on the New York Tribune reviewed 'The Sky Pilot' she said I had the mark of Broadway on my face or something like that. At first I was mad clear through, because I'd never seen Broadway when I made that picture, but when I cooled down a little bit and realized that she meant I looked hard and sophisticated I took my face to the nearest mirror and tried to look at it impartially. It was difficult because I've had it so long I'm prejudiced against it, but after a while I saw what she meant. My mouth really was too good to be true. Ever since then I've tried to make it a character mouth instead of just an arched one. And if Miss Underhill ever notices it and gives me a word of encouragement I'll be so happy the world probably won't hold me.

"Critics make me awfully mad sometimes when their criticisms seem unjust, but I read them, anyhow. Perhaps they've had a lot more opportunities than I have had to know books and plays and people, so, no matter how much their criticism hurts, I'll grant they're right. I haven't time to get around and see everything they do; all I can do is plug away at the pictures I'm making and, if the critics and the public don't like the result, try again. But if they ever raved about me the way they do about Lillian Gish, honestly I believe that I couldn't make another picture. I'd be afraid to."

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

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

By Grace Kingsley

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

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

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

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

"All right, John—anything to help you out!"
Helen said it wearily. Bill had promised to come to the party, but hadn't arrived, so what did anything matter? She hadn't been able to eat her ice cream. "Dead Sea fruit" was the tragic way she described it to herself. Besides she was just a little tired of trying to fix things up between Colleen and John. They seemed always to be scrapping. But she had promised, and Helen is a girl of her word. Well she knew the value to one's character of being tried and true! And, anyway, what was left to her except to befriend lovers, she who had quarreled with Bill, and maybe lost him forever?

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

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

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

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

John was so happy, in fact, that he almost forgot to tell Helen that Bill was on his way to the party. However, he remembered in time so that Helen had a chance to arrange things so as to look as though she were simply swamped with admirers! It never would do for her to look like a wallflower when he arrived late like that. Not that she really cared a bit for young Rollins, the football captain, or Harry Tompkins, the lawyer.
But fate was not with Helen that night. Bill, big, handsome, athletic, appeared at the door. She was talking vivaciously to young Rollins. But Harry Tompkins spotted Bill coming toward them, and hastily excused himself. And then young Rollins saw him, too. Rollins had been eating his ice cream while Helen toyed with her spoon, and giving one look of regret at his unfinished dish, he suddenly thought of a deserted partner in the other room and fled. Of course a fellow wasn't really afraid of Bill, but still there were other girls in the world besides Helen.

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

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

Helen was avenged. Bill got satisfactorily angry.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Surely this was going to be a wild adventure!

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

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

You didn't hold these parties, she said, under ordinary circumstances. No indeed. They had always to be held in the dark of the moon, in a room facing south, with incense and dim lights, and there must be a statue of Buddha in the room somewhere. One night Bill Russell had found out about the meeting, she said, and had substituted a Billiken for the Buddha, and the most awful things had happened. Bessie Love's car had broken down en route; Helen's cake had burned to a
crisp while she had been talking outside the door to Bill Russell; it had begun to rain and spoiled Bebe Daniels’ best hat; Virginia Faire had left her purse in a shop, and the girl had been very mean about it when she went back after it. Altogether there was no doubt that the spirits were angry!

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

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

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

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

Spiritualistic séances are another source of thrill to the Seventeens.

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

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

“But Harold Lloyd had to spoil it all! He whispered, ‘Bootleggers’ spirits! I could smell em!’

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

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

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

Continued on page 86
Be On
For These

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

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

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

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

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

Look out
For
“Weasel” Films

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

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

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

When a Censor Goes Too Far

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

Mrs. Evelyn Snow was the head of the Ohio Censor Board, and in all the ranks of censors it is doubtful if there could be found one who was more disliked by the film men in her State. After a picture had been reviewed and passed by one of her subordinates, and theater owners had spent lots of money advertising the picture, she reversed the decision and recalled the pic-
Then probably was... Vallace Beery, the dramatic rights to this sensationaly popular story, has been developed by the Eastman Kodak Company. This one. we think, is easily the most beautiful color picture by the same process. A new Hope Hampton film, "The Great Adventure," was made entirely in Prizma colors, has been so successful that the commodore is engaged in making a second feature picture by the same process.

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

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

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

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

Reformers Again

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Color

Photography

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

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Revivals Wanted

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

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

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

Here is part of a typical letter written by Michael Solomon of Dayton, Ohio.

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

Of course, the hero and the ending were not the author's, but the other characters and the picture as a whole were wonderful. It simply transported me to the tropics! I can remember just as though the picture had been a real experience the way Schomburg peddled gossip to his customers. And Ricardo—easily the most evil and sinister character ever seen in pictures. And Pedro—how repulsive he was. Wallace Beery, Lon Chaney, and Bull Montana were certainly fine in those parts. This picture fascinated me as no other picture ever has.

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

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

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

By Betty Schwartz

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

Lunch starts, and the first customer after looking at the menu says, "I would like the regular lunch, but I cannot eat potatoes. They are too fattening." Then I tell her I will give her a lettuce salad with French dressing instead of potatoes, and, as I leave for the kitchen with the order, I hear, "Betty, be sure and bring me all rye bread and no butter."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cute, dainty little Josephine Hill came in to-day dressed as Little Red Riding Hood. She said she was disappoint...
A Fan's Ad

Holly

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

By Ethel

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She is such a distinctive person on the screen that
ventures in
wood
angles of stardom that seem particularly
interesting, and all the little luxuries that sur-
feminine stars.

Sands

Hattie, Gloria Swan- 
on's hairdresser, tal/erht
Ethel Sands
how to arrange
the Gloria Swanson
band coiffure.

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

Gloria Swanson's dressing room is set
apart from the others, which are in a ram-
bling frame building. Gloria's is a little
two-room bungalow on the lot, just for
herself, with awnings over the win-
dows and as com-
pletely furnished,
almost, as a home.
Inside it is beau-
tifully decorated
in cream and vio-
et and an expensive Victrola is included
among the furnishings.

Two maids assisted me in slipping on a
beautiful beaded georgette crepe neglige
that I was to wear while I was getting my hair
dressed. How would you feel if you were seated
before Gloria Swanson's dressing table with Gloria's
maid doing your hair, and Gloria herself talking to you?
Well, to me it certainly was a grand and glorious feeling!
"We'll fix you all up like Miss Swanson, and you can go back to-night and 'prise all your friends," Hattie chuckled, as she loosened my hair and began to arrange it. "Y' know, Miss Swanson's famous for her hairdresses, an' so many girls do write in an' ask how to do it, an' now you can tell 'em all."

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

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

Before she had finished, Mrs. Chaffin came in with her arms full of the most gorgeous raiment for Gloria to try on—beautiful gowns, negligees, and boxes of shoes and slippers. If you imagine Gloria Swanson is wearied or thrill-proof in regard to beautiful clothes, you're mistaken. She was as enthusiastic about them as you or I would be and fairly reveled in trying them on. I noticed her undergarments were not of the frilly, ruffly sort, but simple and smooth, and that is partly responsible for her gowns always seeming to fit so well, giving that effect of her being molded or poured right into them.

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

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

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

Between gowns Gloria would come over to see how the hairdressing was getting on. "Ah, g'wan away, now," chased Hattie. "Yo' can't help with this—g'wan back to your ole clo'es."

Gloria teased and Hattie scolded good-naturedly.

There is an unexpected vivaciousness about Gloria Swanson that surprised me. I don't know whether she's that way all the time because she told me she just felt..."
Ethel Chaffin, who designs the costumes for Lasky stars, showed Agnes Ayres some lovely new gowns made for her next production.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I still have Gloria's hair net, and now I can show all my friends just what color her hair is, because the net just matches the shade of her auburn hair.

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

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

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

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

Continued on page 85
Two Who Found God

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

By Constance

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I

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

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

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

Photo by R. H. Wright Monroe

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No Fairy mother

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

Palmer

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

By Barbara Little

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Recently when the Metro studio closed down for a few months, he went on a personal-appearance tour. Even in this year of many such tours it is unique, and it did more for him than any number of pictures could.

He was given keys to cities, parades, receptions, flowers, and tributes of every kind—all the usual prerogatives of a popular star. But that wasn't the interesting part of his tour. It was the little off-stage contacts he established with every one from the baggage men who handled his trunks to the big exhibitors in the town that made him well-liked.

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

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

That is the way Bert Lytell affects people. If they know him at all he is a dear friend, not a distant idol. Those of us who have been lucky enough to interview him come away without any material for one of those purple-plush interviews that some magazines are so fond of printing—thank goodness Picture-Play isn't one of them—but we feel that we've found a friend we'll never forget.

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

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

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

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

In becoming an actor he hasn't lost any of that engaging charm that he had as a stock-company matinee idol. He could still get away with just being handsome if he wanted to.
BERT LYTELL has long struggled against the handicap of a handsome profile. Just as he tears into a heavy dramatic scene the director is likely to say, "Hold that Bert: the girls'll love it!"
JULIA FAYE, one of the most earnest workers in the Lasky fold, did so well in "Saturday Night" that she was rewarded with another important rôle in "Nice People."
EXCEPT for occasional excursions into dramatic features, pretty little Bartine Burkett romps daily through Century comedies. Her most recent one was "Ten Seconds,"
CLAIRE WINDSOR, who brings a welcome touch of elegance to the screen, will play an important part in "Broken Chains," the Goldwyn prize picture.
To Wanda Hawley fell the task of trying to duplicate the popular success of "The Sheik." "Burning Sands" is the title of her desert picture.
Out at the Hal Roach Studios, where she plays in Paul Parrott Comedies, they call Jobyna Ralston "Job" because her work calls for such patience.
HOPE HAMPTON'S next starring vehicle will be "The Light in the Dark," a story of the discovery of the Holy Grail in modern times and the miraculous cures it effects.
WHEN Doris Kenyon received our star interviewer something happened which had never occurred before—Miss Squier was completely swept off her feet with enthusiasm. The resulting interview on the opposite page is unique. It transmits to you the genuine pleasure of the interviewer at meeting such a charming and gifted girl.
Doris—Twice Over

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

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

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

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

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

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

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

Of course you know—if you know anything about Doris Kenyon at all—that she has, for six years, been a popular leading lady of the screen and that she was starred in a series of productions. That she has played opposite George Beban in "The Pawn of Fate," with George Arliss in "The Ruling Passion," and in Cosmopolitan's "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," to name but a few. You probably know that she was starred in "The Girl In the Limousine," and recently appeared in a Broadway stage success, "Up the Ladder." But what you may not know, is that music and writing are among the list of her many accomplishments; that her first...
stage work was urged upon her by Victor Herbert, who had heard her sing, and who gave her a small part in "Princess Pat," that she is studying music indefatigably with a view to light opera, or perhaps—a cherished ambition of hers—some day, grand opera.

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

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

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

Our next meeting was at the Claridge, for luncheon, and it approached more or less the sort of interview it should have been the first time. I had to know something definite about her, and told her so. She tried to side track me by making a date for dinner in Chinatown, but I was firm.

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

"Later on I began to long for the stage again. I have always made pictures here in the East, you see, so it was possible for me to do both. I accepted a part—I might as well give you a glimpse of the skeleton in my mental closet—in 'The Girl in the Limousine.' "You needn't hold it against me, because I think the same of the play that you do. It wasn't easy to play in such a risqué farce, but it seemed the one way of getting back on the legitimate stage. I like 'Up the Ladder' immensely, because it's such a clean, wholesome sort of play. Mr. Brady has another one for me in the fall, and in the meantime, I am to do a series of four pictures—"

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Is Betty Blythe Really Beautiful?

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

By Harriette Underhill

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

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

When you would go to luncheon at the Algonquin, along with “Did you hear that Constance Talmadge was engaged?” and “Did you hear that Geraldine Farrar was going to leave Lou Tellegen?” you would hear “Do you think Betty Blythe is beautiful?”

Time passed. Miss Blythe became a star. She made “The Queen of Sheba” for William Fox and still people were saying “Do you think Betty Blythe is beautiful?” Now the answer to this is that Betty Blythe isn’t beautiful, but she looks beautiful, and we can prove it.

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

So Betty grew up with the gift that the fairies had bestowed on her, and when she had grown as tall as she was going to, along about her sixteenth birthday, people began to call her beautiful, just as the last good fairy had foretold. Furthermore, style is something like magnetism, it will come from within and not from without.

Of course, now that Miss Blythe is doing society melodramas for Whitman Bennett she has to wear purple and fine linen. Her raiment in “Fair Lady” cost thousands of dollars, and that silver wedding gown which she wears is probably the most elaborate sartorial decoration that any camera ever has immortalized. But the strange part of it is that Miss Blythe looks quite as stunning when her gowns cost five dollars as she does when they cost five hundred dollars.

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

“Come in my dressing room,” said Miss Blythe, “it will take only a moment.” We accompanied her and watched her change her gown. First she took out a few pins, then she unwrapped the gold and rose-colored brocade, and it was in one big square. Underneath she wore a gold-lace slip.

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

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

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

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

"Mr. Marmont and Ann sailed for London last week, and they're going to start work on the picture right away, under the supervision of the author. It seems as though Ann just got back from abroad yesterday. But this trip of Percy Marmont's is the oddest thing. He started from Australia about six years ago, meaning to stop in the United States just a few weeks on his way to England, but out on the Coast some one persuaded him to stay and play in stock for a while. Then when he finished that engagement and came East he was offered a leading part in 'The Three Bears' on the stage, and Marguerite Clark did the play in pictures and engaged him for the same role. As soon as that production was released, he was kept busy making one picture after another until finally he just got back from a tour of Europe and was invited to play in that story. And along came this offer from Fox! Isn't that thrilling?"

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

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

Bystander

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That's a silly question," she retorted. "Madge is always beautifully serene and happy and gracious and thoroughly in love with her husband. She is making 'Dear Me' now, you know. It's the story of a poor little slavey who writes letters to herself and speculates on the day when her dream ship will come in. She is darling in the rôle. I was up at the studio the other day when they were making some scenes in the little slavey's attic bedroom, and Madge couldn't even come off the set to talk for a while because she had electric wires fastened to her arm with adhesive tape, and the wires were all attached to some electric contrivances. It was awfully uncomfortable for her, but the effect they're getting will probably be worth the effort.
"I wish I might have bought up at reduced rates some of those flowers purchased for Marshall Neilan’s wedding. I’ll be bankrupt soon if any more of my favorite players go abroad. Mabel Normand has finally gone after threatening to go for over a year. Her friends had begun to think that her threats to go would never be carried out, so there wasn’t half the crowd at the dock to see her off that you would expect. Constance Binney is in London already appearing in a picture version of ‘A Bill of Divorcement.’ And Elsie Ferguson has gone over for a short vacation before filming ‘Outcast.’ Bull Montana has gone back home to Italy to give the old home town a thrill; Jean Paige and her husband have gone over on Vitagraph business, and Harry Myers has just gone to make ‘Ivanhoe’ for Universal in Vienna.

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

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Photo copyright by Evans

Percy Marmont and Ann Forrest were the lucky ones chosen to play the leading roles in “If Winter Comes.”
Sham Penitents in Real Shrines

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

By Caroline Bell

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

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

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

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

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

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

By Helen Christine Bennett

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

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

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

“Well, maybe you’ll change your mind by the time she grows up.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I am materialistic enough to admit that if you become a star of the first water there might be compensations for the loss of education. But suppose you don't. Suppose you have a charming young face and body which will last, as most girls last in pictures, ten years at most. What then? Probably you will settle the matter in your own mind by deciding you will marry. And you may of course. But in this business you grow ambitious. Never in all my experience have I seen such fiercely ambitious girls and men as are in the motion-picture industry, ambitious in that they want to get to the top. You can't generate an ambition like that and kill it off when you don't want it. You don't lose it when you marry, witness the hundreds of married girls working in the industry who are as ambitious as ever. And just at the time when your experience and knowledge of the work count most you begin to lose out because you are losing your most vital asset, youth.
To me this is the biggest drawback of the pictures as a career for women—the acting end of course. In most businesses you grow, and the rewards come as you grow, and there is no end while life lasts. But looking at acting in the pictures as a career you can figure accurately on rising and falling. I don't like that for my daughter. I like a business where you can go on and on without any such insurmountable limitation. For the aftermath is one of bitter disappointment. I know more than one star who is now trembling for her future. They know they cannot last much longer on the screen, and what are they to do? They have painfully acquired knowledge of screen technique; they know they are at their best as actresses, but they cannot hope to keep on.

This is real tragedy such as no one wishes for her daughter. Men stand so much better chance than girls. Men can keep on the screen acceptably until they are fifty. But the women who are playing star parts at forty can be counted on your finger tips and you will have some over. The stage is far kinder than the screen, illusion lasts longer. And audiences for plays are more sophisticated than motion-picture audiences, they will receive an actor and actress even when illusion is gone.

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

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

Now as to morals, the question that seems to concern most parents who talk with me, to the exclusion of everything else. Before I moved into Hollywood, one mother in a near-by town told me in horrified accents that she had heard that the girls here were so movie-struck that they began "at thirteen and fourteen using lip stick and rouge and shaving their eyebrows." Some of them do at that age, and pretty awful-looking specimens of girlhood they usually succeed in making themselves. But if she traveled very far she would find those same girls at the same age in every town in the country. Hollywood itself is not so much different from any suburban part of a city. It does have some distinctions, but they are minor. In the fifteen months that I have spent here I have not only visited all the big studios, but I have lived next door to actors and actresses and directors and scenario writers and the people of moviedom. I have seen things both inside and out of studios that I did not approve. But before I came here I investigated many businesses and in them I also saw many things I did not approve. I should not put the motion-picture industry in a class that excluded my daughter. But as in matters of health and education and the chance of a career I want her to come in, if she comes in, clear-eyed. Most of the girls and men who come into motion pictures have never had a parental word as to morals. I would want her also to know the intimacies of the profession.
A Man-Sized Fight

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

By Helen Klumph

LEW CODY was reeking with whisky when I met him.

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

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

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

"Great," he replied. "But—"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Our conversation was growing spirited if not friendly.

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

I was frankly skeptical about their being sufficiently interested to be prejudiced, so Mr. Cody told me a story of what happened out in Seattle. When he had finished his act he made a little speech in which he told the audience that he hoped that after having seen him in person they didn't think he was quite as bad as he had been painted in the old advertising that styled him a male vamp. Let me digress for a moment to tell you that that male-vamp stuff was never Lew Cody's idea.

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The News Reel

Glimpses of popular players here and there in Hollywood.

By Agnes Smith

The Desert Despotism.

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

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

Traveling Stars.

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

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

Out at the Zoo.

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

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

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

“Where did you get that bear?” he exclaimed.

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

“But he’s out there threatening to tear up our best cast.”

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

“He bites off your hand!” shouted Mr. Thomas.

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

As a fighter, a lion is a failure. In those comedies that make a specialty of wild-animal stunts, the poor directors have a hard time getting the lions to perform. In one scene it was imperative that the lion chase a girl around the set. The girl was willing, but the lion wasn’t. He was sleepy. So the director gave the girl a slice of raw meat, hoping to arouse the lion’s interest in art. Unfortunately, the girl could run faster than the lion. The lion would start bravely to catch the meat, but then, when the girl would outdistance him, he’d just naturally lose heart, roll over, and fall asleep.

Reminiscences.

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

Whitewash.

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

Married Life Among the Ingenues.

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

Movies Cheer Yale.

Metro is signing ’em up while they are young. John Harron will be seen with Viola Dana in “Page Tim O’Brien,” and so will Cullen Landis. Malcolm Mac-
Gregor, who plays a prominent rôle in Goldwyn’s production, “Broken Chains,” will also go to Metro. MacGregor made a hit in “The Prisoner of Zenda.” He is a Yale athlete, and Rex Ingram met him when they both held down the fence in New Haven. “It’s great to be a Yale athlete because even if you can’t beat Harvard or Princeton, you can always get a job in the movies. Consider the case of Lefty Flynn!

Some One to Hate.

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

Mentioning Helen Ferguson.

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

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

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

Do you call that good publicity, Helen?

The Season's Disappointments.

Norma Talmadge did not play in “The Sheik.” Will Rogers didn’t play “Rip Van Winkle.” Harold Lloyd is not going to act in “Clarence.”

It took one million dollars for Eric von Stroheim to make a picture like “Foolish Wives.” “Pay Day.”

Good News for “Main Street.”

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

What Every Fan Should Know.

Rex Ingram’s next will be “Toilers of the Sea.” It may be made in the East.

The new Agnes Ayres picture is called “Borderland.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Two of Booth Tarkington’s stories are being made into pictures. Hobart Henley—whom Lucille Ricksen tells me is the handsomest director in the pictures, and she ought to know—is directing “The Flirt” with Eileen Percy in the title rôle and with Helen Jerome Eddy an important member of the cast. Wallace Reid, May MacAvoy, and Agnes Ayres will be seen in “Clarence.” Harold Lloyd once told me that he would like to play “Clarence” on the screen. Since then I have never been able to see any one else in the role. However, what’s the use of paning a picture before it’s completed?

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

Cheerful Gloom.

On picking up the Eastern newspapers, I find that hard-hearted theatrical managers are capitalizing Hollywood’s little scandal season by presenting revues like the “Hollywood Follies” and by advertising “The Original Hollywood Bathing Girls” as a cabaret attraction. The only thing for Hollywood to do is to stage a musical comedy and call it the “Sins of Decatur, Illinois,” and to start a tea room and advertise the waitresses as the “Original Newport Divorcees.” With the nine-o’clock town threatening to become an eight-o’clock town, it must give the motion-picture people some satisfaction to know that the reputation of Hollywood shines out like a naughty deed in a good world.

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

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By Edwin

You might anticipate a scandal

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Even D. W. Griffith who has sunk huge sums of money in some of his spectacles has always held on to some ranch land near Los Angeles. It may be worth a lot of money some
Eugenie Besserer, at the right, teaches fencing when she is not at work in pictures.

Majel Coleman hopes to profit by raising police dogs.

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

Ben Turpin, of course, as you might anticipate, does not run true to form. Ben banks his money in the good old-fashioned way. For he wants to see what he is doing. Harold Lloyd sticks to a safe road and buys securities. Western heroes are great for keeping in the right atmosphere on all occasions. Nearly all of them have ranching as a side enterprise. And if they don't actually go a-ranching, they at least own a country estate which passes for a farm.

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Harry Carey's ranch interests are highly profitable.

Schallert

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIX.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"If the young lady wants these yet she c'n have 'em,' he told me, looking down at his overalls. 'Just tell her to give me time to go home and get my other pair. If she'll tell me her name, and let me bring 'em to the stage door—"
“Well, I hadn't seen much improvement, but of course I told her I had, and we arranged that she was to come out to the Coast when her engagement in stock was up, and I'd help her to get something to do.”

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

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

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

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

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

“Not a whoop; do you?” I answered.

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

“I nearly keeled over at that, but she was perfectly serious about it. “If you don’t mind, really, it'll help me a lot, to be talked about with you,” she said. Somehow, I was reminded of the day I heard her trying to persuade the baggage master to lend her his overalls. ‘I don’t believe it would do you any harm.’

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

“So we began going out more than ever—which wasn’t much, because she didn’t have much time. She had to make her costumes, you see, and rehearse a part, and learn another, while she was playing still another. How these people live through stock engagements I don’t see! But I always saw her at least twice a day—my own work took some time, naturally, but it didn’t interfere much. As a rule she ate all her meals with me. She'd protested, along at the beginning, but I told her that when I was making so much more money than I needed, and she was making so much less than she absolutely had to have, it would be silly for her not to let me buy her meals—especially when they were so cheap. Quite characteristically, she said that was all right, then, since I felt that way about it.

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

“She fell in love with you?” I asked.

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

CHAPTER XX.

“Henry—the baggage master?” I repeated incredulously. “Why—”

“That same Henry,” declared Barry Stevens, chuckling. “You see, after he lent her the overalls he never broke away. He went to the theater every night of the week she wore them—at in the front row and applauded like mad. For weeks after that he used to hang around the stage door, begging her to let him lend her something else—he couldn’t seem to understand that she didn’t pick her parts herself. “I’ve got a brand-new shirt, miss,” he’d say. ‘Don’t you want to borrow it for the show?’ Or, ‘Miss Nevin, I got a green hat from the mail-order house yesterday—can’t I lend it to you?’”

“Suzanne was awfully nice about refusing, and tried to explain why she no longer needed his clothes, but even so he’d hang around; we’d often see him nights when we were going out to supper after the play.”
"We used to eat in all sorts of places during the day, but at night Suzanne's favorite eating place was the all-night lunch cart down near the railway station. She liked to climb up on the high stools at the counter, and have Hamburg sandwiches and coffee and pie, and joke with the young chap who ran the place at night.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"He told me I was a dirty dog; that he'd heard the scandal that was going around about me and Suzanne, and that I'd got to marry her if she wanted me to; that he'd see to it that I did, even though he was in love with her himself, and a lot more of that sort of thing. He just stood there and raved, while Suzanne wailed, and I prayed that the whole town wouldn't arrive before I could get over to the hotel and have my leg patched up. I felt pretty sure that it was just a flesh wound, but it was a darned nuisance, anyway, and I wanted to have it taken care of.

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XXI.

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

He grinned when I called his attention to them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Raising a Brain Child

By Gerald C. Duffy

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

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

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

I was not the one who selected the name; it was chosen by a doctor—or director—James Patrick Hogan, who has saved several sickly brain children and who has killed none. So the idea was born and christened. Its godfather was Bennie Zeidman, then manager for Mary Pickford; and another sponsor was Bernard Fine­man, vice president of the Katherine MacDonald company. The four of us had the notion—or rather the nerve—to try to raise the idea into a full-grown motion-picture drama. We thought it would be easy, but we were through Bennie Zeidman and Bern­nie Fineman and myself had to resign our other jobs and attend to nothing but our unruly Wandering Boy. Hogan had sufficient sense not to attempt anything else from the start.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The first blow was a cash casualty. Four thousand dollars is four thousand dollars; but it is only four thousand dollars. In less than two weeks it had lived its life; it had weakly expired. Our auditor told us we had less than two hundred dollars left. We could not believe it. We checked up the books. We discovered that the auditor had not made a mistake. We did have less than two hundred dollars left. We were two hundred and seventeen dollars overdrawn. Besides this item of indebtedness there were a few enormous bills and another salary list coming due in seven days.

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

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

I promptly turned everything so convertible into cash and put it in the picture. I invested my money, my time and my Sunday clothes. Suddenly to my dismay and discomfort, I found that I was penniless—a self-ruined man. I had voluntarily stopped riding in automobiles and indulging in luxuries; now I was forced to stop other things, including eating three times a day. Heartlessly my landlord raised my rent. I didn't. My comrades were comrades, even in misfortune. Still, though we suffered from pains in the stomach, we felt a certain self-importance, a certain spiritual satisfaction that fed the souls our ill-fed bodies contained. There was vanity mixed up in it. On the street we were stopped by ambitious actors and excitingly pretty girls who wondered if we couldn't give them parts. We were becoming producers! There was grandeur in the undertaking, and so brave was it that there would have been grandeur even in its failure.
Financial obstacles having been removed, at least temporarily, from the path of production, other things commenced to happen. You have no idea, and we had no idea, either, of all the misfortunes that can occur to a brain child in the course of its rearing.

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

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

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

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

But somehow we staggered through production, and, though we did not lose a single day because of financial depression, at no time did we bulge with wealth. After the timely thirteen thousand dollars had been brought in other thousands followed, all invested by men of standing and common sense and an astonishing amount of confidence. The reason our project seemed so alluring is simple and irresistible. People are all faddists on the subject of money, just as collectors of paintings and foreign postage stamps are faddists. A collector of bugs will devote and risk his life to get more bugs. A collector of money is even more of a fanatic. Not only will he risk his life, but he will risk what money he already has collected to get more money. And so finally the torture of production passed and the agony of editing commenced.

Before continuing I shall ask, in fairness to myself, one question. It is this: Would you seize a child from the arms of its father, step on its face, pull it out of its father, and I had tenderly cut out half a reel, and then suffer and then resurrender. I had written a ten-reel picture; we had made a hundred-and-ten-reel picture, and we could not market more than a seven-reel picture!

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

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Every one with any authority went into the cutting room with scissors and no conscience.
Bull Montana, now a star, is justly proud of his success.

He Makes More Money Than the King

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

By Myrtle Gebhart

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

“How dey make-a dose-a mountains, huh?”

Bull Montana, then not quite the celebrity that he is now since being starred in comedies, was gazing in wonder at the vast Sierras—and asking how they were made! Bull has learned a number of things since that day, for instance, how to be a movie star and save your money and have all the women run after you; but I can’t find out whether Bull has yet learned how mountains are made. Whenever I mention the subject, he shuffles his feet, grins, and leaves me flat. I can talk my head off on other matters and Bull listens attentively, injecting a “Sure!” in his rumbling bass; but mountains are taboo.

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

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

“When I leave my Italy I work-a hard—you don’t know-a work here, miss—in shoe factory. I make-a five-a cents week. Beeg mon’ huh?”

Bull’s tiny black eyes gleamed at his own wit—he is never happier than when telling his own story to a willing audience. He is easy to interview—all you have to do is poke a question at him now and then when he hows signs of running down. Noticeable about him, too, is his ever-present candor and simplicity; he tells you all about his troublous days, for he is not ashamed of them; he is proud of his achievement. And happy because the old folks back in Italy are proud of him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Virginia Valli plays this wild child of the North, and Matt Moore is the slick lad from New York, and House Peters is one of those stern, silent men who swallow twice before speaking. All three played their parts according to the best traditions of old-fashioned screen acting which is not, we may add, as close to realism as it might be. But you couldn't get closer to nature than the background, and, as we have said, in this film the scenery is the real thing. What with the forest fire, the mountain blizzard, the avalanche, and a forest fire.
The audience at the Capitol Theater here went wild about it. I've never heard more enthusiasm, even at a “superpicture” opening, with five villains and a helpless heroine.

“Nero.”

We drift down now from the North into the balmy current of Italian atmosphere. “Nero” is another film of spectacular scenery, but this is mixed with a somewhat sensational and romantic history of this emperor who is always obligingly dramatic even in the dullest textbooks. It is a Fox picture filmed in Rome with some scenes that are glowing and beautiful and others that resemble the bright-colored chromos which decorate the walls of your favorite Italian black-and-white stand. Its plot is drawn partly from “Quo Vadis” and partly from the wild imagination of some Fox scenario writers. It has calamity piled on violence in such a mounting crescendo that it is no wonder Vesuvius rebelled and erupted with an awful burst of flame. Then of course Rome in a ferocious manner, and Nero fiddles and the Christian maiden is restored to the arms of her converted lover after many miracles wrought by the sign of the Cross. Violet Mersereau plays this fair one; she is the only American in the cast which is made up of Italian stars who cultivate the grand manner in acting. The Italian actors did not respond to the direction of J. Gordon Edwards as did the Germans under Lubitsch or our own actors under our own Mr. Griffith. But they have the scenery and a certain smoldering zeal for action that goes with it, and they make the most of both.

“Sonny.”

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

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

“Nanook of the North.”

Here is another Far North melodrama, but this time it is all truth and no fiction. And I may add that this scenic has more drama in it to the square inch than any fiction plot ever filmed, even though there's no love story woven into it—no final close-up clinch. It is merely a record of twenty-four hours in the life of an Eskimo, a genial, leather-faced, squinty-eyed gentleman called Nanook, who guides himself and his sturdy little family and his band of wolf dogs through the ice floes of the Hudson Strait into Baffin Land. In this game of living, the Eskimo laughs last, for with every possible element of nature against him, he manages to get more fun out of his seal spearing and walrus hunting and blubber eating than any Fifth Avenue millionaire with his indoor sports. The pictures were taken by Robert Flaherty on one of the Mackenzie expeditions and are the most wonderful things of their kind I have ever seen. If you want a real thrill, pass up “She Loved And Lost,” for an evening, and watch this real-life melodrama of the barren lands of Labrador plays her rôle of the bootlegger's beautiful daughter in “Over the Border” with her usual dash and spirit.
Broadway audiences. It didn't matter how sweet and pathetic the mother was or how noble both the heroes—they would have none of it. But Dick Barthelmess gets hold of the role, plays it with that sort of straightforward, ingratiating simplicity of his, grins once or twice in the right places and presto! you have a film that the fans are going to love. It's the greatest possible triumph of personality over a feeble plot. Now we know that Dick is scenario proof; he can make a moving and genuine story out of anything. Despite the fact that it is an inferior story, a great many persons will like this every bit as much as "Tol'able David."

"Salome."

If you've read much of Oscar Wilde in the best editions, you know the strange, sinuous, black-and-white illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley which decorate its pages. In this version of "Salome," Alla Nazimova has dramatized the illustrations rather than the text of the Wilde play. It is a series of startling, fantastic pictures linked together by the bizarre tale of the little hussy of Judea. You will remember that she conceives a sudden passion for the imprisoned John the Baptist, demands his head from the lecherous old Herod and dances madly about it in a frenzy of love and hatred. It isn't a pretty tale, and, if you belong to the Pollyanna school, you won't find anything to be glad about in it. As a study in weird, impressionistic background, however, and still more weird psychology, it is the most interesting thing I have seen since "Dr. Caligari." Charles Bryant, the husband of Nazimova, directed the action, but the credit for the costumes and settings goes to Natacha Rambova, the much-discussed bride of Rudolph Valentino. Mitchell Lewis makes Herod a grotesque clown without a beard, and Nigel De Brulier is the emaciated John the Baptist. (I don't know who played the head, for it wasn't shown, much to my relief, because that scene always makes me turn a sickly green when Mary Garden dances it in the opera.) Nazimova makes Salome all that Wilde and Beardsley said she was. It isn't a Bible story exactly—at least I never was taught anything like that in Sunday school. But as an exotic and sophisticated fantasy, it is one of the most perfect things of its kind that has ever reached the screen.

"The Top of New York."

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

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

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

"My Wild Irish Rose."
Dion Boucicault's play, "The Shaugraun," has been made into film romance. It is the story of a young Irish landowner whose property has been confiscated by the crown and who puts up a lively battle in the interests of the "Fenians" as the Sinn Feiners were then called. An attempt has been made to bring it up to current events, which is difficult in the light of the present settlement in Ireland, and especially when you consider that the original play made its first hit years ago—probably before you were born. Pauline Starke makes a plaintive Irish girl. The leading man is appropriately named Pat O'Malley.

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

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

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Orphans of the Storm"—D. W. Griffith—United Artists. A compelling and beautiful presentation of a famous old melodrama, adapted in typical Griffith fashion with the carnage of the French Revolution, the beauty of noble hearts and impressionistic landscapes, lamplights and romance in the heart rending pathos of Lillian and Dorothy Gish.

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

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

"The Prisoner of Zenda"—Ingram—Metro. The favorite come to life with flashing swords, drawbridges, dungeon keeps, and the pomp of royalty playing quite as important parts as a personified Lewis Stone, Alice Terry, Barbara la Marr, and Malcolm MacGregor all present.

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

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

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

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"Trouble"—Cugan—First National. Jackie Coogan is in this; that is all any need is said for it.

"The Crossroads of New York"—Sennett—First National. One knows whether or not this was really supposed to be funny, but it is. It has all the faults of the usual movie melodrama in such exaggerated form that it makes uproarious entertainment.

"Fascination"—Tiffany—Metro. An impressive young player played by Mae Murray in the most gorgeous blaze of lights ever seen on the screen. Her bull fight dance is a triumph. Of course, this single episode, but you can go home happy.

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

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

"The Cradie Buster"—Tuttle-Waller—American Releasing Corp. A tasteful comedy about a desperate young man (nicknamed "Sweetie") who tries to devise a plot to divorce his wife.

"Silver Wings"—Fox. The survivors of the tearbards attendant upon over the Hill are having another good go at it, but this stars are the most interesting as ever as the mother but she has two of the most uninteresting sons on the screen.

"The Dawned in Golf"—Blackton. The first feature film in color. A thrilling story of early London with beautiful Lady Diana Manners acting—no, appearing in the leading role. And yet this is a remarkable and confusing jumble of comedy and melodrama in which Owen Moore disports himself.

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

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

"The Five-Dollar Baby"—Metro. After years of valid service in the offing, Viola Dana has a thoroughly amusing story. It is as good as fill in with the name of one of your favorite comedians.

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

"North of the Rio Grande"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels and Jack Holt are mentioned on the program as the stars, but this seems a more impressive list of montains and valleys you've ever seen outside of a self-confessed scene.

"The Living Pharaoh"—Paramount. Ancient Egypt brought to life vividly. More mobs and scenery and thrills of horse and less elsewhere.

"The Fatal Marriage"—Metro. Just because the makings of it was 1,000 years ago and Lilian Gish and Wallace Reid play the leading roles. The story was adapted from "Enoch Arden."

WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.

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

"The Primitive Lover"—Talmadge—First National. One of our most popular plots this season—"The Taming of the Shrew" one, you know—but with Constance Talmadge and Harrison Ford in the picture, almost any old plot will do.

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

"The Man From Home"—Paramount. This ought to be a great deal better than it is. It does not have William Wyler directing, and Anna Q. Nilsson, Norman Kerr, and James Kirkwood in the cast, not to mention the immense sum of money invested. It's better than most, at that.

"The Beauty Shop"—Cosmopolitan—Paramount. A new face—Raymond Hatton—Mr. Fairbanks twins and a number of other stars len the occasion as much as the story permits—which isn't much.

"Find the Woman"—Cosmopolitan—Paramount. A story of a great city, including Harrison Ford, Norman Kerr, and Alma Rubens. One of those things where you figure out who killed him and then solve the mystery.

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

"The Trap"—Universal. Lon Chaney in a tale of the great Northwest in which he put a double build and set out to wreak vengeance. And people like that always get punished and reform—in pictures—don't they?

"When Romance Rides"—Hampton—Goldwyn. One of those thrilling affairs where the girl impersonates a jockey and wins the race. Zaie Grey wrote it, and Claire Adams plays in it, but it is the horses you will like and be set out to wreak vengeance. And people like that always get punished and reform—in pictures—don't they?

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

"Beyond the Rocks"—Paramount. Georgia Swanton exhibits an amazing array of clothes and Rodolph Valentino shows off a great variety of haircuts in settings representing nearly every country of the old world. Recommended highly only to fervent admirers of these two stars.

"Fair Warning."

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

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

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

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

By Agnes Smith

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

But these stars are so distressingly human. Mr. Moreno wanted to go to Victor Hugo’s because it is one of the restaurants in Los Angeles where the food is excellent and served in large quantities. Moreover, we both decided that a vaudeville show would be much livelier than “The Great Lover.”

With Mr. Moreno looking the personification of romance we talked about the difficulties of being an acrobat, soft-shoe dancing, and how to catch an iron ball on your head without being killed.

And then we talked about Picture-Play Magazine’s Handsome Man Contest, and Mr. Moreno said he was glad to be among those present.

“That reminds me of a funny story,” he said. “You know, Tommy Meighan was winner. When Frances Ring, his wife, bought the magazine, she went to Tommy’s dressing room and wrote him a note. I forget the exact wording, but she said, ‘Now that you’re the prettiest fellow in the movies, I don’t suppose you will care to eat lunch with your wife.’ ”

From that we fell to talking about interviews, interviewers, and persons interviewed. “Once some one quoted me as declaring that I preferred a foreign to an American wife,” Mr. Moreno said. “That was quite wrong. I never made such a statement. American women are chic and clever. They have a sense of humor. The foreign woman is obliged to marry to get her freedom. Here it is not so. I am at present a bachelor, but suppose that some day I shall marry an American woman? And suppose she should discover that I once said I wanted a foreign wife? It would be a very bad situation.

“I was born in Madrid. Perhaps that is why I like brunettes—although I have known some charming blondes.”

And then he laughed. “But it is all foolishness to talk about women.”

Carefully purloining an ash tray from the next table, he continued: “All this talk about women shows a lack of respect. There is my mother in Spain. I have been home to see her, and I am going back again. I hope. Although she is not old, she seems older than an American woman of her age. It is a question of convention. And yet she is charming and beautiful.”

He talked, eventually, a little about his work.

“In severing my relations with Vitagraph I am making a new start,” he told me. “It isn’t a question of being a star, it is a question of being an actor—of finding the right roles. I have been in the movies a long time and, for the most part, I have been happy in my business associations. But now I feel that it will be a good thing for me to put my ability to a test.

“In Mr. Hughes’ story ‘The Bitterness of Sweets,’ I played a role with character. I was an Italian dancer. Let me tell you the dancing scene were real. I had to take lessons and go in training. But it was a great relief to me after straight American hero roles—the conventional thing. I believe that the public is getting tired of the eternal hero. He fits into the dime novel, but it seems to me that the screen hasn’t outgrown that phase.

“Mr. Hughes has an amazing sense of humor—and a sense for fun. And I enjoyed playing a foreign part. I came to America when I was young. I played in pictures in the days when no one dared film a foreign story. I have been Americans and Spaniards and Italians. Sometimes I cannot place my own nationality. But the Spaniards know that I am Spanish. I receive letters from Buenos Aires. Do they say that I am their hero? No. They ask for passage money to the United States so that they, too, may make money.

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Behold the Busy Camera Men

This is the camera man's paradise all right," remarked a motion-picture news camera man who had only recently come to Washington. "Why, there's always something doing, and I'm getting that familiar with the White House. I'll be slapping the president on the back one of these days."

"If you did, he'd only slap you, too," murmured the blasé one who had been photographing news events in Washington for three years. "Give me a place where there are floods and wrecks and disasters. I'm tired of celebrities."

But the public and most camera men are not with him in that. They like the celebrities. And that is why there are twelve motion-picture camera men stationed in Washington all of the time, and considerably more than that at the time of any special event. Much of the camera men's work is done on the White House lawn, but visitors in Washington soon get accustomed to seeing motion-picture cameras erected anywhere and little groups of prominent men posing for photographs.

Most of them are gracious about posing—not because they like it, but because it is good publicity for them. Washington is a town of people who are trying to pull strings, and one way of getting in touch with the public that holds those strings is through motion-picture publicity. So they smile and bow as the motion-picture camera records them.

Probably there is no one more photographed—unless it be the president—than William Jennings Bryan. He always chaffs the photographers, and even those who can't agree with his political views admit that he's an awfully good sport.

William Jennings Bryan is one of the most photographed men in Washington. "Get a good picture of this hat," he told the camera man. "It may be in the ring again at the next election."

Shooting the news under the capitol dome is the favorite assignment of news camera men, and no wonder, for it is a dull day when famous potentates and politicians, prima-donas and social leaders don't pose for them.
Hardly a day passes that President Harding isn’t photographed; this time he turned the tables, and told the photographers, “Now I’ll take you for a change and see how you like it.”

“Be sure to get a good picture of this hat, boys,” he told them once when they hurriedly assembled to get his picture. “It may be in the ring again next election.”

Hardly a day passes that President Harding isn’t photographed. He is always good-natured about it, and Mrs. Harding always has a cheery “Hello, boys!” for the camera men. Recently, when the newspaper editors of the country presented President Harding with a chair carved from the old U. S. S. Revenge, there was a striking climax to the incident that neither camera men nor any one else anticipated. While cameras were grinding, and President Harding was telling how honored he felt at being the first to occupy this “editorial chair,” his dog, Laddie Boy, crawled in through the crowd and usurped the honor that was to have been the president’s. Laddie Boy is now the favorite star of the news cameramen; he gave them a real story when all they expected was another photograph of the president.

There are few places in Washington that haven’t been photographed numberless times. Those, of course, are the places that interest the camera man most, and it takes a wily guard to protect his domain against them. Until about two years ago, the Senate chamber had never been pictured in a news reel. This irked Henry De Seina of the Pathé news forces, who had photographed almost every one and everything in Washington, particularly when he read that Champ Clark’s body was lying in state there. So, taking his ever-present camera, he briskly walked past the guard at the door, saying, “Kelly said for me to go right on in and wait for him.” Kelly is the superintendent of buildings. That sounded reasonable, so the guard let him proceed. Once inside the Senate chamber, he worked fast, and got pictures from several different angles. When an irate and putting Kelly entered, De Seina had his camera all packed up, and was trying to look as much as possible unlike the cat that had just swallowed the canary.

“Oh, I thought I’d fooled you that time!” De Seina said disgustedly. “Thought sure I was going to get some pictures in here.” But Kelly was in no mood for airy conversation. He ordered De Seina out, and favored him with several remarks about what would happen to him if he ever came snooping around the government buildings with a camera again.

A few days later the amazed Kelly saw pictures on the screen of his long-protected Senate chamber, with Champ Clark’s body lying in state. De Seina was the hero of the Washington cameramen for his accomplishment, but his days in Washington were over soon after that he was transferred to New York, where there is no Kelly to seek revenge on him for his nervy ruse.

One of the most difficult men to take pictures of in all Washington is “Uncle Joe” Cannon, for he always insists on smoking a big black cigar. “He might as well hide behind a smoke screen,” one photographer remarked disgustedly. “All you get is a blur.” But that black cigar is almost a trade-mark for Uncle Joe, so he hates to give it up. Brigadier General Dawes for a long

Here is one of the few pictures on record of “Uncle Joe” Cannon without his big black cigar, his “smoke screen” the cameramen call it.
time cherished the distinction of being the most prominent man in Washington who had never appeared in the news reels. He threatened to break the neck of any man who photographed him, but finally even he was "canned" for posterity by the news camera men. He was attending a meeting at the White House, and when President Harding announced that the meeting would adjourn to the lawn and pose for the motion-picture cameras the irate brigadier general could not refuse. How the camera men chuckled that day!

After his first few weeks in Washington a news cameraman finds little to excite or thrill him, but his exploits frequently thrill the crowds. Once mounted on the flimsy platform that has been erected for his use at the time of big parades or other ceremonials, the news photographer forgets everything but the picture he is after. But sometimes the crowd, too, forgets everything but what is happening down in front and surges against the camera man's platform with great force. Once a camera man who was leaning far over the railing of his platform got such a jolt that he fell down in the midst of the crowd. "And we didn't get a picture of his fall!" the camera man of a rival company complained.

One of the most remarkable feats ever accomplished by a screen news service was the showing of the inauguration pictures by Pathé in New York six hours after Harding took the oath of office in Washington. In that case getting the pictures was only the beginning of the excitement. Al Richard, one of the cameramen who took them, had to fight his way through the crowds, jump in the car that was waiting for him, drive at terrific speed through the city, and deliver the film to the mail plane which was to carry them to New York. Plans had been carefully laid—but one small item was overlooked. The film had to be wrapped and stamped in accordance with post-office regulations in order to be carried by the mail plane. The wrapping was provided for—Richard accomplished that while tearing through the streets out toward the flying field at fifty miles an hour—but the stamps had been forgotten. He stopped at a postal station, and in his excitement forgot that there were stamps of conveniently large denominations. He bought two hundred two-cent stamps and pasted them on the package before he reached the field where the plane was. The taste of failure is a memory that will always stick to him.

To the men in other professions who plug along with men of their own kind mostly, and rarely get more than a bird's-eye view of a real celebrity, the work of a news cameraman in Washington seems wonderfully glamorous. Hardly a diplomat, a financier, society leader, or actress comes into prominence that the

Continued on page 86
Helene Chadwick does all her acting on the screen; in real life her beauty and poise are unruffled.

HELENE CHADWICK was enjoying a ten-day vacation in New York, far from the grinding camera, and wasn't in the least interested in being interviewed. But Goldwyn officials decided that she should stay over an extra day or two to have some photographs taken, and I'm one of those persons who likes to go along and find out, if possible, how the star got that way. So the Goldwyn press agent arranged it.

It was all—or mostly all—the press agent's fault, for she had confided to me the day after Helene Chadwick's arrival in New York that she was the most perfectly beautiful thing she had ever seen. It was after five o'clock at the time; the hour at which a press agent's remarks are made is always significant. Between the hours of nine and five everything they say should be discounted at least half. If after five o'clock one should happen to say anything complimentary about the stars it is her duty to tell the world about, the praise isn't half high enough.

And she said that Helene Chadwick was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen! I didn't quite agree with that press agent when I met Helene Chadwick, but I was mighty glad to be sitting at a conspicuous center table at Delmonico's with her! For that is the sort of looks she has; you hope that every one you know—particularly the conservatives—will happen along and see you with her.

She is deliciously pretty, with deep-brown eyes and white skin and dimples that twinkle about her mouth. And, although she wears conservative styles, she gives the impression of being extremely modish. The significant thing about her looks, though, isn't what nature and a big salary have given her—it's what she has done with it. And by that I don't mean paint and powder; for Helene Chadwick's beauty seems entirely natural. It is that her beauty is mostly a matter of poise.

"It's bunk," the cynical young man told me when I raved to him about Helene Chadwick. "Just because the scenarios always fix it so that her charm wins out in the end, you expect it of her in real life. You can't tell me. I met Helene Chadwick a couple of years ago when she was playing a small part in one episode of a Pearl White serial, before she had a reputation. She was just one more girl—pretty, in a way, but sort of square-faced and dumpy at that."

"She may have been then," I capitulated, "but you ought to see her now."

This is not going to be a story of how she got thin in twenty lessons or how she grew beautiful by reading philosophy and surrounding herself always with beautiful things. What happened in those two years to bring out such amazing beauty and poise in this girl is all the more remarkable because it was not deliberately sought. She simply did her work—and tried her best to do it well—and the beauty came to her. She doesn't read philosophy, or at least if she does she doesn't talk about it. She reads the more serious of the recent novels, such as "Brass," and she is as much interested in authors as you probably are in motion-picture stars.

I discovered that when I arrived with her at the photographer's, James Abbe was trying to make a somewhat scared-looking young man take on a semblance of naturalness.

"It's Johnny Weaver," an assistant announced in awed tones. "Who's he?" asked Helene.

"A young literary light," we chortled.

Whereat the beausie Helene took another peek at him. "I'll have plenty of time to read on the train going back. What's he written? Who's he? What else should I read?"

And once she was well launched on the subject of what to read, it was hard work getting her back to motion pictures. I remembered having heard that the title of Rupert Hughes' next story was "The Perfect Wife," and that sounded like Helene Chadwick so I asked her about it.

"Yes, I'm to play the lead. I suppose because I've played wives so much that they think I ought to have some idea of what a perfect one should be like. I've mothered so many Hollywood children on the screen that I feel responsible toward half the growing population of the town. Soon I'd like to play a real flapper part with frizzy hair and exaggerated clothes and pert manners. I've been watching them since I've been in New York, and I think they're too amusing for words.

"We don't really know what flappers are out on the Coast. We've heard about them and read about them and tried to be properly shocked at the younger generation, but we don't really know what it is all about. All the girls I know work so hard they haven't time to be like the girls in modern books. I suppose we're really old-fashioned."

"I wish I had more energy; there are lots of things I'd like to do. I'd like to study dancing, for instance. Every one says it gives you so much more ease and..."

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When one has been photographed as often as Helene Chadwick has, life begins to seem just one succession of profile, head and shoulders, or full-length-portrait sittings. So an ingenious photographer devised some new imaginary rôles for her to play before his camera, costume parts such as her motion-picture career has never given her. These charming pictures are the result.

In the donning of a costume she becomes in the photograph above a dapper early Colonial with a swaggering, insouciant manner quite foreign to her. And in the picture at the left she adopts a manner befitting the brocade billows of the twelfth century. History tells that the beauties of that time were as flirtatious as they were fair, and so Helene cast off her usual dignity.
Two of the most interesting character studies in George Fitzmaurice's production of "To Have and To Hold" are contributed by W. J. Ferguson, who plays Sparrow, shown above, and Theodore Kosloff, who plays Lord Carnel, shown at the left. W. J. Ferguson has fifty years of stage experience to his credit and has appeared in several motion pictures, and Theodore Kosloff, who is fast developing into one of the most versatile character actors on the screen, is well known as a dancer.

Photo by Donald Biddle Kaye
In "Tess of the Storm Country" Mary Pickford years ago scored one of her biggest successes, so now that she has all the advantages of improved photography it is only natural that she should want to play the part again. This little fishing village where much of the action takes place was built on the shores of Lake Chatsworth, near Los Angeles. The new version of the story will be known simply as "Tess."
Now that bathing beauties no longer dazzle introduced to provide the decorative element

Dotty Beale, of the Mack Sennett Comedy forces, has adopted the current fashion of Spanish effects in pictures. What more than a headdress is needed?

Vera Steadman, of Christie Comedies, introduces this dashing Romanoff costume in a recent picture.

A pirate bold, in fact almost brazen, is Cecile Evans, of Mack Sennett Comedies.
Bathing Beauties

us, these bizarre character creations are being without which no comedy is complete.

Alice Maison, of Christie Comedies, asks nothing more of a costume than that it be dashing.

Isabel Bryant is another Christie Comedy girl who follows no set rules in evolving her costumes.

Perhaps no troubadour of old ever appeared like this, but Natalie Johnson, formerly of the Follies, makes this her contribution to the new-style Christie Comedies.
Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood" will bring to the screen the glories of heroic days and magnificent surroundings.

Enid Bennett as Maid Marian and Douglas Fairbanks as Robin Hood have some charming scenes together.
The massive walls of a great palace lighted fitfully with spouts of flame from torches rise above a scene of great magnificence in the banquet hall.

Like figures from old tapestries come to life, Douglas Fairbanks and the supporting actors in this production swagger through vast scenes of splendor.
Gloria Swanson wore this beautiful gown in only one picture, but its career in the movies was by no means ended then. The story on the opposite page tells of the many changes it underwent, and how many bits of finery it provided for other pictures after its star appearance in "The Great Moment."
What Becomes of the Costumes?

By Myrtle Gebhart

HAVEN'T you often wondered, upon seeing the marvelous clothes the stars wear—a succession of new garments for each picture, each gown seemingly more costly than its predecessor—what happens to them when the picture has been finished?

It isn't often that you see a motion-picture actress of any prominence wear the same gown in more than one picture. Were she to do so for reasons of economy, what a storm of protest would greet her from indignant fans. You who pay your money feel that you want to see Gloria Swanson in an entirely new wardrobe in each picture; and you are right. Duplication of clothes would result, for one thing, in conflicting characters—a certain monkey-fur coat or a pearl wedding gown, mayhap, suggests the character who wore it so strongly that it becomes a part of that picture and that characterization in memory. And so, for the birth of a new heroine a new wardrobe must be provided.

I shall never forget how Madame Petrova used to wear what appeared, at least, to be the same hat, with its plume identically placed, in practically every picture. And how tired I did get of that majestic feather—oh, if she would at least move the plume, I used to think, I might be able to endure seeing the hat over and over again. But that seldom happens nowadays, for with the studios footing the costume bills, stars are only too glad to don new raiment with each picture. It is the studios, therefore, who must stand this expense, and having good business men at their helms, they have reduced this expense to a minimum.

And so a costume having been worn by a star is never discarded when she has finished with it. In the case of costume plays—by that I mean historical or period spectacles—the garments either are kept for use in future pictures, if the studio is one where a great deal of varied production goes on all the time, such as Famous Players-Lasky—or sold at a slight discount for wear to some costumer, who rents them out or sells them to some other producer who is making a play laid in the same locale and period of history. Only the second-rate producers, of course, buy used clothing.

In the case of a star's modern wardrobe, when the picture is completed, these gowns, wraps, and negligees are remodeled for the actresses who are to play small parts in future productions, or for extras. Occasionally a bit of camouflage is indulged in, changing a ribbon above is the gown shown on the opposite page, disguised by a pair of new sleeves. It was worn by Maude Wayne, in "The Bachelor Daddy," in which she also wore the cape, shown at the left, the collar and panels of which were made from the sleeves of the original garment.
What Becomes of the Costumes?

At Lasky's the gowns of the principals invariably are made over for actresses playing small parts in future productions. Here, however, the entire garment is torn up, the materials cleaned and pressed and refashioned. Among the extra tribe it is considered a mark of special honor to be allowed to wear a gown made sacred in the eyes of the sisterhood by having adorned the person of Gloria Swanson. And it is whispered that Gloria dislikes very much to see an extra parading about in a shimmering evening gown or monkey-fur coat identified with one of her former productions. But she cannot very well avoid doing that, as the pictures illustrating this article show. Each marks a step in the progression of one of the gowns which Gloria wore in "The Great Moment," and I presume that, by this time, as many more adaptations have been made of this gown and the material from which it was fashioned.

Norma and Constance Talmadge usually give their clothes outright to members of their company, particularly to prop boys and electricians to take home to their wives. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that they boast practically the same happy organization with which they started out as stars a few years back. The period costumes for "The Duchess of Langeais" were stored away in moth balls for possible future use, with the exception of two of Norma's choice ballroom gowns, which were given to members of her company as souvenirs.

The majority of Mary Pickford's costumes are sold at a reduction, the proceeds going to some worthy charity. Nazimova sends a great many of her garments over to the Studio Club, selling them to the girls there at a small price. The other day I saw about twenty of them fighting politely over a box of shimmering silks and chiffons. Hats also are disposed of in this way by a number of well-known women players, thus enabling the struggling extras who call the club their home to appear smart and well dressed at minimum cost. Several of the "flapper stars"—Doris May, Marie Prevost, and Gladys Walton—give their finery, or

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By draping the gown with another pair of sleeves, Ethel Chaffin, the Lasky costume designer, made it serve again as a costume for Ann Legendre, an extra, who also wore another cape with a collar made from the original sleeves, and carried a queer parasol and a hand bag made from the same material.

bow, putting on a new lace overdrape, little touches which serve to conceal from an observant public that the dress was worn by So-and-So in her last picture.

At the Goldwyn studio the gowns are seldom changed, as it is their contention that a dress is likely to lose its individuality through remodeling. Claire Windsor wore, in "Grand Larceny," a lovely coat of gray-green duvetyn, with collar, cuffs, and wide hem of black fur, which was worn later by Eve Sothern in "Remembrance." A gown of silver metallic cloth which served to enhance Helene Chadwick's charm in "The Dust Flower," is now adorning Eleanor Boardman in "Brothers Under Their Skins."

It is also customairy, when a studio worker admires and covets a particular gown, to sell it to her. For instance, a lovely Helene Chadwick frock was sold at a fraction of its original cost to one of the women writers in the Goldwyn publicity department. In this way, many of the stenographers and girl clerks about the studios acquire wardrobes which they never could afford if they had to buy them at the regular downtown shops.
camera. However, if she always dresses anything like the way I saw her arrayed, she makes up for it off the screen. She was all in brown, her coat being of mink, and her gown of brown velvet. Her hat was brown satin with the upturned brim in front embroidered in gold threads, and she wore bronze slippers and stockings. And she wore the most beautiful jewelry! Her wrist watch, rings, and bar pin were all made of platinum and diamonds.

The photographer's studio was in the most out-of-the-way place in Hollywood, where you'd never expect to find anything of any importance. No signs or display of any kind. The studio itself would be taken at first glance for a rambling sort of barn. Inside it was the oddest and quite attractive little place, though. The walls and floor were covered with matting and some beautiful pieces of batik drapery were hung over screens or on the walls.

I thought that these big photographers used a great many props, but Mr. Seely doesn't seem to, for he didn't have many around. He seems to be able to make the most artistic settings out of a vase and a few stalks of flowers, or a piece of drapery. He photographed Miss Novak in a few plain poses just sitting on an ottoman, and then she changed into a lovely batik robe and had the rest of her pictures taken in that. I was told that Mr. Seely is considered one of the most artistic photographers in Los Angeles and that he takes photographs of many of the film players. Jane Novak was one of the first to go to him, and he took such splendid pictures of her that ever so many other stars followed her lead. The movie players are always trying to discover some new photographer, and when one starts all the stars seem to follow. These photographers, once they get established and have a big reputation, get awfully big prices. I overheard one movie actress say she had to pay two hundred dollars for one dozen of the very large-sized photographs. Just think of that next time you think it's asking too much of you when you are requested to inclose a quarter with a request for a movie star's picture!

Since I have seen the little side occupations of motion-picture stars I think they are just about the busiest people you could find. I often marvel how they ever accomplish everything and manage to find any time at all to play. True, some of their occupations are such pleasant ones that after our commonplace, everyday sort of jobs theirs seem more like being paid for doing things we'd gladly pay to do. However, I suppose that no matter how pleasant a thing may seem as a diversion, once it becomes a necessity, you can't help feeling the burden of it. Few fans ever realize that the movies are a business. They take the saying, "play-acting," literally. I know I held fanciful ideas about pictures being a grand sort of game more than anything else and never gave a thought to their being made on regular business lines. I remember I had quite vague notions about the working hours, vacations, and such things. I was under the impression that stars came to work whatever time they wanted to and that they could take a vacation any time they wished. So I was more than surprised when I repeatedly ran up against the fact that the majority of the movie players must be in time while they are working on a picture and can seldom get a day off during that time. Even when they go to some big party or affair and it keeps them up half the night, they must report to work the next morning. When there is a brief respite between pictures, it is generally taken up by giving interviews, buying clothes or having photographs taken.

The most important duty seems to be the selection of clothes for their forthcoming pictures. I had got an idea of that when Elsie Ferguson took me around New York with her to show me how it is done when the star furnishes her own clothes. It was Agnes Ayres who showed me what it is like when stars have their clothes selected for them. Famous Players-Lasky seems to be the company that has the most extensive wardrobe department and furnishes the most luxurious and fashionable apparel for its players. No wonder most of the actresses would like to be De Mille heroines. I would too. I had expected to find the heroine of "The Sheik" lovely, but not quite so lovely as she actually looks in real life. I'll never forget what a picture she made when I first saw her, as she stood in the doorway of the publicity office. She fairly took my breath away!

She wore an enveloping black coat and a red turban hat with a high red comb in front of it; a perfectly straight-lined dress that was of some sort of Chinese design. Her eyes are very wide, appealing, and gray. She is fair, both in complexion and hair which is a much lighter blond than the camera shows. All this I took in at first glance.

We went to her dressing room and sat and talked for a while. I noticed several elaborate costumes hanging up that Miss Ayres had worn in some of her pictures. My eyes caught, especially, a lovely picture hat of pale-pink georgette with a wide brim turned up in back and a cascade of pastel-shaded feathers hanging from it. Oh, it was a dream!

Meanwhile, Agnes was explaining to me just how they went about selecting the clothes for her pictures.

"Mrs. Ethel Chaffin who is the head of the costuming department, selects and chooses the costumes and then the star and director pass on them," she told me.

"The script of the story is taken for reference, you see, and from that we see how many changes are needed for the entire picture. Another reason for using the script is that it enables us to try and select the different types of clothes to suit the action. For instance, if a scene is to be very emotional or appealing, the best type of costume to be in keeping with it is something somber or quiet. If it is to be a love scene in the moonlight, the gown selected is usually something shimmering that throws off the light well. When I have the part of a young married woman as I have taken so often in my pictures, the clothes I wear must be conservative as well as youthful, so as to suit a young married girl with a certain amount of dignity. The gowns can be fluffy, but not too much, so you see?"

This was all perfectly new to me. I had never given a thought to their using any sort of philosophy in the choosing of costumes for picture plays. But it is natural when you consider it.

She has a plaintive, slightly drawling voice and has that same way of half smiling that we fans have begun to associate with Agnes from her pictures.

Agnes Ayres reminds me of Corinne Griffith in some respects—in her more or less calm, languid manner. I couldn't imagine her ever getting ruffled or excited over anything. I think if she found herself in a predicament of any sort she would be more likely just to wring her hands in a helpless, appealing way and win her point that way.

"Now, I'll take you over to the wardrobe department and show you around," Miss Ayres offered.

The wardrobe department is a whole big building in itself and has even so many different departments. There is the stock room where bolts and bolts of every kind of material are kept—just like a regular small dry-goods store. Then there are the sitting rooms and workroom where several women were sewing and

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Behold the Busy Camera Men

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Washington camera man doesn't meet him. And with the ease of manner that is acquired only by mingling with the great, a camera man who started out in life as plain Bill Jones, son of a village photographer, gets to be on joking terms with all the great and near great of Washington.

Sometimes foreign diplomats so appreciate the work of the camera men, who follow them about and preserve in gelatin the great moments of their careers, that they want to show their appreciation in some way. One who recently returned to Europe decided that there would be no better way than to divide his cellar among them. Calls went out to all the news-reel offices that there was something important to cover up at this diplomat's house. Karl Fasold, of the Pathé office, was in another section of the city at the time, and didn't get the message until later. Hurrying to the consulate then, he found that the spoils had all been divided, and not a single bottle of Haig & Haig had been saved for him. "Oh, well," said Fasold philosophically, "the dog-gone bottle wouldn't have fitted inside my camera, anyway, so what's the use?"

The ordinary run of news events comes to the news photographers in such a systematized way that they have few surprises. Each government agency keeps the offices informed of the events in their departments that would be worth picturing in the news reels, and frequently a news camera man knows what his assignments are to be for days ahead. But some months ago, when a week-end promised to be uneventful, and Karl Fasold, of the Pathé forces, planned a vacation trip, a secret-service man warned him not to leave his post of duty. Sure enough, on Saturday Fasold received word that the president was going camping with Mr. Firestone, Henry Ford, and Thomas Edison. He wouldn't have missed taking pictures of that trip for anything.

You may have seen his pictures of it, but his description adds color to them. "President Harding accepted the invitation on condition that the camp would be located in a secluded section so that there would be no visitors," Fasold says. "We're not even considered visitors any more, the president is so used to seeing us around. That trip was my idea of camping de luxe. The tents were all painted green so that the glare of the sun wouldn't bother the distinguished campers. They were all electrically lighted, equipped with the most modern electrical cooking arrangements, and a sanitary expert accompanied the party.

"The table in the dining tent was equipped with an arrangement invented by Mr. Edison, whereby the food was distributed on a little table mounted on top of the regular table. This revolved when a button was pressed, and the food was carried to each diner in that fashion. Many a joke was passed on this contraption's likeness to the Ford car, until some one reminded the crowd of Mr. Ford's favorite joke, 'Have you heard the latest Ford joke?' the story goes. 'I hope so,' is the answer with which Mr. Ford heartily concurs."

There are hardly enough such parties to enliven the work of the Washington news camera men, however, and so a part of every man's time is spent on "negative" duty. This duty has nothing to do with film negative, as one might suppose, but is dedicated to the negative in universal use—that is, just plain "No." There are dozens of publicity seekers in Washington who bother the news-reel offices day after day, asking to have a news camera man sent to cover some pet project of theirs, and it is the painful duty of the camera man to see some of these people occasionally and turn them down.

They are unassuming men, these camera men, and yet their work has a far-reaching effect. They are the mirrors of the nation's capital, whose reflection, cast upon thousands of screens the country over, teach the people who our big men are and what they look like, teach our girls what the nation's society and political leaders are like and what they wear, and, most important of all, familiarizes the entire country with the activities of the men who in three years' time may come before the voters of the country as presidential timber.

The Flapper Set in Hollywood

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embodied spirits, but that they didn't hang around these joints. So he grabbed me by the arm, and we went right up front. Somebody grabbed me by the ankle as I was going up. I screamed, but Harold kept right on, just sort of creeping along low down. Suddenly he reached out and put his hand right on the ghost's face. And it wasn't a face at all. It was a foot, draped in cheesecloth! And that broke up the meeting.

A couple of years ago there was a Bachelor Maids' club. The club was formed at Carmel Myers' house, and everybody took the oath never to marry.

"The girls wanted to sign their names in blood," explained Colleen Moore, who told me about it, "but Mrs. Myers, Carmel's mother, is a practical soul, and said they weren't going to do any signing with blood in her house and make the place look as though a murder had been committed there—that it would make her blood run cold, so it would, and besides some of the girls might get blood poisoning from it, and that would be worse than marrying, any day. So we had to be satisfied with red ink. Bessie Love belonged to it and Helen Ferguson, Helene Chadwick, Pauline Starke, Zasu Pitts, Edith Roberts, and myself, and, of course, Carmel. Carmel Myers was the moving spirit in it—and then she was the first to go and get married. And then Zasu and Helene went back on their solemn vows, and Edith and Pauline and Helen are all engaged or supposed to be." And so is Colleen herself, if the reports are true!

Just now all the younger set are keen on uplift clubs. One has just been formed with some of the nicest girls in the film world as members. They're going to do a lot of nice charity things. One is the contributing of a fund to care for any leading lady who finds herself in needy circumstances. The other is to help the boys of the Wounded Soldiers' Hospitals.

"But," confided Lois Wilson to me, "while I think it's perfectly lovely, and those boys are dears, still something awfully funny happened to one of the girls, last week. No, I won't tell you which one. But it seems that the girls go and take the boys riding in their machines. One day this girl met a soldier with his arm done up in a sling, and limping along with a cane, just outside the hospital gates. She invited him to ride with her, he turned out to be awfully clever and nice, and they had a wonderful time, until, away cut on the road, the machine stalled for some reason. The girl fixed it, and they were just starting away when along came a bum and tried to hold 'em up.

"And what do you think? That soldier forgot all about his wounded arm. He hopped out and knocked the bum down. Then he hopped into the machine, grabbed the wheel, and they were off! His arm wasn't wounded at all. He confessed he just wanted to get a chance to ride with her!"
other day, she fails still to grasp the cruelty of those studio roisterers who made her ridiculous to furnish their daily laugh.

She left Universal again some weeks later—this time of her own accord—and went over to the Mack Sennett studio. She inquired politely of the gateman:

"What chance do you think I have as a bathing beauty?"

He looked her up and down slowly and then pronounced:

"Not—a—chance."

That settled, she thanked him, turned, and plodded unabashed straight to the Charlie Chaplin studio. Funds were low.

Fortunately for the Pitts exchequer, Mr. Chaplin put her under contract—but unfortunately for her artistic development did not call her for work. For six months she sat in her dressing room day after day, waiting for the word that did not come. It was very lonely. The leading woman, Edna Purviance, had the next dressing room, but did not vouchsafe the little player a casual "Good morning." ZaSu, reticent and ill at ease, did not make advances. She had much time for thought, and at the end of six months she came to the conclusion that time spent in a dressing room was never going to put her before the public. She left the dull harbor she had found and again went on to seek her fortune.

She had one failure and one success before she finally signed with the Brentwood Film Corporation, now extinct.

Her failure was with Griffith. When she went to his studio, he was making "The Greatest Thing In Life." and ZaSu was signed to play the Lillian Gish part. Having felt that she had at last arrived, ZaSu got a violent shock when she was told that, after many weeks of rehearsal, she was too much like the Gish girls in type, and that, with Mr. Griffith's sincere assurance of her ultimate success, her part in the picture was ended.

But she was again restored to the heights of her buoyant confidence when she contracted for the part of Becky in Mary Pickford's production of "The Little Princess."

Brentwood, a company with King Vidor at its head, then signed her on a two-year contract to play leads in small-town comedies. The pictures were cheaply made, but the stories were more or less suited to ZaSu's peculiar type. Because she exercised a pathetic sort of heart appeal, her following grew steadily in volume. She became, for the time being, a star.

At the end of the two years, a mushroom motion-picture company signed her on a long-term contract, at a weekly salary of a thousand dollars. She was to play, not in small-town pictures for small-town theaters, but in features, as an ingénue heroine, with frilly dresses, back-light and all the paraphernalia of the sugar-and-water actress of which the public is heartily tired.

The fans, however, were not even told this. All they knew was that ZaSu was to get a thousand dollars a week. Somehow they didn't associate her with that much money. The reaction against high-salaried picture players had set in, and the gossip about Hollywood, which culminated in the spring of 1922, was increasing like a snowball rolling downhill.

ZaSu received her thousand dollars for a few weeks, then her backers dissolved. Not of a provident nature, she had bought a car, many clothes, and much perfume. When her bubble burst, she was left to regard her recent acquisitions with a contemplative eye and to wonder what she would do next.

After having made up her mind that she was a star, it was hard for her to realize that she did not have the making of a luminary in her. Quite slowly she came to the conclusion—a correct one—that she was a character woman. Upon arriving at this conclusion, after nearly a year, she prinked her hair, put on some of the clothes her thousand dollars had bought, and went out to look for any sort of acting job she could get.

She was considered for the part of Miss Lily Bell, but the failure of her thousand-a-week contract to result in actual production—a circumstance in no way her fault—reacted against her. She and her husband, Tom Gallery, gathered together some money sparingly provided by San Francisco backers, and made a picture called "Peter-Jane," which will soon be released. It took them exactly two weeks to make it, working under the direction of John MacDermott. They had in the cast such persons as Marjorie Daw and Wallace Beery.

Then Paul Powell engaged her to play a character part in "For the Defense," the last picture Ethel Clayton made for Famous Players. James Cruze, on the same lot, used her in "Is Matrimony a Failure?" with a featured cast.

She is now in retirement following the birth of a daughter, but as soon as she is able to, she plans to continue the career that has had so many ups and downs. She has realized at last just what her particular niche is, and will work whole-heartedly to fill it. She is just another girl in pictures who has refused to recognize failure. It took her some time to grasp just what it was all about, but now that she has grasped it, she will hang on tighter and longer than would Patsy, her English bulldog.

In contrast with ZaSu's rather wistfully light-hearted attitude toward her rocky road to success, is Pauline Starke's truly serious one. Unlike ZaSu, she is definitely and positively on the road to stardom. It seemed incongruous to hear her, exquisitely gownned and living in a luxurious apartment, telling me of her poverty of only a few years back.

She and her mother came from Joplin, Missouri, ten years ago. Far from affluent, Mrs. Starke managed to scrape enough money together by sewing and playing atmosphere at the Griffith studio to send Pauline to Egan's Dramatic School.

Pauline had always been curious to see the strange place where movies were made, so one Saturday her mother took her over on the lot. Griffith, his eye caught by the little girl's bright-green sweater and white dress, watched her during the making of a mob scene. She regarded the hustle and bustle about her with such solemnity and such grave interest that the director's interest was intrigued. He told her to report for work the following Monday.

She played extra parts intermittently for some months, most of her work consisting in being packed out to fill the grown women's clothes given her. As she was only a very small atom in a very large mob, the discrepancy between her childish face and the long dresses was not caught by the camera.

But all this time Griffith had been watching her. At last his confidence in her possibilities resulted in his putting her in stock. Mildred Harris, Carmel Myers, Bessie Love, Mary Alden, the Gish sisters, Mae Marsh, and Constance Talmadge were her companions. These girls were guaranteed a minimum of two days' work a week at five dollars a day. It was to their advantage, of course, if they worked additional days.

Mrs. Starke played atmosphere some of the time in pictures produced on the same lot, and, with Mildred Harris' mother, spent the rest of her time sewing in the wardrobe. It was through the efforts of their mothers, through their love and care and devotion, that these two girls have reached the positions they now hold. Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Starke worked all day in the studio wardrobe.

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Raising a Brain Child

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suddenly realized that my brain child was licking its father! It was mastering me. It had become too big for me to handle. My parental pride was in peril. Grimly I resolved to make it do my bidding.

No one shall ever know the ordeal I underwent that week in the cutting room. No one shall ever know the agony, the distress, the despair, the heartbreaks that I suffered.

But at last the thing was done. I had trimmed the rebellious infant—to seven reels. Victorious, I emerged from the stuffy cutting room and summoned my anxious and dubious conféré to view it. Unanimously they acclaimed their approval of the work.

"Now," said Bennie, "dress it up with titles, and we're through."

Buoyant with confidence and ecstasy, I locked myself up again and wrote titles. My first set were deliberately humorous. I finished them and submitted them to Bennie. He pronounced them very bad. They were too funny, he said. Funny titles would ruin the tender pathos of the picture. We must have something sentimental. So I wrote a set of sentimental titles. I filled them with poetry of tears. When they were finished, I read them over and tore them up. They were too mawkish.

Then, for another week, during which Bennie and Bernie and Jim were frantic, I grasped with a set of titles—just plain, simple titles, with perhaps an occasional inspiration hidden among them and one or two salvaged from the first and second sets. I turned them over to the others to read, and they met with general favor. I was relieved, and I might well be; for I had written over three thousand titles before I had satisfied myself.

At length, however, the final titles were printed and photographed and inserted in the picture. Then came disaster. It had occurred to no one that titles consumed space. Our seven-reel picture, with titles had become a nine-reel picture again!

I surrendered weakly. To go through that drudgery again was more than I had the courage to meet. There were also three other cowards, and the work was given to another, a sympathetic friend whose editing ability is profound. With the mystifying genius of a magician, he made two reels disappear, and my brain child was ready to go forth into the world to meet its fate.

Bennie and Bernie took the picture to New York to confront the most difficult task of all—selling it for release. I waited anxiously and tremblingly for word from them, and after three months of silence I followed to the metropolis. My trip across the continent was one of mental torment. I calculated our chances. I knew that an average of only one out of every eleven or twelve independently produced pictures is a success. I despaired. In the bad lands of Colorado our train was wrecked while we slept, and I might have been killed without knowing it, but I was not. I was sure then that I had been maliciously spared just so that I might go on to New York and die of a broken heart and starvation.

There was something heartening, something vivifying in the handshake Bennie gave me when he met me at the train. And there was reason for it to electrify me. After four months—four aces during which we imagined that the universe hung motionless and expectant in the void—the impossible had happened. The picture was sold—we had become producers! And that was not all. Over the entrance to the Criterion Theater was a big sign from which flashed the title of my brain child. We were starting out with a showing on Broadway!

You can't imagine the relief it was. It meant not only that we would get financial reward for our risks and our labors, but that we were no longer merely financially dare-devils; we were real producers. We had made and marketed a picture that was actually shown in theaters throughout the country.

"But, after all, it's nothing," we say with the genuine and unoriginal humanity which distinguishes all of us. Deep down in our hearts, though, we are really amazed and a little chagrined to discover that we feel no thrill in looking at ourselves in a mirror, and that a producer is in essence the same thing as a butcher—or a duke.

“COMING TO-MORROW”

Is the title of an unusual and engrossing personality sketch of Cullen Landis, written by Gerald C. Duffy, which will appear in next month’s Picture-Play. The speed—the daring—and the likable swagger of this young player are shown in this article just as his friends know them. His appearances on the screen have made him one of the rising favorites of the fans. This story will give you a glimpse of the greater glories the future promises for him.
What Do You Call Acting?

Continued from page 17

Anna type. As Rose E. Ward, of Ithaca, New York, says, "Mary Pickford is the only one who can play child parts, and I hope she keeps on playing them."

To some extent, of course, these different opinions are based on differences in personal taste—in personal preferences. For this reason we shall always have different types of actors, just as we have musicians for every type. In very few instances has the world as a whole agreed in acclaiming any actors as artists of the first rank. Bernhardt is one of these; Mrs. Fiske is another, and so was Modjeska, in her day. But to these the palms were awarded only after a long career, extending over many years. Almost all the world loves and enjoys Maude Adams, but there are many who claim that she is not a great actress. Can you name any popular actress or actor on the stage to-day who is universally hailed by critics and public alike as great?

That being the case, what, then, can be said of the movie players who have been with us but a few short years? What is the standard by which we are to judge them?

It must be a standard coined in the motion-picture theaters of the present time. We fans are helping to mold future opinions, and these opinions are often formed rapidly. When we write a letter to Picture-Play saying that we think Dotty Dimples is very beautiful but a very poor actress, we are sowing a seed which may cause a sudden whirlwind, for at once people are going to stop and think about Miss Dimples' acting the next time they see her.

The opportunity for forming new opinions about motion pictures is very great. Never before has the whole amusement-loving world had a similar opportunity to make immediate comparisons between different types and qualities of acting. In the days when Rejane, Modjeska, Bernhardt, Duse, Mrs. Fiske, and Ellen Terry were the undisputed queens of the stage there was no city in the United States, with the possible exception of New York, in which the critically inclined could go from one theater to another, night after night, and draw comparisons between the abilities of players such as these.

But now, every city in America boasts the appearance during a single week of several such players as Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, Wallace Reid, Rudolph Valentino, Viola Dana, Bert Lytell, and many other favorites. Thus, with the tremendous weight of this constantly changing opinion made up from the composite mind of almost the entire nation, is it any wonder that the popularity of a star is an uncertain and a changing thing?

And now, let us check up the results of our investigation. Granting that the opinions I have quoted are typical, we find that a consensus of them demands that the actor should be sincere, natural, and capable of giving the impression of living each rôle, and capable of appealing to the emotions.

That he should not be stagy, flip-pant, a poseur, a clothes hanger, a face-maker.

The most disputed question seems to be whether the best acting is obtained by the player's sticking to one single type of rôle, or whether his characterizations should be varied.

Probably this question never will be settled one way or another. Or, rather, it will continue to be settled both ways.

In conclusion, I can only say what others have said before me: If you have any definite ideas on this subject, write letters—lots of letters; tell just what you think is the matter with the players on the screen, and something will be done about it. For the producers are making pictures to please you and not themselves. You are the real directors after all.

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Everybody's Colleen

seen such raving ecstasies as some of the reviewers indulged in over your 'Wall Flower' and that old 'When Dawn Came' and 'Dinty.'"

"Wasn't it funny," Colleen chuckled—it was the little girl Colleen speaking now, not that trouper experienced beyond her years—they raved so over those things where I really wasn't so much that if I ever do anything awfully good and they praise me it will be like crying, 'Wolf! Wolf!'"

The "something awfully good" which almost every one expects her to do may be "The Bitterness of Sweets," a Rupert Hughes picture she recently made, in which she plays a dancer. Or it may be "Affinities," a Mary Roberts Rinehart picture, which she made for Ward Lascelles between her Goldwyn engagements. Or perhaps "Broken Chains," the ten-thousand-dollar-prize story, in which she is playing the leading rôle, will be the one to bring out the full flowering of her talent. The film industry looks on Colleen as one of its big bets, and expects one of these pictures to prove it.

Now Colleen—like most girls—is supersensitive about certain things, but I'm going to speak of them anyway. She has big hands and feet, and her eyes are not alike. One is gray, the other brown, and I speak of them only because her triumphs are much more important when you consider these drawbacks. Her indomitable spirit makes you forget everything about her eyes except the expression in them, and the size of her hands and feet are unnoticeable. For they have undergone such rigorous ballet training that they are amazingly agile and graceful.

At the Biograph studio in New York—where for a time she occupied the beautiful dressing room that has belonged to Clara Kimball Young, the late Olive Thomas, Lillian Gish, and other famous stars—and at the Neilan or Goldwyn studios in California she is quite a personage. Directors are always praising her to other members of their companies, for she is as willing a worker as she was the day she started. But at home she is just the twenty-year-old daughter who gets kidded unmercifully by her brother and scolded good and hard by her mother if she stays late at a dance. Outside of the studio she is a little flapper, dressed ahead of the style more often than not; at a matinée she is one of the most ardent hero worshipers I ever knew, you could set her down among a crowd of girl fans and she would rave about the players just as they did, and you'd never know that she was a player herself. She doesn't put you in your place—as she has every right to do—by saying, "I know what I'm talking about because I played with so and so."

But some day when the laurels are being showered on Colleen, she will forget her usual diffidence and tell about the people she most admires and how much they have done for her. There will be Lillian Gish first of all, for it was Lillian whom Colleen simply worshiped in those formative years back at the old Fine Arts studio, and I suspect that it was from Lillian that she got the prim dignity that clings to her even through her bursts of typically Irish merriment. There will be many others who were so drawn to this ingratiating little girl with the tremulous smile on her lips that they wanted to play a part in the molding of her career—Marshall Neilan, for instance, and John Barrymore. But most important of them are Blanche Sweet and Rupert Hughes. Mr. Hughes did his part
by giving her big rôles and working over them with her—and by bringing her much valuable publicity—an item not to be scorned. He remarked one day that whereas most successful actresses were marble to mold and wax to retain, Colleen was wax to mold and marble to retain. And this remark of his was picked up by newspapers and magazines all over the world. But Blanche Sweet's gift to her has been an even greater one. Out of her own skill, her own experience, there is no resource that she has not wanted to share with this younger player. She has advised, and encouraged Colleen every step of the way. And it is all because of that little indefinable, endearing sweetness of the girl that you, or I, or any one would give her anything we had.

And so you see why I say she is everybody's Colleen.

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all this she is dowdy until Edward Martindel appears and she suddenly discovers the magic of well-hung earrings and a marcel wave. The scenario maker hasn't done much for the story, but, as usual, Miss Frederick shows herself quite capable of saving the plot. She is always interesting and magnetic even when half smothered by banal subtitles.

“Our Leading Citizen.”

Here is a comedy masterpiece which proves the advantage of having one man at the helm, especially if that one man is George Ade. He wrote the story, most of the scenario, all of the titles, helped in the direction, and, for all we know, doubled in brass in the cast. The result is one of the most amusing films of many months. It's the Indiana type of story—almost suggestive of Tarkington's early work—one of those small-town idyls where a lazy, no-count lawyer wins out in a political battle, gets the beautiful heiress, and is elected to Congress. Thomas Meighan is at his best as the reformed loafer, and Lois Wilson puts more vivacity than usual into the dashing rôles of the girl. This young woman is getting more versatile with every picture.) Then there is Theodore Roberts and Charles Ogle and many excellent character sketches in an unusual cast. But most of all, there is George Ade. I hope he won't rest on his laurels, but will go on and make several dozen comedies with the broad humor and sly satire of this one.

If your father, brother, or sweetheart is the sort of person who stays away from the movies because of the “shushy, silly stories,” and you want to convert him, see if you can't wheedle him into seeing this picture. It ought to bring him around if any picture will.

“The Woman Who Walked Alone.”

Dorothy Dalton marrying a wicked old rich man “for the sake of the family.” This plot always irritates me. When a woman exploits a millionaire solely for his money, even to support a few starving relatives.

The Screen in Review

my sympathies are all for the wicked old rich man. You can't help feeling sorry for the old boy when he attempts to pat her hand and she shrinks and hisses, “I loathe you!” I have often wondered what these wives thought they were giving as their part of the bargain. I notice they never shrink from the jewels and laces. So I hadn't much sympathy for Dorothy even when she was turned out of her home and worked as a barmaid among the Boers. She never seemed to “walk alone,” not so that you could notice it; there was always a line of men close on her trail. Miss Dalton puts much energy and fervor into her rôles and somehow manages to be convincing, though her rôle is not. Milton Sills, as the inevitable “other man,” is very stern and very noble, as usual. Wanda Hawley plays one of those little sisters who are continually getting themselves and the entire cast into hot water.

Three Foreign Films.

Of the foreign output this month, a play called “At the Stroke of Midnight” is the most interesting. It is a Swedish film and full of gloom. But the strong point of the “Midnight” film is not its gloom, but its ghost story. There is an incidental story told in a graveyard which will send shivers up your spine whenever you think of it. I enjoyed it immensely, although I had to sit through reels of endless dreary moralizing to get to the spoofs. I've always felt that the screen was the place for a great masterpiece in the ghost-story line. This film isn't it, but it certainly suggests its possibilities. Doctor Selma Lagerlof wrote the tale, and Victor Seastrom is immensely impressive in the principal rôles. For entertainment I cannot recommend this film to American audiences. As compared to the average film play this one has an extremely dull story, and I have yet to find an American who felt moved by it, or sympathetic toward the characters. For the thoughtful student, however, who is interested in something about the manner of thought and the points of view of races other than his own, I should say that the picture might be interesting in the extreme.

Also on the foreign list we have “The Devil’s Pawn” and “Retribution.” The first is a Pola Negri picture and about as bad as they come except for the always interesting acting of this extraordinary star. But the picture is stagy and absurd, and somehow I resent the assumption of these producers that since her success in “Passion” they can dump any old thing on the American public. I don't believe the Germans would stand for these pictures in their own theaters. We have had four of them now, and they get worse and worse. Yet “Passion,” “Deception,” and “Pharaoh” were so beautiful!

“Retribution.”

This picture professes to give the inside dope about Lucretia Borgia. This cruel vamp of the Italian Renaissance is whitewashed until she appears as a sweet-faced saint, which is tough on her brother Cesar, who gets blamed for all her poisoning parties. Most of the picture is naively absurd, but there are scenes of great beauty, particularly the one showing the election of Rodrigo Borgia to the papal throne. Enrico Piacentini plays the brother Borgia, and Lucretia Borgia is none other than the Countess Irene Saffo Momo.

Among Other Things.

Also in the memories of the month we recall “Yellow Men and Gold,” with Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix, a dashing, exciting melodrama full of buried treasure and secret islands and murder trails; Katherine MacDonald, gracious and decorative, trailing through a rapid tragedy plot called “Domestic Relations” and “South of Suva,” an interesting marital drama with Mary Miles Minter as the wife, and most beautiful Fiji Island scenery for background. We were much impressed, moreover, by the new dance pictures made by Ted Shawn and Claude Millard. With the right music they can bring the living presence of Pavlova, Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, and any other famous dancer with all the charm of their original production.
The News Reel

Continued from page 55

studio. Metro promises to be busy, but there is little doing at the Vitagraph plant. And so it goes. The worried actor thinks that something ought to be done about it and says his prayers at night to Will Hays, who looms over Hollywood like a cross between a censor and a Salvation Army lassie.

A curious superstition has grown up in many of the studios. It is that a picture must be awfully good or frightfully bad to be a success. The producers think that the fans are tired of light comedies and just-soso movies. And so they are going in for heavy melodramas and stories that have exotic and colorful settings. Even Constance Talmadge, the flapper queen, is going to desert farce comedy. No longer will she be the great American girl. She is now completing "East is West."

Two stories of India are now in the process of production. In "Amos Judd," Rodolph Valentino has a new type of rôle to play. Norma Talmadge's next picture will be "The Voice from the Minaret," by Robert Hichens. It, too, is a story of India. Richard Walton Tully is producing "Omar, the Tentmaker," with Guy Bates Post and Virginia Brown Faire in the leading roles. Incense hangs thick about the studios, and producers are looking for more stories with that weird fortune-telling parlor atmosphere.

Leave it to Universal and Fox to supply the melodramas. They say that Jack Gilbert is going to enact the great drama of the ten, twenty, thirties, "St. Elmo." Having seen Corse Payton in the rôle, I wish him luck.

Every one is waiting for the arrival of Laurette Taylor and her husband, J. Hartley Manners. They are coming to the Metro studio to convert "Peg o' My Heart" into a screen heroine. As you probably know, the play was filmed by Lasky with Wanda Hawley as Peg. Mr. Manners and Oliver Morosco became involved in a lawsuit over the screen rights to the play.

Mr. Manners won, and so we shall see Miss Taylor, who makes her screen début in this picture, as Peg and not Wanda. Because of the lawsuit, the Lasky production goes on the shelf. Miss Taylor has been lucky enough and wise enough to engage King Vidor as her director.

At present, Rex Ingram is keeping the home fires burning at Metro, and Viola Dana, who has returned after a season of personal appearances, will soon be asked to report for work. Metro also plans to introduce a new star. She is Billy Dove of the Ziegfeld Follies. Apparently Mr. Ziegfeld has nothing to do but train future movie stars.

Travel Notes.

Have you ever noticed that wherever Constance Talmadge goes there are rumors of marriage? In fact, the whole Talmadge family manages to keep things going. They have a way of keeping the life of any party. Connie, you know, is divorced, and I am glad because I never was able to spell her husband's name. And now every one is wondering whether she will marry again or not. Her beaus are too numerous to mention. Irving Berlin is said to be in her good graces again, but then Mr. Berlin is several thousand miles away. Working with her daily is John Considine, Jr., a long faithful follower of the Talmadge family.

Late in the summer all the Talmagdes—and that includes Norma's husband, Joseph Schenck—will go to Europe, and Mr. Considine will go with them. Natalie, of course, will stay at home and take care of the baby, little Joseph Buster Keaton. Natalie is the most domestic girl in the world. She has turned down plenty of opportunities to follow in the footsteps of her sisters. But she didn't turn down Buster, and she is glad to be a devoted wife and mother. All the other members of the busy family look at Natalie with affection and pride.

Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, Tsuru Aoki, are in Japan. It's their first visit home in thirteen years. I haven't heard any accounts of their welcome there, but I am sure that they will move in the most distinguished circles. Mrs. Hayakawa's aunt, Sada Yacca, was the first Japanese woman to go on the stage. And Mr. Hayakawa has achieved considerable recognition in Japan by translating the plays of Shakespeare into his own tongue.

What is De Mille Doing?

You cannot crush the proud spirit of a De Mille. Not content with filming "Manslaughter" as a straight story, Cecil B. has staged a Roman orgy wherein the girls are dressed in stencil patterns and chiffon. The elaborate scene will be used as an episode in Alice Duer Miller's story. Anyway, there was wild excitement on Vine Street while the scenes were being taken because every one in town heard that C. B. was whoopin' it up again with big-spectacle stuff at the Lasky studio.

The answer is that you cannot keep them down on the farm after they've seen Paree.

Star Stuff.

Does William Russell throw his money away on palatial homes and autographed limousines? He does not. Recently Mr. Russell bought himself an office building as a sound real-estate investment.

Now bring on your slumps!

Score Two for Tony.

Antonio Moreno has been reengaged by Goldwyn to play the leading rôle in "Captain Blackbird." The picture is directed by R. A. Walsh. Tony wants to prove to Vitagraph that he is looking for good stories and not merely the honor of being a star.

Here and There in Hollywood.

Frank Case, proprietor of the Hotel Algonquin and host to all Broadway, visited Hollywood as the guest of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Mr. Case is an old friend of Mr. Fairbanks because Doug used to make his headquarters at the Algonquin when he was merely a stage star.

For the first time in its history, there will be dancing in a Hollywood restaurant. Although the charter of the town says that food and jazz must not be served together, the managers of the Assembly Tea Rooms persuaded the authorities to change their minds. However, the dancing must stop at midnight and there will be plenty of policemen on the premises to see that the gaiety is limited strictly to food and dancing.
"Oh, of course," she answered, opening her eyes very wide and looking innocent as could be. 'People will be more interested than ever in me now.'

I decided right then that they wouldn't be if I could help it, but little did I know Suzanne.

I'd been back at work for about a month when she appeared on the scene with the cream and rolls one morning, her suit case in her hand, and business in her eye.

'Here I am,' she announced. 'I read in the paper that you were just going to begin a new picture, and I'd like a part, please.'

'Everything's full,' I told her, not even feeling guilty at the lie. 'Not a chance in the world, but I'll see if Bill Desmond hasn't a chance for you in the picture he's beginning; he's got a peach of a story, and he—'

'Oh, you can find me a part—write one in, if you have to,' she urged, sitting down across the table from me. 'I don't care if it isn't so very big—I need a chance to learn the game—haven't ever done any pictures, you know.'

'Her nerve rather got me—she was so little, and looked so plucky, somehow. So I decided that I might as well give her a chance, especially as I evidently couldn't get out of it. I took her over to the studio, and we fixed up some stuff for her in the picture, and I thought everything was right. But I soon found out that Suzanne wasn't to be slipped into the background. She was living at a club for girls, wrote a lot of awful letters, and then made a start in pictures, lived, and about the first thing the fair Suzanne did was to tell me there. I went back and told the fellows about it—and I didn't see myself letting the poor, lonely little thing die without me if she wanted me there. I went back and told the fellows about it—had to tell somebody, and they were all good friends of mine. I told them the whole thing—all about how alone she was, and everything. And then I wound up with the tale of the telephone call. When I'd finished one of them leaned back in his chair and fairly yelled with laughter.

'That girl isn't any more sick than you are,' he told me. 'She's been talking to—well, a sweet young thing who tried that stunt on me no more than a year ago. I was scared till I found that she'd also tried it on somebody else. She used to faint, and have one of her friends telephone for me, at all hours of the night. I fell for it just once—went over and found her lying down on a chaise longue, limp as a rag and apparently dead. But we got our friend's best negligege, which the best friend had worn in a picture in which she appeared as my younger sister. I recognized it at once.

'She came to in time to reach out her arms to me and murmur my name, while her friends all stood around and exclaimed sympathetically. I suddenly fell for the whole thing, and ran for the door, saying that a doctor ought to be called at once and I'd go and get him. And I did not go back.'

'Now, you stay where you are. Let her phone. Let her say she's going to die—she won't. You could go over there and help the girls bring her back to life, and have them telling all their friends about it to-morrow—and where'd you be? You pass this up, young fellow my lad!'"

"And you did—oh, surely you knew enough to take his advice," I interrupted.

"I did—and she was furious. But she kept right on playing with me—I couldn't put her out of the picture. And she was always underfoot till I got two or three people I knew to go around town, talking about what a wonderful actress she was, and how I knew enough not to let any one else get hold of her. That way enough interest was aroused to get her a contract with some one else—before she'd even been seen on the screen, if you please, and the other day I saw an interview with her in which she begged the interest of some one to mention my name in connection with her start in pictures, as really I'd had nothing to do with it. This in spite of the fact that she'd stopped telling people about our mix-up in that little town only on condition that I'd keep her working in pictures for at least a year. The young blackmailer!"

"What's she doing now?" I asked.

"Starring—married a rich husband who sees to it that everything people want on the screen is put into her releases—and then tucks her in, too. Not a good leading man with a following escapes. Sets, costumes, stories—everything is used as a background for Suzanne, and they let her play the society roles that she loves, instead of the gamin stuff that she's cut out for. Ah, well—she'll always get what she wants in life in some way, just as she got Henry's overalls."

"She wanted you and didn't get you," I reminded him.

"She didn't really want me—she wanted a chance in pictures," he retorted. But he had the grace to blush and I knew the truth, anyway.

"Those two girls are coming over," he remarked, changing the subject abruptly. "Won't they be a bit—want to guess?"

"They want to meet you," I answered promptly. "That's easy."

"No—they want to get into pictures; that's still easier to guess," he declared. "Or possibly one of them has written a scenario that she wants to submit to me personally. Strange, how almost every one in the world seems to have written at least one. And they always seem to expect me to act surprised when they announce that they're scenarists. Still, these girls are almost too pretty for that. I guess my first hunch was best; they want to get into the movies."

They came toward us slowly—charming things they were, in their very smart and correct clothes and little fur scarfs. When they introduced themselves my mind flew to the social register; when they told why they had dared to come, Barry grinned at me. They wanted to get into the movies—wouldn't he please help them?"

TO BE CONTINUED.
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I REDUCED from 175 pounds to 153 pounds (his normal weight) in just two months. At the end of 14 days I started to lose flesh and was absolutely sick, with headaches all the time. I feel wonderful now."

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"Taking off excess weight by this new method is the easiest thing imaginable. It is absolutely harmless. Almost like magic it brings slender, graceful, supple figures and the most wonderful benefits in health. Weakness, nervousness, indigestion, shortness of breath, as well as many long-seated organic troubles, are banished. Eyes become brighter, steps more elastic and skins smooth, clear and radiant. Many write that they are positively astounded at losing wrinkles which they had supposed to be ineradicable!"

The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But to discover this vital "law of food" had always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the world-famous food specialist, to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others consume it. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Thus the excess fat you already have is used up. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

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See how our liberal guarantee protects you. Either experience this wonderful new diet on 10 days and see if you cannot lose your surplus flesh through a wonderful new discovery which does not require any starving, exercise, massage, drugs or bitter self-denials or discomforts. Sent on 10 DAYS TRIAL TO PROVE that you can lose a pound a day.

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Name. (Please write plainly)

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Price outside U. S., $2.15 cash with order.
A Movie Pianist.—I never said I didn't like girls! Can't you give me credit for a little diplomacy? "The Man Who Married His Own Wife" is Frank Mayo's latest. Gaston Glass plays in "I Am the Law" with Alice Lake and Kenneth Harlan. No, he did not appear in "Greater Than Love." "Reported Missing" is Owen Moore's latest and Harrison Ford is in "The Primitive Lover." opposite Constance Talmadge. Frank Mayo, Gaston Glass, Owen Moore, William Duncan, Niles Welch, Wallace Reid, Richard Dix, and many others are urged to read "other plays" in the studio. and "Once to呷e." Lloyd Griffith has been released in "The Unknown Wife" with Edith Roberts and "Reputation" with Priscilla Dean.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies in a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine. 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

Rodolph Admirer.—So you're "wild, simply wild," over Rodolph? Well, you're not alone—I've never read such hectic praise in all my life as I have this past month about this actor. I've written Rodolph's history so often that I can rattle it off by heart, but so many fans keep asking to know "all about him" that I'm giving the whole story here again.

Mr. Valentino was born in Castellaneta, Italy, May 9, 1895, and was christened Antunovich Valentino Guglielmi. He attended first a military academy, then an agricultural college, intending to become a landscape gardener. Valentino came to this country about eight years ago, couldn't find a job at landscaping, so took up dancing in New York City as a means of livelihood. He danced in cabarets, in vaudeville with Bonnie Glass and Jennie Sawyer, and spent two seasons in musical comedy. Then he went to the coast, danced in one of the hotels out there, and finally secured a job in the movies. He has been in pictures about four years, but for a long time could secure only bits and small parts, so that he was practically unknown until a little over a year ago, when "The Four Horsemen" was released. Since then he has played in "The Conquering Power," "Uncharted Seas," "Camille," "Moran of the Lady Letty," "Beyond the Rocks," "The Sheik," and "Blood and Sand," which will be released in September. And two old productions in which Valentino appeared when he was not so famous are again being revived by Universal. They are "The Delicious Little Devil," with Mae Murray, and "Once to Every Woman," with Dorothy Phillips. Rodolph married Jean Acker, a leading actress, in November, 1919, and was divorced from her several months ago. Then he wedded Natacha Rambova, art designer for Nazimova, whose real name is Winifred Hudnut. Valentino is five feet eleven, weighs one hundred and fifty-four pounds, has black hair and dark-brown eyes. There you have it all; clip it out and paste it in your Valentino gallery. You have one, I suppose.

A Lover of Picture-Play.—You seem concerned mostly with pronunciations this time. See if you can make anything of this: Thomas Meighan's name is pronounced "Mee-an," accent on first syllable, short "a," as in "man." Lois is pronounced "Lo-iis," long "o." "St." as in "sis," accent on first syllable. Thomas' eyes are blue and his hair black. So you'll always be led to Tommo. He seems to be keeping his following all right. "Our Leading Citizen," the George Ade story in which he appears, has been finished and Tommo will next devote himself to making life miserable for Leatrice Joy in "Manslaughter."

Hildegarde.—Richard Barthelmess' first screen appearance was with Nazimova in "War Brides," released in 1916. It was while he was attending Trinity College that he got a bit in this production during a summer vacation. So Dick left college, because he couldn't wait to graduate, to take up motion picture acting. He married Miss Dorothy Grish in "The Hope Chest," "Boots," and "I'll Get Him Yet." His first work under Griffith was as the Chink in "Broken Blossoms," made in 1919. Then followed other Griffith productions, "Scarlet Days," "The Girl Who Stayed at Home." "The Idol Dancer," "The Love Flower," and "Way Down East." Now Dick is in his own company and has released "Tolable Dav," "The Seventh Day," and "Sonny." Richard was born in New York City in 1895. He is five feet seven, weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds, has dark hair and brown eyes, and is married to Mary Hay. So there it is, Hildegardie, all in a nutshell.

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For Exhibition Purposes

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grace on the screen, and I believe it. But if I tried to take dancing lessons, tired as I am after a day’s work, I’d look like an old woman the next day. Besides I have a naturally placid disposition. That’s why I’m inclined to get fat.”

She chatted on politely, but her eyes were wandering about, noting the books on the table, the people in the studio, the pictures on the wall. Helene Chadwick is one of the players who does all of her acting on the screen. Off screen she is more beautiful, but less magnetic.

Unlike nice motion-picture stars who are simple and unassuming I am impatient and on occasion can fling bursts of temperament about. I threatened to go home if the photographer kept us waiting any longer, so Miss Chadwick obligingly acted the way I thought any one of her important should.

“Just one minute more,” she announced with offended dignity, “and I’m going. My time’s valuable.” And then she added to me in a whisper, “Is that enough, or—-”

That was the end of our waiting. Leaving the self-conscious young author sitting in a glare of lights, Mr. Abbe clutched a hat and rushed us out to a taxicab.

“We’re going to get some costumes, and photograph her in them,” Mr. Abbe confided to me.

“What kind of costumes?” I asked, somewhat acridly I’ll admit, as I thought Miss Chadwick’s appearance couldn’t be improved upon. I had been eyeing her trim little black frock and sable neck piece enviously for some time.

“Almost any kind of costumes,” Mr. Abbe announced casually; “she’ll look well in them.”

I disagreed with him; Miss Chadwick smiled at me graciously with that you’re-the-only-person-who-un¬
derstands-me air that is the greatest gift of woman. I decided that living in Hollywood, the show case of America, was the nearest we had to a school for diplomats.

When they selected a twelfth-century billow of brocades and pearls and an early Colonial costume of white satin, I was depressed beyond words, for I thought they were going to rob Miss Chadwick of all her personality. But you can see by the accompanying pictures that I was wrong.

She doesn’t lose her temper; she looks beautiful in anything whether it is her type of clothes or not; surely she was made for exhibition purposes.
"One time at the Athletic Club, the taxicab starter told me that two Spanish women had been inquiring for me all day. To be truthful, I was flattered. He had told them to come back at half past six. Meanwhile, the taxicab driver had volunteered to ride them around Los Angeles—at so much a mile. The women came back at half past six, and I was interested. They had taken so much trouble and gone to so much expense to see me. But what did they want? With tears in her eyes, the mother asked me where she could find her Jesus-Marie, who had left home and worked in one of my pictures. He had written her about it, and she was sure I knew where she was. Now, many Spaniards have played in my pictures and most of them are called Jesus-Marie. What could I do? The poor ladies were bewildered.

When we finished dinner, Mr. Moreno undertook to escort me to the theater. The traffic was tangled beyond hope. But it is convenient to be a movie star; Mr. Moreno rushed to the curb and saved the situation. Incidentally we got across the street.

And even one spoke to him and called, "Hey, there, Tony!"

At the theater we both applauded Mrs. Sidney Drew, and Mr. Moreno remembered the time when she and her late husband made such wonderful and clean comedies. But aside from that we couldn’t agree. Mr. Moreno insisted on staying to the very end to see some acrobats. I didn’t like one woman and remarked that she ought to have a permanent wave. Mr. Moreno gave me a look as much as to say "Cat!" A comedian made a censorable joke. Mr. Moreno diverted my attention by saying, "There’s Syd Chaplin and his wife." Another comedian sang a blue song, and Mr. Moreno again came to the rescue by remarking, "There’s Eileen Percy and her husband." And, after that, he had the nerve to tell me he didn’t approve of censorship.

At the end of a perfect evening, Mr. Moreno asked me if I had any questions to ask him. I couldn’t think of a question. So I said: "What do you think of bobbed hair?" After a careful survey, he cautiously hailed a passing taxi.

Their Real Double Lives

Harry Carey is among those who ply the business on the side. He lives on his ranch all the time, drives to the studio from it every morning when he’s working, and tends the cows and sheep when he returns home at night. "Bill" Hart has ranch property, too, which he visits frequently. He’s strongly fortified financially with Liberty Bonds and like securities, but he needs the ranch for "atmosphere." Same is true for Buck Jones, Tom Mix, and others, I believe, although Mix uses his property largely for location work.

Naturally you would expect to see screen villains addicted to some dark and mysterious pursuit. But, as it happens, screen villains in private life are usually very estimable citizens. The nearest to an instance of one being a hold-up man that I can find is Noah Beery who has stock in a garage.

William V. Mong, the Merlin of "A Connecticut Yankee," does some killing on the side. At least he instigates it. But he cleverly avoids any penalties, and gets paid very well besides.

You see, he raises hogs. He’s notably successful, too. And there is no joking or press-agentry about it, either. Mr. Mong possesses the champion Duroc herd of the State. At three different hog exhibits last year, he captured fifty-eight ribbons with nine heads of hogs.

Mr. Mong is not overlooking any bets in picture work, either. He is busy at the studios practically all the time. He writes continuity, too. "Shattered Idols" was filmed from his script, and he also played in the picture.

Both his picture work and his hog-raising have been productive of large income.

There are many players who make money out of their hobbies. Sometimes these lines, entered into for pleasure, become actual businesses. This is true of Theodore Roberts and his hobby for raising wire-haired fox terriers. At least, it promises to be. Recently he sold King Vidor, the director, a puppy for a large sum of money. Roberts hasn’t shown any profit yet, because his ornate kennels have cost so much to build.

Major Coleman who played the lead opposite Bull Montana in his first starring picture also hopes to profit by raising dogs. He has some fine police dogs which she trains when she is not at work in the studios.

Sometimes a player will originate an idea for a bungalow court or other construction of this kind, which
will "take" quite generally, and he'll have more orders than he can fill. Jack Donovan, who plays juvenile leads for First National had an experience something like this. He designed and built a picturesque court called "Winged Victory Gardens" of especial appeal to picture people. His tenants include Rex Ingram, director of the "Four Horsemen," and Alice Terry, his wife. On the strength of his attractive designing, he assisted Clarence E. Badger, formerly Will Rogers' director, Chester Franklin and Maude Marsh, sister of Mae in building their homes.

One of the most interesting accomplishments among the women is that of Eugenie Besserer, who appeared in mother rôles in "Molly O" and "The Rosary." She teaches swimming and fencing. The latter is her forte, for records show that she held the ladies' fencing championship for a number of years in this country. Born in France, she studied under a French master of the art. She now imparts her knowledge to classes of young women in gymnasiums. She was at one time professor of fencing at a school for girls.

The pursuits of motion-picture folk, the way they occupy their spare time, all tend to show an astonishing stability in the life of Hollywood. They have a chance to settle down, make homes, and accumulate property, and thus add to their resources, gaining an increasing prominence in the business life of the community.

I could even cite a few instances where they have become identified with civic bodies, improvement associations and the like. Several prominent men, like Cecil De Mille, are also directors in banks and investment companies.

Perhaps you recall Wedgwood Nowell who appeared as Kragstad in "A Doll's House," Nazimova's recent picture. He also played Arsene Lupin in the crook mystery story "813," if you remember it. Among many other activities in which he engages, he is a director in the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, and therefore has considerable to do with the welfare of the picture colony.

A curious incident of a man becoming identified with a business organization is supplied in the case of J. Frank Glendon, who played leads for Clara Kimball Young and also for Marie Prevost in her new picture "Kissed." He was invited to become a member of the Progressive Business Club some time ago, and he made such a good speech before that body that they elected him a district governor. I'll bet his experience in getting points over before the camera had a lot to do with it, too.

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Two Who Found No Fairy Godmother

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in order to keep homes together for their daughters. To the mothers, each home was usually just another place in which to do more work.

Mrs. Starke and Pauline lived in a single small room in a third-rate hotel four blocks from the Biograph studio. Each morning after cooking their meager breakfast over a little alcohol stove in their room, they walked to work. The only beauty they saw was in the loveliness of the orange grove of a house where they lived.

At night they returned home, tired after their day on the hot, dusty lot. Sometimes they were too weary to go toward the hills in the cool California evening to seek quiet in the gathering shadows and peace in the lights twinkling, one by one, in the valley below. On great occasions they would take their dinner at a near-by restaurant—a cheap one—but most often they made the best of a frugal meal in their combination-living-bedroom-kitchen.

When Triangle broke up, Pauline was retained by Ince, who at that time had put into his significant motion-picture producing plant at Culver City. It took two hours to go from her home to the studio. She was due at nine, so it meant a six-o'clock alarm every morning. She reported for work every week day for six months without as much as a chance to play atmosphere being given her.

Every day, rain or shine, ill or well, she boarded the car at the corner, transferred twice, and at nine o'clock reported to the casting director. Already tired from her tire-some ride, she stayed around the studio all day, watching the actors on the set, studying make-up, lighting, the tempo of action, and other fine points of screen technique. At six o'clock she forced her way into a car crowded with laborers even more tired than she, and stood up all the way back into town.

At the end of the six months she was rewarded with a bit as maid in one of the late Olive Thomas' pictures. Then followed more weary weeks of going to the studio only to be denied work. Mrs. Starke still played extra parts during the day, a thousand little economies to be practiced to swell the little hoard for the first payment on a cheap car. Long hours and the street-car ride were beginning to tell on Pauline's health and her appearance.

Little by little she was put into bits, then small parts which gave her opportunity to practice the things she had been studying so quietly and unobtrusively during her weary time of waiting.

Then came the big jump to success—a success which many people said came overnight. She signed a two-year contract as the featured player in Frank Borzage productions. Since then she has played the leading role in "Salvation Nell" and "Wife Against Wife," among others, and a featured part in "The Connecticut Yankee."

She has gone steadily upward. If her path in the future is strewn with roses, she may degenerate into the silk-clad, posing heroine of program pictures. I am not hoping that sorrow and misfortune will be her lot, in order that the American public may gain another great artiste, but I do hope that there will be some great impetus—from within or from without—that will spur her on to supreme artistic achievement, which for Pauline Starke will mean supreme artistic achievement.

Diets for Art's Sake

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pointed because she did not have a wolf, but she did have a wolf's appetite. For a little girl she eats more than any one I know.

Eileen Percy eats combination salad with French dressing—mayonnaise is fattening—and drinks weak iced tea with lots of lemon. Miss Percy is not too fat, but she is not taking any chances.

Carmel Myers is always hungry when lunch time comes around. She very often flirts with a piece of pie although she knows she should not eat it. Temptation! There it is again. Oh, Adam and Eve, why were you tempted—to make us poor weak mortals suffer forever after?

And now that Lulu Hunt Peters has come out with her book, "Diet and Health, With Key to the Calories," all I hear morning, noon, and night is: "I can't eat that—it has too many calories!" and, "I can't eat that—it has too many calories!" When night comes I can't go to sleep for worrying as to whether I have fed the fat ones too many calories and the thin ones not enough.
Is Betty Blythe Really Beautiful?

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bird of paradise, and I pin it on different hats as I wear them. I alternate with this tassel and this buckle. The big shapes you can turn up in back or in front or in three places like this and make a Colonial. I have two sets of furs and a fur coat which is reversible so you can turn it inside out and make believe it is a brocaded evening coat.”

And at that time Miss Blythe was achieving her reputation of being one of the best-dressed young women on the screen. She loves beautiful, expensive things to wear, and she looks stunning in them, but she was just as happy and quite as stunning when she wore five-dollar gowns and two-dollar hats. That is because the good fairy endowed her with style—that inimitable gift.

And if any one richly deserves her stardom it is Betty Blythe. She is the hardest-working girl I know. Her contract calls for personal appearances, and when she isn’t making a new picture up in the Whitman Bennett studios she is flying across the continent to New Orleans or Galveston, Baltimore, or St. Louis.

Just after she finished making “Queen of Sheba” William Fox conceived the idea of having her make some personal appearances. It was a brilliant idea, for Miss Blythe is even more decorative off than on. Then, with the success of “Fair Lady” Mr. Bennett asked her to make some more personal appearances, and now it is nothing unusual for Miss Blythe to work at the studio until five or six, then hustle home, and prepare to take the midnight train to some far-off city where “Fair Lady” is showing.

One day last week I took dinner with her, and she was getting ready to leap away at midnight. As I went into the library there was Betty in a white embroidered tea gown seated directly in the center of an enormous white linen divan. If she had been expecting me or if Miss Blythe were in the least theatrical I should have accused her of premeditation. But she is just one of those people who are always falling into graceful poses, so that you feel like shouting, “Hold it, hold it!”

“In five hours I’ve got to be on the train,” she said, “and look at all these wonderful books that I never have a chance even to open. It’s dreadful to be so busy working that you never have a chance to learn anything.”

“Where did you get such a splendid collection? It must have taken you years.” But she shook her head. “They aren’t mine, they are Fannie Hurst’s. I took her apartment while she was away, and I never have a chance to enjoy it—I’m never here.”

I looked around curiously, not so much impressed with the beauty of the surroundings as I was by the fact that in this very room Miss Hurst sat and waved such things as “Humoresque” and “Back Pay.”

Miss Hurst once told me she had her first twenty-six stories returned and that she was not in the least abashed—she kept right on.

“Shades of Stardust,” exclaimed “Shades of Stardust.” exclaimed Miss Blythe, “what courage and determination!”

And the Madonna who gazes down from the heavy gold frame smiled serenely, and all of the little candles twinkled.

And I laughed because Miss Hurst wasn’t a bit more courageous and determination than Miss Blythe herself.

Would You Let Your Daughter Go Into the Movies?

Continued from page 52

other than those they have determined for themselves.

There are numbers of thoroughly “nice” people in the industry, and you know just what I mean by that. Most of them are “nice” than most people out because they have had tests outsiders seldom get. And there are lots of really lovely girls in the industry, girls any woman might be proud to mother. There is no reason why your girl and my girl should not be as lovely as they. The young men I don’t know so well, but I’d warrant there are some nice ones among them.

So, if my girl wants the motion pictures as a career and has health and will go on with her education and has been trained so that her moral standards will be her own—you can’t ask more than that—she can go into pictures. I’ll have to train her along with her for the first few years—which is an awful nuisance to contemplate—if she starts early. But she’ll try the cold baths—first!
sell it for small sums, to extras. Among some of the canny women "independents"—that is, those who have their own companies and whose expenses come from their own pocketbooks rather than from the fat pockets of corporations—it is customary to sell the clothes to shops downtown, where they are resold, with a great blaring of trumpets, to curiosity seekers among the fair sisterhood. There are many women who pay really fabulous prices for the privilege of wearing a gown that once draped a motion-picture celebrity.

The garments worn by women players in Guy Bate Post's "The Masquerader" were sold to them at cost by Richard Walton Tully, the producer. These fashionable clothes having been worn in but a few scenes by Ruth Sinclair, Marcia Manon, and the other actresses, doubtless will serve their owners for a long while. The costumes for "Omar the Tentmaker," which Mr. Tully now has in production, will probably be retained for a stage revival of the play.

"We give them away to little boys who need them," Jackie Coogan's mother answered my question, "We receive many requests from poor people and these always are investigated. Whenever found worthy, we delight in presenting them with some of Jackie's clothes, which have been worn but little. These, of course, are his dress-up suits with which he is usually decked out in the end of the picture." Fortunate little boys who boast the same size as Jackie! I personally investigated one of these requests, to which Mumsy Coogan had responded by sending the fancy little blue suit Jackie wore in the final scene of "My Boy"—and found a great wailing. The suit was too small, and, try hard though he did with marvelous in-drawing of tummy, the youngster couldn't quite make the fit!

If you are interested in watching this evolution of costumes, remember what I have told you and, if you are observant, try to pick out in the mobs of extras the gowns you have seen in previous pictures adorning Gloria Swanson or Katherine MacDonald.

"Conway Tearle is much nicer to my mind; he's kept his sense of humor better. He's not playing in anything just now, you know, and he has to pay so much alimony that it keeps him broke, so he's asked the court to make a sort of sliding scale of alimony for him—high when he's working and low when he's not. I think they ought to make wholesale rates on alimony to any one who's been married as often as he has.

"I'd think that romance was dead with every one getting divorces if it weren't for Eva Novak. She is going to marry William Read, an ex-camera man."

"Is she really going to make a picture with her sister?" I asked, more interested in pictures than Fanny's idea of romance.

"Yes," Fanny admitted as she twirled around and waved to some acquaintances across the room. "They're going to make 'The Rock of Ages'—adapted from the hymn and the painting. It ought to be sweet for those that like sweet things. At that, it may be a relief from desert pictures. I've seen so many of those that I'm on the verge of starting a school for scenario writers. My only instruction would be—just put in a desert; that's all!"

"And speaking of subtitles..."
A Man-Sized Fight

Continued from page 53

His company gave an advertising man ten thousand dollars and told him to keep Lew Cody's name before the public. And Mr. Cody would gladly have given him twice that to keep him quiet if he had known how it was to be done. But the damage was done before he knew that he was to be styled the male vampy.

But to go back to Seattle—when he asked the audience if they thought he was as bad as he had been painted, a little old lady in the front row shrilly piped up, "I think you're worse!"

Now most actors would have ignored her and got off the stage as quickly as possible, but Lew Cody jumped right down over the footlights and started talking to her. And when he was through he had not only convinced her that he was sincere in his desire to live down his purple cinematic past, he had won her over so completely that when he suggested that they shake hands she insisted on kissing him.

Perhaps that story moves you; it didn't me particularly. I just murmured, "Isn't that like some fool women?" and asked Mr. Cody about the part he is playing now in "The Valley of Silent Men" opposite Alma Rubens.

But when I saw how genuinely enthusiastic he was over having a chance to play a strong part in a big story, my flippant attitude vanished. I was face to face with a man who was putting up a big fight and who compelled my admiration. The hardest job in the world is to stage a come-back or correct an erroneous impression. Compared with it, gaining fame is simple child's play. As you may remember, it took only two pictures, De Mille's "Why Change Your Husband?" and Lois Weber's "For Husbands Only" to make the sleek Mr. Cody a big drawing card.

But time alone can tell how many big successes it will take to bring him back that popularity which melted away when he took his ill-fated excursion into pictures that made him out a devil with the ladies. Lew Cody is plugging away wholeheartedly at the job of getting back into favor, and is pretty sure to win. When his star pictures which made him out a trifler flopped, people said, "Lew Cody's down and out." But he's not. Even in these hard times there are canny men in the film business who are considering starring him again. And this time, needless to say, he will play real men, not butterflies, in his pictures.

He is an ingratiating person; the awful trick that Fate played him in bringing him success and then knocking him over with an advertising man's slogan hasn't ruffled his poise or ruined his sense of humor. I dare say that he would be one of the big popular stars to-morrow if people would forget their villainous concept of him and see him as he is.

But if you suspect that I was unduly affected by his charming ways here's a tale that came back to me a few days after my interview.

A mutual acquaintance at the studio dropped in on Lew in his dressing room after I had gone.

"How did you get on with the interviewer?" he asked.

Cody waited a moment. "W-ee-e-e-e-lll," he finally said, "I've got an idea that she knows what it's all about. I hope I'm not mistaken, she's going to write me up just the way she really sized me up, without any fancy trimmings."

He stopped again for a moment.

"At that," he concluded, "I'd a lot rather be written up that way even if I get stepped on than to have one of those mushy write-ups."
“Your own company?” I asked.

She shook her head and smiled at me with a characteristic lowering of the chin that accentuates the sparkle of her eyes, and brings out two dimples around her lips.

“I suppose I could call it that, but I don’t want to. Silly, don’t you think? I don’t want to be a star again until—well—until I am. That is the only success that really counts.”

I reflected that if I were asked to sum up Doris Kenyon in two words, I would do so with “charm” and “sincerity.” She has a winning friendliness, a warmth of manner that is neither aggressive nor affected. If she likes you, she does not hesitate to show it. And she has a direct, unflinching way of looking you straight in the eye that makes you feel that she is earnest, purposeful.

I told her that PICTURE-PLAY was going to publish a page of her impressions of screen celebrities. I had read them and thought them most apt.

“You must know the people very well,” I hazarded. Again she shook her head.

“I don’t know any of them. You’d hardly believe it, but the only movie stars I know”—and it was significant that she spoke of them as if she were not one of them—“are the ones with whom I have played. I have never been to California, you see, and the people I know are mostly writers, or just—family people.”

It was the next Sunday night that I attended a spiritistic seance at Doris’ home. Both she and her mother are interested observers of things psychical, and the medium had consented to any test of his sincerity for which we might ask. The results were, to say the least, mystifying. At times embarrassing; for I, with an almost-new husband beside me, had to listen to a message that rose from the ashes of a bygone love affair. The most skeptical man in the group was confronted by a scientist, on a far-away plane, and there ensued a sharp contest of technical questions and answers, so phrased as to be almost unintelligible to us laymen. It hardly seemed that the medium, a young man apparently of only moderate education, could have had any knowledge of some of them. The answers the spirit scientist gave were quick, decisive, and I understand, accurate. The skeptical one admitted that there “might be something in it.” But the thrill of the evening came when a woman’s voice speaking through the trance lips of the medium, declared that she was Fanny Davenport, and had a message for Doris.

“My child,” she said in a series of rushing, eager sentences, “you are only approaching your greatest work. Many splendid things lie before you. This is the advice I wish to give you. When you enter a house where there is trouble, seize upon it, feel it, make it your own. When you see a man fall upon the street, push your way into the crowd. Register your sensations, file them away so that you will be able to reproduce them accurately if need arises. Be alive, be keenly receptive to everything about you. Above all things, do not listen to flattery. My child, I know whereof I speak; it will gain you nothing. Think only of your work, how to interpret life sincerely. The best reward possible will be your own consciousness of having done it well.”

And whether you believe or not that it was Fanny Davenport speaking, I, for one—of a great many—at least believe firmly that the prediction concerning Doris’ future will be fulfilled. She is indeed going “Up the Ladder.”

A Fan’s Adventures In Hollywood

Continued from page 85

where the forms of all the Lasky actresses are kept.

“I want to show you some of them,” said Agnes laughingly. “Each has the name of the star written on it because really you’d never recognize your own shape when you see it in a form like that.”

We went around trying to guess whose figures the forms were to represent.

Betty Compson’s, Lila Lee’s, Bebe Daniels’, we came across. “That one is easy,” said Agnes pointing to a particularly tiny one, “that’s little May MacAvoys.”

Then we went into the enormous wardrobe department where rows and rows of costumes of every description were hung, from the most elaborately evening gowns to every style of riding habit. In drawers and glass cases were hats and shoes. Goodness, seeing that pile of clothes all in one huge room, it looked to me as if there was enough there to deck out every actress in the movies in regular De Mille fashion.
Agnes Ayres showed me some of the costumes that were set aside for her use only. There were several stunning gowns of green sequins and beaded ones that were kept in drawers. Then there was the Marguerite costume of blue velvet and pearls that she wore in her first star picture. And I saw the helmet and the cream-colored linen riding habit that served her in "The Sheiks!"

Mrs. Chaffin had some hats that she had got especially for Miss Ayres to wear, so we went into a fitting room where she could try them on. There we discovered Agnes' form with a gown already fitted on it.

Then Agnes showed me the director's office where the director waits and gives the final O. K. to the player's costumes.

A director was there when we entered and then who should come in to show off her costume but my dear friend Betty Compson. Betty Compson seems like that to me because I met her more often than I did any other movie star. Every time I visited the Lasky studio we were sure to run into each other—to my great pleasure.

Betty showed off her costume like a model for the director while he suggested changes to Mrs. Chaffin. The costume Miss Compson wore was a very tight striped skirt, a lace waist, very high-heeled pumps, and her hat was a sort of tam affair.

"I just love to play a tough part," laughed Betty, as she posed with her hands in her skirt pockets and shrugged her shoulders. She recalled to mind her Rose of "The Miracle Man."

"You know, I think the girl in this story would be the kind who would go without something to eat so that she might wear silk stockings," she explained.

"Now you are getting a good illustration of just how the star, the director, and Mrs. Chaffin all confer on the selection of the clothes," said Agnes Ayres. "When I get my script for a new picture I have to go through the very same thing."

At Home with the Stars

After the first glamour of visiting motion-picture studios was past, Ethel Sands decided that it was much nicer to see stars in their own homes. You'll agree with her when you read next month of how she dined with Mr. and Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa and went over to spend the evening at Pauline Frederick's afterward. And of the times when she visited at the homes of Norma Talmadge and Lois Wilson and Jacqueline Logan.
What the Fans Think
Continued from page 11

I'll be very glad when all this Wallie stuff is over with. I can't for the world see why he receives so much mention—oh, yes, maybe I have it—his looks? Well, he does make a very good fashion plate and, yes, he can drive beautifully, but personally, my friends can supply both without paying for it. His dramatic ability to me consists of grins and frowns. As for being dramatic, look at Wallie, not Rodolph Valentino. We have Valenti with his romantic and fascinating personality, combined with great intelligence and real dramatic ability. Genuine and sincere in his work, he has captured us all with that wonderful something that makes him so different from the general run of them, exotic, enigmatical, and suave, yet with that de­­licious bit of devilment. We, I think, don't have Valenti. He is capable of, judging by comments on one hears everywhere, he will be the sensation of the screen if cast in good productions.

I have seen "The Four Horsemen" five times and would go again; it was wonderful. However, "The Sheik" was a sensation, according to the widespread motorcity press. I agree with L. H., of Washington, about the Valenti character of Ahmed. Although the book made very interesting reading, I preferred the picture.

And wasn't Rudy great in "Moran of the Lady Letty?" He certainly proved—he men especially—that he was a he-man, after all.

I'm looking forward eagerly to "Beyond the Rocks." I hope that Gloria hasn't spoiled it all, for I've never considered her anything but a fashion mannequin. However, it ought to be a good attraction, since Rudy is in it.

Marie Lawrence.

8023 Chresheim Valley, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

For the first time, I am disappointed in Picture-Play. I thought you meant what you said about "the truth about the stars," one of which is Wallie Reid, one of our most discriminating critics. But in your advance advertisement of her Valenti article you are pandering to the public for publicity.

From your adjective one would suppose him to be a mixture of Dante, Sal­vini, D'Annunzio, John Barrymore, and thus in turn prejudice others. For the first time, I am disappointed in Picture-Play, I thought you meant what you said about "the truth about the stars," one of which is Wallie Reid, one of our most discriminating critics. But in your advance advertisement of her Valenti article you are pandering to the public for publicity.

Continued on page 106
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What the Fans Think
Continued from page 104

There is praise that simply condemns, and there is criticism that makes you love the person criticized. I don’t see why my friend Evelyn and the other fans who are simply furious over what Hazel Shelley said about Rodolph Valentino don’t remember that. If she had run down any of my particular favorites I would just have said to myself: Well, then, Hazel, you don’t like him, then I probably wouldn’t like you!

As it happened, I did agree with her. I would have refused to meet Rodolph Valentino, too, if I had been in her place. Buy Evelyn, who is crazy about him, says that if I had a ghost of a chance to meet him, she’d give me her new summer hat to trade places with me. Oh, well, here’s to me! I hope you will keep on printing such perfectly frank and amusing articles. What’s an opinion worth if it isn’t prejudging.

Doris G. Parnell.
Pontiac, Mich.

In your July issue of PICTURE PLAY Hazel Shelley had an article on “Heroes I Have Known” which made me very angry. I don’t think any one who has not met Rodolph Valentino would dare to judge him as severely as she did. Miss Shelley maintains he is conceited and self-satisfied. I have no authority by which to deny this, though I will say who wouldn’t? Take any motion-picture actor suddenly shoot him to fame, as “The Four Horsemen” did Valentino; send him several million letters from the vaudeville stage. Set him up as a new idol! crowd the fan magazines with his pictures and interviews; let all of the biggest film corporations scramble for his services; give him a contract with one of the biggest picture companies in the world and a salary of twenty-five hundred a week as a beginning—and if he would not become some what self-satisfied at what he had achieved he would not be human. Of course Tony Moreno is not conceited. He has no special reason to be. And as for Bert Lytell, it is a matter of fact, he is the most egotistical man I have ever seen. He fairly struts across the sets. I do not care for these “rank” criticisms of pure plastic. However the public seems to like Valentino, and I guess that is all that matters to him. I don’t suppose he even needs this defense.

Trix MacKenzie.
Box 1495, Atlanta, Ga.

I have been a lover of pictures for some years. I used to go often before the war, but of late I have lost interest because there seemed to be no pep in the men, no individuality about the pictures, no life and none of the pictures to take me out of the existence of everyday. Then came “The Four Horsemen” and “The Conquering Power,” and yes, if you must have it, “The Sheik,” though it was trash and in the hands of a different temperament would have made an ugly picture, censored even though it was. But Berto and the Roses were impeachable, and I left the last Berto crying. As I witnessed the efforts of Valentino trying to put life into pasteboard and artificiality, “A thing of beauty is a joy forever,” and the memory of one Julia is worth a dozen performances of Elinor Glyn’s production. Let us put him away in lavender and old lace rather than try to preserve him in one half of one per cent.

An Old, Blase Movie Fan.
135 West Eightieth Street, New York City.

I’ve read so many letters in “What the Fans Think” page praising Rodolph Valentino that I can keep quiet no longer. I am going to brave the fury of lots of fans by saying that Mr. Valentino is a great way from being a great actor that I will admit that he was very good in “The Four Horsemen,” but since then he seems to have become quite conscious of his so-called “manly beauty.” In the first place, he has stolen Wallace Reid’s trick of raising his left eyebrow and his hair would put patent leather to shame. Some one back of me at the last movie he appeared in said to him in a possible low key by saying: “Gosh! He just hates himself, don’t he?” Of course, his type will always appeal to the young girls, but he isn’t the type to hold the attention of average adults.

Harlow B. Johnson.
Rochester, New York.

I do not agree with Miss MacKenzie on her criticism of Wallace Reid. He is a most excellent actor, a well-crafted character actor. I have a low opinion of Wallace Reid’s tricks, but I think if people would talk more about the good points of an actor or actress it would help us all. But there are always a few to “take up a cause” and there is no way says some one just a little better to “give joy,” and I think Wallace is one of these. I think there are a number of fans who would be benefited if Wallace were to leave us. I, myself, always feel a hundred per cent better and can always laugh after seeing one of his pictures.

Rodolph Valentino is perfectly wonderful. I agree with Hazel Shelley, but, after all their wonderful efforts to please us every one, and years of hard work, do you think it hardly fair to forget the old favorites just for the new one? Don’t forget Wallace Reid in “Excuse My Dust.” He won a place in my heart, as well as life-long memory, then. I am in favor of keeping the old ones as long as they give the best they can.

Eva Briz.
Beaumont, Texas.

I have noticed many letters of praise for Valentino’s work in “The Sheik,” and I cannot understand why this picture is praised so highly and “The Four Horsemen” apparently forgotten. Valentino’s splendid work in “The Four Horsemen” was mentioned only once in the whole section of the May issue, while “The Sheik”
was landed to the skies in no less than three articles. One opinion, signed by a young woman of Atlanta, Georgia, was filled with the silliest, most sentimental "beau" I have ever read. I can't see how a star can be pleased with such praise as this: "The Sheik" costumes I did not care for much, but the ending was too wonderful for words. He should never wear anything but white riding suits with black boots." Think of that as a standard of good acting and artistic ability! The writer also spoke of Valentino as "the handsome Italian who has taken the country by storm." I admit that he has taken the country by storm, but if these young girls could only forget this sentimental nonsense and judge a picture by its real merits and by the players' real ability to act, better pictures will be the result. I have seen both "The Sheik" and "The Foolish Samaritan," and the latter is by far the better of the two—likewise Valentino's best work.

Please do not think that I am too old to enjoy Valentino's very good looks—I am only twenty—but I do not feel it is right to judge a player's ability to act by the "wonderful endings" of his pictures or the way he looks in the special clothes he wears in the "final clinic."

M. A. H. CRANDALL.
Orlando, Florida.

Praise for Thomas Meighan.

When one reads the letters from "fans" that they receive to month to month in a fan magazine, they cannot help but write in answer to some of the sentiments they contain.

"Mr. Meighan! I am so sick of reading praise of this foreigner that I cannot help but voice my sentiments concerning the silly letters complimenting him. I can see absolutely nothing in his appearance to remind the refined American woman. And his interviews! His opinions on woman! Love! Why, everything he says goes to show he has the foreigner's idea of these matters. He does not realize that the American woman does not require her husband at her elbow paying her attentions and, like foreigners, keeping every man far from her wife. Just let Mr. Meighan see how long he can keep an American wife on sweet words minus the comforts of life, which can be purchased for money. Let's wish him well in the public gallery as long as Thomas Meighan, for example, and then see what he will say about love and marriage.

Mr. Meighan and his wife deserve the admiration and respect of any sound-thinking person, when you consider the demands of their profession, which has kept them apart at times for months and years. "Fan" girls have made me forget their love for their other. Then when you take into account the fact that Mr. Meighan is, in the minds of many of the fans, the handsomest and best looking, you can easily realize the temptations he must be confronted with. Much praise is due Mrs. Meighan for her share in their successful marriage. Mr. Meighan is a perfect type of American husband. He must have had a wonderful mother and father and home life. Each night I pray that Mr. Meighan will be happy, successful, healthy, and get the good, for without this the others are useless.

My husband and four children are right here in the living room as I write this, and my husband, a noted specialist, approves of everything I have expressed here. A constant reader, Mrs. N. C. L. West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.
From Still Another Star.

May I prevail upon you to tell the girl who wrote and asked if any of the players read 'What the Fans Think' that I read it regularly? I think that department is a really wonderful idea, for it gives the support of a powerful magazine to the idea that the fans do think. Judging by some of the pictures one sees, there are some producers who believe that picturegoers are incapable of thought. We need more influences like 'What the Fans Think' to show them that this is not true.

If I believed as they do, I wouldn't be in pictures!

Oftentimes I wish they could get closer to the people who take too much of my pictures, and your department is in some degree a fulfillment of that wish.

BETTY COMPSON.

More About Personal Appearances.

After reading Emma-Lindsay Squier's article 'When Stars Appear in Person', which gave us an insight into how the stars felt about personal appearances, I thought they might like to hear about what the fans think of them when they appear in person.

I have seen so very many stars in person, but none impressed me as did Theda Bara. I naturally expected to see a very 'vampish-looking' person. Instead, she was very simple and sweet, but not a bit villainous in appearance. Her gown of white satin and rhinestones, together with a beautiful corsage of orchids, gave her a wonderful appearance. I agreed with Miss Squier when she says the fans like to see the stars gowned beautifully, although some of the stars overlooked the thing, particularly Hope Hampton. She seemed enough enamored but was so overburdened with jewelry—and make-up—that she made a rather poor impression on the audience.

I can't understand why some of the stars who make personal appearances persist in using such an enormous amount of make-up. I should think they would be glad to get away from it for a while. Ruth Roland was heavily mascaraed, that I could hardly tell the color of her eyes, and if she would have left most of her make-up off I am sure she would have appeared very good-looking, as she has very good features.

Dorothy Phillips seemed shy and retiring, was devoid of make-up, and had a most wonderful mink wrap. She seemed the most human of all movie stars.

Lillian Walker was very pretty and dimpled; Zena Keefe, stunning; Clara Kimball Young, ditto.

Mae Murray was an admirable, if wild-looking little jazz baby. She gave a Spanish dance and some steps of a jazz dance, and the audience liked her because she was full of pep.

Now for the men. Thomas Meighan holds a warm spot in my heart because of his perfect naturalness and because he gave the orphans of Cleveland a treat, and while some uncharitable people say it was for publicity only, I am sure it was because he is really generous.

I saw him holding about four of the orphans, and he seemed to be enjoying himself as much as they. There was no shame about him whatever.

Bryant Washburn appeared at our leading theater. His wife was with him, and he was not ashamed to admit it. I think he should have taken any star who appeared in Cleveland. He gave a very interesting little talk about Hollywood, motion pictures, and his family, and after hearing him the audience would be feeling that, after all, Hollywood is not as bad as painted and the motion-picture folk are home-loving, law-abiding human beings the same as the rest of us. Incidentally, I saw him on the street, and you can ravel about all your good-looking men, but none of them can come up to Bryant Washburn for real good looks, and he doesn't try to get by in pictures on his looks, either, like some of our other handsome male stars. His wife was very charming and I don't blame him for feeling proud of her.

Bert Lytell seemed to be a regular fellow and very jolly.

Shades of disappointment! We fans are sometimes disillusioned in the recital of seeing Lew Cody. I don't think he's a bit good looking in real life! He has sandy hair and a sandy-looking misshapen face. I don't want to hurt his feelings so I'll say that I think he is nice and not a bit villainous in real life.

I have seen several former movie stars on the stage. Constance Binney was here in "39 East" before she became so well known in the movies. She is a fine little actress, very pretty, and the most graceful and poised person I have ever seen.

Alice Brady in "Forever After" was wonderful. Madame Petrova in vaudeville was rather freakish, I thought. Valeska Suratt, ditto, but a very good actress. Mildred Harris is the face of an actress, but, oh! so good looking and also very graceful in the little dance she gives in her act.

I have seen a great many more but won't take up any more space. I admire them all for their courage in bearing up under the fans' scrutinizing eyes.

THE SHEIK.—You didn't have to wait so very long for your answers, you see. Yes, I'm pretty busy. It's rather a job to keep track of these movie players sometimes; there are so many of them and they move around so much that I'm running "in high" most of the time. But I quite enjoy it, and I am fortunate to be so close to the stars, which is most fans' idea of heaven, it seems. The title of Theda Bara's first picture and the production details haven't been announced yet; it promises to be an event. I have to be patient. Ethel Clayton is an R-C star now, Madge Evans is making "On the Banks of the Walash," from the song of that name, Vivian Martin is on the stage, and J. W. Kerrigan is not doing anything in the line of screen work at present.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

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An Appreciative Reader.—Thanks. Nell Craig was Princess Vasti in "The Queen of Sheba." You must mean Ya- momoto. Togo, Yamamoto plays with Queen Mio. The "Reported Missing." Yes, I am sure Ethel Sands would answer your letter. Write to her care of Picture-Play Magazine, 757 Seventh Avenue, New York.

Betty B.—Yes, both Gloria Swanson and Bobbie Vernon were with the Keystone comedies early in their careers. It's not strange that you never heard of Valentino before "The Four Horsemen." Not many other people did, either, though he was in pictures for three years prior to that. Pictures are small parts. You are a unique fan—to have been a devotee of pictures since their early days and never to have asked for a single photograph.

A Betty Compton Admirer.—Your favorite is in her early twenties. "Kindred of the Dust" has not been generally released at present writing. Dr. Griffith has not definitely decided on his next production at this date, but there are several stories he is supposed to be considering. He may make a seventy-two-reel production of the history of the world, to be used for the furthering of peace. Wells' "Outline of History" and the life of Christ are other stories that he is said to be considering. All be changed and Mr. Griffith working on an entirely different story by the time you read this. Harrison Ford appeared in "The Lottery Man." "The Birth of a Nation" was considered a complete picture by the critics. If you will send me a self-addressed stamped envelope I will mail the cast to you, as it is too long to print here.

Louise.—Well, if I didn't ask you to write again it was only because I have said it so many times. I thought all the fans knew that they are welcome to write whenever they want to know anything, even if they have asked questions before. You may have the name of that man in "The Iron Claw.""I don't know. The father of the Talmadge girls is living.

Irish Inquirer.—Neither Blanche nor Frances Ring has appeared in pictures. The romance of the Meighans was printed in the January, 1921, issue of Picture-Play, but those of the Hayakawas and Walsh and the Meighans have not appeared so far, though Thomas Meighan has no brother in pictures, but Edward Meighan has not appeared yet. Thomas Meighan is his nephew.

J. B. W.—"Sky High" must be the Tom Mix picture you mean. In this production Tom plays a government agent who captures the band of Chinese smugglers in the Grand Canyon.

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E. J.—Marjorie Daw is in the Fox production "A Fool There Was," and plays with Owen Moore in his latest, "A Previous Engagement." Marjorie seems to be kept busy these days, rushing from one studio to another so quickly that I can hardly keep track of her. She was born in 1902 in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Yes, Marjorie played in several pictures with "Arizona," "He Comes Up Smiling," "Bound in Morocco," "Mr. Fix-It." "Say, Young Fellow." "Knickerbocker Bucka­root," "Peacemaker," "Big Wednesday.

Romantic Romaine.—We publish a booklet that I think would answer your questions and that it is called "Guideposts for Scenario Writers," and was gotten up to help those of our readers who are interested in screen writing to prepare their stories properly. It con­tains many valuable hints and I am sure you would find it very helpful. If you send us ten cents in stamps the booklet will be mailed to you.

Norma Talmadge was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1895. Gloria Swanson is about twenty-six and Harrison Ford, thirty. No, Greta Garbo is not only a boy—he is the same as Norma Talmadge, or Younger and free-lance around the vari­ous pictures of the world.

Francis C.—Ruth Roland stays in Cali­fornia most of the time because that's where she lives. "White Eagle" is her latest one and the next will be "The Ridge of the Range," in which Ruth shares thrills and deaths with Bruce Gordon as a partner. She was married to Lionel Kent but is divorced.

Margie M.—Agnes Ayres was the silken Cinderella in "Forbidden Fruit." Here's the full cast: Mary Haddock, Agnes Ayres; Steve Haddock, Clarence Burton; E. J. — "I can easily imagine that anyone could make a name for themselves in the motion-picture business.

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SCENARIO PETE.—"Broken Chains" is the title of the winning story in the Chicago Daily News story contest, and is being produced by Goldwyn as a special, with Allen Holubar directing and Colleen Moore playing the leading role.

M. R.—Ruth Roland has been before the public since she was three years old, her first appearance being with Ed Holden’s "Cinderella" company, and is being produced by Goldwyn as a special, with Allen Holubar directing and Colleen Moore playing the leading role.

T. F.—Here is the cast for "The Inside of the Cup": John Hoder, a rector, William P. Carleton; Eldon Parr, a banker, David Torrence; Alston Parr, his daughter, Edith Hallor; Preston Parr, his son; John K. Mars; R. M. Davis, a merchant, Frank A. Lyon; "Beaty," a Butler, Henry Moore; Kate Merry's friend, Irene Delroy; Garvin's child, George Storey.

Fern A.—So that Betty Compton story, "Some Bumps on the Road to Stardom," didn’t discourage you? Then you must be extremely optimistic. I know that if I were thinking of taking up screen acting that article would make me stop and consider. But I wish you luck, Fern. Katherine Doro’s latest novel, "The Secret Four," is published in "The Secret Four." Elmo Lincoln was born February 6, 1889; Eileen Sedwick, in 1896; Carmel Myers, April 9, 1900. Wanda Hawley is now 25. Of course you may try again.

POLLYWOC.—Sorry, but I have no picture of Gertrude Short, or of any of the other players, to send you. So please don’t ask me; also, please don’t send money or stamps to the magazine for photographs of players. You will have to write to each player personally for a picture, enclosing twenty-five cents. The addresses are always printed at the end of The Oracle every month. Gertrude Short was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1901 and started her stage career when five years old.

MAUDE M.—Now, Maude, you can’t inveigle me into telling, in everlasting, ineradicable print, whom I consider the prettiest blonde and the prettiest brunette on this screen. Waste your stick to my safe and peaceful job of answering questions? ‘A Wonderful Wife’ is Miss Duppont’s latest, and Vernon Steele plays the leading part. Besides her, there is "Arabian Love" by Nora Stone, John Gilbert; Nadine Fairley, Barbara Bedford; Thamar, Barbara la Marr; The Sheik, Hershel Mayall; Ahmed Ryde, Robert Kogan; Doctor Lagos, William A. Orlandom.

WILLIAM H.—You ask, "How does one get on the stage with a good singing voice?" Well, William, how does one get any kind of a job? Certainly not by sitting home and wondering how it’s done. Personal application is the beginning middle, and end of every method of securing employment of any kind.

MARCELLA.—Don’t worry about what to call me—I’m not particular. But “Dear Oracle” is my usual salutation. Florence de Broca died several years ago, Fannie Ward is in Europe. She appeared in the stage play "Lilies of the Field." I can’t say whether or not Marie will return to pictures, but keep on hoping. Perhaps she’s happy; you know. You would expect to do a living in real life to be immediately groomed, wouldn’t you?”

Doris.—You want to know all the screen actresses whose names are Doris. Well, there’s Doris May, Doris Pawn, Doris Kenyon, and Doris Rankin. I can’t think of any others, but I’m sure you won’t dislike your name any more now that you know it also belongs to these screen actresses. Here’s Harry of Monte Blue’s engagement to any one.
The Ordeal." The part of Bobby Kingsley in "Why Announce Your Marriage?" was played by James Harrison, and that of Gladys Jerome by Elizabeth Woodmere. The Century Comedies are released through Universal. The cast for "The Wonderful Thing" included Jacqueline Laurentine Boggs, Norma Talmadge, Donald Manversy, Anthony Kent, Katherine Mannersky Truesdale, Julia Hoyt, James Sheridan Boggs, Howard Truesdale, Laurence Mannersky, Robert Agnew, Dorothy Manversy, Malcolm Ethel Flemming, Lady Sophia Alexandra Mannersky, Mabel Bert, Angelica Mannersky, Fanny Burke, Smooth Bill Carver, Walter McEwen, General Lancaster, Charles Craig.

A Montrealer.—Kenneth Harlan was born in 1895. He was married to Flo Hart but they divorced. Kenneth is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds. He is not playing with Constance Talmadge any more, but is free-lancing. "As the Law" is the latest production in which he appears. William Boyd is a member of the Famous Players-Lasky stock company and appears only in pictures, playing small parts and supporting roles. There was an interesting story about his career, "Grooming the Stars of the Future," in the March issue of Picture-Play.

Jeanette.—No, I didn't "flop over" at your questions. They were very reasonable compared to some of the demands you get. Louis Calhern is the actor with the big brown eyes who played opposite Claire Windsor in "The Blot." Ramon Sarnegos, or Ramon Navarro, as he has become, first known in the twenties and of Spanish descent. Joseph Schildkraut is Hungarian and twenty-five years old. Harrison Ford is about thirty and Conrad Nagel was born in 1896.

Paul L.C.—It was reported some time ago that David Warfield was going to make "The Return of Peter Grimm" for the screen under the Metro banner, but so far nothing has come of it.

Brick Top.—Marin Sais is still in pictures. She usually plays opposite her husband, Warner O. Sivas in Western pictures. Pete Morrisson is also still on the screen; he stars in Westerns, too. Frank Ford has his own producing company, directs his pictures, and sometimes acts, in play in one case. Crawford and Allene Howell are also still among those present. You certainly do sound like an oldtimer—you don't seem much interested in the present production, but Doris Kenyon starred in a picture called "Wild Honey" which was produced in 1918, but that was an entirely different story from the production of the same name in which Priscilla Dean appeared recently. The Kenyon picture was a Western, written by Virgil E. Roe, and the Priscilla Dean production is a South African story based on the novel by Cynthia Stockley.

Barbara S.—At last you break into print, Barbara. This should make up for all your waiting. Katherine MacDonald is one of the tallest featured actresses on the screen, measuring five feet six inches, and weighing eighty-eight pounds. Katherine is divorced from Malcolm Strauss. Priscilla Dean weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Your other questions have been answered.

Jinx.—Here's some good news to help overcome your "blues" and make you smile again. Will Rogers is coming back to the screen—in fact, at present he is working on "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and he will probably keep right on making pictures.
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Dearest—Your information is a little twisted. It is Wallace McCutcheon, not Walter McGrail, who was the former husband of Pearl White. Walter is married, though. I’m sorry I can’t pass upon your worth as a cartoonist—not being an art critic, you know, but I’m going to save your drawing, anyhow, and look at your little man’s cheerful grin whenever I get tempery.

INQUIETIVE E. S.—Alfred Weigall, not Edith Hull, wrote the story of “Burning Sands,” the Paramount production in which Milton Sills and Wanda Hawley have the leading roles.

MILDRED DAVIS AND RICHARD BARTHELMESS FOREVER—And not one word about Lloyd Augsburger. But I’m going to MHA the Mix.

addresses of players

asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Viola Dana, Billie Dove, Barbara la Marr, Ramon Navarro (Sammegos), and Alice Terry at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Antonio Moreno, Colleen Moore, Patsy Ruth Miller, Richard Dix, Mae Busch, Helene Chadwick, and Mona Kingsley at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.


Mary Carr at the Fox Film Corporation, West Fifty-Fifth Street, New York City.

Harold Lloyd, Marie Mosquini, Mildred Davis, and Ruth Roland at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Nazimova, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Elaine Hammerstein, Kathryn Berry, Jackie Coogan, Owen Moore, Niles Welch, Jane Novak, and Dorothy Phillips at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Madge Bellamy, Florence Vidor, Cullen Landis, and Marguerite de la Motte at the Two Studios, Culver City, California.

Mae Murray at the Tiffany Productions, Loew Theater Building, New York City.


Mabel Ballin, care of Hugo Ballin Productions, 369 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Richard Talmadge, Miss Dupont, Gladys Walton, Baby Peggy, Ercie von Stroheim, Dale Fuller, Hoot Gibson, Maud George, Herbert Rawlinson, Mary Philippine, Gertrude Olmsted, Priscilla Dean, Harry Myers, Marie Prevost, and Art Acord at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Ben Turpin, Mabel Normand, and Harriet Hammond at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Johnny Walker at the R. C. Cole Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Mary Pickford, Enid Bennett, Douglas Fairbanks, and Lloyd Hughes at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California.

Richard Barthelmess, Mary Thurman, Mary Alden, care of Inspiration Pictures, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Will Rogers at the Talmadge Studios, East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.
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